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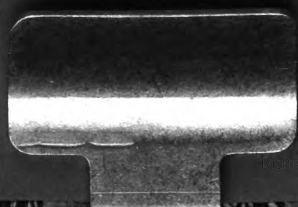
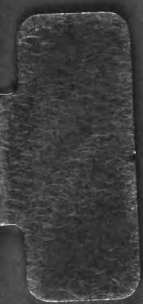
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Bope adds 381.







THE  
**O L I O;**  
OR,  
MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

— "A just image of human nature, representing its humours, and the changes of fortune to which it is subject, for the delight and instruction of mankind."—**DAYDEN.**

"Papers and books, a ——— mixed *Olio*,  
From shilling touch to pompous folio."—**Mrs. BARBAULD.**

VOL. VI.

[JULY TO JANUARY.]



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**M D C C C X X X I.**





## P R E F A C E.

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THE SIXTH Volume of the "OLIO" is now before our friends, and an opportunity is again afforded us of speaking of those improvements which we pledged ourselves to make, in the Preface to the preceding one. The beauty of our type will scarcely need mention, while the vast quantity of additional matter, given in consequence of printing on the once blank spaces at the back of the illustrations, must of course be obvious to every one : it affords us great pleasure to find that this arrangement has given general satisfaction to our subscribers.

The present volume will be found rich in ORIGINAL communications, comprising a large store of ROMANCES, HISTORIETTES, POETRY, ESSAYS, MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS, HISTORICAL SCRAPS, ANECDOTES, &c.

IN the CHRONOLOGY are registered upwards of *One Thousand* interesting events connected with the history of every country.

OF the beauty of our ENGRAVINGS it will be scarcely necessary to speak, but it may not be amiss to mention that the illustrations to the present Volume have cost the proprietors more than those of any that have preceded it.

OUR best thanks are due to our writing friends, who have so kindly and so liberally afforded us their assistance. To three or four we are greatly indebted. To those whose favours have not obtained insertion, we again repeat that our decisions are dictated by the most strict impartiality, and that while we would check the rude and impertinent, we would stretch forth our arm to assist and encourage modest merit.

WE have only to add that the greatly increased sale of our miscellany during the last half year has added to our zeal, and that, with the assistance of our friends, we hope to render the "OLIO" still more deserving the support and patronage of the public.

JAN. 1, 1831.



# The Olio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. 1.—Vol. VI.

Sat. July 3, 1890.



See page 2.

## ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE.

### Tales of the Tapestry.

BY HORACE GUILFORD.

### ARMS AND AMOURS.

A TALE OF MALVESYN.

For the Olio.

*Nurse.* His name is Romeo, and a Montague,  
The only son of your great enemy.

*Juliet.* My only love sprung from my only  
hate!

Too early seen unknown, and loved too late!  
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,  
Thus forced to love my loathed enemy.

SHAKESPEARE.

All furnish'd—all in arms;  
All plumed, like estridges that wing the wind,  
Bated like eagles having lately bathed;  
Glittering in golden coats like images;  
As full of spirit as the month of May,  
And gorgeous as the sun at Midsummer.

2nd Part *King Henry IV.*

MIDNIGHT had already tolled from  
the great turret clock of Malvesyn Hall,  
and a beautiful summer midnight it  
was, when a brother of the Benedictine  
Priory of St. Giles at Blythburgh was

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slowly returning from a visit to a sick  
person in the neighbourhood. As he  
passed by the large mill, which had not  
long been erected by Sir William de  
Hansacre, in the southern meadows of  
the Trent, he could not help pausing,  
less to recruit his wearied limbs, than  
to gaze on the exquisite scene of repose  
before him.

A broad and yellow moonlight swayed  
supreme over the dewy landscape. The  
vast and ancient oakwoods of Malvesyn  
stood breathless in the gentle light, al-  
ternately capped with silver and en-  
folded in sable shadow; the ample  
meadows, partly pastures of rich turf,  
and partly waving with mowing grass,  
displayed large masses of lustre broken  
here and there by the trunk of some old  
sylvan; the royal Trent poured his  
abounding flood in silent sparkles, and  
the buildings of the Manor Hall in the  
distance, lifted in 'o the cloudless sky  
their vast and picturesque outline;—  
large white swans were floating like  
dreams on the moonlight river; the  
great mill-wheel reposed its black disk,

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still shining with moisture, against a gable white with moonshine, while the only sound that lulled the slumbers of the tranquil scene, were the gurgling of the sluice from the dam, the harsh, restless cry of the corn-crake in the long grass, and the wild whoops of the owls from the adjacent woods.

"Ah!" said the poor Monk, "who would not deem that to be lord of all this fair domain were to be the patriarch of peace and benevolence,—rich and happy in himself, and diffusing plenty and happiness on all beneath his sway. And yet who that knows what these unhappy times have brought forth, would not rather be the poor Benedictine, who if he hath nought to command hath as little to fear,—who, confined to the elevating duties of prayer and praise, enlivened only by the illumination of books, the decorations of his convent, the felling of timber in the woods, for many a rich and quaint carving, or the care of fruits, flowers, and herbs—hath reason to be thankful for that blessed peace which the world cannot give, though the world so often takes it away!"

So saying, the Benedictine moved on, but had scarcely proceeded a quarter of a mile westward, through that long and rich vale, when a loud tumult and fearful strife of voices swelled from behind him down the clear, cool air of night. He turned and paused, but saw nothing save the massive walls of Malvesyn, now close at hand, and the more distant chimneys of De Hansacre's Mill peering in the moonlight over the clustering foliage.

He continued, however, to gaze in that direction, arrested by the increasing tumult, when suddenly a cloud appeared to mantle over the distant building, at first white and fleecy, then darkening—becoming swarthy—reddening—and, finally flinging aloft the broad flag of conflagration, which wavered fiercely over the landscape, making the moon dim and ghastly. Without a moment's hesitation, the monk hastily retraced his steps—when, on his reaching the broad greensward in front of the mill, a scene presented itself which made him repent his precipitation.

Violent feuds between the North and South Trentsmen had more or less agitated most of the Staffordshire families at that period, (the early part of Henry the Fourth's reign) but no where had they been carried on with such animosity as between the rich and rival Normans, Malvesyn and Hansacre; the former dwelling in the fertile valley north of the Trent, and the latter build-

ing his knightly eyrie on a fair hill in its southern district.

The recent destruction of a magnificent game of swans, bearing on their beaks the notch and crescent of Malvesyn, which was attributed of course to the malice of the rival house, had tended greatly to inflame the old quarrel; and the last drop had been poured into the cup of wrath by the outrecin dance, as it was termed, of De Hansacre in presuming to build a large mill on his own bank of the Trent, whose outwards were supposed to trespass on that portion of the noble stream claimed by De Malvesyn. The importance of a mill and fishery at that period, as constituting a leading feature in the manor or royalty, is well known; as also the high estimation attached to a game of swans, and the jealous care with which they were guarded by their owners. The outcries and tumult which thus broke out in the dead waste and middle of the night, were occasioned by a number of North Trentsmen, retainers of De Malvesyn, who had beset and fired the mill—that obnoxious token of the insolence of De Hansacre.

As the monk approached, the hurried roar of the tocsin, or storm bell, was heard from the hill edifices of the South Trentsmen, and a trampling of numerous armed men, on the surcoat of whose leader the arms of Hansacre, ermine, three chessrooks gules, gleamed in the mingled glare of fire and moonlight, came galloping from the east. The Malvesyns, on this unwished for apparition, ceased from the assault and prepared for their defence. A gallant looking youth about sixteen, whose tall form and well-turned limbs already promised the thwies and prowess of manhood, habited in the white and scarlet blazon of Malvesyn, was immediately recognised by the monk as Florent de Fradley, the orphan heir of a Staffordshire knight, who, according to the fashion of the chivalric ages, was brought up at Malvesyn Hall as Damoiseau to the brave Sir Robert, in order to his regular advancement to knighthood. This young man seemed foremost in the business.

"St. Giles for the Malvesyn!" he cried; "brave North Trentsmen, here come the insolent rooks that have dared to build in our eyrie;—grammercy, if we do not quickly give their master checkmate! Here be the fowls, brave Malvesyns, that would fain hatch swans' eggs;—give the marauders a volley, and let the grey shaft remind them that they are but geese!"

On rushed the Hansacres with a shout of wrath, and a dark flight of arrows from the Malvesyns found sure aim among them;—their chieftains' chessrocks glittered no more that night: still on they came, and the conflict waxed violent. Broader and broader the red blaze of the burning mill shook above the clanging weapons, the roused meadows rang with the onset. The noble steeds that had been turned out for the night on the opposite banks of the river, came thundering and neighing over their pastures to its brink. There they paused with a start, and with coal-bright eyes, streaming manes, and tossing tails, stood revealed in the portentous blaze which the red Trent reflected to the umbered skies; and then snorting, wheeling, and careering up and down, seemed as though they would stem the fire-light stream to join the battle. The raven's huge black wings might be seen in the glare, sailing slowly down from Cannock; the awakened hawk stretched his long pinions, as his bright eye looked forth from his brown oak, while the great owl was hushed, and the cruel otter, trembling in his bulrush haunt, deemed that the morning's hunt was about to be renewed.

The affrighted Benedictine hastened to the aid of Sir William Hansacre, whom he had seen fall—and was still vainly attempting to withdraw the arrow which had pierced through his sinewy shoulder, when the din of the affray suddenly grew less, and the monk looking up from the wounded knight, who had swooned from pain, saw that the Malvesyns were retreating in disorder, while the triumphant Hansacres, after vain attempts to quench the mill, whose half timbered walls looked like a fabric of flaming red gold, returned to the spot where their chieftain lay apparently lifeless, bringing with them as prisoner—the young Damoiseau, Florent of Fradley.

The South Trentsmen were furious and hot for blood; and it was soon clear that the luckless Damoiseau would never escape from their hands alive. The sight of their fallen lord made them perfectly frantic; in vain the monk assured them that Sir William had only swooned.

"Dead or swooning," said the fiercest of them, wielding an enormous battle axe, whose handle and broad blade were crimsoned with blood, "may never Simon of Tuppenhurst strike blow on a Malvesyn again, if his next be not on the neck of this

young fire faggot. Our master shall thank us for this deed though he should seem to chide. Strip him, Herbert! and thou, Sir Priest, give him short shrift, for he shall die ere another flake fly from yon bonfire of his kindling!"

"You will not murder me in cold blood!" said the youth, as the men, pulling off his doublet, thrust him down upon his knees. "Give me the strongest and the best of you hand to hand, and let me not die the death of the sham-bles."

"Thou should'st die the death of a dog, and a mad dog to boot, if we had a stone here heavy enough for yonder river; or if there were a rope at hand, yon oak should bear a worthless acorn for the nonce! As it is—confess and speedily; and thou, shaveling, absolve him,—since thou must needs be a spectator of our play, thou shalt be an actor too!"

The unfortunate Damoiseau, seeing that remonstrance was fruitless, unloosed his vest, and with chest and shoulders naked, and gleaming white and polished in the moonshine, knelt to the Benedictine. The monk appeared like one in a dream;—a few incoherent words he addressed to the incensed ruffians, who spurned him from them; when Florent said, with a smile that struggled ghastly with his haggard glance:

"Spare thine intercessions, holy father, the felon Hansacres will but follow their calling in butchering me—hear my shrift, and bless heaven that I die young, with no heavier guilt than that of avenging my insulted lord—no misfortune but that of falling by a rabble of cowardly South Trentsmen."

The words were hardly past his lips, ere a sweeping stroke from Tuppenhurst's axe lighted on his neck, he fell with a groan and slight shudder upon his face; his long bright hair had prevented the blow from being mortal, but Simon dragging up his light curls, smote again and tossed the dis severed head among the Hansacres, who hailed it with a savage shout.

At this moment, all Malvesyn Hall seemed in disturbance; lights in the windows glanced from bay to bay—the trumpet sent forth that chieftain's battle note through the vale; and the Hansacres hastily bearing away their still senseless leader, turned their horses' heads eastward, proceeding rapidly through the meadows till they approached the embattled and moated walls of Hansacre Hall.



The site of the late combat was now once more in silence, but it was the silence of terror. The monk had fled with agonized speed towards his convent;—the still glowing mill sent up fits of flame, and fragment after fragment fell echoing to the river and the wood. The bodies of those who had fallen, among whom was the miller, (his wife having perished in the flames) lay strewn around, and Florent's headless trunk was left prostrate as he had fallen.

The fresh succours which had poured forth from Malvesyn on the return of their discomfited comrades, had passed along the north pastures of the Trent, and crossing the high bridges, a small party repaired to the adjacent mansion of Pipe-ridware to summon their allies the Vernons; while the main body pushed up the hill to Hansacre, where they were in the very act of tossing firebrands into the court of their enemy, when the victorious South Trentsmen once more came up with them, and not only saved the stately mansion of their chief, but being aided by those from within, once more repulsed them.

It was, however, with the loss of many men, and among them Simon of Tuppenhurst, the immediate murderer of the Damoiseau, that they drove the Malvesyns down to the bridge, while the wounded Sir William was conveyed safely to his chamber. On a small but strong turret in the bridge the hasty succours of Vernon had posted themselves; the retreat of the North Trentsmen was thus covered, while the Hansacres, with numbers seriously thinned, returned to the hall, less in triumph than in rage and pain and weakness.

Meanwhile, the scene around the Mill again had its visitants. The fields still lay beneath the calm impassioned moonbeam. The Trent still rolled peacefully along his regal flood, the woods still stood unruffled in their pomp, and the startled swans had resumed their floating sleep,—nothing but the decaying gleams of the Mill, and the black wings of a solitary raven hopping from carcass to carcass, and dipping his great beak in the best flesh of each, gave evidence of the recent affray,—when suddenly a noble cobswan that had approached the flags on the southern brink, with a hoarse scream dashed off into the middle of the river, unfurled his magnificent silver wings till they formed a hollow arch above his back, recoiled his proud neck till it almost touched its tail, and

spurned the calm Trent with the noise of many waters.

A solitary figure having crossed the wooden bridge that led from Malvesyn, was now standing on the fatal spot. Of lofty stature, not even his mean, uncrested cap, and the rough gray mantle that concealed his figure, would have led a spectator to deem him such as he appeared. Nothing could exceed the apparent anguish with which he paced from spot to spot of this dreadful scene; ever and anon he turned up his noble countenance to the heavens, wrung his hands, and murmured ejaculations of grief and horror. But when he recognized the headless trunk of the Damoiseau, torrents of tears streamed down his cheeks, and he had knelt beside it in the paroxysm of anguish that spoke more eloquently than words—"Would to God I had died for thee!" when suddenly the tramp of armed footsteps was heard advancing, and he was surrounded and roughly grasped by several men, who, on looking at his features, clearly visible in the moonbeam, shouted with joy.

"Heaven is just!" said one of them, "the fight is ours! The star of Malvesyn culminates amidst the red war-clouds that have dimmed its lustre; and the haughty halls of Hansacre may stand to be a grange for our serfs, or a stable for our steeds, since the HEIR is delivered into our hands!"

It was indeed the young, the handsome William of Hansacre, on whose smile the fairest maids of Staffordshire had hung delighted, and to whose future prowess the chivalry north and south of Trent, looked with apprehension or hope.

Hoarse was the clamour of revenge that roared around him, and he had already received more than one wound of misdirected fury, when a deep and authoritative voice from behind stilled at once the uproar; a dignified form, clad in hastily assumed armour, three silver bendlets in a red field being blazoned on his breast, advanced amidst the throng.

"Forbear!" he said, "would ye make the pure fame of a true knight foul and spotted as his recreant antagonist?—If we are to triumph, it shall be by respecting the laws of chivalry as much as our bloody foemen have transgressed them. Have the youth to my house, (see ye not he is unarmed?) place him in gentle durance, and see that his wounds (for which mine honour bleeds as deeply), meet with due tendance! I swear by St. Giles, heir and hope

though he be of mine injurious foeman,  
if the young man die of these hurts,  
right dearly shall ye answer it!"

*To be continued.*

**Biography of his late Majesty,**  
WITH THE  
**LIFE AND SERVICES OF THE  
PRESENT KING.**

No event, of our time, has caused such a deep sensation among all classes in these kingdoms as the death of George the Fourth; for, whatever may be the individual opinion of his late Majesty, either as a man or as a monarch, all must agree that in the present state of the affairs of this country, both foreign and domestic, any account involving so great a change as the "demise of the Crown," must necessarily be of peculiar interest and importance; so that the mind is more apt to indulge itself by speculating on the effects it may probably give rise to, rather than in reflecting on the past. A more critical and extended account of the life and actions of his late Majesty must be left for the pen of the historian; but it is our intention to lay before our readers a short biographical sketch, which we think cannot but prove interesting at this period. We trust it will be found an impartial one, being ready to accord to the deceased Monarch all the credit and praise which may be due to his exalted virtues, but at the same time by no means assenting to the maxim—particularly as regards all public characters—"de mortuis nil nisi bonum,"—considering it as being entirely subversive of truth, and, therefore, derogatory to the dignity of history.

His late Majesty was born on the 12th of August, 1762. His birth was announced in the usual manner, and we are told that the messenger who brought the glad tidings to the royal parent, received a bank-note for 500l. While the guns in the Park were firing to announce the event, the waggons which contained the treasure captured in the *Hermione* Spanish frigate, by the English, passed along St. James's-street, in sight of his Majesty and attendants, who appeared at the windows and joined in the hearty cheers of the populace.

Before the young prince was a fortnight old it was announced, for the gratification of the public, that his royal highness might be seen on drawing-room days at St. James's from one till three o'clock. Agreeably to this intimation, all persons of fashion were

admitted to see the royal infant, with these restrictions that, in passing through the apartment, they should step as softly as possible and not attempt to touch him; and, for the greater security on this point, part of the room was latticed off in the Chinese manner, to prevent the too near approach of curious persons. The ladies who availed themselves of this permission to see the "beautiful baby," and to taste her majesty's cake and caudle, were so numerous, that the daily expense for cake alone was estimated at £40, and the consumption of wine was in proportion.

On the 17th of August, his royal highness was created, by letters patent, prince of Wales, being the twentieth prince of the royal family of England who has borne that title; at the early age of three years, he was invested with the insignia of the Garter; but even this was not his first appearance in public life, for, a short time previously, he had received in person an address from the Ancient Britons—a society which has a peculiar claim to the patronage of the heir-apparent. The address was well adapted to his infantine years, and he appeared perfectly capable of comprehending the stewards, when they told him that his royal parents had not thought any period of their lives too early for doing good, and that they hoped, when a few short years should call forth his virtues, he would remember with pleasure the occurrence of that day. The young prince, no doubt prepared by parental care for the occasion, listened with attention to the address, and distinctly repeated his answer: "Gentlemen, I thank you for this mark of duty to the king; and wish prosperity to this charity."

The course adopted by his tutors was certainly well calculated to render the Prince an excellent scholar and an accomplished gentleman; but so rigid was the system, and so strictly was his royal highness cut off from all intercourse with society, that, when emancipated from superintendence, it is no wonder that, with the ardour and inexperience of youth, he should have plunged into the gaieties of life, and given way to those seductions which beset, in an especial manner, the possessors of rank so exalted as his.

In 1783 his royal highness attained his majority—an event which was celebrated with great rejoicing. On this occasion, the king officially announced to the House of Commons that, to ob-

viate the necessity of laying any additional burdens on his people, he had determined to provide out of the Civil List for the establishment of his son, to the amount of £50,000 per annum. All, therefore, that he asked from the House was the sum of £60,000 to assist to equip the heir-apparent on his outset in life. The House granted £100,000 and an address of thanks was presented to his Majesty in approbation of this domestic regulation.

During the period of the French Revolution, the prince earnestly entreated his royal father to employ him in some military capacity; and again, at the time of the threatened invasion his request was pressed more warmly. The following is a letter addressed to his father.

"I ask," such was the language of the Prince on this occasion—"to be allowed to display the best energies of my character, to shed the last drop of my blood in support of your Majesty's person, crown, and dignity; for this is not a war for empire, glory, or dominion, but for existence. In this contest, the lowest and humblest of your Majesty's subjects have been called on: it would, therefore, little become me, who am the first, and who stand at the very footstool of the throne, to remain a tame, an idle, and a lifeless spectator of the mischiefs which threaten us, unconscious of the dangers which surround us, and indifferent to the consequences which may follow. Hanover is lost; England is menaced with invasion; Ireland is in rebellion; Europe is at the foot of France. At such a moment, the Prince of Wales, yielding to none of your servants in zeal and devotion—to none of your subjects in duty—to none of your children in tenderness and affection—presumes to approach you, and again to repeat those offers which he has already made through your Majesty's ministers. A feeling of honest ambition, a sense of what I owe to myself and my family, and above all, the fear of sinking in the estimation of that gallant army which may be the support of your Majesty's crown, and my best hope hereafter, command me to persevere, and to assure your Majesty, with all humility and respect, that, conscious of the justice of my claim, no human power can ever induce me to relinquish it.

"Allow me to say, Sir, that I am bound to adopt this line of conduct by every motive dear to me as a man, and sacred to me as a prince. Ought I

not to come forward in a moment of unexampled difficulty and danger?—Ought I not to share in the glory of victory, when I have every thing to lose by defeat? The highest places in your Majesty's service are filled by the younger branches of the royal family; to me alone no place is assigned; I am not thought worthy to be even the junior major-general of your army. If I could submit in silence to such indignities, I should indeed deserve such treatment, and prove, to the satisfaction of your enemies and my own, that I am entirely incapable of those exertions, which my birth and the circumstances of the times peculiarly call for. Standing so near the throne, when I am debased the cause of royalty is wounded. I cannot sink in public opinion without the participation of your Majesty in my degradation.—Therefore, every motive of private feeling and public duty induces me to implore your Majesty to review your decision, and to place me in that situation which my birth, the duties of my station, the example of my predecessors, and the expectations of the people of England, entitle me to claim."

From some cause which is not generally known, this request was not acceded to. Some have attributed the refusal to the Prince's attachment to the political party opposed to the government, but the real cause is yet unknown.

In the commencement of the year 1794, after many previous intimations on the subject, the Duke of Brunswick received from his Majesty King George III. formal proposals for a marriage between the Prince of Wales and the Princess Caroline. On this receipt, the Duke immediately consulted his daughter, and her mother did not strive to conceal her happiness and delight. The Princess received the intelligence with composure amounting to indifference. That the proposed union was one by which her family would be elevated, and by which her own happiness *might* be improved she admitted, but her heart was of course unmoved by the prospect. Her consent she did not withhold, because, although she had heard of the follies of the Prince, she had also heard of his virtues; and his generosity and sensibility had been greatly extolled. Yet here it must be admitted, that the Princess neither did, nor could love her future husband. Her affections had been fixed on a young German Prince, to whom she could not give her hand.

The precise state of her mind cannot be better explained than in her own words.

In a letter, written to a friend, dated 26th November, 1794, she thus expressed herself:—"You are aware, my friend, of my destiny. I am about entering into a matrimonial alliance with my first-cousin, George Prince of Wales. His generosity I regard, and his letters bespeak a mind well-cultivated and refined. My uncle is a good man, and I love him very much, but I feel that I shall never be inexpressibly happy. Estranged from my connections, my associations, my friends, all that I hold dear and valuable, I am about entering on a permanent connection. I fear for the consequences. Yet I esteem and respect my intended husband, and I hope for great kindness and attention. But ah me, I say sometimes, I cannot now love him with ardour. I am indifferent to my marriage, but not averse to it; I think I shall be happy, but I fear my joy will not be enthusiastic. The man of my choice I am debarred from possessing, and I resign myself to my destiny. I am attentively studying the English language, I am acquainted with it, but I wish to speak it with fluency. I shall strive to render my husband happy, and to interest him in my favour, since the Fates will have it that I am to be Princess of Wales." This letter was written in German, and was addressed to a German Lady, residing for a short time in England.

According to the determination expressed in the letter, an extract from which has just been inserted, the Princess devoted a great part of her time, prior to quitting her native country, in acquiring an accurate knowledge of the English language. Her success was rapid and complete. The Prince of Wales on her arrival, complimented her on the fluency and propriety with which she spoke it, and "declared on his honour, that no Englishwoman could possibly excel her."

At length the day arrived when the nuptials were to be solemnized, and on the evening of April the 8th, 1795, the marriage took place. It was celebrated at the Royal Chapel, St. James's, and the ceremony was splendid and imposing.

With the unfortunate differences which ensued between his late Majesty and his consort we will not speak, too much having been already said upon the subject. It is sufficient for us to know that the match was not one

of affection; and beyond this we have nothing which offers room for further comment.

Towards the close of the year 1810, his Majesty's malady assumed a more decided character, and his royal highness was at once invested with the high office of Regent, which he filled to the satisfaction of the nation, until the decease of his Royal Father, which took place January 29, 1820, when he succeeded to the crown of these realms.

The course of George the Fourth has been an unvarying course of splendour and utility. Coming to the exercise of supreme power, though not to the name of king in 1811, when the Continent presented hardly one spot on which hope could find a resting place, he was enabled by the vigour of his measures, developing the energies of a mighty nation, so to change the face of Europe as to bestow on it and on England, in the course of three short years, a peace the most solid and lasting that the whole world has enjoyed for nearly a century before.

Since 1814—for the reign of the hundred days can hardly be deemed a break in the treaty then concluded—the councils of his late Majesty have been directed to objects, if not of equal show, of greater profit. The amelioration in our criminal code—the simplification of our finance system—the fixing of the currency—above all, the TWO GREAT ACTS of the present ministry—all these not less than the warlike glories of the Peninsula, and the crowning victory of Waterloo, give to the reign of GEORGE THE FOURTH a proud and permanent pre-eminence over that of perhaps any monarch of England who has gone before him.

The principles of the late king were eminently liberal,—free alike from the church bigotry which distinguished his father and the state bigotry that had marked all the other kings of the house of GUELPH. In early life he attached himself warmly to the party of Mr. Fox: that he did not continue to consult them, we think may be not unfairly set down, less to any capricious feeling of the monarch, than to the impracticability of his whig friends. It was at one time said, that he was irreconcilably opposed to the Catholic claims—with how much truth, subsequent events have proved.

The king spoke well in public, though very rarely. In private life, no man was more conversational; he told a story with great felicity; and his tall, ~~form~~ <sup>figure</sup>, which he some-

times indulged in for the amusement of his intimate companions, was very great. The personal appearance of the king when young, was fine,\* his air was manly and graceful; his countenance open and noble; the proportions of his limbs exquisite. Late in life he grew very corpulent. He was a skilful, fearless, and elegant horseman, and excelled in most exercises that required either dexterity or vigour.

We cannot conclude our memoir without presenting the following anecdotes, which are strongly characteristic of the benevolence of George the Fourth.

Nearly forty years ago, his late Majesty, then Prince of Wales, was so exceedingly urgent to have 800*l.* to an hour on such a day, and in such an unusual manner, that the gentleman who furnished the supply had some curiosity to know for what purpose it was obtained. On inquiry, he was informed that the moment the money arrived, the Prince drew on a pair of boots, pulled off his coat and waistcoat, slipped on a plain morning frock, and, turning his hair to the crown of his head, put on a slouched hat, and thus walked out. This intelligence raised still greater curiosity; and, with some trouble, the gentleman discovered the object of the Prince's mysterious visit. An officer of the army had just arrived from America, with a wife and six children, in such low circumstances that, to satisfy some clamorous creditor, he was on the point of selling his commission, which must have been the utter ruin of his family. The Prince by accident overheard an account of the case. To prevent a worthy soldier suffering he procured the money, and that no mistake might happen, he resolved to be his own almoner. On asking, at an obscure lodging-house, in a court near Covent Garden, for the lodger, he was shown up to his room, and there found the family in the utmost distress.—Shocked at the sight, he not only presented the money, but told the officer to apply to Colonel Lake, living in — street, and give some account of himself in future; and then departed, without the family knowing to whom they were obliged.

The case of a worthy, but poor Baptist minister, was, sometime since, repre-

\* Mrs. Robinson, in her Memoirs, bears the following testimony to the great accomplishments of the king in his youthful days:—"The graces of his person, the irresistible sweetness of his smile, the tenderness of his melodious yet manly voice, will be remembered by me till every vision of this changing scene shall be forgotten."

sented to his late Majesty as one needing pecuniary assistance; the King desired that one shilling per day should be paid him during his life. A poor orphan child, belonging to one of the dissenting Sunday schools in the city, was also spoken of to his Majesty, as one deserving attention. He instantly desired that she should be supported at his personal expence. We are assured that many similar cases of his late Majesty's regard for his people, irrespective of their religious opinions, might be mentioned to his honour.

Another anecdote, which evinces the late Monarch's taste for the fine arts, is thus related.

In the Vatican at Rome is a portrait of his late Majesty. The King is at full length, in his coronation robes. It is not a little remarkable, that the only reigning monarch of whom a portrait is to be found in the pontifical residence, should be the only sovereign in Christendom who does not recognise the Pope; the reason of his receiving this honour is, that his Majesty sent the late Pope a series of casts from the Elgin Marbles, to be placed amongst the unrivalled collection of Greek sculpture in the Vatican, and accompanied the present with his own portrait, by Lawrence. The handsome present was as handsomely received: the excellent pontiff, who, like his Majesty, was a generous patron of the arts, placed both the gifts in conspicuous situations, and acknowledged them by the following inscription:—

*Plus Septimus, Pontifex Maximus,  
Græcæ Artis in Athenarum Parthenone miranda Ectyra,  
A Georgio IV. Magnæ Britanniæ Rege Dono accepta,  
Quo tanti Principis Munificentium  
Grato ac Perenni Honore prosecueretur,  
In propria Musei Vaticani Aula preponi  
Ac Nomine ejus decorari jussit.  
Anno MDCCCX.*

The following particulars of the last moments of the King were communicated to the editor of the *Morning Herald*, by a correspondent at Windsor.

"The following particulars are such as I have been able to obtain, and I believe they are the very truth:—His Majesty, was, throughout Friday, becoming hourly more and more exhausted by his cough, and of course his ability to throw off the cause of that cough, by expectation, was hourly diminishing. In the course of the evening, before nine o'clock, the physicians intimated to their Royal Patient their inability to give him further relief, and their opinion that his last moments were rapidly approaching. To this commu-

nication his Majesty replied, "God's will be done!" and in a few moments after, he asked, "Where is Chichester?" The Bishop of Chichester was instantly summoned to the royal chamber, and at his hands the dying Sovereign received the Sacrament. During the administration of this rite his Majesty was much less troubled by the cough than he had been previously, and afterwards it gradually subsided, and towards midnight he sunk into a state of apparently quiet repose, which continued until about three o'clock, when he became rather restless, and feebly expressed a wish to have his head placed in a more elevated position. Previous to this, all the attendants had retired—except Sir Matthew Tierney and Sir Wathen Waller; and they instantly attempted to afford his Majesty the relief he had requested; but they had scarcely commenced the attempt when his Majesty suddenly motioned them to desist, and placing both his hands upon his breast, he ejaculated, "Oh! this is not right!—this is death!—Oh, God! I am dying!" These were the last, and the only distinct words he uttered after having received the Holy Sacrament; and from this time his dissolution came on so quietly and so gradually, that the physicians had some difficulty in ascertaining precisely at what moment he ceased to exist. In the mean time the Bishop of Chichester, and all the principal members of the royal household, with the pages in immediate attendance, were called in, and, in their presence, without the slightest indication of suffering, his Majesty calmly expired. The principal persons present were the Bishop of Chichester, the physicians, the Marquis Conyngham, Sir Andrew Barnard, Sir William Keppel, Sir William Knighton, Sir Wathen Waller, Lord Strathaven, and Colonel Thornton; and when the physicians had announced that his Majesty had ceased to exist they retired,—leaving the pages in attendance to perform the necessary attentions to the royal corpse, under the superintendence of the physicians."

We shall now proceed to speak of the life and services of his present most gracious Majesty.

WILLIAM HENRY, third son of King George III., was born August the 21st, 1765. He was baptized by the above names in the month of September, and from an early period of his childhood was destined for the sea. The King, his father, is said to have discovered something in Prince William that struck him as peculiarly fitting for naval ser-

vice. His brothers, the Prince of Wales and Duke of York, were well formed, strong made, but in corporeal strength and constitutional hardihood there was from the first a striking distinction in favour of the younger brother; while he betrayed an early indifference to those refined studies of which they were fond, and in which they excelled him.

Early as was the period of his departure to sea, there were much earlier indications of his preparation for the enterprising and perilous service. Aware of the subordinate rank and laborious station he was first to assume, and in which he was to continue the full period allotted to other Midshipmen, he was, notwithstanding, eager for the commencement, and reconciled to the continuance of his arduous undertaking.

The first vessel in which he sailed was the Prince George, a 98-gun ship, recently built, and named in honour of his Royal brother, the late King. He was then just 14 years of age, and well fitted by constitution, both of mind and body, for a service to which the progress of the war with America gave unusual importance. In this ship, under the command of Admiral Digby, his Royal Highness bore a part in the great naval engagement between the English and Spanish fleets, commanded by Admiral Rodney and Don Juan de Langara. Before he left the Prince George he was also present at the capture of a French man-of-war and three smaller vessels, forming part of a considerable convoy. In neither of these instances, however, was the action very severe, or the victory doubtful or difficult; his Royal Highness did his duty, but no opportunity was furnished to him or his brave associates for any signal effort of bravery or skill. The wits of the day were rather merry at the expense of the Admiral under whom he served on the occasion of a Spanish man-of-war being captured, which in compliment to the King's son was named "The Prince William." In writing home, the Admiral, mentioning that circumstance, described this resolution to have been adopted in consequence of the Spaniards having had "the honour to be taken" in the presence of his Royal Highness. Such an honour was certainly out of the common way, and might justify *Falstaff's* exclamation, "What's honour?"

The action was deemed one of considerable importance at the time. The Spaniards fought bravely. In one of

the poems written to commemorate the victory it was stated —

Though Laugara bore away,  
He did not run to shun the fray,  
But sell the battle dear;  
The English flew on wings of fame,  
Yet his retreat produced no shame,  
He bravely fought his rear.

We do not know whether it was in reference to this battle that the following stanza, in honour of his Royal Highness, was added to the song, "When in war on the ocean," by Mr. Cobb:—

Happy nation to boast in defence of thy rights,  
A Prince who the man and the hero unites;  
A friend to the wretched, the boast of the brave,  
Who lives but to conquer, and conquers to save.

Two acts of generous humanity, performed soon after this period, are recorded to the honour of the Prince. The first, which occurred just before the conclusion of the war, is described by a midshipman of the *Torbay*, in the following letter to his friends:—

"Port Royal Harbour, April, 1783.

"The last time Lord Hood's fleet was here, a Court-Martial was held on Mr. Benjamin Lee, midshipman, for disrespect to a superior officer, at which Lord Hood sat as President. The determination of the Court was fatal to the prisoner, and he was condemned to death. Deeply affected as the whole body of the midshipmen were at the dreadful sentence, they knew not how to obtain a mitigation of it, since Mr. Lee was ordered for execution; while they had not time to make their appeal to the Admiralty, and despaired of success in a petition to Admiral Rowley. However, his Royal Highness generously stepped forth, drew up a petition, to which he was the first to set his name, and solicited the rest of the midshipmen in port to follow his example. He then himself carried the petition to Admiral Rowley, and, in the most pressing and urgent manner, begged the life of our unhappy brother; in which he succeeded, and Mr. Lee is reprieved. We all acknowledge our warmest and grateful thanks to our humane, our brave, and worthy Prince, who has so nobly exerted himself in preserving the life of his brother sailor."

The war ceased before the period of the Prince's naval apprenticeship expired, and in the year 1783, then a fine midshipman of 18, he visited Cape Francois and the Havannah. It was during this visit that a second instance of his exemplary humanity occurred. Some of his countrymen having broken their parole of honour and oath of fide-

lity to the Spanish Government, they were in danger of suffering under a sentence of death; when the Governor of Louisiana, Don Galvez, offered, at the intercession of the Prince, to spare and liberate them. The following letter, which his Royal Highness addressed to the Governor soon after, from Jamaica, sufficiently show the delight with which he acquired for his countrymen so welcome a boon:—

"Sir,—I want words to express to your Excellency my just sense of your polite letter—of the delicate manner in which you caused it to be delivered—and your generous conduct towards the unfortunate in your power. Their pardon, which you have been pleased to grant on my account, is the most agreeable present you could have offered me, and is strongly characteristic of the bravery and gallantry of the Spanish nation. This instance increases, if possible, my opinion of your Excellency's humanity, which has appeared on so many occasions in the course of the late war. Admiral Rowley is to despatch a vessel to Louisiana for the prisoners. I am convinced they will ever think of your Excellency's clemency with gratitude; and I have sent a copy of your letter to the King, my father, who will be fully sensible of your Excellency's attention to me. I request my compliments to Madame Galvez, and that you will be assured that actions so noble as those of your Excellency will ever be remembered by your's sincerely, WILLIAM P."

The introduction of his Royal Highness to Nelson, and his subsequent intimacy with the gallant hero of the Nile, are circumstances of too much interest to be lightly passed over. They first met at Quebec, in the year 1782, when Nelson was in the *Albemarle* off that station, and whence he was ordered to convoy a fleet of transports to New York. A transient and casual interview created between them a strong attachment; and the Prince deeply regretted the departure of one whom he resolved from that moment to befriend to the utmost of his power. It was not, however, long before they met again. Happily for both, at the close of the war they were appointed to the *Lee-ward Island* station, and were sufficiently near each other to allow of their frequently dining together. The Prince had already beheld proofs of Nelson's superior courage and skill, and he had now an opportunity of witnessing the young hero's resolute obedience to orders, amidst circumstances of personal

danger, as well as strong temptations to avarice.

The law excluded all foreign vessels from trade, or any intercourse with our West India islands; and America being now independent, and as much a foreign nation as any other, Nelson, the senior Captain on the station, ordered all American vessels to quit the islands within 48 hours, on the pain of seizure and prosecution of their owners. Four vessels at Nevis remained, which he ordered to be searched, and, on being found American, they were adjudged legal prizes. The proceeding exposed Nelson to considerable difficulty, but he ultimately triumphed; and though the thanks of Government for protecting its commerce were given to the Admiral of the station, who had, in fact, opposed the measure, Nelson was conscious of having done his duty, and happy in the applause of the disinterested witnesses of it.

"Nothing is wanting, Sir," said Nelson to Prince William Henry, in 1787, in one of his epistles, "to make you the darling of the English nation but truth. Sorry I am to say, much to the contrary has been dispersed." There was no flattery in this, for Nelson was not a sycophant.—The letter wherein this passage was found demonstrates with what wisdom, and how nobly, Nelson dealt with the young Prince. One of the officers of his Royal Highness had applied for a Court-martial upon a point in which he most evidently was wrong, but his Royal Highness prevented the trial, which must have been injurious to a valiant and meritorious man.—"Now that you are parted," said Nelson, "pardon me, my Prince, when I presume to recommend that he may stand in your royal favour, as if he had never sailed with you, and that at some future day you will serve him. There only wants this to place your conduct in the highest point of view. None of us are without failings; his was being rather too hasty. But that, put in competition with his being a good officer, will not, I am bold to say, be taken in the scale against him. More able friends than myself your Royal Highness may easily find, and of more consequence in the State; but one more attached and affectionate is not so easily met with. Princes seldom, very seldom, find a disinterested person to communicate to: I do not pretend to be that person; but of this be assured, by a man who, I trust, never did a dishonourable act, that I am interested only that your Royal Highness should be the

greatest and best man this country ever produced."

When Nelson married Mrs. Nisbet, in March, 1787, in the West Indies, the Duke of Clarence, then Prince William Henry, who had come out to the West Indies the preceding winter, was present, by his own desire, to give away the bride.

After passing through the regular duties of midshipman, lieutenant, and captain, his Royal Highness, at the close of the year 1790, received a commission as Rear-Admiral of the Blue, having then been about 18 months a Peer of England, Scotland, and Ireland, by the titles of Duke of Clarence and St. Andrews, and Earl of Munster. He received these distinctions when the peace of the country rendered his active services unnecessary, and when little prospect existed of the early renewal of hostilities with any nation of the world. The revolution had commenced, however, in France, and its rapid and horrid excesses at length provoked Europe to war. The Duke of York was among the first appointed to face the enemy, and it has naturally been asked why his brother of Clarence was not sent forth at the head of some suitable portion of the British navy?—That such an appointment would have been generally approved, and followed by gratifying manifestations of his heroism and skill, there can be no doubt; but some unknown considerations of policy or duty—some difficulty springing from rank, etiquette, or age—some reluctance on his part, or objection on the part of those with whom the appointment rested, deprived him of all share of the honour and glory so abundantly showered upon our naval heroes through that long and trying period.

On these probable causes of the Duke's long inactivity, the least probable is that which relates wholly to himself. Whatever reluctance he might feel to personal service on the sea at an early part of the war—and even this is by no means probable—at a later period he was extremely anxious to be employed. He made repeated and earnest application to the King to be allowed to hoist his flag, and relieve Lord Collingwood, then in a declining state of health, in the command of the Mediterranean fleet. About the same period a letter, addressed to Commodore Owen, appeared in the public papers, which thus describes his solicitude to share the dangers of war and the glories of victory. "When I shall have the honour to hoist my flag, I cannot be cer-



tain; but I am very much inclined to think that, eventually, I shall have the honour and happiness of commanding those fine fellows whom I saw in the spring, in the Downs and at Portsmouth. My short stay at Admiral Campbell's had impressed me with very favourable ideas of the improved state of the navy; but my residence at Portsmouth has afforded me ample opportunity of examining, and consequently of having a perfect judgment of the high and correct discipline now established in the King's service."

As every memoir of Mrs. Jordan, the celebrated actress, has given the particulars of his long acquaintance with her, we may be spared the detail. By her he had a family, to whom he proved a most affectionate parent. It has been said that he unkindly neglected her before his death; but Mrs. Jordan, when this statement was made, answered it by a letter, which was published, stating him to have acted a most kind and liberal part.

His Royal Highness was created Duke of Clarence the 20th of May, 1789, married July, 11, 1818, the Princess Adelaide Louisa Theresa, (born August 13, 1792,) daughter of George late Duke of Saxe Meiningen, and by whom he has no issue.

On Monday, the 28th instant, the ceremony of proclaiming His Majesty William the Fourth took place. The Heralds and their officers were at the King's Palace at ten o'clock, when the King of Arms read the Proclamation signed at the first Court of His Majesty. The procession then moved off in the following order:—

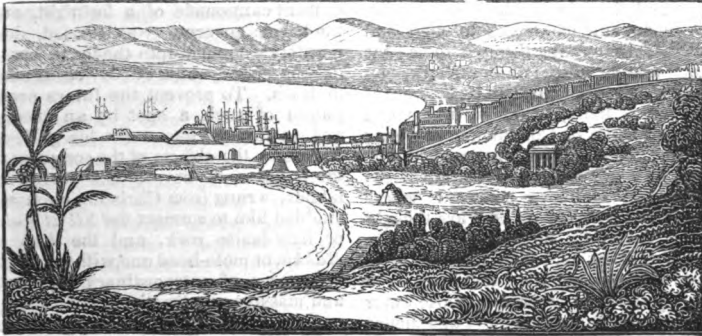
A numerous body of Constables  
to clear the way.  
A Troop of Life Guards.  
Mr. Lee, the High Constable of Westminster, attended by his Deputies.  
The Beadles of St. James's and St. Martin's Parishes, in their full dress,  
with their staves of office.  
A posse of Constables (New Police).  
The Band of the Horse Guards, in their state uniforms.  
Eight Marshals on foot.  
The Knight Marshal and his Men.  
The Household.  
State Band. Kettle Drum. Trumpets.  
Pursuivants on Horseback.  
Heralds.  
Garter King of Arms,  
Supported by Serjeants at Arms with their Maces.  
A Troop of Horse Guards.

The Proclamation was read again at Charing-cross; the procession then moved up the Strand towards Temple-bar; the Bar was shut, and not opened until a Herald knocked at the gate, and demanded admission in the name of our Sovereign Lord King William IV., in order to proclaim his being called to the throne. The gate then was partially opened by one of the City Marshals, who presented the Herald to the Lord Mayor, who was in waiting to receive him within the gate. His Lordship then ordered the gates to be thrown open, and the cavalcade entered. The procession halted at the corner of Chancery-lane, where the King at Arms again made proclamation. The procession then moved on down Fleet-street, followed by the Lord Mayor and the other City Officers. The Proclamation was again read at the end of Wood-street, and at the end of the Royal Exchange.

It is singular that so many of our late Princes have died on Saturday. It would almost seem as if the Revolution had set the example, the Throne having been declared vacant on *Saturday*, Feb. 16, 1688. William III. died on *Saturday*, March 8, 1702; Queen Anne on *Saturday*, Aug. 1, 1714; George I. at two o'clock on Sunday morning, June 11, 1727—i. e. what in common parlance is called *Saturday* night. George II. died on *Saturday*, October 25, 1760; George III. on *Saturday*, January 29, 1820; George IV. on *Saturday*, June 26, 1830.

#### ROYAL CAUSE AND EFFECT. *For the Olio.*

Within the Castle of the British King  
A gentle stir of footsteps,—lips that wing  
The 'Sovereign is dead!' The sound of bells,  
That by the deepest minute tolling, tells  
The nation—'He's no more!' The sable hues  
Are worn—the shutters closed. Anon, ensues  
The Accession—Proclamation—Clarence  
reigns!  
And brings a Queen to share his joys and pains!  
The Army—Navy—all the Courts put on  
Insignia that their 'suffering King is gone!'—  
Rest be his portion! Funeral rites perform'd,  
Like shadow when the sun the earth has  
warm'd,  
Gloom disappears! The nation turns to life;  
Commerce—profession—business—pleasure—  
strife,  
Resume their avocations. Duty wears  
A change. Dried is the people's 'shower of  
tears!'—  
The Royal Pair receive new homage—Vows  
Of true allegiance—Sycophants make bows  
To them. Elections through the kingdom  
cause  
Admissions to the Lords and Commons' laws;  
A Coronation gives eclat,—and breath  
Confirms the *Regnant Issue*, lapsed by Death.  
J. P. R.



## ALGIERS.

KNOWING the interest which the French expedition against Algiers has created in the public mind, and aware of its anxiety as to the issue of that enterprize against those cruel and lawless aggressors, we have endeavoured to give such information respecting the capital, and its inhabitants, as we hope may prove interesting to our readers. The accompanying illustration presents an east view of this celebrated city, and may be relied on as a faithful representation, exhibiting the approach to it from the sea, with its bay and defences in a novel point of view.

Algiers,\* which many have confounded with Cæsaria, is now generally supposed to be the Jomnium of antiquity, the former having had a fine port, which could not exist at Algiers in those days; as the most accurate observations prove it to have been an island called *Al Guisars*, which the Arabs joined to the main, giving it the additional appellation of *Gezir bene Mozana*, from the family

who founded the city. By the Moors and Turks it is styled *Al jeltzir Alguzie* Algiers, the warlike.

The position of this place is remarkably strong, and it is defended by several very formidable batteries: that of the Round Castle is bomb proof; those of *Rabal Baker*, which defend the port, are built with great solidity, and even elegantly formed. The castle of *Sit Alcolett* has also great command over the water. The Star Battery, and that of the Emperor, are chiefly useful against a besieging enemy by land. A deep ditch surrounds the city walls, the lower parts of which are in many places composed of marble. The *Casserbach*, and Castle of *Alcasobar*, in the city, are both very fine fortifications, and have generally large garrisons. There are usually four or five thousand men to work the guns in case of sudden assault; but nothing can exceed their ignorance of artillery and bad management of cannon. It should be observed, that a land force would have many advantages over a maritime one in the attack of Algiers, owing to the positions afforded by the surrounding hills, many of which command the town and its works.

This city, with its white-washed houses, rising in amphitheatric order one above another, affords the inhabitants a fine prospect of the sea, and, as already observed, is extremely beautiful as you approach it by water. The charm dissolves, however, most effectually on entering the town, where there is nothing to excite admiration. The streets are so excessively narrow, that in some two persons can scarcely walk abreast each other. This strange style of building is thought to arise from its affording a better shade, and more protection in case of earthquakes; by one of which Algiers suffered considerably in 1717. From the streets being con-

\* The principal cities of the Regency of Algiers, are—Algiers, containing about 120,000 souls; Constantina with a population of 100,000; Tremisan, once the capital of a great kingdom, but now reduced to insignificance; Bona, which has an excellent bay and strong castle; Oran, a large and populous town with a tolerably good roadstead, and within a few miles east of which there is a fine bay capable of receiving the largest fleets. Tenex, at one time the capital of a rich and beautiful kingdom; Boujeiah, which is very strong, and possesses a much larger port than Algiers, though not quite so secure; Mersalquivir, a place of some consequence; and Shershell, where there is also good anchorage; Arzew, celebrated for its extensive salt pits, the finest in the world; El-callah, renowned for its great market and manufactures of shawls and carpets; Bleda, a populous town in the interior; and also Ogeri on the sea coast: the territory of which is extremely mountainous, and the inhabitants considered the most savage and ferocious race in Barbary. All those Christians who happen to be wrecked on this coast, are invariably made slaves of.

cave and rising on each side, the greatest inconvenience arises to men and animals in passing through them; for when a Moor passes on horseback, you are obliged to get close up by the houses to prevent being trampled under foot. When M. de la Condamine first saw the fine pavement which ornaments the sides of every street in London, he exclaimed, "O happy country! where even those who go on foot are thought of." There are no shops in Algiers worth looking at. The rain water is received into cisterns, and there is a large fountain or reservoir, whose water is conveyed by an aqueduct, and thence profusely distributed all over the city in conduits made for the purpose.

There are nine great mosques, and fifty smaller ones in Algiers; three public schools, with several bazaars and market places. Its finest public buildings are those of the five *Casseries*, which serve as barracks for the soldiery; there are also five lock-up houses for the slaves, near which is a market for their sale!

The Pascialick, or Dey's palace, has two great courts, which are surrounded with spacious galleries, supported by two rows of marble columns: its interior ornaments chiefly consist of mirrors, clocks, and carpets. There are several taverns in the city kept by Christian slaves; and these are often frequented even by the Turks and Moors. There is, however, no convenience for sleeping; so that those who enter Algiers from the country, are obliged to lodge at the house of some friend. European merchants visiting this place, hire apartments in the houses of Jews.

The city was formerly called *Musgunna*, by the Moors, from one of their early princes, but was afterwards named, says Leo, *Gezeir*, "because it lieth near the isles of Minorca, Majorca, and Ivica." This explanation, however, is rather in the spirit of the similitude between Macedon and Monmouth, for there cannot be a question that its present Arabic name was derived from the rocky islet before the town; and the appellation of *Al Jezeirat el Gazzi*, or "Algiers the warlike," was obtained from the time of Heyradin Barbarossa. The Spaniards of that day differed widely in military energy from those of the present, and with consummate bravery had constructed a fort on the islet, which, with a garrison of 200 men, tormented and intimidated Algiers for a period of 16 years. It fell, however, to the fortunes of Heyradin, after an in-

cessant cannonade of a fortnight, and the heroic governor was carried, desperately wounded, into the town, where he was shortly afterwards bastinadoed to death. To prevent the future occupation of such a spot by an enemy, and to form a haven for his galleys, were now the objects of the conqueror; three years of severe and sorrowful labour, wrung from Christian captives, enabled him to connect the *Sit al Kolet* or light-house rock, and the *Rab al Bakka*, or mole-head one, with the town, by a pier of extraordinary thickness and massive construction; and this, by enclosing an area of about ten acres, forms the small and insecure port, whence the shores of Europe have been so long insulted. The light-house is separated from the mole by a narrow ditch, over which is a wooden bridge enfladed by ten guns. Successive tiers of batteries, rising in formidable array, like the sides of a gigantic three-decker, envelop the edifice; and a tolerably good lantern crowns the summit, at the height of about 130 feet above the level of the sea.

The country around Algiers is picturesquely studded with neat villas and gardens, amidst groves of olive-trees and evergreens. In this temperate and delightful region, the soil, where tilled, vies with that of any part of the world, and a rich profusion of exquisite grapes, melons, and other fruits, attest its capability. The eastern side of the bay forms a contrast, for on crossing the river Haratch, neither houses nor plantations cheer the prospect. The adjacent low grounds are well cultivated, and beyond the hills which bound them is the beautiful plain Mutjah, emphatically termed the garden of Algiers, and presenting to the eye a succession of *Masserie*, or farms, over an extent of forty miles in length, by about fifteen in breadth. This plain, being watered by many springs and rivulets, is exuberantly productive, and besides barley, wheat, rice, maize, henna, flax, and fruit, it yields large quantities of *drah*, a kind of millet, esteemed as being extremely nutritious for cattle. The agricultural process is primitive and simple; the harvest usually commences at the end of May, and the stubble is burnt before the autumnal rains set in; threshing is performed by the tread of horses, and the only manure used on these lands is that produced by pasturing cattle. The gardens are extensive, and exhibit a mixture of fruit-trees, vegetables, and corn-patches, without taste or arrangement, but yet combining many pleasing elements of effect.

Every sentence pronounced by the Dey is inflexibly executed. Thieves have their right hands chopped off, and tied to their necks; others are cruelly bastonaded; some are strangled; and for graver offences, the punishment of the *Kingan* is awarded. The last inflicts torture in a most revolting form; the criminal is thrown over the rampart of the Bab-Azoonah, and is caught by some huge hooks in the wall, where he writhes in dreadful agony, until he is relieved by death. The horrible cruelties of impalement are also practised, but not so frequently as the *kingan*.

### CUSTOMS

OF THE

'MAY BOUGH' AND 'OAKEN CANOPY.'

To the Editor of the *Olio*.

SIR—A custom prevails in 'Bedfordshire,' which I have not seen noticed in your interesting pages, and perhaps you will indulge a provincial correspondent by permitting me to describe. On 'May Day,' the villagers in this county make a garland, by wreathing flowers and ribands round a cross, formed of two hoops in which they place a doll, expressive of spring time, mirth and innocency. Formerly, this 'doll' was made with triune faces, to signify the 'Trinity;' for our ancestors in the days of superstition would not sanction such pastimes without being reminded of the authority that gave rise to them, namely 'holy' days, at the conclusion of which the May sports were permitted to be enjoyed. Preparatory, however, in our times, to the 'garland' being publicly paraded through the villages and towns, the projectors and continuers of this custom put 'May-boughs' over the door of respectable inhabitants, and afterwards solicit, by their patronage, a remunerating pittance. There is a pleasure in the recollection that in the midst of care, efforts, humble though they be, are left to assure the rising generations of a more illuminated period of literature, science and pursuit—that peace once reigned in the heart of May, and hopes emblematised the beauties of the meadows; and faith looked upward and forward to providence for successful crops, and halcyon weather to secure them. On the 29th of May, a fine bough of oak is hung over the doors of the more respectable people. The children go about with a child dressed in flowers, and birds eggs strung upon strings. These inventive and juvenile aspirants to loyalty call the decorated offspring of a cottage, honoured on this

occasion with royalty and the supreme prerogative, "*the King!*" They sustain the pretensions to the character by singing, if not with melody, with heart and voice, "God save the King," altering the second part of the second verse to

'Send us good beef in store,  
When that's gone send us more,—  
Key of the cellar door—  
That we may drink—Huzza!'

The 'Morris Dancers' have also shaken their bells round our habitations. But you have noticed these 'country fays,' I believe, in various parts of your work. I am, Sir,

Your's respectfully,

Beds, June 21st, 1830.

P. W.

*Amertotiana.*

### STATE OF THE WEATHER.

Three persons conversing about the present state of the weather the first said, "What a *raw* day it is!"—"Yes," added the second, "I suppose 'twill be a *boiling* day to-morrow."—"And," rejoined the third, "the day after may possibly be a *roasting* one."

SINE DIE.

### ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

If these are far-fetch'd—I have not fetch'd them far,  
But have copied them—just as their originals are.

PEDES.

### Serious Information to Benchers and Flannel Purchasers.

To a piece of flannel, in Middle Row, Holborn, the following ticket is appended:—

"Look at this!—*all wool!*"

Why not add, "*Lamb's wool,*" for the students of Staples Inn, who are aspiring to the Wool Sack?

### New London Cries.

1. Fine *blushing* strawberries!
2. Real *marley-fat* peas!
3. Hot baked *venison*-flavoured Jemmies.

PEDES.

### DISLIKE TO HEIRS.

It has always been remarked, that no one, least of all a king, likes his heir; and Horace Walpole used to say of the house of Brunswick in particular, that to hate the heir apparent ran in their blood. George the Second, who espoused the quarrel of his mother, had certainly good cause to dislike George the First, who, on the other hand, for the same reason, disliked his son; but the antipathies of Prince Frederick to his father, and George the Fourth to George the Third, were merely political, and almost, we might say, inseparable, from their stations.

## Diary and Chronology.

Tuesday, June 29.

*St. Peter.—High Water 80m after 7 Morning—59m after 7 Evening.*

Our saint was born at Bethsaida, in Galilee, and was brother of St. Andrew. This apostle was firmly attached to his divine master, and was one of the three selected by him to be witness of his glory and his humiliation. After Christ's ascension, Peter continued very zealous and constant in his Lord's service, till he himself was crowned with martyrdom at Rome by crucifixion.

Wednesday, June 30.

*Commemoration of St. Paul.—Sun rises 45m after 3—sets 15m after 8.*

St. Paul was beheaded in the year of our Lord 66. Of all the writers of the New Testament, St. Paul is considered the most learned: the writings of this saint are remarkable for depth of metaphysical acumen, and his epistles are conceived often in a style truly majestic and strictly philosophical.

*June 30th, 1824*—Died Etienne Baque, æt. 124, white culling simples, the humble trade of this patriarch in the Commune of Estaden, Haute Garonne; he was held in esteem, almost as a saint, by the populace

Thursday, July 1.

*St. Thierry, abbot, died A.D. 533.—High Water 52m after 9 Morn—29m after 10 Evening.*

*July 1, 1555*.—Burnt alive in Smithfield, John Bradford, a martyr to the Reformation. He was a native of Manchester, and had been chaplain to Bishop Ridley and Edward VI., during which period he became one of the most popular preachers in the kingdom.

Friday, July 2.

*Visitation of our Lady.—sun rises 46m after 8—sets 14m after 8.*

This festival was first instituted by Pope Urban VI., in commemoration of that remarkable journey which our Saviour's mother took into the mountains of Judæa, in order to visit the mother of St. John the Baptist.

*July 2, 1821*.—Expired Peter Dollond, son of the late celebrated John Dollond, inventor of the Achromatic Refracting Telescope. This gentleman was himself distinguished as a scientific optician, and author of numerous papers communicated to the Royal Society.

Saturday, July 3.

*St. Phocas, martyr, A.D. 303.—High Water 0h 0m Morning—0h 4m Afternoon.*

The saint mentioned to-day dwelt near the gate of Sinope, and lived by cultivating a garden. Though his profession was obscure, he was well known over the whole of the country by the reputation of his charity and virtue. When a cruel persecution, probably that of Dioclesian, in 303, was suddenly raised in the church, executioners were despatched with an order to kill Phocas on the spot wherever they should find him. They encountered him in his own house, and there put him to death by decapitation.

Sunday, July 4.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

*Lessons for the Day—12 chapter Samuel morning—13 chapter Samuel Evening*

*July 4, 1777*. Anniversary of the trial of John Horne, the politician (afterwards Horne Tooke), for a libel, in charging, in an advertisement in one of the public papers, the King's troops with murdering the loyal subjects of America, at Lexington. The jury, after a long hearing, from the attorney general and the defendant, who acted as his own counsel, brought in a verdict of guilty.

Monday, July 5.

*St. Modwina—Virgin in Ireland.—sun rises 47m after 8—sets 13m after 8.*

*July 5, 1826*.—Died on this day, Sir Stamford Raffles, Governor of Bencoolen, and author of the History of Java. In the year 1824, Sir Stamford had the misfortune to lose all his vast collection of maps, charts, drawings, and specimens of natural history, &c. by the ship Fame, in which himself and family and suite were returning to Europe, accidentally catching fire; so rapidly spread the flames, that it was with great difficulty Sir Stamford and his family escaped with life, barely covered. The loss of property sustained by the Governor by this sad reverse of fortune was estimated at £26,000.

Tuesday, July 6.

*St. Palladius, Apostle of the Scots A.D. 450.—Full Moon 24m after 2 Morning.*

Most authors agree that Palladius was Deacon of the church of Rome. The Irish writers of the life of St. Patrick say that he had preached in Ireland a little before St. Patrick, but he was soon banished by the King of Leinster. After St. Palladius had left Ireland, he arrived among the Scots in North Britain according to St. Prosper, in 431.

*July 6, 1553*.—Expired at Greenwich, in the 16th year of his age, Edward the Sixth, a prince on whose excellent qualities all the English historians dwell with extreme pleasure. He was the only son of Henry VIII. by Jane Seymour, his third Queen. On the demise of this amiable youth, his half-sister, the hateful Mary, succeeded to the crown.

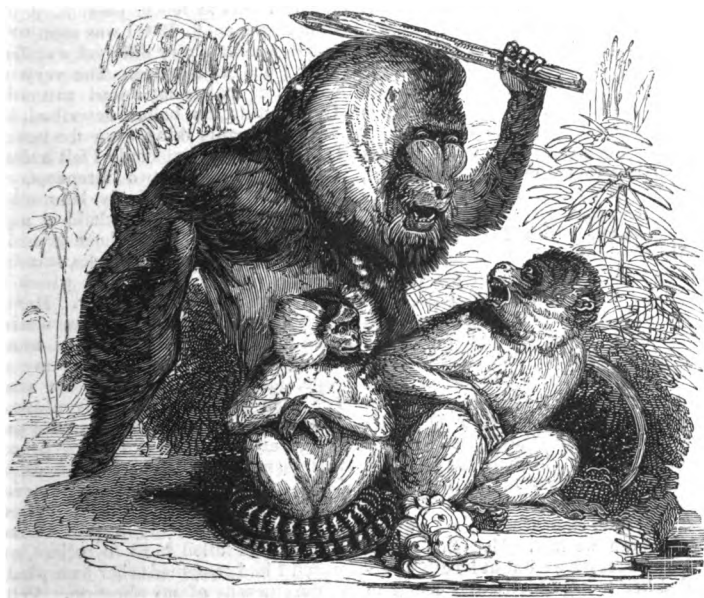
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# The Olio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. II.—Vol. VI.

Saturday, July 10, 1830.



See page 18.

## Illustrated Article.

### THE REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD MONKEY.

For the last few days I have felt myself extremely uncomfortable. My appetite has failed me, and I have been troubled with unpleasant dreams and strange fancies, both by day and night. "Why is this?" I ask myself, "what can the matter be? I cannot surely be in love in my old age!" Oh, no! The years of such pleasing folly have long since past, and all the gaieties and frolicsome pranks of my youth are but as a dream. I recall them to memory alternately with a smile and a sigh; and, as I sit and mumble my nuts in solitude with my few remaining teeth, and view the grey hairs which cover my emaciated and shrivelled frame, I find it difficult to imagine that I am the same monkey that was once the life and soul of every party. And as for love—even if my years did not exempt me from the torments of the tender passion, who could I be in love with? I

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B

have often felt a conviction that I am the only survivor of my race; and love cannot exist without hope!

Of this latter truth I was long since convinced, by an adventure which befell me in my voyage from India to Europe. The ship in which I was a passenger, or rather a prisoner, stopped to take in a supply of water, and was, as I then thought, very fortunately, becalmed. The face of the country was altogether too tempting to be withstood, and I made my escape to the shore, where I roved and revelled for many hours in all the luxury of newly recovered liberty. But, when evening drew near, I felt a painful sense of loneliness, and was beginning to wish myself again on shipboard, when my eyes were ravished by the sight of one of the most beautiful creatures I had ever beheld. She was sitting upon the bank of a small rivulet, with her elegant tail gracefully spread in a circle upon the ground close around her, so as to appear as though she was seated upon a cushion of rich black and white fur. I approached as carefully as possible; but when within a

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few yards, she looked round, and uttering a cry of alarm, started up and ran off to the adjacent woods. Had I pursued immediately, doubtless I should have overtaken her; but I was paralysed. As she rose and fled, her tail streamed behind like that of a comet. Many a tail have I seen since, but never one like *that*. A lover's description of his mistress, however, as I have since had frequent occasion to observe, is seldom interesting to any one else. I shall therefore only say, that she was the handsomest of the ringtailed species, of whose very existence I was not previously aware.

A passion, which I then believed would terminate only with my life, instantly took possession of me. I ran after her, and in wild and tender accents, besought her to take pity on a poor solitary being, far from home, and in a strange land. But all remained silent, save the coarse howling of some unknown animals which dwelt in that country; and I passed a sleepless night in a tree, anxiously watching for the morning, that I might be enabled to seek the mistress of my affections, and offer her my vows. Ere the sun rose, I began the search; yet it was noonday ere we met. Her shyness at first was excessive; but at length I persuaded her to sit quietly and listen to my story, at which she felt much interested, though it was evident that she doubted my word when I told her that I had crossed the sea. She then informed me that she likewise had lost sight of her own tribe and kindred, which had been alarmed and scattered by strange noises along the shore, which I suspect were from the guns of the ship.

So there we were, alone in that wilderness! And when two young monkeys are left alone together in a wood, what can be expected? There was something singular about the countenance of my dear Cinera, which I could not help occasionally wishing were more in character with those of my own tribe; but then there was a gentleness in her manners, and a lightness and elegance in her every movement, which were perfectly bewitching, and which were doubtless greatly enhanced by the splendid black and white ringtail, the recollection of which even now sometimes haunts my pillow.

We had spent some hours together, and I flattered myself that all was going on favourably for me. We were again at the side of the rivulet, seated, side by side, beneath a low spreading tree that

overhung the water; and she had, at my request, assumed the same attitude as when I first saw her; and I was gazing passionately upon her, while her eyes were modestly cast upon the ground. If ever I felt the tender passion, it was at that moment! But I was soon to be cured, and in a very different way from what I had anticipated. The very recollection makes my blood run cold! I was sitting, as before described, lost to every earthly thing, save the beautiful Cinera, when suddenly I felt a sharp twitch across my two forepaws, by which they were perfectly benumbed; and, looking round, I beheld a monstrous animal with a huge grinning mouth, and blue ribbed cheeks, standing over me with a stick, with which he was about to repeat his blow. Resistance was out of the question against such a baboon, and, therefore, I immediately sprang aside, and made my escape, leaving Cinera to do the same. For some time I dared not venture to look round; but finding I was not pursued, I at length halted to draw breath, and then, casting my eyes towards the fatal spot, I beheld the hideous creature squatting by the side of Cinera, and sharing with her a pile of fruit which I had toiled hard to collect, and which I had presented to her as a pledge of the sincerity of my affection. What was to be done? My whole frame trembled with agony. I thought of taking a stone, and creeping slyly up the tree and letting it fall upon the monster's head; but my paws hung powerless by my side, and refused to perform their office. Yet a spell seemed to be upon me, and I could not tear myself from the spot. So I stood aloof and gazed, and a gleam of hope even then came upon me. He will soon have devoured the fruit, thought I, and as for his being a rival in the beautiful ringtail's affections with a well-formed and comely monkey like me, that is quite out of the question.

I was right respecting his appetite; for the gormandizing wretch would have crunched fifty times the quantity between his tremendous jaws; but no opportunity was afforded me of judging whether he really had sufficient vanity to talk of love. At that period my eyes were particularly good; so that, though I was more than three hundred yards distant, I plainly perceived a hideous, leering, liquorish expression in his countenance, as he looked towards Cinera, and drew his right arm, from the elbow down to the paw, across his

frightful grinning month. "By my native groves!" cried I, "this is too much!" and such was my agitation, that I plainly heard my heart thump against my ribs.

At this moment, however, there arose a strange outcry in the woods, which excited the attention of all parties.—Cinera jumped upon her hind legs, and uttered a respondent shriek, at which the outcry was repeated, and suddenly a large party of ringtails, who were doubtless her friends and relatives, rushed forward into the open ground. The baboon looked sulkily around, and began his retreat by slowly and awkwardly lounging, and pretending occasionally to jump, along the banks of the rivulet, which, by a circuitous course, came to the spot where I lay concealed. The lovely ringtail—now for ever lost to me—was instantly surrounded by her own tribe; and there was such a confused chattering among them, that I in vain endeavoured to ascertain whether they were congratulating or scolding the amiable truant.—Amid the group, which had now grown very numerous, I plainly discerned her, as she stood alone in a sort of ring which they had formed round her; and she appeared to be addressing the multitude. With intense feelings of anxiety, I observed that she pointed in the direction which I took when scampering away from the baboon. Hope and strange ambitious dreams instantly arose within me. I perceived that she was a female of high rank among them, and judged that I was the subject of her discourse. "Dear creature!" said I to myself, "she is no doubt endeavouring to describe my perfections, and asking her parent's consent to our happy union. It is evident that her race are much behind my own nation in the noble art of climbing; but I will take pity upon their ignorance, and our young family shall be brought up according to the customs of Persia. In the meanwhile, I will, by long accounts of my travels, and the display of my agility, astonish the natives, and, as a matter of course, I shall become their leader."

Such was my last soliloquy in that country; and it was scarcely terminated, when the whole body of ringtails uttered a simultaneous yell, and advanced towards the place of my retreat. Their grimaces were too evidently hostile for me to wait the result: therefore, when they were within about a hundred yards, I rose up and fled,

and, in an instant, all were in pursuit of me. I made for the sea-shore, where I had left the ship on the preceding day, and where she still fortunately lay at anchor. My speed was such that I gained ground considerably of all the ringtails, whose yells were far behind when I arrived within half-a-mile of the water side; and then, and not till then, I took courage to look back.—Never shall I forget the horror which then took possession of me! Not twenty yards in advance was that detestable ribbed monster who had driven me from my home. He had joined, unknown to me, in the chase, and at every bound, notwithstanding his apparent clumsiness, gained upon me; and what rendered still more horrible was the sight of that fearful stick, the possession of which I had already experienced. On he came, and nearer and yet nearer I heard the bounding of his hind legs, and the whirring of that awful weapon. Still I strained every nerve, and the ground appeared to fly from under me; but all my exertion seemed vain—the monster was now so close that I expected every bound would bring him on my tail. I heard him draw his breath, and fancied that the hot and impure air, which issued from his mouth, warmed the nape of my neck. Fear added wings to my flight—I saw nothing—I knew nothing—I cared for nothing;—death itself was nothing, so that I might escape from that inconceivable horror! To all that happened afterwards I was insensible. I made one tremendous bound—it seemed as though I had leaped beyond the limits of earth, and was careering it amid the clouds—then came a noise as of thunder, and anon a yell of agony more piercing than the cry of ten thousand cats, and then all was darkness—sudden and unusual darkness;—for my eyes were open, and my limbs continued in full activity, yet without performing their duty; for the ground was gone from beneath me, and the light of day had closed upon me. I had jumped into the sea!

The noises which I had heard in my descent were the firing of a gun, and the consequent cry of my wounded pursuer. One of the ship's boats happened to be at the usual place of landing at that moment; and by the exertions of the crew, I was snatched from a watery grave, after I had rescued myself, by my agility and that desperate leap, from the great blue-nosed baboon.

The revulsion which had taken place



in my feelings was extraordinary; for immediately I found myself safe on ship-board, I would not have given a rotten nut for my hitherto beloved Cinera. She became as nothing to me; nay, the recollection of her, for some time after this adventure, was absolutely disgusting; so that I really think, had she at that period been delivered up to me, I should have contrived to throw her overboard. Reflection has, since that time, led me to do justice to her good qualities; for, after all, she did but submit to the guidance of her parents and friends, and is most likely long since married to some one in her own sphere of life. I question much, indeed, whether one bred up in the evident barbarity of the ring-tails would ever have made a fit companion for me. But—let that pass.

I shall only add, that my love was completely dispelled when hope vanished; and that, from my own experience, I am convinced that a stick, properly applied, and a good ducking, would do more towards curing young monkeys, who fancy they are dying for love, than any other remedy with which I am acquainted.

[To be continued.]

#### ANECDOTES OF HIS LATE MAJESTY GEORGE IV.

*Collected from various sources.*

It is well known that the Queen, from the infancy of the Prince of Wales, was constantly through life to him the fondest of mothers. Soon after his birth, her Majesty had a whole-length portrait of his Royal Highness modelled in wax. He was represented naked. This figure was half a span long, lying upon a crimson cushion, and it was covered by a bell-glass: her Majesty had it constantly on her toilette, at Buckingham-house; and there it was seen by the writer after her Majesty's decease. The likeness was still palpable, though the original had outlived the date of the fairy model more than half a century.

Few years passed, it is believed, without her Majesty having his portrait, either in miniature, enamel, *silhouette*, modelled in marble or wax, or in some other style of art. One of the latest, if not the very last, was a miniature head of his Royal Highness, enamelled by Mr. Bone, which he had the honour of placing in her Majesty's hands at Windsor, the year before her death,

when a conversation ensued upon the subject, which not only evinced the minute correctness of her Majesty's fond recollections concerning the illustrious original, but was accompanied by a circumstance very flattering to the artist.

In one of the state apartments at Windsor, is a family-piece, representing her Majesty seated with, as it would appear, two of the royal children; one on the lap, a few months old, exceedingly fair, the other a sturdy infant, aged apparently about two years. These are described as the Prince of Wales and Duke of York.

Some years since, his late Majesty, going round the collection, and describing the pictures to a foreigner of distinction, stopped at this family-piece. Mr. Legg, the principal *cicerone*, had just described it as usual to the party; when the condescending monarch observed, "You must alter your history, Mr. Legg." Then, smiling and addressing himself not only to the foreign gentleman, but to the whole party, he observed, "That picture was painted by the ingenious Mr. Allan Ramsay, son of the celebrated author of 'The Gentle Shepherd.' Now, Mr. Ramsay having, like his father, become celebrated too, fell into the common fault of portrait painters—undertaking more than he could perform. He engaged to paint, within a given time, the Queen and the Prince of Wales, then an infant in arms, as you perceive. He completed the likeness of the mother, *who might have waited*, but; somehow, neglected to finish the child, until he had grown into the sturdy boy, whom you see standing before her." So that, in fact, it is two portraits of the same child, though, in that short space, more dissimilar to each other, than, perhaps, at any subsequent period.

*A Delicate Study.*—She (the late Queen) knew not the affecting history of Mrs. Fitzherbert. Mr. Fox, who had spent his life in England, knew it not; on the contrary, he pledged his honour that the tale had no foundation. He declared before Parliament, that no marriage had ever taken place between the Prince of Wales and Mrs. Fitzherbert; and he proved the negative by a letter from the prince himself. But who could attest the truth of the prince's letter? We close this painful subject by observing, that Mr. Fox never afterwards forgave the falsehood which had duped him; nor could the royal person in question prevail upon himself to for-

give Mr. Fox for having so much to forgive.

*Early Faults.*—An extract from the *Recollections of John Nicholls, Esq., M.P.* laments the removal of Mr. Jackson from the charge of the late King's tuition in early life, and attributes the errors of his education to the change of preceptors. The disposal of the revenues of Cornwall, and the scanty provision compared with the immense establishment appointed for the late King, on his coming of age, is strongly reprobated on the same authority.

*Eloquence.*—On the death of the late Duke of Cumberland, George the Fourth, then Prince of Wales, was elected Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons, and in that character his Royal Highness presided at the subsequent anniversary dinner, consisting of the members of all the inaugurated lodges of Masons in London. The meeting was held at Freemasons' Tavern, and nearly five hundred persons were present. On this occasion the Prince exhibited, in various speeches, powers of eloquence which astonished and electrified the audience; and whilst he expatiated upon the character and virtues of his recently deceased uncle and predecessor in office, the whole company were in tears. This, we believe, was the only great occasion on which the oratorical powers of the Prince of Wales were exhibited, during three or four years. Lord Moira occupied a place on the right hand of the Prince, who appointed him Lord Deputy Grand Master, which, by the death of the Duke of Manchester, had become vacant.

*Humanity.*—By his Royal Highness's gracious appointment, I had the great honour to sing to his Royal Highness at the house of a friend, twenty songs, all of which received perfect approbation. The Prince remained two hours, even though Mareschi had, during the interval, made his first appearance at the King's Theatre. His Royal Highness, upon my singing the *High Mettled Racer*, informed the company that he had fortunately, but a fortnight before, rescued a poor old half-blind race-horse from the galling shaft of a hackney post-chaise.—*Dibdin's Musical Tour.*

*A Rival.*—In early life, the Prince of Wales and Earl Grey were suitors for the favours of the Duchess of Devonshire, mother of the present Duke, after an *understood* separation from her husband (who had under his protection

Lady Elizabeth Foster, the last duchess.) Earl Grey succeeded, and the Prince was ousted.

*An Expensive Trifle.*—During the period when the Drury Lane company acted at the King's Theatre, the King became enamoured of Mrs. Crouch, then in the prime of life; he constantly visited her at Michael Kelly's Musical Saloon, in Pall-mall, and there lavished his favours on her most profusely. He gave her diamonds to the amount of 5,000*l.* and settled upon her an annuity of twelve hundred a year. When the debts of the Prince were arranged previously to his marriage, Mrs. Crouch's annuity was not recognized, as it was said no *valuable consideration* had been given for it.

When his Royal Highness was between the age of thirty and forty, his mask was taken in plaster of Paris by Mr. Papiera, an Italian, from which, if we mistake not, the bust by Mr. Banks was modelled. The operation, even when executed by the most skilful, is not very agreeable, to say the least of it. Sometimes the plaster is apt to adhere to the skin, and, had such a circumstance occurred with this illustrious personage, the dilemma would have been of serious consequence perhaps to the operator. "How long think you, will it require to produce the mask?" enquired the prince. "Five minutes, sir," was the answer. "Well, then," said the prince, "we shall see,"—so, looking at his watch, he showed the time to Papiera, laid it upon the table, and kindly added: "Do not hurry yourself, for I am not impatient, and I wish you to perform your task well." Papiera, to use his own words, observed, "So gracious and condescending was the manner of his Royal Highness, that I went to my work without embarrassment, and completed it within the time." The prince expressed his satisfaction at the skill with which it was performed, and entered into familiar chat with the plaster-caster. "What is your height, Papiera?" asked his Royal Highness,—"I think you are as near as may be to my stature." Papiera answered, "I believe your Royal Highness has the advantage." "Come," said the Prince, "let us measure,"—when, placing him against the wall, he unsheathed a small sword, and, with the point, made the mark. "Now," said he, turning to Lord Moira, who was present, "mark my height—but do it fairly, my lord." The point was fixed, and Papiera proved himself,

though a courtier, yet no flatterer, for his Royal Highness had the advantage by half an inch. This courtesy of the Prince extended to the ingenious of all classes, who had the least personal intercourse with him. Papiera, be it known, was of no higher rank in the arts—than a manufacturer of plaster-casts.

No royal master, perhaps, was ever more beloved by his whole household than the late Sovereign, for his benevolence extended even to the lowest menials of his establishment. We speak of him both as Prince of Wales and King. If any of the domestics were absent from their duty on account of indisposition, even when the Prince was a very young man, such was his consideration, that his enquires after their health were repeated daily; and no sooner had they resumed their occupation, than he kindly and condescendingly congratulated them on their recovery. Some years since, a gentleman, whilst copying a picture in one of the state apartments at Carlton House, overheard the following conversation between an elderly woman, one of the housemaids, then employed in cleaning a stove-grate, and a journeyman glazier, who was supplying a broken pane of glass: "Have you heard how the Prince is to-day?" said he—his Royal Highness had been confined by illness. "Much better," was the reply. "I suppose," said the glazier, "you are glad of that"—subjoining, "though, to be sure, it *can't* concern *you* much." "It *does* concern *me*," replied the housemaid, "for though I am only an humble menial, I have never been ill, but his Royal Highness has *concerned* himself about me—and has always been pleased, on my resuming my work to say—'I am glad to see you about again—I hope you have been taken good care of—do not exert yourself too much, lest you be ill again.'—If I did not rejoice at his Royal Highness's recovery, ay, and every one who eats his bread, we should all be very ungrateful indeed!"

Alas! good King! he had his faults; but such was the innate benevolence of his heart, that he concerned himself not only for those who were immediately about his person, but for those against whom, too often, the hearts of all were closed—public offenders. "Blessed are the merciful," saith the holy adage, "for they shall obtain mercy."

Some years since, the same artist, being at Carlton Palace, observed to the late Mr. —, one of the royal es-

tablishment—"How I should like to see the council-table prepared for the council!" It happened that a council was to be held that very day. They proceeded to the apartment: when there the artist, smiling, observed, "Now, if I were to judge of your royal master only by what I see, I should conclude that he was very little-minded." "And why so?" enquired Mr. —. "Because, I perceive, first and foremost, that all the chairs for the council are exactly equidistant; secondly, that there are so many sheets of foolscap, and so many sheets of post, and a long new pen laid diagonally on each, and all at measured mathematical distances; and thirdly, that the very *fold* of the green cloth"—fine broad cloth, which covered the long table—"is laid right along the centre of the table." "You are a *quiz*," said the officer of the household.—"Would I could put on the invisible cap," resumed the gentleman, "that I might see and hear what passes, when the Regent is seated in that golden chair.\*" "Perhaps you might be disappointed in your expectations; but," added his friend, in a low voice, "if, sir, you could *see* and *hear* what I have seen and heard, and what will likely occur again after this day's council, you might feel little disposed to relate what you had seen with levity." The officer of the household then took a sheet of paper from the table, walked to the fire-side, placed his right arm on the marble chimney-piece, while he held the paper in his left hand, and, looking the artist steadfastly in the face, said: "Sir, if you would see my royal master in his truly princely character—fancy him this day after the breaking up of the council, standing thus, and the Recorder of London standing in your place, bearing the list of the miserable culprits doomed to death by the sentence of the law—wretched criminals, most of whom are friendless, and all, perhaps, hopeless of mercy. How little do they or the world know, that the most powerful pleader for a remission of their punishment is the Prince—he, whom the world, judging uncharitably, though unwittingly of, consider as too much absorbed in the pomp, and splendour, and enjoyments of royalty, to trouble himself with the miseries of his subjects—whilst, one by one, he enquires the nature of the offence in all its bearings,

\* The council was held in the Throne Room, but his Royal Highness, then Regent, sat at the head of the table, in a high-backed, richly carved, and gilt chair.

the measure of the guilt of the offender, and whether the law absolutely demands the life of the criminal, palliating the offence by all the arguments worthy a wise and good chief magistrate, and becoming him, who, under Divine Providence, as the ruler of the Nation, is the FOUNTAIN OF MERCY. Yes, sir, nearly two hours have I known the Prince plead thus, in the presence of this minister of justice, for those who had no other counsellor, and his plea enforced by arguments not less just than wise has, in many cases, not been made in vain."

The Prince's heart was, perhaps, prompted by due humility to reason thus with his Maker, on these awful occasions:—

Oh, what are we.  
That we should sit in judgment, man on man?  
And what were we, frail creatures as we are,  
If the All-Merciful should mete to us  
With the same rigorous measure wherewithal  
Sinner to sinner metes. SOUTHEY.

**Beau Brummel.**—The Prince's treatment of Brummel, the celebrated dandy, will be long remembered by that person, and all who witnessed it. Brummel, in the zenith of his power, was a frequent visitor at Carlton-house, where he was always received with politeness and hospitality. The king of the dandies, intoxicated by the foolish admiration he excited out of doors, and deceived by the general degree of equality which always prevailed at the royal table, forgot himself so far one day after dinner, as to address the Prince Regent familiarly by the name of George, and to desire him "to ring the bell." The Prince, to the astonishment of all present, rose from the table and rung as he was required. The servant appeared. "Mr. Brummel's carriage," said the Prince. The attendant announced it to be in waiting. Brummel, taking the delicate hint, immediately departed, never again to enter the doors of the royal residence. The King, however, forgave the slights offered to the Prince, and Brummel, poor and disgraced, has been, within the last ten months, appointed to the consulship of Caen, at his express command.

The following anecdote of the late King includes one of the most happy puns that was ever made, howbeit a somewhat profane one. On the eve of a masquerade given at the King's Theatre, in 1796, the Prince was so seriously indisposed as to require the attendance of Dr. Reynolds, who, upon being asked

whether the royal patient might with safety venture to the Opera-House, gave his decided negative. The Prince was dissatisfied with the doctor's mandate, and at the same time assured him no exertion on his part would be requisite, as he intended going in a domino. The doctor persisted in his opinion; and added, that he would not answer for the consequence of such imprudence; it might, indeed, even occasion his Royal Highness's death. Upon which the Prince immediately exclaimed, "*Beati sunt illi qui moriuntur in domino.*"

Among almost innumerable instances of the fine feeling and discernment of our late beloved Sovereign, may be here related one, which occurred many years ago, while he was Prince of Wales. Being at Brighton, and going rather earlier than usual to visit his stud, he enquired of a groom, "Where is Tom Cross,\* is he unwell?—I have missed him for some days?"—"Please your Royal Highness, he is gone away."—"Gone away? what for?"—"Please your Royal Highness" (hesitating), "I believe—for—Mr. — can inform your Royal Highness."—"I desire to know, sir, of you—what has he done?"—"I believe—your Royal Highness—something—not—quite correct—something about the oats."—"Where is Mr. —, send him to me immediately." The Prince appeared much disturbed at this discovery. The absent one, quite a youth, had been employed in the stable, and was the son of an old groom, who had died in the Prince's service. The officer of the stable appeared before the Prince. "Where is Tom Cross?—what is become of him?"—"I do not know, your Royal Highness."—"What has he been doing?"—"Purloining the oats, your Royal Highness, and I discharged him."—"What, sir, send him away without acquainting me?—not know whither he is gone? a fatherless boy! driven into the world from my service, with a blighted character! Why, the poor fellow will be destroyed—fie, —! I did not expect this of you! Seek him out, sir, and let me not see you until you have discovered him." Tom was found, and brought before his royal master. He hung down his head, while the tears trickled from his eyes. After looking

\* This name is assumed, but his Royal Highness spoke to him with a similar characteristic familiarity of designation.

† A superior of the stable department.

steadfastly at him for some moments :—  
 “Tom, Tom,” said the Prince, “what have you been doing? Happy it is for your poor father that he is gone; it would have broken his heart to see you in such a situation. I hope this is your first offence.” The youth wept bitterly.  
 “Ah, Tom! I am glad to see that you are penitent. Your father was an honest man; I had a great regard for him; so I should have for you, if you were a good lad, for his sake. Now, if I desire Mr. — to take you into the stable again, think you, that I may trust you?” Tom wept still more vehemently, implored forgiveness, and promised reformation.  
 “Well, then,” said the gracious Prince, “you shall be restored: avoid evil company. Go, and recover your character. Be diligent, be honest, and make me your friend, and—hark ye, Tom—I will take care that no one shall ever taunt you with what is past.”

*The late King and Nelson.*—The following letter was placed in the hands of Sir John Phillipart by the late Mr. Alexander Davison, to whom it was addressed by his Majesty when Prince of Wales, on the death of Lord Nelson. It offers an excellent specimen of his Majesty's talent for epistolatory correspondence, and of his excellent feelings :—

“I am extremely obliged to you, my dear sir, for your confidential letter, which I received this morning. You may be well assured, that did it depend upon me, there would not be a wish, a desire of our ever-to-be-lamented and much-loved friend, as well as adored hero, that I would not consider as a solemn obligation upon his friends and his country to fulfil; it is a duty they owe his memory and his matchless and unrivalled excellence. Such are my sentiments, and I hope that there is still in this country sufficient honour, virtue, and gratitude, to prompt us to ratify and to carry into effect the last dying request of our Nelson, by that means proving, not only to the whole world, but to future ages, that we were worthy of having such a man belonging to us. It must be needless, my dear sir, to discuss over with you in particular the irreparable loss dear Nelson ever must be, not merely to his friends, but to his country, especially at the present crisis, and during the present most awful contest: his very name was a host in itself—Nelson and Victory were one and the same to us, and it carried dismay and terror to the hearts of our

enemies. But the subject is too painful a one to dwell longer upon. As to myself, all that I can do, either publicly or privately, to testify the reverence, the respect, I entertain for his memory as a hero, and as the greatest public character that ever embellished the page of history, independent of what I can, with the greatest truth, term the enthusiastic attachment I felt for him as a friend, I consider it as my duty to fulfil; and therefore, though I may be prevented from taking that ostensible and prominent situation at his funeral, which I think my birth and high rank entitle me to claim, still nothing shall prevent me, in a private character, following his remains to their last resting place; for though the station and the character may be less ostensible, less prominent, yet the feelings of the heart will not therefore be the less poignant, or the less acute.

“I am, my dear sir,

“With the greatest truth,

“Ever very sincerely your's,  
 “Brighton, “GEORGE P.”

“December 18, 1805.

“To Alexander Davison, Esq., St. James's-square, London.”

*Michael Kelly.*—The Prince allowed Kelly one hundred a year, or rather insisted upon his having a *free* benefit at the Opera House annually for the remainder of his life, and on each of these occasions the King gave Kelly one hundred pounds.

The following anecdote of the King is related by a gentleman of high rank, who accompanied his Majesty on his visit to Ireland. On his way the King called at the seat of the Marquis of Anglesea, at Plas-Newydd, and being very fond of children, he amused himself for some time with those of the noble Marquis. One of them, a little boy of about five years of age, while playing on the King's knee, looked in his face and said, “Mrs. Collins, my nurse, tells me that you are the King;—but I do not believe her, for you are not different from any other man—if you are the King, why do not you wear your crown?” His Majesty turned to one of his courtiers, and observed, “There is wisdom in infancy—this child can see nothing extraordinary in a King, whilst those about me would almost persuade me that I am something more than a mortal.”

## GOD SAVE THE KING.

[The national anthem, thus neatly altered to suit a name of two syllables, was given at the King's Theatre on the evening of the 29th of June]

God save our gracious King  
William, our noble King,  
God save the King!  
Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the King!

O Lord our God arise,  
Scatter his enemies,  
And make them fall;  
Confound their politics,  
Frustrate their knavish tricks,  
On him our hopes we fix—  
God save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store  
On William deign to pour,  
Long may he reign;  
May he defend our laws,  
And ever give us cause  
To sing, with heart and voice,  
God save the King!

Shield him thou good and great,  
And to our Queen and State  
New blessings bring;  
Guard Britain's throne, and long  
May the exulting throng  
For them renew the song—  
God save the King!

## TITLES AND OTHER HONORARY DISTINCTIONS BORNE BY HIS LATE MAJESTY.

George (Augustus Frederick) IV., of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, Prince of Wales, Duke of Lancaster and Cornwall, Duke of Rothsay in Scotland, King of Hanover, Duke and Prince of Brunswick-Lunenbourg, Arch-Treasurer of the Holy Roman Empire, Sovereign Protector of the United States of the Ionian Islands, Viscount Launceston, Earl of Carrick in Ireland, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, and Great Steward of Scotland, Earl of Chester, Captain-General of the Honourable Artillery Company, Marquis of the Isle of Ely, Colonel-in-Chief of the two Regiments of Life Guards, High Steward of Plymouth, Sovereign of the orders of the Garter, Bath, Thistle, St. Patrick, Hanoverian Guelphic Order, St. Michael and St. George of the Ionian Isles, Visitor of University, Oriel, and Christ Church Colleges, Oxford, and of Trinity College, Cambridge, Knight of the Orders of the Golden Fleece of Spain and Austria, St. Stephen of Hungary, Pedro of Brazils, of St. Esprit of France, of Maria Theresa of Austria, of Charles III. of Spain, of William of the Netherlands, of St. Hubert of Bavaria, of Gustavus Vasa of Sweden; and several

others. His Majesty was created Prince of Wales 17th August, 1762; Regent, 5th February, 1811; King of Great Britain, 29th January, 1820.

## ROYAL CEMETERY AT WINDSOR

PREVIOUS to the death of the Princess Amelia, it had been the wish of George the Third to have a burial place for the Royal Family, and after consulting with his surveyor-general, James Wyatt, Esq., and several other architects on the subject, Cardinal Wolsey's tomb-house was fixed upon for a vault. All his Majesty's suggestions were acted upon, and the vault was soon completed.

The Royal Cemetery, which communicates with the Choir of St. George's Chapel, is built of Bath free-stone, in the Gothic style of architecture, and partakes somewhat of the manner of the Egyptian vaults, being 100 feet in length, 30 feet in width, and 14 feet in depth. Along the passage depositories are arranged for the future kings of England. On each side are erected four tiers, divided into eight compartments, making in the whole 72 depositories for the Royal Family and the children of the Royal Blood.

We cannot do adequate justice to this magnificent structure, without acquainting our readers with the antiquity of the place. This fine stone edifice is situated at the east end of St. George's Chapel, and was built by Henry VII. as a burial-place for himself and successors; but this prince afterwards altering his purpose, began the more noble structure at Westminster, and this fabric remained neglected until Cardinal Wolsey obtained a grant of it from King Henry VIII. Wolsey, with a profusion of expence unknown to former ages, designed and began here a most sumptuous monument for himself, from whence the building obtained the name of Wolsey's Tomb-house. At the time of the Cardinal's disgrace, the tomb was so far executed that Benedetto, a statuary of Florence, received 4250 ducats for what he had already done, and 380l. 18s. sterling was paid for gilding only half of this sumptuous monument. The Cardinal dying soon after his retirement from court, was privately buried at Leicester, and the monument remained unfinished. In 1646, it became the plunder of the Parliament party, and the statues and figures of exquisite workmanship were sold to carry on the war. King James the Second converted

this building into a popish chapel, and mass was publicly performed here. The ceiling was executed by *Verris*, who is here considered to have excelled his other performances. The walls were finely ornamented and painted; but it soon became neglected, and with the downfall of popery so was it laid in ruins, until the year 1800, when George the Third ordered the windows and external parts to be repaired.

The workmen while employed in removing the earth for the alteration of this ancient building, discovered two coffins in a stone recess, about three feet below the surface, the remains of Elizabeth Woodville, Queen of Edward IV.; the other those of George, third son of the said king and queen.

In the royal dormitory repose the remains of George the Third and his consort, with several other members of the Royal Family,—amongst whom are the Princess Amelia, the Dukes of Kent and York, and the much-loved and deeply lamented daughter of his late Majesty, now about to be consigned to his last resting place.

#### ROYAL PORTRAITS. No. I.

(For the Olio.)

[It is not until after we have diligently perused the various chronicles of England, that we are enabled to arrive at a just estimate of the characters of her monarchs. Though these records generally differ from each other, we shall, in the end, find that a faithful account of their acts and lives supersedes the necessity of any summing up by the historian, who, in many instances, is affected by the prejudices of his ancestors, or deceived by those who have written before him. We do not presume to suppose that our own opinion will bias many; but we shall from time to time lay before the reader a short account of the life of each king, from the Conquest upwards, exposing to view their vices and virtues in the most prominent manner, and occasionally offering such remarks as are suggested by the perusal of their separate reigns.]

#### WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

The most prominent feature in the character of this monarch is courage—undaunted courage, which was fully shewn, not only in the desperate struggle for the crown at the Battle of Hastings, but also in the various conflicts with his rebellious vassals in Norman-

dy. Some of our old historians say that he led a dissolute life in his youth, but his great strength of body and robust constitution in some measure contradict this. Though it does not appear that he was an erudite king, yet he was a great encourager of learning, having invited from Italy Lanfranc Anselm, and other learned individuals. His courtesy and kindness to the clergy won him their goodwill, and to this circumstance the noble character they have drawn of him may be attributed. There is little doubt but his character was tinged by ferocity, though in some instances he performed acts of generosity worthy of a better man. His conduct towards the family of Harold may be cited as an example. Rarely, indeed, is the throne of an usurper (and such was William) a bed of down; this monarch's life was embittered by the frequent and violent quarrels of his children, and in his last moments,\* those who ought in gratitude to have rendered to him the last decent offices that are due to the dying and the dead, remorselessly left him to expire alone. Even after his death, his mortal remains were treated with indignity; and during the ceremony of their interment in the Abbey of Caen in Normandy, a scene occurred surpassing any incident in the wildest romance. One Fitz Arthur, a man of some note, stood up and forbade the burial."

"This very place," said he, "was the floor of my father's house, which this dead duke violently took from him, and here, upon part of my inheritance, founded this church. This ground, therefore, I claim, and forbid that the body of my despoiler be covered with *my earth*."

The firmness with which this demand was made, obliged the son of the deceased king to compound with Fitz Arthur, who received as a compensation a hundred pounds weight of silver.

Again, in the year 1562, when Chastillon took Caen, a party of soldiers forced open the tomb, and, disappointed at not finding the treasure they expected, threw his bones about in derision.—"So," says Baker, "if we consider his many troubles in life, and after his death, we may well think, that notwithstanding all his greatness, a very meane man would hardly be perswaded to change fortunes with him."

\* He died at Rouen, on Thursday, the 9th of September, 1087, at the age of sixty-four, of an injury he received in consequence of his horse plunging suddenly, and throwing him on the pommel of the saddle.

His charters are remarkable for their brevity and conciseness. The following is one given by Speed:—

"I, William the King, the third year of my reign,  
Give to thee, Norman Hunter, to me that art both leefe and deare,  
The Hop and the Hopton, and all the bounds up and down;  
Under the earth to hell, above the earth to heaven,  
From me and mise to thee and thine,  
As good and as fair as ever they mine were;  
To witness that this is sooth,  
I bit the white wax with my tooth,  
Before Jugge, Maude and Margery, and my youngest son Henry,  
For a bow and a broad arrow,  
When I come to hunt upon Yarrow."

His wit was sharp and ready. His speech eloquent. He was rather below the middle stature, but of Herculean strength, for we are told that no man of his size could bend his bow or handle his weapons. This, however, is no doubt an exaggeration. Altogether, it may be said that he was well qualified in every respect to govern the kingdom for which he had so stoutly contested.

ALPHA.

EFFECT WITHOUT A CAUSE.  
ON THE NON-APPEARANCE OF MISS CAUSE  
AT THE ENGLISH OPERA.  
For the *Olio*.

Philosophers have gravely said,  
(And they of course are "quite correct,")  
That demonstration clearly proves,  
Without a cause, there's no effect.

Can this be true? I feign would ask,  
With all due deference to their laws;  
When, at the Opera House we have—  
Effect sublime, without a Cause.

G. T. E.

### Tales of the Tapestry.

BY HORACE GUILFORD.  
ARMS AND AMOURS.

A TALE OF MALVESYN.  
Continued from p. 5.  
For the *Olio*.

THE rebuked kinsmen and vassals of De Malvesyn quailed at once from their towering pitch, and while two of them recrossed the bridge with William, now faint from loss of blood, to their chieftain's manor hall, those who remained on the spot betook themselves to the mournful task of separating the slain among their comrades, from those of the rival house.

Those who know the close connection subsisting, in the days of chivalry,

† Before the use of seals in England, many writings, says Verstigan, had the wax of them bitten with the wang tooth (the cheek tooth) of him that passed them, which was always mentioned therein in rhyme, thus—  
In witness of the sooth,  
Ich ban bitten this wax with my wang tooth.

between the nobleman, or knight, and the Damoiseau, will be at no loss to conceive the grief of Sir Robert de Malvesyn, as his people pointed out to him the severed head and still bleeding trunk of the hapless page.

Florent was the only son of Sir Robert's brother-in-arms, Sir Edward de Fradley; his widowed mother was recently dead, and from the age of eight he had been trained to knighthood in the manor castle of his father's friend. Inseparable from the knight and his two daughters,—Elizabeth and Margaret,—whether in the fight or the forest, the hall or the bower, and well versed in the sciences of religion, love and war, which chivalry delighted to intertwine; none excelled Florent in leaping the trench, launching the spear, or poising the shield; while his gentle birth, his beauty and his gallant spirit had endeared him to all the Malvesyns, but to none so much as the stately knight.

"It is well for thy poor mother that she is at rest in her peaceful grave," said Sir Robert, the big tears rolling over his dark brown cheek, while his people carefully wrapt the head and trunk in a soft mantle—"else had this sight stretched her beside thee a passionate lunatic!—But thou shalt be revenged, and that in such a fashion as shall teach this unknighly cavalier of Hansacre, the difference between a murderer of children and him who preserves his inauguration vow—'to shed his blood even to its last drop in behalf of his brethren!'"

The mournful business was now completed, and the knight returned to his hall, followed by his kinsmen and retainers; the slain being conveyed in reverent guise, accompanied by prolonged and wailful trumpet blasts, to various receptacles, previous to their interment at the Priory of Blythburgh or other churches.

The fine old Monastery of St. Giles, beautifully situated on the southern bank of the Blythe, where it flows through a sequestered valley, was sheltered by those woody hills once crowned by the mansion of Sir Hugo, its founder, a worthy knight of King Stephen's reign. The old castle, however, was a ruin, having long been deserted by his descendants for the broad, sheltered meadows of the Trent. This conventual establishment consisted of monks and nuns, who here spent their blameless lives amidst everything that could invest the sameness of a monastic house with cheerfulness and contentment.—



A spacious quadrangle of short bright turf, with a large sundial in the centre, was surrounded by cloisters, turrets and Norman windows; climbing the low structures on every side, luxuriant treillages of creepers spread their various tapestries, carefully pruned away, however, from the statues and pinnacles, whose sharp points and delicately chiselled draperies shewed the greatest care for their preservation. A tract of fertile land lay round the gates; a fruitful orchard and productive garden offered amusement rather than taxed labour in their cultivation; and the bright brown Blythe that washed the buttresses of the Priory, at once supplied its tenants with fish, and turned the wheel of their adjacent corn-mill. Their vicinity to the highway afforded the monks of Blythburgh frequent opportunities of exercising the most pleasing part of their profession—the relief of the poor and the refreshment of the traveller; which last was frequently repaid by the intelligence of events passing in that busy world, from whose storms and vicissitudes they were so safely sheltered.

It was now the forenoon of the day after the funeral of Florent, which was conducted under the inspection of the knight of Malvesyn with great solemnity, in St. Giles' Church. The high summer sun swept over the village green, the crimson spotted trout were playing in the tide that sparkled under the Priory wall; the village was lapped in the sultry repose of noon, the men being still abroad in the fields, the women preparing their meal, the children at school in the chamber over the church porch, and the very dogs slumbering beneath the woodbines and wallflowers that mantled on the cottages,—when a female figure, habited in the deepest mourning of the time, and followed by her attendant, emerged from Nun's Lane, and was seen to pace over the broad and daisied green in the very heart of the village. She paused at the broad steps of the great cross which rose in the centre, its carvings lavishly gilded by the meridian sun, and kneeling reverently made a sign to her attendant, who followed her example. After a short exercise of apparently deep and earnest devotion, the lady arose, and attended as before, was admitted with great respect by the portress through the Priory gates.

Attired in a robe of black, lined, bordered and buttoned with white, while her long tippet behind flowed down to

her heels,—her hair being confined in a surcol or net of black and white silk,—she who appeared highest in rank of the two addressed the nun who ushered her into the locutory—

“ Say that Margaret of Malvesyn would tax for a short space the precious time of the Prioress Agatha of Bromley.”

The nun retired with the lady's attendant, while sinking on one of the elaborate tall-backed oak chairs, the high-born damsel employed the interval before the appearance of the Prioress in a passion of hysterical sobs and weeping; and her silken curchief, or veil, deeply embroidered with her family arms, was glittering with her tears when the holy mother approached her. The lady Agatha of Bromley was beginning a solemn phrase of welcome and condolence, when she of Malvesyn, hastily struggling to resume her composure, threw back her veil, and kneeling to the Prioress, disclosed a countenance of such beauty as not even her passionate grief could obscure. A perfect oval, her face was of that delicate fairness from which the total absence of colour, save when summoned thither by emotion, was hardly perceived; her hair was intensely black; and her eyes, large and dark, (as she turned them swimming in tears to her whom she regarded as a second mother,) might have defied a heart of stone to resist their beseeching sorrows.

“ Bless me, dear and holy mother, ere I speak my business, and pray that my speech may be for good !”

“ My blessings and orisons are ever thine, gentle daughter,” replied the Prioress, as Margaret, somewhat more composed, received the benediction;—and after a pause, during which both seemed engaged in prayer, she continued—“ But surely this grief is somewhat out of reason. It was an accursed deed, but it cannot be recalled. The youth was both fair and dear while with us, but though his murderers dwell in towers and waters, ample vengeance is providing !”

“ Yes !” sighed Margaret, and mute with embarrassment proceeded not beyond the monosyllable.

“ Hath not the only son of thy father's foe fallen into the power of De Malvesyn ?” continued the Prioress, with a warmer colour and more sustained voice,—“ and is it not a visible interposition of providence, that the cruel and blood-thirsty man should not live out half his days, when, otherwise, the encounters of yon fatal night would only

have given birth to new conflicts, just as likely to have ended in the ruin of thy father's house as in the subjugation of the Hansacres?"

By the writhing and restless emotion which Margaret evinced during this speech, she appeared like one pierced with repeated puny strokes of daggers. The Prioress looked astonished and perplexed at her extraordinary mood, till at length Margaret raised her stately head at once—

"But wherefore do I pause?" she said, "since for no other cause am I come hither, than to ease my bosom of the secret—the *unabolved* secret (for not even in my shrift have I poured it forth), which weighs down my heart with many sorrows!—Know then, holy and kind mother, that the cause of all these tears—the object dearer to me than father, kinsmen or friends—the source of emotions that divide my heart at this moment with grief and pleasure, is that very William of Hansacre, who is now the thrall of my father!"

"William of Hansacre! and a maiden of Malvesyn to couple that name with love!" the Prioress almost screamed.

"Love!" replied Margaret, her figure elevated from its drooping posture, her eyes upturned, bright and impassioned, her beautiful red lips smiling, her hands clasped, and her whole appearance radiant with enthusiasm,—“yes, love, as holy as intense as ever found its shrine in woman's heart! Love that makes me forget all the offences of his fierce house in the light of his own mild virtues!—Love, that when all at Malvesyn were waiting for poor Florent, made me weep in agony for the heir of the foeman who slew him. Chide not, gracious dame, but hear me. From the day we met at the tournament at Hawkseyard, it was written on my heart, that the hostile houses should one day cease to hate. Our vows have long been solemnly plighted; the violence of the ancient feuds seemed to have relaxed, and our hopes grew high. That fatal night, William had lingered with me longer than usual at our tryst, —the great old pine overhanging the Faulcon's Well,—and he talked encouragingly, of his father's noble heart, augured happily from the doating affection his parents bore to him their only child. He had already won Sir William to admit the propriety of lessening the encroachments at the Briggmuln.”

"Nay," interrupted the Prioress, "all the Hansacredom, and Malvesyn to boot, can testify that Robert Mulner

was a wrathful and a violent man.—Did he not revile and even smite John Hammond, (to whom thy father hath leased the Brigg water down to Oxenholm pool,) out of spite that he brought to our poor house, last Lent, a finer salmon than had smoked for years in the hall of Hansacre!—and did he not—"

"Pardon me, mother, we but waste time on the paltry disagreements of a miller and a fisherman. And yet," she added with a sigh, "from the wrangling of those churls, what blood hath been spilt—what lives jeopardied!"

"I see a higher than earthly hand in this," said the Prioress; "and since the youth is of fair fame and gentle heart, and even by his foes reported honourable, it may well be that providence hath its own good views in thus permitting your young hearts to become each other's thrall. If it be so, not all the just indignation of thy father,—not his deepest dungeons,—nay, not the pronounced sentence of death itself, will avail to scathe a hair of his head!—Hast thou seen him?"

"I was in the hall, weeping for the murder of the Damoiseau, when William was brought in wounded and a captive. Elizabeth turned from him in horror, and I,—oh, mother, hadst thou seen his noble form streaming with blood, the patience of his manly countenance, and, above all, the ineffable glance which none interpreted but me, then you would not wonder that even there, in the presence of mine elder sister, and before all the vassals of my father's house, who were thirsting for his life, I was on the very point of rushing into his arms—staunching with my robe his piteous wounds, and proclaiming that a daughter of Malvesyn centred her whole world in the bleeding heir of the detested Hansacres!"

"Calm thee, my child! these violent transports are neither maidenly nor Christian-like."

"The loud shriek I uttered was most erroneously ascribed to very natural feelings, and ere I could execute my frantic impulse, the tender anxiety of Elizabeth, and the officious cares of our women, who flocked around me, gave me time for recollection."

"Great reason hast thou to be thankful therefore, daughter,—thou hadst otherwise fatally perilled *him*, no less than dishonoured thyself."

To this truism, most sententiously delivered, the good-natured Prioress appended a rather leading question—

"What doth Sir Robert meditate respecting young Hansacre?"

"Oh, my father grieves still most bitterly for his slaughtered Damoiseau; and his very meals, instead of refreshment, excite only new unhappiness from the recollection of his horrid fate who was wont to present his wine and carve his meat!—But Sir Robert is a wise and upright man, and a strict lover of justice. The burning of Briggmulin was without his privity, and hath excited his utmost displeasure. He hath treated William mildly; the leech hath had him in constant tendance, and though my father cannot yet brook his presence at the hall-board, he hath assigned him apartments, where Elizabeth hath already visited him; and, oh, mother, they wonder I have kept away,—they term me unfeeling, and even Elizabeth tells me I carry my animosity too far!—Alas—" Here a flood of tears again streamed from the beauteous maiden's eyes. After a pause, the Prioress spoke:

"What then of the Hansacredom?—Is it to enjoy undisturbed its bloody and wicked triumph?"

"A herald was dispatched this morning, before my father had tierce performed in the oratory, where he daily attends the masses said for the soul of the slain De Fradley. The import of his message we trow not, but, alas! as little do we doubt it! Meanwhile, the Hansacres have carried off their dead, and we learn they are busily employed in adding to the defences of their hall."

"And let them fortify,—let them build their towers to heaven,—let their gates be of brass and let their moat be an inland sea, the curse of blood shall sap their foundation; treachery shall unfold their doors to the enemy; and the steam of murder shall exhale like a pestilence from the waters in which they trust!" exclaimed the saintly mother,—when, as suddenly remembering her rank and profession, she added in a different key: "Holy Mary, grant another issue than this seems to forbode!—And thou, daughter, be watchful over thyself!—remember that heaven may yet have happier times in store, and wreck not by any rash act the fortunes which prudence may secure."

The mother Agatha here blew on a silver call, the lady Margaret's attendant re-appeared, an elderly nun placed refreshments before them, and the maid of Malvesyn, lightened of her bosom's load by her late conversation with the Prioress, returned to her father's hall.

*To be continued.*

## The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note Book.  
M. W. OF WINDSOR.

### HER MAJESTY, QUEEN ADELAIDE.

That clever and ably conducted paper, the Spectator, commenting upon the probable happy results to be expected from the nation's now possessing an affable and amiable Queen Consort, says, "The court of the King will in future exhibit not only nothing to repel, but every thing to attract. Levity cannot fail to be abashed and ashamed in the presence of a princess so far above censure, or reproach, as the present Queen; a lady whose unpretentious virtues would have dignified the lowest as they adorn the highest station. Descended from the illustrious house of SAXE, with which the ideas of integrity and honour, not less than of kindness and paternity of government have long been associated, Queen Adelaide brings to the throne a character such as no Queen of England has possessed since the days of Elizabeth. Other Queens have been content at their succession to draw on the hopes and the belief of their subjects, but Queen Adelaide's fame rests on the substantial evidence of fact and experience, gathered during years of residence in the midst of us."

### NEWSPAPER COINCIDENCES.

The daily journals inform us that the name of Adelaide is not new among the Queens of England. "The second wife of Henry I., we are told, was Adelaide, a Princess of Louvain. The mother of King Stephen, daughter of William the Conqueror, was Adela, *which is, in fact, the same name.*" The conversion of Adela would be convenient, no doubt, but unfortunately, she was not a Queen, she was only a Countess; and equally lamentable is the fact, that Henry's second Queen was not named Adelaide, but Adelais, which may be the same in meaning, but is not the same in letter. *Spectator.*

### ENGLAND AT THE ACCESSION OF CHARLES I.

The state in which the ill-fated Charles I. found the country, is pithily described by Howell, in his "Familiar Letters." "In the evening he was proclaimed at the Whitehall Gate, Cheapside, and other places, in a sad shower of rain; and the weather was suitable to the condition wherein he finds the kingdom, which is cloudy; for he is left

engaged in a war with a patent Prince, the people by long desuetude unapt for arms, the fleet-royal in quarter repair, himself without a Queen, his sister without a country, the crown pitifully laden with debts, and the purse of the state lightly ballasted, though it never had better opportunity to be rich, than it had these last twenty years."

#### EXTRAORDINARY PROTRACTION OF VEGETABLE LIFE.

The following extraordinary instance of the lengthened period of time during which the vital principle of vegetables may be preserved, was mentioned by Mr. Houlton in the course of his introductory lecture as professor of botany, at the last meeting of the Medico-Botanical Society. A bulbous root, which was found in the hand of an Egyptian mummy, and in which situation it had very probably been for more than *two thousand years*, germinated on exposure to the atmosphere, though, when discovered, it was apparently in a state of perfect dryness. The root was subsequently put into the ground, *where it grew with readiness and vigour!*

#### Origins.

(For the Olio)

#### *Go to Bath and get your Head shaved.*

When the 'Bath Waters' were esteemed so efficacious in removing local diseases of the skin, many experiments were tried by the physicians of the Hospital with their patients. In none of their efforts were they more successful than with complaints of the head. In order to avoid inconvenience by the hair, in cases of fever, scald head and ring worm, the barber was called into the Hospital and the patients' heads shaved, previously to the immersion. The salutary effect of this plan soon gained evidence; gentlemen's sons, tradesmen's sons, and charity children, were thus cropped of their superfluous hair, to avoid contamination. Persons with children, in any way touched like "Poor Peeled, or Pill Garlick!" complied with the practice in the surrounding villages of the city, and took heed ere they made them eligible for the 'Bath,' to get their heads shaved. The custom now, in process of time, was so plausible, that, as a favourite piece of sarcastic advice, when one person wished not to take it, he would say to the other—'*Go to Bath and get your head shaved.*'

Orange Grove, Bath.

P.X.Z.

#### Anecdotaliana.

MRS. JORDAN.

Many are the generous acts related of this royal favourite, but perhaps there is none that shows her liberality in a better light than the following:—In her perambulations, by accident she entered into conversation with an old man, an inhabitant of Richmond, of the name of Lewis, remarkable for having, in a suit with King George the Second, defended and established the right of the public to a free passage through Richmond Park. Perceiving him to be in very distressed circumstances, Mrs. Jordan proposed to promote a benefit for him at Richmond Theatre, in which she kindly undertook to perform the characters of *Rosalana* and *Nell gratia*. The pit was filled at box price, and the house, of course, to use a theatrical phrase, was a bumper on the occasion.

The benefit was patronized and attended by his present most gracious Majesty, and all the persons of rank and fashion in the neighbourhood of Richmond. The poor old man so timely and laudably assisted received 170*l.* by this act of generosity.

#### INDIAN ELOQUENCE.

At a conference held at Vincennes, in the United States, in 1811, between General Harrison and some Indian chiefs, after a long talk, Tecumesh, a celebrated Indian warrior, looked round for a seat, but finding no accommodation provided for him, his eyes flashed fire. General Harrison saw the cause, and instantly ordered a chair. One of the council offered the warrior his chair, and bowing respectfully said to him, "Warrior, your father, General Harrison, offers you a seat." "My father!" exclaimed Tecumesh, extending his hand towards the heavens, "the sun is my father, and the earth is my mother, she gives me nourishment, and I will repose on her bosom." He then threw himself upon the ground.

#### MARY MAGDALENE'S LAST WILL AND EPITAPH.\*

HER WILL  
Of all my *wills*, lo! now I make the *last*:  
Right in this place, within this sepulture,  
I will be buried when I'm dead and past,  
And on this grave I will have this scripture.

HER EPITAPH  
Here within rests a ghostly creature,  
Christ's true lover—Mary Magdalene,  
Whose heart for love broke in pieces twain.

\* We have changed the orthography, but retained the text.

## Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, July 7.

*St. Pantæus.*—*High Water 35m after 2 Morn—54m after 2 Evening.*

This saint flourished in the second century. He was a Sicilian by birth, and by profession a stoic philosopher. His esteem for virtue led him into an acquaintance with the Christians, and being charmed with their innocence and sanctity, he opened his eyes to the truth. He was established by Demetrius, who was made Bishop of Alexandria in 189, preacher of the gospel to the Eastern nations. He found some seeds already sown in the Indies, and a book of the gospel of St Matthew in Hebrew. About the year 216, our saint closed a noble and excellent life by a happy death.

July 7, 1713.—Expired at Fulham Palace, aged 81, Henry Compton, Bishop of London, a prelate eminent for virtue and piety. He was interred in the church-yard, according to his particular direction; for he used to say, that "the church is for the *living*, and the church-yard for the *dead*." The great Sir Matthew Hale was accustomed to use the same expression, and gave directions that the place of his own interment should be the church-yard of Alderley, in Gloucestershire.

Thursday, July 8.

*St. Withburge, Virgin, 10th Century.*—*Sun rises 49m after 3—sets 11m after 8*

July 8, 1553.—Died at Ferrara, in his 58th year, the celebrated Italian poet, Ariosto. This great man, like Boccaccio and Petrarch, quitted the law for more pleasing studies. Early in life, on account of his good parts, he was taken into the service of Hyppolito, Cardinal of Este. Before this, his poetic vein had showed itself in several sonnets and comic pieces, some of which he had composed even in his boyish years. He was resolved to make a poem; and chose Boyardo's Orlando Innamorato for a ground-work. His Orlando was written by starts, but with great perseverance, and amidst various interruptions from misfortunes and difficulties.

Friday, July 9.

*Martyrs of Gorum.* 1573 —*High Water 52m after 3 Morning—12m after 4 Evening*

July 9, 1386.—BATTLE OF SEMPACH Anniversary of the great victory gained at Sempach, in the Canton of Lucerne, by the heroic Swiss, over Leopold, Duke of Austria, who fell in the conflict, with 600 knights and half his army. Every returning year, the day on which this battle was fought is commemorated with great solemnities, by the Swiss, at Sempach, in a chapel built for the purpose of offering up their public thanksgivings. A solemn mass is performed, and an oration suitable to the occasion is pronounced; the magistrates attend the service, and the republic of Lucerne defrays the expence.

Saturday, July 10.

*St. Felicitas and Sons, martyred 2nd Cent.*—*sun rises 51m after 3—sets 8m after 8.*

It being now the period of the Dog Days, we introduce here the following parody from the Anthologia, as appropriate to the season:—

*Dog Day Song.*

The morning is hot, and the swifts are all out,  
Whirling, and squeaking the garden about;  
No Zephyr is fanning the still silent grove,  
Where now is quite mute the soft carol of love.  
Our lady's White Lily's sweet flower is seen,  
Among Midsummer blooms, like a Virgin Queen,  
O'er-topping the whole of the flow'ry parterre,  
Of Roses, of Pinks, and of Jasmine fair;  
Now the lazy-grown labourer lags at his toll,  
And presses, instead of well working the soil,  
And placing his pots in some cool shady bower,  
From the water-pot gives them the sprinkling shower.  
The cattle are gathered in hopes to be cool,  
And are slaking their tails in the midst of the pool;  
While the moody old House Dog the swelter defies,  
And lies basking, and panting, and catching at flies,  
And then, barking at nought, thinks he's wond'rous wise.

Sunday, July 11.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

*Lessons for the Day—15 chapter Samuel morning—17 chapter Samuel Evening.*

*St. Pius I. Pope and Martyr.* A.D. 165.

The saint recorded to-day succeeded Hyginus in the papal chair in 156, and was dignified with the crown of martyrdom after governing the church nine years, five months, and twenty-six days. Platinus reports of him, that he ordained that every convert from the Corinthian Heresy should be baptized; and appointed a punishment upon those who were negligent in handling the body and blood of the Saviour. If, through the priest's carelessness, any of the contents of the cup should fall upon the ground, he was to undergo a penance of forty days; if upon the altar, three; if on the altar-cloth, of four days; and so on proportionably.

Monday, July 12.

*Sts. Nabor & Felix, mar.* A.D. 304.—*High Water 56m aft 5 Morning—20m aft 6 Afternoon.*

July 12, 1820.—Expired the Hon. Brownlow North, D.C.L., Bishop of Winchester, and Prelate of the Order of the Garter, Provincial Sub-Dean of Canterbury, F.A. and L.S., &c. &c. His lordship died at the advanced age of 79, and for nearly 40 years of his life he presided over the see of Winchester.

NOTE.—The Editor solicits the indulgence of numerous Contributors and Correspondents, whose favours, owing to a pressure of temporary matter, have not been attended to; they will receive his earliest attention.

No 137, published last week, containing the lives and actions of George IV. and his most gracious Successor, being again reprinted, it may be had with the present sheet, which contains ALL THE ANECDOTES of HIS LATE MAJESTY made public. Vols. I. to V., illustrated with 139 Original Engravings, any now be had, price £1 18s.

# The Olio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. III.—Vol. VI.

Saturday, July 17, 1830.



See page 34.

## Illustrated Article.

### THE DREAM OF A BOOKWORM.

BY J. Y. A—N.

For the Olio.

IN one of my rambles a few weeks since, I chanced to stumble on a curious volume, exposed for sale in the window of a book-shop in Drury-lane. Its beautiful type and curiously illuminated capitals, its antique binding and brass clasps, won my heart, and for a few shillings I became possessed of this, to me, valuable and interesting relic of other days. Reader, if, like myself, thou art afflicted with that which some call a disease, and which unhal-lowed scoffers name "bibliomania," I can readily conceive that thy eye is searching for the title of the volume in question. Know, then it is as follows: "Les Ouvres de Messire Henri Cornielle Agrippa, Docteur en deux Droictz et Conseillier Judiciaire du tres victorieux Empereur Charles cinquiesme, translate du Latin en Francois;" and

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the imprint runs thus: "Imprime en Anvers par moy Martin Lempereur Lan de Nostre Seigneur Mil, cinq cens et trente." This, of course, does not comprise all the works of that wonderful man, as he lived many years afterwards, but it was sufficient for me. The volume being small, was quickly transferred from the window to my coat pocket, and I trudged home with my treasure. Upon reaching my lodgings, I at once proceeded to explore this mine of learning, which cost me some labour, for, besides the old French, which puzzled me much, I had to decypher the multitudinous contractions which met my eye in every page; however, after persevering for sometime, these difficulties were surmounted, and I read, admired and wondered. It was a sultry afternoon, and after an hour's application, I became tired and drowsy, and leaning back in my chair, I soon fell fast asleep. Pleasant visions crowded upon me. Missals of many centuries since,—deeds bearing the signs manual of kings and princes, warriors and statesmen,—black letter volumes of ex-

trema scarcity, each worth their weight in gold to the bibliopolist,—all floated before my enraptured gaze. Suddenly a voice, which seemed to issue from the oak cover of the book I had been perusing, spoke as follows:—

“Listen, and I will narrate to thee my adventures since the day I was put forth and published by that honest man Martin Lempereur, in the goodly city of Antwerp!” My astonishment caused my tongue to cleave to the roof of my mouth, which was, I suppose, interpreted as an assent, and the voice rejoined:—“Many and great have been the perils which I have encountered since the year which thou seest imprinted on my title-page. Many an owner have I had, and many a chequered scene of ambition, folly, happiness and misfortune have I been witness to. The sharp grey eye of the philosopher has often been intently fixed upon my pages; many have read and wondered; ay, I have been exposed alike to the purblind gaze of the aged and the mild blue eye of the young and the beautiful. But they are gone like the mists of morning, and I have survived them all. The spectacled monk, the crafty statesman, the soldier and the student, the flaunting cavalier and the blithsome damsel, have been acquainted with me; and all but I have passed down that stream whose tide hath never ebbed. In the year of our Lord one thousand five hundred and thirty I issued from the press of Martin Lempereur, and was exposed for sale in his shop, together with many curious volumes printed and manuscript. I had not lain there long when a good monk coming in one morning, took me up, and after some little haggling purchased me and placed me carefully in his wallet, whence I did not emerge until my possessor had reached his convent, which stood about a league from the city. The monk was a holy man, and fasted and prayed with true devotion; but he worshipped not his Creator alone, there was another God to whom he sacrificed—gold. He had a considerable hoard of money in his cell, and I often beheld his eye wander from the crucifix, at the foot of which he nightly knelt, to the chest which contained his treasure. I might have remained in that convent until this hour, but for a sad event which befel my possessor. But one person only suspected that he was rich; this was a young man who had been employed in various menial offices by the monks. He it was who watched and discovered

the treasure of the old ecclesiastic, and determined to possess himself of it. Accordingly, he laid his plans to escape with the treasure, and one night, just as the bell had sounded twelve, he entered the cell, and with repeated strokes of a knife laid the old man dead upon the floor. The few moveables of which the murdered priest was possessed were soon tied up in a bundle, together with the small chest which had cost him his life; when the murderer stole out of the convent, and scaling the high wall which surrounded it by means of a rope-ladder, fled across the country, in company with a desperado of about his own age, who had prompted him to the commission of the murder. It will be needless to tell you that I formed a portion of the plunder. The ruffians in a few days arrived in Paris, and soon mixed with all the vile and desperate of that pestilent city. But justice cut short their career of crime, for, not more than a month after, they committed a murder upon a gentleman, for which they were, at the Place de Greve, broken alive upon the wheel. I was bequeathed by the ruffian who had purloined me, with several other valuables, to a damsel with whom he had formed a *liaison*, and who had assisted him in his various schemes of fraud and plunder. In this lady's possession I remained but a short time, for a learned doctor, who sometimes did her the honour to look in at her lodgings, espied me one day, and for a trifling sum became my owner. I remained in his possession several years, without meeting with any adventure worth relating. At length the doctor died, and I came into the hands of his nephew, as wild and riotous a blade as ever scoured the streets of Paris, or kicked up a row in the faubourgs. He was a true gallant of that day, he danced, drank, swore, and—but I forget that I was speaking in another age, and was about to offend you by my plainness of speech. To resume:—My young master soon run himself out of the money which his old uncle had left him, and entirely lost that stock of robust health which nature had blessed him with,—he died neglected and despised in one of the prisons of Paris. Having been carefully used, I had been scarcely soiled, so that I was readily purchased by a bookseller of one of my former master's creditors; and here begins the most interesting portion of my adventures. I had not been many days in the possession of this good man, when a gentleman of

sober mein, dressed in a somewhat antique fashion, entered the shop, and purchased me, together with some other books. A porter carried me home to the gentleman's lodgings, where I was deposited upon a table with my companions. Judge, sir, of my surprise and pleasure, when I first heard the name of my new owner pronounced. Know that I was in the possession of that learned and quaint philosopher, Michael de Montaigne. Ah, never shall I forget his high, pale forehead, his calm and dignified aspect, his spade beard, and the penetrating glance of his large and expressive eye. He had the wit and vivacity of his countrymen, added to the profundity of the ancient sages. Long will it be ere France shall look upon such another man. You have your translations of this wonderful author, but those who are unacquainted with the language in which his works are penned, can form but a faint idea of the beauties with which they abound. In the following month I was conveyed to his chateau in Perigord and placed in his library, which you will find minutely described in his *Essays*.\* Many years did I live in close intimacy with this excellent man, whose death was the death of the righteous. As the period of his dissolution came, so calmly ebbed his life, that he seemed to have fallen into a profound slumber. Pardon me, if I do not dwell upon this painful subject. The undisturbed tranquillity which I enjoyed in the society of that philosopher, forms a striking contrast to the scenes of violence and licentiousness to which I have often been a witness.

"But to resume my narrative. A part of the library of the venerable signeur was left in his will to a distant relation from whom he had received many kindnesses; and accordingly, I was again shifted to another part of the country. However, I soon changed hands, and was, a few months after, in Paris, my owner having presented me to a friend who was going to sojourn in that city.

[To be continued.]

\* The form of my study is round, and has no more level than what is taken up by my table and chair; so that the curb presents me with a view of all my books in five rows of shelves quite round me. It has three noble and free prospects, and is sixteen paces in diameter.

ESSAYS, book III. chap. IV.

## AN OUTLINE OF CHARACTER.

ETCHED FROM LIFE.

(For the Olio.)

JUSTLY has the great lexicographer of our language defined Britain's vast metropolis

The common sewer of Paris and of Rome. Hither repairs the gay votary of pleasure and conviviality; here the literary hack, and the gifted son of genius, "whose words are sparks of immortality," strive to procure a chaplet of glory—a niche in the temple of Fame. In short, some particular circumstance or other renders London an object of interest to all. In it are found the wealthy, the poor and wretched, from every part of earth's fair surface; but little did I think that Dame Fortune, "thou mischief-making quean," had destined that I should meet this morning, on turning into one of the public thoroughfares, a worthy wight of the west of England. We stopped and hesitated. "Why, captain, ah, whoever expected to see you in town?" following my ejaculation by a friendly, hearty shake, which was returned with equal cordiality.—"Nothing has happened! I hope, to bring you up?"—"No; I have mastered the journey for the sole purpose of seeing the Thames Tunnel, and I assure you a shilling cannot be better spent than in viewing the *undertaking*." Such was his whim. After mutual congratulations, explanations, and such *et ceteras*, my friend, being disengaged, agreed to share *la fortune du pot*. Considering many would be pleased with an introduction to such an unique character, I, after his departure, drew my chair nearer to the cheerful blaze, trimmed the candles, replenished my glass, took a new pen, and throwing my features in a thoughtful yet somewhat merry mood, I essayed the present sketch; attempting neither a narration of every petit foible, a prosing memoir, nor rough notes for flaming quarto.

After a lapse of some years, I find my friend still the same, except that time has somewhat furrowed his brow. He retains his usual peculiarities, and possesses the same inclination to repeat his favourite anecdotes and maxims, to which a handful of days back I listened with wonder—with almost veneration. The Sir Oracle of my youth (for so I may term him) is a short, dapper, mercurial personage; a batchelor, of course, though, unlike many of the seventy-fours of the present times, he keeps pace with the fashions and amusements



of the day ; always merry,—he has nothing indeed to embitter the sweets of life. In due historic order, I ought to notice his birth, parentage, and education. These points may be dismissed with ease:—Devon, emphatically styled the Garden of England, was the place of my friend's nativity. His parents, of humble grade, were called to that "bourne whence no traveller returns," before he could write himself a man. His school was the world. Oft has he proudly exclaimed that to himself alone is he indebted for the ease, comfort, and independence he now enjoys. At one time he performed the menial duties of a cabin boy. Early stood he the brunt of the world, and bore "the proud man's c ntumely." By dint of diligence, by plodding industry, he worked his way to wealth, before life loses its relish, before man arrives at the seventh age, and appears as "the lean and slippered pantaloon." Neatness in dress forms a material point, and without broaching any peculiar opinion, I may venture to assert it, strongly indicative of disposition and character. His locks were neatly powdered, and "each particular hair" duly arranged, implying the order within ; for his anecdotes, bon-mots, and long stories on deeds of former days, are given out with the exactitude of clockwork. His neckcloth is adjusted with surprising tact, with all the primness of his petit ledger, in which every outlay is rigidly noted. In fine, his *tout ensemble* presents an original, an inimitable specimen of precision, affording ample topics for gossip and remark at all the select tea parties in the vicinity of his abode. A tea party his very soul abhors ; but after tea the captain, true to time, forms an indispensable at a sound game.—"Whist," exclaims he, "too much thinking,—give me a game at which we may talk and enjoy ourselves. What say you, madam ?" The lady, of course, assents, and speculation is the amusement fixed on. Here is he in his element : kings and queens are disposed of—the game displayed—the richness of the pool descanted upon, with a grace, eloquence, and luxuriance of puff, rivalling even Christie, Robinson, or other great knights of the hammer. According to his own account, he invariably comes off *minus*. The veracity of this was often questioned ; had it been true, his wit and humour would not have been *dealt out* so profusely. I have seen him lead off the sprightly dance with all the vivacity of youth.

Well, too, do I remember the consequences that resulted from this boyish desire of ranking among the scions of Terpsicore ; severely did he suffer for his feat—a sprained ankle confined him to his room ; he has never since (I speak advisedly) attempted a similar juvenile exploit. My friend, I have lately heard, still continues his usual routine, but adheres with greater pertinacity to old whims and customs. He now occasionally exceeds his usual hour of rising, and is never called into account by his worthy housekeeper for encroaching on the hours claimed by the leaden god. The fact must be owned, he is not so young as he was twenty years ago. A desire to see how the world and its motley group are moving, induces him to wrap up at nights, indulge in Kitchener's Tewaddiddle, and such minutæ, luxuries which at one time warmly excited his wrathful indignation.

HENRY INCE.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF ROYALTY.

LETTER WRITTEN BY HIS LATE MAJESTY GEORGE IV.

*When Eight Years of Age.*

THE interesting document was written on the occasion of a loyal address being brought up by Sir Richard Perrott, from the borough of Flint, with the view of counteracting the effects of the numerous factious petitions that were got up at the same period, calling upon the King to dismiss his ministers. Sir Richard Perrott had long been attached to the court in a military and civil capacity, and had rendered many eminent services to his country abroad as well as at home. He was in the whole of the seven years war with Frederick the Great, and was created his Lord High Admiral, and he received a baronial rank from Louis XV., with the distinguished privilege of *Tabouret* for his Lady, and those of his successors in his English honours.

"Sir Richard Perrott may assure the Barony of Flint that I have delivered the Petition to the King, and am much pleased with the Loyalty and Affection to the King, and to myself, expressed by the ancient Britons on this occasion.

"George Prince of Wales."

"January 9th, 1770."

ORIGINAL LETTER OF THE LATE KING, *When Prince of Wales, to the Late Duchess of Devonshire.*

How little you know me, ever dearest Duchess, and how much you have mis-

conceived the object of this day's dinner, which has succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations; it has almost, if not *entirely*, annihilated every coolness that has for a short time past appeared to exist between the Duke of Norfolk and his old friends, and brought Erskine back also. Ask only the Duke of Leinster and Guildford what passed. I believe you never heard such an eulogium from the lips of man, pronounced, as I this day have pronounced upon Fox, and so complete a refutation of all the absurd doctrines and foolish distinctions which they have grounded their late conduct upon. This was most honourably, distinctly, and zealously supported by Sheridan, by which they were most completely driven to the wall, and positively pledged themselves hereafter to follow no other line of politics than what Fox and myself would hold out to them, and with a certain degree of contrition expressed by them, at their ever having ventured to express a doubt either respecting Charles or myself. Harry Howard, who never has varied in his sentiments, was overjoyed, and said he never knew any thing so well done, or so well timed, and that he should to-night retire to his bed the happiest of men, as his mind was now at ease, which it had not been for some time past. In short, what fell from both Sheridan as well as myself was received with rapture by the company, and I consider *this* as one of the luckiest and most useful days I have spent for ages. As to particulars, I must ask your patience till to-morrow, when I will relate every incident, with which I am confident you will be most completely satisfied. Pray, my ever dearest Duchess, whenever you bestow a thought upon me, have rather a better opinion of my *steadiness and firmness*. I really think, without being very romantic, I may claim this of you; at the same time, I am most grateful to you for your candour, and the affectionate warmth, if I may be allowed so to call it, which dictates the contents of your letter; you may depend upon its being seen by no one else but myself. Depend upon my coming to you to-morrow. I am delighted with your goodness to me, and ever

Most devotedly your's, G. P.  
*Carlton House, Friday Night.*

*Dramatic Anecdote of George IV.*  
 —The late King, some years ago, meeting Frederick Reynolds on the Steyne, at Brighton, approached him, and said,

"Well, young author, why have my father and myself so frequently attended Covent Garden Theatre on the nights your comedy of the *Dramatist* has been performed?"—"I cannot guess, your Royal Highness," replied the astonished bard.—"Why, to be frank, then, because, in the whole range of the English drama, your play is the *shortest*." Since Reynolds is now about to appear in (to him) the *novel* character of *novelist*, (and in which, from his original and satirical observations, he will most probably meet with success,) we hope he will not forget this jocose remark of his late Majesty.

During the illness of Fox, the prince was a constant visitor. There was no affection in his visits. A face full of good-natured concern, a voice softened by emotion, showed the feeling of an uncorrupted heart; not even the flatteries of a court, nor the seductions of pleasure, could attract him from the sick bed of his dying friend.

Prince Leopold incurred the temporary displeasure of the king, and its expression called forth two traits of the heart. His Majesty was surprised that the prince had not visited his mother-in-law on her arrival in England; but astonishment and indignation succeeded to surprise when he saw the prince swelling the tide of her triumph, and increasing the number of her visitors, when she became the idol of the mob, and the source of odium and annoyance to his majesty.

His majesty had all the antipathy of a Virginia nigger-driver to blacks, and would not even admit persons slightly tinged with *India-ink* into his royal presence. A certain naval peer, Lord T——n, incurred irretrievable disgrace by an attempt to smuggle a wealthy half-breed from Calcutta, of the name of B——i, through the formalities of presentation; and Kramer, the musician, nearly lost his situation of leader of the royal band by a similar piece of imprudence. The story, as regards Kramer, runs thus:—The fiddling generalissimo was bent on having a black man to beat the kettle-drum; but, aware of his majesty's antipathy to the sable tribe, he was in despair of ever being able to accomplish his wishes, when he met by chance with a native Englishman of so dark a hue, that at a short distance he might easily be mistaken for an importation from the coast of Guinea. Kramer had the man forthwith installed in the office of kettle-drummer; and now came the trying

scene of his introduction to the royal presence. On the king's entering the music-room, he started, and seemed much displeased; but after approaching a little nearer, and applying a glass to his eye, he called Kramer to him—"I see, sir," said the king, "you wish to accustom me to a black drummer by degrees."

His majesty's witty, but somewhat cutting observation on the marriage of the two Peels, Sir Robert and William, is said to have never been forgiven. Sir Robert, then Mr. Peel, married Jane, the daughter of General Floyd; Mr. William Peel married Jane, daughter of the Earl of Mountcashel. When these alliances were mentioned to the sovereign, he exclaimed with a smile, "I see these Peels cling to the *Spinning Jennies* still."

#### MONARCHS AND MUSICIANS.

His late Majesty inherited a musical temperament both on the side of father and mother. George III., as is well known, possessed a German taste for the organ, and was, it is said, a good performer; his Queen (who had doubtless profited much by intercourse with one of the family of the Bachs, long a music-master at court), was a singer, had had the honour of being accompanied by Mozart, and of being favourably mentioned as a player on the harpsichord, in the diary of Haydn. The testimony of the old composer may be relied on; it came to light among other private memoranda years after his death, but when every thing connected with Haydn had become matter of public interest, and his opinions upon art the property of posterity. Haydn's note is, "the Queen played *pretty well*;" a cautious phrase, but one more complimentary to her acquirements than the loose epithets of praise which are generally dealt out upon any exhibition of royal cleverness, which put the public in almost as much difficulty to get at the truth concerning great people, as they are in to discover it of themselves. The patronage which George III. bestowed upon the solid style of the ancient masters, grew out of his early intimacy with and admiration of, the works of Handel; and the particular favour which he testified towards this author's compositions was in part the conscientious fulfilment of a promise. Our authority for the following anecdote is good, and the circumstance is not too romantic to be true.

After one of the concerts at court at which George the Third, then a child, had been an auditor, Handel patted the little boy on the head, saying, "You will take care of my music when I am dead." This pathetic injunction of the composer, the King, to his honour, never forgot. How it may be in other arts we know not, but in music it is seldom that the taste changes after an individual has arrived at manhood in the admiration of a certain *beau ideal*. This is particularly the case where people have strong feeling, with little science; it is knowledge alone which, in opening to us the possible advantages of new discoveries, renders music progressive. Although the great revolution in music which had been anticipated by C. P. E. Bach, and which was carried through by Haydn and Mozart, took place during the reign of George III.; and although the King was visited by both the latter composers, and was partly sensible of their merits, he still preferred Handel. George III. possessed what the phrenologists call the organ of adhesiveness; he was eminently a family man, satisfied with the singing of his virtuous consort, and with his own organic achievements. Many persons will readily understand this preference—we mean such as prefer their own bad scraping to the playing of Mori or De Beriot. With his late Majesty music was less a passion than with George III., but he possessed more refinement of taste. Though a *dilettanti* performer on the violoncello, for which instrument he was the pupil of Crosdil, he was more celebrated for his encouragement of clever professors than for admiration of his own successes, or desire to enchant the lords and ladies in waiting by the royal *tours de force*. A youth, son of one of the persons of his household, having manifested an inclination for music, the King despatched him to Vienna, to receive the best cultivation which the care of Mozart could bestow upon his talent; the object of this right princely patronage was Mr. Attwood. He ever manifested a particular regard for Lindley and J. B. Cramer; and we have heard it mentioned, that one of the finest exhibitions of pianoforte playing ever known was given by the latter at the Pavilion at Brighton a few years back. So well known among professors was the partiality of the late King towards Lindley, that he was named as the most probable successor of Shield in the mastership of the royal band of musicians. This

post was, however, otherwise disposed of. The first score of the opera, *La Clemenza di Tito*, ever known in this country, was obtained from the library at Carlton-house, and, as a signal favour from the prince to Mrs. Billington, was lent by him for her benefit. How worthy that extraordinary woman was of the distinction, she soon displayed in presence of the admiring orchestra and vocal corps of the Opera House, by sitting down to the score, playing the whole opera through, and singing the part of *Vitellia* at sight! The Prince once received a letter by the two-penny post, which he is said to have kept as a curiosity. It was sent by Griesbach, the German oboe-player, with a simplicity characteristic of the man, to request payment for attendance at some private concerts. The original mode of application caused much diversion to the party addressed, and procured the money instantly. Church music his late Majesty did not encourage so much as might have been beneficial to it. If Handel had, in the preceding reign, found favour to the exclusion of other masters, and consequently to the narrowing of the public taste, in the succeeding one fashion hardly gave him a chance. Under the withering influence of neglect in the higher quarters, and suffering, too, from the introduction of the modern sacred compositions of the Continent, seductive through the effects of light and shade, and the rich and varied employment of instruments,—Handel was fast sinking into neglect. The enthusiasm which Germany and France now manifest for the works of this author, the public admiration which Beethoven expressed of him, and the lately published testimonies of Haydn and Mozart, have had their effect upon this country, and the ancient taste is reviving. The latest musical hobby of the deceased Monarch was his private band of wind instruments. This was unequalled in Europe; the performers were picked with the greatest care by Kramer, the master; their allowance was liberal, and their united practice diligent and punctual. The person selected to preside in this department was one who not only knows the full scope and capacity of every instrument, but is an able harmonist, and competent to adapt a composition in its most effective manner. Not knowing whether the band exists or not under William IV., we can scarcely avoid some confusion of tenses in writing about it.

*The Atlas.*

#### OUR KING A TRUE BRITISH SAILOR. BY A NAVAL OFFICER.

No danger the heart of a seaman appals,  
To fight or to fall he is ready,  
The safeguard of Britain is her wooden walls,  
While the helmsman cries, Steady, boys,  
steadily.  
See Britannia now moves, a gallant first-rate,  
With transport the Blue-jackets hail her:  
'Tis William's right hand holds the helm of the  
state,  
For our King is a true British sailor.  
The wild waves around us may furiously  
whistle,  
And tempests the ocean deform.  
But united, the Red Rose, the Shamrock, and  
Thistle,  
With our King we will weather the storm.  
Hard up with the helm! hoist! hoist! how she  
cracks,  
Magna Charta in need will avail her,  
And prove she sails better whenever she tacks,  
For her pilot's a true British sailor.  
Co-equal with red is the gallant true blue,  
And nought can its glories o'erwhelm,  
Whilst Freeman and Sidney direct a bold crew,  
And William presides at the helm.  
Then fill up a bumper—Britannia appears,  
New rigged, and with joy we all hail her;  
Here's a health to King William, with three  
times three cheer,  
And long life to the first British sailor.  
*British Traveller.*

#### REFLECTIONS ON PINCUSHIONS AND OTHER CUSHIONS.

*For the Oilio.*

Green and blue,  
Yellow and red, of tapestry richly wrought,  
And woven close, or needle work sublime.

PINCUSHIONS have changed with the taste and fashion of the times, almost as much as buttons. Their varieties of shape, pattern and materials are innumerable. Those of Tunbridge and ivory manufacture are etched, or painted, with views of suburban interest, and describe statistic and ingenious discoveries, as they also answer the use for which they are made. Prior to the improvements in pins, which are patented and wrought to exquisite perfection, they were so large, whether of gold, silver or brass, that it was necessary for their better preservation to keep them in cushions. These cushions were of the most costly description. Ladies spent half their time in giving them finish suitable for presents. They were adorned with emblems, signifying the desires of the donors. The competition between young ladies gave rise to rivalry. Some of them attained to a curious perfection in the art, considered in various periods of history as essential as the knowledge which the Roman ladies possessed in practically exhibiting the moral of the *Weird Sisters*, or of English housewives who could spin the flax, and make it into a wearable

form and duration. Velvet cushions were made of *black* when intended for the pulpit to give more impressive ideas of death.\* The nations all over the world have varied their ornaments and colours of cushions agreeably with their notions of solemnity and gaiety; and also, have adapted them to the charge which was imposed on them,—sometimes a mass of gold, or a writing of sacred and definite importance. The churches in Asia, and those in Europe, have attached an awe to the cushion when connected with divine unction. The author of *Hudibras* ridicules the thumping of a pulpit cushion, when he says—

‘The pulpit drum ecclesiastic  
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick.’

And Cowper was not less severe :—

‘In the exterior form  
And mode of its conveyance by such tricks,  
As move derision; or by foppish airs  
And histrionic mum’m’ry that let down  
The pulpit to the level of the stage.’

In all processions—the courts of eastern ease, and places of relief, cushions have retained their splendour. So long as luxury reigns and infirmity exists, they will never be out of use. But pin-cushions are valued more as they are formed in the spirit of superstition. Those particularly we mean which are intended to be placed in the chambers of females approaching their confinement. Witchcraft, the essence of demonology, was, perhaps, the reason so much care was taken in fixing the pins into the cushions that awaited the issue of the infant’s birth. As bells were rung in the air to drive evil spirits out of the course in which departed souls were taking flight, so pins were, and are to this day, placed in the cushions with a view of counteracting demoniacal influence. A near female relation, or valued friend, is employed to prick the cushion. Formerly, for every pang the patient sufferer felt, a pin was taken out of the cushion by the female attendant, till the scene of her acute pain subsided. (This custom is more honoured by the omission than the observance.) Then she replaced the pins with the same exactness as first placed, and the charm remained. A verse suitable to the occasion, with sprigs and peace and innocent decorations, obtained the fullest faith and the best esteem. We give a specimen of this kind of composition, in pins, now

seen in the window of a shop in Drury-lane :—

Welcome little innocent!  
Welcome to the light of day!  
Smile upon thy happy mother!  
Smile and chase her fears away!

MARIA.

### Tales of the Tapestry.

BY HORACE GUILFORD.

### ARMS AND AMOURS.

A TALE OF MALVESYN.

Continued from p. 30.

*For the Ollio.*

THE knight of Hansacre had been conveyed to his mansion, senseless from the severe wound he had received in the commencement of the affray at the Briggmuln. On the day that Margaret of Malvesyn made a confidante of the Prioress of Blythburg, Sir William was so much recovered as to quit his bed-chamber for the adjoining cabinet,—a beautiful room, with richly carved and gilded pannels of limewood, huge beams crossing each other at stated squares, and bourgeoning with heraldic colours, formed the ceiling, and a single large window, projecting in a deep bay, not only had its lozenge panes gorgeously diversified with mottoes, emblems, and armorial pictures, but also admitted through an ample casement the soft rich verdure, the multitudinous mansions and villages, bridges, meadows, and woods of the vale of Trent.

The fever and temporary delirium ensuing from the anguish of his wound, together with the irritation of his mind on the alarming capture of his darling son, had left him in a state of great exhaustion, and, with the exception of the strenuous measures taken by his kinsmen to fortify his already strong mansion, as little seemed to have resulted in Hansacre from the late affray, as in the domains of Malvesyn. Sir William was sitting in the wide and deep oriel of the pleasant upper chamber we have mentioned; his eye was fixed on the bright expanse of blue noontide sky, rolling river, and green meads, amidst which, proudly conspicuous, rose the red buildings of that rival mansion, where his only child was confined. His lady stood a little behind him, one arm softly pillowing his wounded shoulder, and the other falling gracefully over the carved and spiry back of the massy chair, while her eye, glazed with brimming tears, pursued the same object as her lord’s. A superb chess-board of oak, heavily carved and gilded, inlaid with squares of Jasper and ivory, the men being of crystal

\* The Rev. Mr. Cunningham, we think, wrote a book called the ‘*Velvet Cushion*,’ which obtained popularity for the satire it disseminated.

and scarlet porcelain, (a newly imported Indian luxury,) stood before them, and a large golden flaggon, embossed on its swelling sides with the labours of Hercules, and its lid surmounted by the glittering tree and truculent dragon of the Hesperides, held (all untasted) the rich posset for the invalid. The midsummer sun flooded with soft splendour this beautiful apartment, its rays reaching even the ponderously sculptured bed-posts and thick velvet draperies of the bed-room within, while the soft air wafting scents from the delightful groves and gardens below, swayed daintily the grizzled curls on the knight's pale cheek, puffed out his lady's embroidered wimple, and undulated the thick red tapestry of the inner room, impictured with the story of Danae's Tower.

*Illic et Tyrium quæ Purpuræ sensit alienum,  
Texitur et tenues parvi discriminis umbra;  
Qualis ab imbre solet percussus solibus arcas,  
Inscere ingenti longum curvamine cælum;  
In quo diversi niteant quam mille colores,  
Transitus ipse tamen spectantia lumina fallit,  
Usque adeo quod tangit idem est! tamen ultima distant.*

*Illic et lentum flis immittitur aurum,  
Et vetus in tela deducitur argumentum.*  
PUB. OVI. NAS. MET. LIB. 6. v. 61.

As the knight and his lady still gazed over the Trent meadows, and the sun-laved turret of their long buttressed bridge, the colour suddenly mantled and fled on the cheek and brow of Sir William; he felt that the dame was trembling behind him, and heard her thickened breath, to which his own violent heart-beating responded; neither spoke, however, till a figure whose apparel, glistening in the sun, bespoke some one of distinction, having crossed the bridge, was now seen ascending the steep path that led through the Hansacre from the embattled portals of the hall.

Sir William, looking over his shoulder to his wife, who stood with clasped hands, and features deathly pale, pronounced with suppressed emotion,

"A herald from Malvesyn!"

"Tidings of our William!" answered the dame, "the saints grant they be for good!"

"Add 'or give us vengeance if they be evil!'" answered her lord, "and I will say Amen to thy prayer!"

"Alas, mine husband, I cannot breathe that word, too redly written in blood already; let us pray, rather, that William's life may not have swelled the list of those who have changed the banks of our beautiful river from a place of gardens and groves to a feudal Acedama!"

De Hansacre answered not, but lifting the pondrous flaggon, quaffed deeply, as the sounding horn, the fall of the drawbridge, the grating of the raised portcullis, and the trampling in the court, announced the admission of the emissary. The knight was soon formally apprized of the herald's arrival; and while, as a matter of course, refreshments were placed before him, Sir William, throwing off the attire of an invalid, descended into the hall in his robes of ceremony—a low broad cap of scarlet velvet, with a large cluster of pearls in front, and showing its ermine lining here and there; a mantle of the same colour, with what is termed the pudding sleeve, thickly embroidered with his family arms, and lined with rich ermine; this outer robe stretched over his shoulders in a wide and graceful standing collar, while his doublet, cut close so as to show his throat, was of cloth of gold, clasped by a cincture of magnificent jewels; it was, moreover, profusely pinked to show the fineness and whiteness of his shirt; his hose were one side scarlet, the other ermine, so closely fitted as to show every sinew and vein of his muscular limbs; while his shoes, richly embroidered, required from their preposterous length, the usual gilded chain, &c. The lady of Hansacre, at her husband's command, also made her appearance in her habit of state, whose enormous horn head-dress and huge train struck even the hostile emissary himself with temporary respect; four maidens followed two by two their mistress into the hall, which was strewn with beautiful fresh rushes of great size, and the glossiest verdure.

The knight, attended by his Damoiseau, Thomas Agarde, of Hermitage, having taken his state in a huge chair on the dais; his lady, on his sign, occupied a similar throne, one great canopy of silver and silken tapestry overhanging both. The herald of Malvesyn was then ushered with great ceremony before them. This personage was dressed according to the fashion of the time, in an emblazoned coif, a red mantle that reached to his feet, with long sleeves; over this mantle glistened his tabard, two portions of which fell over his shoulders, like two great wings, while two smaller skirts hung upon his breast and back, the whole being profusely embroidered with the various blazons of his master's house.

In spite of Sir William's admonition

often repeated, the sad lady's tears rained down to the very rushes beneath her feet on the herald's appearance, while De Hansacre briefly and formally demanded the cause of his coming.

"I come, Sir Knight of Hansacre," answered the herald, in a loud voice, "from my master, the chief of the house of Malvesyn,—First, to impugn thee as no true knight, for thine unchivalrous conduct in committing, or sanctioning the murder of a Damoiseau, whose tender years have ever been respected by the law of arms, even in the heat of battle. Secondly, the knight of Malvesyn does thee to wit, that thy son is captive, and though he disdains to imitate thee in thy savage cruelty, he will hold him as the prisoner of his sword and of his bow, till reparation be made for the murder of Florent de Fradley. Thirdly, the knight of Malvesyn hath thus fixed that reparation—Thou, Sir William de Hansacre, shalt in writing avow thy penitence for that unchivalrous deed—thou shalt cause masses to be put up for his soul in the Minster of Litchfield, in the church of St. James at Longdon, in the Hermitage, and in thine own chapel; farther, thou shalt, with thy principal followers, undertake a pilgrimage on foot to his tomb in the Priory Church of St. Giles at Blythburgh, and there pass a whole summer's day in prayer for his soul and thine own. This done, or promised on the faith of a knight, thy son William shall be restored without ransom."

"And what," said the knight, hoarse with emotion, while his lady looked at him with beseeching tears, "what if I decline these conditions?"

"Fail herein," replied the herald undauntedly, "at thy peril!—thy name shall be proclaimed as a traitor knight—my master, and all the true leiges north of Trent will pursue thee to the entrance, and take thy life with as little remorse as they would spear an otter whose felon ravages had plundered the salmon, the trout, and the perch in the gallant Trent!"

Sir William leapt from his chair, and stood like a startled lion, wounded but not daunted by some rash assailant. The Lady de Hansacre arose at the same moment.

"Ah, William," said she, "pause ere thou repliest; it was too truly a dreadful deed, and for the ease of thine own conscience thou wouldst have done what thou art now called to do for the restoration, haply," and here the lady's voice trembled and sunk, "haply the life of our only child."

"What!" cried Sir William, "and are all my wrongs—my destroyed property, my vassals burnt in their beds, my men slain, and my son captured—to be weighed as nothing against the death of a malapert page, the mainspring of all these outrages? I have heard you, Sir Herald, (but too patiently,) now hear me. In reply to the most audacious message of your master, I retort in his throat the term of traitor knight—nor is he worthy of our noble brotherhood who would rashly impute crime to another ere he hath proof of his guilt;—the deed was perpetrated (confusion on the clowns who stooped to such carrion!) while I was swooning from an arrow wound haply inflicted by the young Eyass himself. He who slew him fell on the same night,—and had he survived, the next morning should have been his last. Thus much for my share in the death of this froward Damoiseau."

Here the young Agarde pressed affectionately the knight's arm, and said:

"Too much, my master, too much,—art thou speaking either in respect to thine honour or thine health;—at least let not thine adversaries rejoice to see they have such power to move thee!"

The knight shook off his Damoiseau, but at the same time practically admitted the justice of his remonstrance by resuming his seat with some haughtiness, and continued—

"To thy second article, I answer, that I most willingly subscribe, provided the knight of Malvesyn will lay with his own hands the first stone of the Briggmuln destroyed by his retainers."

"My master," said the Damoiseau, "does not imitate De Malvesyn in charging him with the excesses of his followers."

"Peace, Thomas Agarde!" said the knight, in a rough tone, yet looking affectionately on the young man; "and you, Sir Herald, continue to me your patient ear. Sir Robert de Malvesyn shall erect a tomb over Robert Mulner and his wife, with a legend of brass stating the manner of their deaths;—he shall himself on foot lead the bridle rein of my son as far as the turret on the high bridge that marks the bounds of the Hansacredom, and before the very chair I now occupy confess how wrongfully he accused me, and how unjustly detained my son. Then may the long famed feuds between the North and South Trentsman, as far as regards ourselves, be finally stanchied. As to this last clause of thine embassy, I

laugh it to scorn, and spit at it as presumptuous and ridiculous; and shall joy to find South Trentsmen enough to hunt the fox of Malvesyn to the death!"

Sir William stamped, and a large robust man, in the splendid attire of a Hansacre herald, entered the hall from a deep embayed oriel, ensconced in which he had been an appointed hearer of the embassy.

"Repeat, Roger de Valroy, the terms of our counter defiance, and command our almoner to give a purse of rose-nobles to this fellow, and dismiss him privately."

All this was done: the herald of Hansacre repeated the answer in nearly the same words; and the dismissal of the Malvesyn messenger was attended with the same respect as his entrance; while the knight descended with his lady to cool his chafed blood in the pleasure walks and terraces of the garden. Both were not a little comforted at learning the immediate safety of their son, and the lady inwardly hoped that her lord's innocence as to the death of the Damoiseau might induce De Malvesyn to offer milder terms.

*To be continued.*

## ROYAL PORTRAITS. No. 2.

*(For the Olio.)*

### WILLIAM RUFUS.

It is said that this king was "more fierce than seemed consistent with human nature." His contempt for all religious ordinances and his impiety rendered him no favourite with the ecclesiastics, towards whom he always conducted himself with unbecoming levity. In this respect he differed widely from his father. A multitude of his profane jests are recorded. Brave he was to desperation, and his bravery was only exceeded by his magnanimity. Upon one occasion, in Normandy, he was riding alone, when three soldiers attacked him, and bore him out of his saddle; but the king using his saddle as a shield, stoutly maintained the fight until some of his attendants arrived to his succour. Word was brought him, as he once sat at dinner, that a city in Normandy was closely invested, and in danger of being taken, upon which he started on his feet and swore by the face of St. Luke, his usual oath, that he would not turn his back until he had arrived in Normandy; and forthwith ordered masons to break down the wall. He arrived in time to repulse the be-

siegers, and took prisoner the Count de la Fesche, who had been the author of the rebellion. The count being brought before him, behaved in a very bold manner, assuring the king, that if he ever regained his liberty, he should find it a difficult matter to retake him. Upon which Rufus, laughing heartily, bade him begone, adding, "Do your worst, and let us see what that will be."

We must not forget an anecdote which is related of him by all the old chroniclers, who tell us that upon his riding to the sea-shore, his attendants begged him to wait until his troops had assembled, upon which he answered, "No—let all who love me follow without delay." Being on board, a violent storm arose, which so alarmed the pilot that he wished to put back; but Rufus sternly forbade him—"Go on," said he, "and fear nothing. Did'st thou ever hear of a king being drowned?" The sentiment were worthy of a Cæsar or an Alexander.

It is somewhat singular that such fiery and turbulent spirits are often found to possess a nice sense of justice. The following anecdote will shew that Rufus was one of these. The abbot of a convent dying, two monks repaired to the court and prayed the king to bestow the abbacy upon them, offering at the same time large sums of money. They by turns outbid each other, upon which Rufus, looking around him, espied another monk, of whom he asked what he would give to be made abbot? "I have nothing to give," replied the monk, "and if I had, I would not give it: I entered my convent to be poor, and poor I will remain." "By Saint Luke!" said the king, "thou shalt be abbot,—more worthy in thy poverty than they for their price."

His ideas as to religion were sceptical, for he denied that the saints could benefit any man; and upon one occasion, when several gentlemen were condemned to pass through the ordeal by fire, and escaped unhurt, he impiously exclaimed, "What a pretty judgment of Heaven is this, to let so many scoundrels escape unpunished."

He is described as of the middle size, but firmly set. His complexion ruddy, and his hair of a yellow hue. When irritated he stammered in his speech. He was brave and bountiful, a good soldier, and capable of enduring great hardship. He scoffed at religion, but endowed in his time the church of St. Saviour's in Bermondsey, and an hospital at York. Licentious and occa-



sional fits of ferocity appear to have been his worst faults; but then we must consider the rude age in which he lived, and the prejudices of the monkish historians.

To conclude, his end was violent, like his father's, and still more sudden, and he left behind him few to lament his fate either as a monarch or as a friend.

ALPHA..

### THE REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD MONKEY.

(Continued from p. 20.)

My own occasional lowness of spirits at the present period, however, proceeds, I am convinced, from very different causes. Alone as I am, in a country far distant from the place of my birth and early associations, I cannot avoid recollecting that such things were; and a sigh will sometimes escape me when I reflect that the remainder of my days must be spent among beings so artificial as the human race. I am disgusted with their vain boastings. To hear them talk, one would really imagine that they were all perfection; and yet they are indebted to the beasts of the field and the birds of the air, and even to poor miserable worms, for their outward skins, their own being of such a wretched texture as to be nearly useless; and, strange as it may seem to animals who have been clad by nature, these borrowed coverings are a chief source of pride to the creatures called men and women. The greater part of their lives is spent in putting them off and on, and endeavouring to procure a greater variety, in which to strut about and endeavour to imitate the monkey tribe. But their imitations are perfectly ridiculous, and never can approach the graceful and natural agility of our tribes, which they, notwithstanding, affect to consider as beneath them!

It would be an endless task to recount all the follies of their various attempts at concealing their natural deformity. The males, having no tail of their own, decorate themselves with one made from the wool of sheep; and so ignorant are they of the real and native elegance of this appendage, that they split it into two pieces, which hang uselessly dangling behind them! The variety of these mock upper skins worn by the females is yet infinitely greater; a circumstance the more remarkable, because that sex have far less occasion for concealing their persons. Indeed, I have seen some of them who need not

fear a comparison with the comeliest of our own tribes. They have far more natural vivacity than the males, are much more kind and amiable in disposition, and, particularly when young, evince a partiality for the monkey race in general, which has frequently been a source of amusement to me. Their sham skins are usually of various colours, but generally so arranged as to indicate that they wish to look like birds, while their mates endeavour, as much as possible, to appear like us.

It was my misfortune, in early life, to fall into the hands of this species of animals, of whose existence no one, in the extensive districts belonging to our tribe was previously aware: and it has been my lot, with some few brief intervals, to remain among them ever since. I am now grown old and grey in captivity; but I shall not indulge in the natural garrulity of old age to such an extent as to write all the events of my eventful life, notwithstanding that hope sometimes whispers flatteringly in mine ear, that many monkeys will peruse these reminiscences with interest and gratification, if not with advantage.

It is acknowledged by all, that the earth has undergone strange and divers revolutions, not only as it regards its organic formation, and the changes constantly in progress by the agency of rivers, floods, seas, and subterranean fires, but in the power held by different animals over extensive tracts upon its surface. Long before man was known, our tribes possessed a wide and undisputed sway over regions now disfigured in a strange manner by what are called houses, little dirty hillocks with holes in them, from whence smoke issues, as if in petty imitation of a volcano. Men dwell in these, and have so increased in number for the last few centuries, that it really becomes a serious question how their encroachments are to be put a stop to, so as to preserve upon the face of the earth a sufficient space for the aboriginal inhabitants. Sometimes a feeling of despair comes over me when I think on the present state of things, and I am haunted with the idea, almost amounting to conviction, that I am doomed to be the last monkey. But it may not be so! The reign of man, like that of the lions, tigers, and elephants, must have an end: and then our tribes may again be in the ascendant. Why they should not now be so I cannot conceive, unless it be from a want of union among ourselves;

for such is the cowardice of the human race, that even I, old and decrepid as I am, have put half a dozen to flight by merely shewing my teeth, and could clear the whole house where I am now writing in five minutes, were it not that I find their services convenient in this strange country, where there are few trees, and scarcely any fruit worth gathering. So I employ them to bring me food from better climates, and, upon the whole, have little reason to complain of their neglect. But it was not always thus. I have undergone many hardships, particularly after my first arrival in this country, which they call Great Britain, although it is but a small island, and a mere speck when compared with other nations. But the inhabitants possess a great deal of influence among their kind, owing, it is said, principally to certain of them called sailors. And I am inclined to believe the fact, partly because I have had opportunities of witnessing the bravery of that class of men, and received many attentions from them during my voyage here; but, principally, because the generality of them have a real tail, (which, however, grows out of their head!) and are very expert in the noble science of climbing.

I am aware that many things which I may state will probably startle monkeys of a future age; but I consider myself as performing a duty for the benefit of future generations. Future generations did I say! What, and if there should be no more! Again that dreadful apprehension comes over me! Cold and chill, and shudderingly, it creeps throughout my whole system—it shakes me to the centre—and again my blood returns throbbing, boiling, and rushing through my veins, my brain feels scorched, and in vain I seek to quench in tears those torments which inwardly consume me, as I think on my bitter doom of desolation. And am I indeed to be the last monkey? No; I will not admit the idea, notwithstanding the fruitless research which I have prosecuted for years to discover one of my own kind. Still, methinks, some portion of our race must exist in the enjoyment of liberty and independence, basking in the rays of the genuine monkey sun, (for here they have one which scarcely emits any warmth,) or gambolling in the delicious shade of fruit-bearing forests. But the picture is too painful for me to follow up. It recalls to me the charms of my dearest Keeba, my first love, and the

graceful activity of Monicha, my second, and the amiable playfulness of Simiana, my third, and the delicately refined taste of Cercopithecus, my fourth, whose heart I won one morning by a present of two moths, and a beetle of unusual dimensions; and my fifth—alas! here memory fails me—I cannot exactly recollect who was my fifth—But it is no matter; for perhaps, after all, it scarcely becomes the gravity of age and grey hairs to dilate on such subjects.

Let me be serious, and write of more important concerns and events, so that my manuscript may prove a treasure of instruction and amusement to the fortunate monkey into whose hands it may fall, and my name and memory be cherished in after ages. First, then, of my name. I am known in this climate by that of Jocko, an appellation given to me by the human race, who thereby evinced their deplorable ignorance, since every well-informed monkey knows that Pongo\* and Jocko are the names of animals very different from us, and, as I have ascertained by comparison, bearing a much greater affinity to man, and consequently, every way inferior to us in the scale of nature. Indeed, the only striking similarity between man and our tribes appears to be the reciprocal taste for imitating each other; a foolish propensity, to which, in my younger days, I was much addicted, and which, to confess my folly, was the cause of my captivity. It happened in this wise. We were sitting, a whole troop of us, in calm and rational chat, under the shelter of a noble banyan-tree, which threw its hundred stems and thousand roots into the earth, and its million branches, curving in beauty, into the upper air. There were the splendid and gaudy-coloured birds, pluming themselves in tranquillity, and there were we, sitting in picturesque groups, amid the verdant foliage, with our wives, our sweethearts, and our little ones; sometimes cracking a joke, and sometimes cracking a nut, or regaling upon the various dainties with which our pouches were stored. Suddenly an alarm was given by our sentinels of the approach of strangers. We were instantly upon the alert, and to our astonishment, perceived about half a score animals of different and extraordinary colours advancing upon their hind legs, some with split tails, and some with the little single tail grow-

\* The greater and smaller species of Orang-Outang.

ing out of their head, as before described. Their heads were almost all different in form; one was small and flat, another large and round, like a huge gourd; a third, long and high, with a tuft of feathers at the top; and a fourth, with the sides squeezed together, and curved like a cressit moon reversed. All, however, were unnatural, and we gazed upon them, for some time, with various feelings, according to our different temperaments. For my own part, I must say that I did not share in the alarm visible in many countenances around me; a strong feeling of curiosity swallowed up every other emotion, and I kept my eyes intently fixed upon the intruders, who, for some time appeared to be totally unconscious of our vicinity.

At length some of our females, in spite of strict orders to the contrary, found it impossible to keep their tongues quiet any longer, and began a-jabbering, which drew the attention of the strange creatures upon us. It was now useless to hesitate, so we all immediately joined in the cry of our tribe, and warned the intruders not to approach nearer, upon their peril, or they must abide the consequences.

The animals, however, persisted, in spite of all our vociferations, to which they only replied by a strange sort of cackling, which I have since found is called laughing, and, discordant as it is, held by them in high estimation, as a peculiar privilege and perfection of their species. When they had come under the shade of our banyan, we gave them notice to quit, in a manner which it was impossible to misunderstand, namely, by pelting them with sticks and stones, which we had previously collected, and other convenient missiles. For some time, notwithstanding, they kept their ground, and continued the cackling as before, varied occasionally by a sharp noise made by clapping their forepaws together. One among them attempted to climb into the tree; but his clumsiness was perfectly ridiculous, and amused us exceedingly. So much indeed was I delighted, that I jumped and squeaked, and nearly fell off the branch on which I sat. Never, that I recollect, was I in higher spirits. I considered the animals below us, in every respect beneath me; and in mere wantonness, took deliberate aim at the one with a half-moon head, whom I hit with part of a cocoa nutshell in the cheek, whereat he appeared to be much exasperated, and immediately

seized what I then fancied was a stick, from one of his companions, and pointed it towards me. The manner in which he did this was, as I thought, exceedingly preposterous; for he held it as if to make me believe that it formed part of his own nose. I was much astonished, however, when a great noise, as of thunder, issued out of the end, with a cloud of dust, and my wife, who was close by my side, began to scream, and tumbled out of the tree. I attributed the fall to her own clumsiness, as she was an awkward monkey; and, to say the truth, we had not lived happily together for some time, for she was considerably larger than myself, and had given me a severe beating only the day before. When I saw her lying on the ground, and perfectly quiet, I knew she must be dead, being satisfied that nothing less would have quieted her; and I felt my mind greatly relieved, and began to look round among our troop for another mate.

In the meanwhile, the new comers below began pulling my dead old wife about in a strange manner, turning her round and round, and jabbering to each other. At first I fancied they were going to eat her; but, at length, they laid her down, and I was glad to perceive that they had not had the sense to take the fruit which was in her pouch, and which I resolved to make my own immediately on their departure, for it is one thing to lose one's wife, and another to be deprived of her property.

The strange creatures now clustered together, and began to eat and drink, after an extraordinary fashion, out of the shells of cocoa nuts and large gourds. Their mode of drinking out of the latter particularly interested us; and, when they went away, we were somewhat surprised to observe that they left several behind them standing on the ground.

Perhaps my spirits were somewhat elevated in consequence of my wife's fall. Be that as it may, I was one of the first to descend and examine the hollow gourds left by the strangers; and I was accompanied by several young females of our tribe, who had witnessed Glumdalla's accident, and therefore knew that I was at liberty to attend them. The things were half filled with what seemed to be water; so following our natural imitative propensity, we either lifted them in our forepaws, or dipped in our heads and began to drink, as the strange animals had done. In a very short space of

time, I felt myself unusually vigorous and active, it seemed to me as though I was larger and stronger than any of our troop; and my courage was such, that I almost wished my old wife alive again, that I might return the drubbings she had given me. My companions likewise appeared to have undergone a change. The females seemed handsomer, and the males uglier than usual; but all were merry and clamorous; and indeed, it appeared as though we were trying which should make the most noise, and most frequently get possession of the gourds to imitate the strangers.

I have a very confused recollection of the manner in which that eventful scene terminated. There was some quarrelling, I remember, among us, and we fought; but I have no idea what it was about. The last thing that I can call to mind appears like a dream; and I should ever have believed it nothing more, but for the deplorable consequences, by which the whole tenor of my life has been changed. It seemed as though the strange and great animals suddenly came upon us; but their manner was altogether different from that which they had practised on their first visit. Instead of moving slowly as before, they now flew about, like birds, in every direction; and I was astonished to see them overtake and lay hold of several of the most active among us. At length one approached me, and stretched out his long forepaw. Resistance against such a monster was not to be thought of. I therefore ran towards a stem of the banyan, which I unaccountably missed; but in a very short time I laid hold of another, which I thought to climb with the speed of lightning; when, to my amazement, the whole tree had suddenly grown to such a height that its branches were above the clouds, which I plainly perceived rolling between me and them. Overcome by the dread of my pursuer, and this appalling change in the face of nature, my limbs refused to perform their office—I fell, exhausted, to the ground, and all remains a blank on the tablet of memory, from that moment till I awoke, ill and feverish, and surrounded by the human species.

It seems that the liquid which they had left in the calabashes (as they call them) was of an intoxicating nature, and had deprived us of the use of our faculties. I had got drunk. What “drunk” means, together with many other terms and things unknown among us, shall be explained in a glossary,

which I shall annex to this manuscript, for the benefit of all inquisitive monkeys. The cruelty of thus depriving us of our senses, for the sake of afterwards taking us prisoners, must appear to the reader as most execrable. But, to do justice to the human race, they do not consider the former any punishment; on the contrary, it is an infliction which they constantly practise on their dearest friends, and nothing seems to afford them greater pleasure. They meet together frequently in large bodies for this very purpose, and at the commencement of their proceedings, I have sometimes been quite startled at their very close resemblance to us, as they sit and grin and nod at each other: but, after a while, they become awkward and stupid, and are not fit to be compared with the meanest of our tribes. The only motive that I guess for this strange practice is, that they thereby get rid, for a time, of a very troublesome thing which they call “reason,” about which they are eternally chattering, and pretending that it is something superior to our instinct.

What the precise nature of this boasted “reason” is, I have never been able satisfactorily to decide. It is, however, somewhat remarkable, that whenever a man has lost what little falls to his share, in one of these drinking bouts, he always imagines that he is possessed of much more than any one else, and believes himself the only animal fit to rule over his tribe. One can hardly conceive any thing more ridiculous. If they had any quality at all comparable with instinct, it would be impossible for them to fall twice into such a stupid error; for they really make themselves quite ill by this foolish custom, and I have heard that some even hasten their death, and make their lives miserable thereby. Yet, while they are at it, they every now and then interrupt the general course of conversation, and cry out “Health!” But enough of this folly!

*Blackwood's Mag.*

### **Anecdotalia.**

#### **GLORIOUS UNCERTAINTY OF WAR.**

At the sale of some deceased officers' effects at Salamanca, the man who officiated as auctioneer on one occasion, on producing a prayer-book as the next lot for competition, remarked that “he must indeed be a brave man who purchased it, as that was the *fourth* time during a month he had submitted it for sale.”

## Diary and Chronology.

Tuesday, July 13.

*St. Turlaf, bishop, A.D. 749 — Moon's Last Quarter, 36m after 3 Morning.*

*July 13, 794* — On this day Egfrid, the twelfth king of the Mercians, and seventeenth monarch of Britain, succeeded his father Offa in both dignities. He died the 17th of December following, and was buried in the abbey church of St. Albans, leaving neither wife or child. Milton, who speaks of this prince as one "of great hope," says that he was crowned nine years before his father's death, restoring to the church what his father had seized on, yet within four months by sickness ended his reign, leaving his kingdom to Kennulf of the same progeny and next in right.

Wednesday, July 14.

*'t. Idus Kishop of Letnster.—High Water 49m after 7 Morn—26m after 8 Evening.*  
*July 14, 1789.*—The Demolition of the Bastille, one of the most horrid prisons in Paris—

"Where deeds were done  
Unfit for mortal ear——"

"Where mercy never came,  
Nor hope the wretch could find;"—

was on this day effected by the undaunted citizens, though it had been assailed in vain by Henry IV. and his veteran troops in the siege of Paris, during the intestine war which desolated France between the years 1567 and 1594. The Bastille contained dark and humid dungeons, basse-fosses, and oubliettes, where the prisoners were left to die of hunger. At the time of its destruction, there appeared sufficient proof of the atrocious cruelty committed within its walls. Four human skeletons in chains were discovered and transported to the cemetery of the church of St. Paul, where their bones are laid, covered by a monument with this inscription:—"Sous les pierres meme des cachots, ou elles gemissent vivantes, reposent en paix quatre victimes du despotisme. Leurs os, decouverts et recueillis par leurs freres libres, ne se leveront plus qu'au jour des justices, pour confondre leurs tyrans." In the same cemetery were deposited the remains of that mysterious personage, the Man in the Iron Mask.

Thursday, July 15.

*St. Swithin, Bishop of Winchester, A.D. 836.—Sun rises 56m after 3—sets 3m after 8.*

Blount, in his *Glossographia*, tells us that St. Swithin, the holy Bishop of Winchester, about the year 860, was called the weeping St. Swithin, for that about his feast, *Fræsepe* and *Aseter*, rainy constellations, arise cosmically, and commonly cause rain. The Poet of the *Trivia* mentions—

How, if on St. Swithen's Feast, the welkin lours,  
And ev'ry penthouse streams with hasty show'rs,  
Twice twenty days shall clouds their fereces drain,  
And wash the pavement with incessant rain.

*July 15, 1554* — THE SPIRIT OF THE WALL.—In the reign of Queen Mary, a female impostor, about eighteen years of age, stood upon a scaffold at Paul's Cross, all sermon time, "by way of penance for an attempted imposition in counterfeiting a supernatural voice, in a house without Aldersgate, by means of a strange whistle made for that purpose, and given to her by one Drakes; through the which the people of the whole cittle were wonderfullie molested, for that all men might hear her voice, but not see her person." This was called the "Spirit of the Wall." Some said "it was an angell, some a voice from Heaven, some the Holy Ghost," and her confederates, of whom there were "divers in the press," took upon them to interpret the meaning of her seditious words, which reflected on the Queen, Philip of Spain, the Mass, Confession, &c. The girl acknowledged the imposition at the Cross, and stated "that she had been moved by divers lewd persons thereunto."

*July 15, 1830.* — FUNERAL OF HIS MAJESTY GEORGE IV.—It is with pain we record the interment of our late excellent sovereign, but, as a national event, we cannot pass it unnoticed; the period of his reign, (ten years and five months, in addition to a Regency of nine years), has been to his country a time the most glorious in its annals. During the reign of this monarch, we may safely affirm, that England has arrived at the highest pinnacle of political greatness; distinguished above all other nations for the glory of her arms, and the brilliant advancement of her arts.

Friday, July 16.

*High Water 37m aft 10 Morning—5m aft 11 Afternoon.*

*July 16, 1820.*—Expired the Right Rev. W. Bennet, D.D., Bishop of Cloyne. This learned antiquary and exemplary prelate was the schoolfellow of Dr. Parr and Sir William Jones; and the correspondent of those celebrated archæologists, Richard Gough, Esq., and the Rev. William Cole.

Saturday, July 17.

*St. Alemtus, died 5th Cent.—sun rises 58m after 3—sets 1m after 8.*

*July 17, 1429.*—The crowning of Charles III.; King of France, took place on this day, agreeably to the prediction of Joan of Arc, who stood by his side during the august ceremony, in complete armour.

Sunday, July 18.

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

*Lessons for the Day—2 B. Samuel, 12 chapter morning—2 B. Samuel, 19 chapter Evening.*  
*St. Frederick Bishop and Martyr, A.D. 638.*

*July 18, 1768* — Died at Hawkhurst, the learned Dr. Nathaniel Lardner, author of that valuable work, the "Credibility of the Gospel History." The labours of this indefatigable divine during his life time, were not sufficiently appreciated, for it is recorded that the copyright of the work mentioned, over which he spent a large portion of his valuable life, with a limited income, was sold for the trifling sum of £150. The collected works of the Doctor, which are now 4u great request, form eleven volumes 8vo.

# The Oldo ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

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Saturday, July 24, 1880.



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## Illustrated Article.

### STORY OF ADAM SCOTT, BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

ON a fine summer's evening, about the beginning of July, on a year which must have been about the latter end of the reign of Queen Anne, or some years subsequent to that, as Adam Scott, a farmer of Kildouglass, was sitting in a small public-house on North Tyne, refreshing himself on brown bread and English beer, and his hungry horse tearing up the grass about the kail-yard dike, he was accosted by a tall ungainly fellow, who entered the hut, and in the broadest Northumberland tongue, enquired if he was bound for Scotland. "Wha gars ye speer that, an it be your will?" said Scott, with the characteristic caution of his countrymen.

"Because a neighbour and I are agoing that way to-night," said the stranger, "and we know neything at all about the rwoad; and mwore than that, we carry soomthing reyther ower valuable to risk the losing of: and as

we saw your horse rooing and reyvying with the saddle on him, I made bould to call, thinking you might direct us on this coorsed rwoad."

"An' what will you gie me if I guide you safely into Scotland, an' set ye aince mair upon a hee road?" said Scott.

"Woy, mon, we'll give thee as mooch bread as thou canst eat, and as mooch beer as thou canst drink—and mwore we cannot have in this moorland," said the man.

"It is a fair offer," said Adam Scott: "but I'll no pit ye to that expense, as I am gaun o'er the fells the night at ony rate: sae, if ye'll wait my bijune, for my horse is plaguit weary, and amaist jaded to death, then we shall ride thegither, and I ken the country weel: but road ye will find nane."

The two men then fastened their horses, and came in and joined Scott: so they called for ale, drank one another's healths, at every pull, and seemed quite delighted that they were to travel in company. The tall man, who came in first, was loquacious and outspoken,

though one part of his story often did not tally with the other; but his neighbour was sullen and retired, seldom speaking, and as seldom looking one in the face. Scott had at first a confused recollection of having seen him, but in what circumstances he could not remember, and he soon gave up the idea as a false one.

They mounted at length, and there being no path up the North Tyne then, nor till very lately, their way lay over ridges and moors, and sometimes by the margin of the wild river. The tall man had been very communicative, and frankly told Scott that they were going into Scotland to try to purchase sheep and cattle, where they expected to get them for next to nothing, and that they had brought gold with them for that purpose. This led on Scott to tell him of his own adventures in that line. He had come to Stagshaw bank fair, the only market then for Scots sheep and cattle in the north of England, with a great number of sheep for sale, but finding no demand, he bought up all the sheep from his countrymen for which he could get credit, and drove on to the Yorkshire markets, where he hawked them off in the best manner he could, and was now in fact returning to Scotland literally laden with money to pay his obligations.

After this communication, the tall man always rode before Adam Scott, and the short thick-set sullen fellow behind him, a position which, the moment it was altered, was resumed, and at which Scott began to be a little uneasy. It was still light, though wearing late, for there is little night at that season, when the travellers came to a wide glen called Bell's Burn, a considerable way on the English side of the Border. The tall man was still riding before, and considerably a-head, and as he was mounting the ridge on the north side of Bell's Burn, Adam Scott turned off all at once to the right. The hindmost man drew bridle on seeing this, and asked Scott, "Where now?"

"This way, lads. 'This way," was the reply.

The tall man then felt a swearing that that could never be the road to Liddisdale, to which he had promised to accompany them.

"The straight road, honest man,—the straight road. Follow me," said Scott.

The tall man then rode in before him, and said, "Whoy, man, thou'st

either drunk, or gone stooped wit sleep, for wilt thou tell me that the road up by Blakehope Sheil, and down the Burnmouth rigg, is nwt the rwoad into Liddisdale?"

"Ay, man!—ay, man! How comes this?" said Scott. "Sae it seems ye are nae sic strangers to the road as ye pretendit! Weel, weel, since ye ken that road sae particularly weel, gang your gates, an' take that road. For me, I'm gaun by the Fair-Lone, an' if Willie Jardine's at hame, I'll no gang muckle farther the night."

"The devil of such a rwoad thou shalt go, friend, let me tell thee that," said the tall fellow, offering to lay hold of Scott's bridle. "It is of the greatest consequence to us to get safely over the fell, and since we have put ourselves under thuyne care, thou shalt either go with us, or do worse."

"Dare not for your soul to lay your hand on my bridle, sir," said Scott: "for if you touch either my horse or myself but with one of your fingers, I'll give you a mark to know you by." The other swore by a terrible oath that he would touch both him and it if he would not act reasonably, and seized the horse rudely by the bridle. Scott threw himself from his horse in a moment, and prepared for action, for his horse was stiff and unwieldy; and he durst not trust himself on his back between two others, both horses of mettle. He was armed with a cudgel alone, and as his strength and courage were unequalled at that time, there is little doubt that the tall Englishman would have come down, had not the other, at the moment the bridle was seized, rushed forward and seized his companion by the arm—"Fool! madman!" cried he, "What do you mean? has not the honest man a right to go what way he pleases, and what business have you to stop him? Thou wert a rash idiot all the days of thy life, and thou wilt die one, or be hangit for thy mad pranks. Let go! for here I swear, thou shalt neither touch the honest man nor his horse as long as I can hinder thee, and I think I should be as good a man as thee. Let us go all by the Fair-Lone, since it is so, and mayhap Mr. Jardine will take us all in for the night."

"Whoy, Bill, thou sayest true after all," said the tall man succumbing; "I'm a passionate fool; but a man cannot help his temper. I beg Mr. Scwott's pardon, for I was in the wrong. Come, then, let us go by the Fair-Lone with one consent."

Scott was now grieved and ashamed of his jealousy and dread of the men's motives, and that moment, if they had again desired him to have accompanied them over the fell, he would have done it; but away they all rode on the road towards the Fair-Lone, the tall man before as usual, Adam Scott in the middle, and the gruff but friendly fellow behind.

They had not rode above five minutes in this way, Scott being quite reassured of the integrity of his companions, perfectly at his ease, and letting them ride and approach him as they liked, when the hindmost man struck him over the crown with a loaded whip such a tremendous blow as would have felled an ox, yet, as circumstances happened to be, it had not much effect on the bullet head of Adam Scott. When the man made the blow, his horse started and wheeled, and Scott, with a readiness scarcely natural to our countrymen, the moment that he received the blow, knocked down the foremost rider, who fell from his horse like lead. The short stout man had by this time brought round his horse, and Adam Scott and he struck each other at the same moment. At this stroke he cut Adam's cheek and temple very sore; and Adam in return brought down his horse, which fell to the earth with a groan. A desperate combat now ensued, the Englishman with his long loaded whip, and the Scott with his thorn staff.—At the second or third stroke, Adam Scott knocked off his antagonist's wig, and then at once knew him for a highwayman, or common robber and murderer, whom he had seen at his trials both at Carlisle and Jeddart. This incident opened Scott's eyes to the sort of company he had fallen into, and despising the rogue's cowardice who durst not attack him before, two to one, but thought to murder him at one blow behind his back, he laid on without mercy, and in about a minute and a half left him for dead. By this time the tall fellow had got up on one knee and foot, but was pale and bloody; on which Scott lent him another knoit, which again laid him flat; and then, without touching any thing that belonged to them, Adam mounted his sorry horse, and made the best of his way homewards.

As ill luck would have it, our farmer did not call at Fair-Lone. Indeed, his calling there was only a pretence to try his suspicious companions; for

William Jardine and he were but little acquainted, and that little was the reverse of kindness for one another. At that time the Borders were in much disorder, owing to the discontents regarding the late Union, which were particularly cherished there; and there were many bickerings and heart-burnings between the natives on each side of the Marches. To restrain these as much as possible, there were keepers, as they were called, placed all along the Border line, who were vested with powers to examine and detain any suspicious person from either side till farther trial. Of these keepers, or marchmen, Jardine was one; and he being placed in the very entry of that wild pass which leads from Liddisdale and the highlands of Teviotdale into North Tyne, he often found his hands full. He was an intrepid and severe fellow; and having received a valuable present from some English nobleman for his integrity, from that time forth it was noted that he was most severe on the Scots, and blamed them for every thing.

Now Scott ought, by all means, to have called there, and laid his case before the keeper, and have gone with him to the maimed or killed men, and then he would have been safe. He did neither, but passed by on the other side, and posted on straight over moss and moor for Kildouglas. He seems to have been astounded at the imminent danger he had escaped; and after having, as he believed, killed two men, durst not face the stern keeper, and that keeper his enemy; and as a great part of the treasure he carried belonged to others, and not to himself, he was anxious about it, and made all the haste home that he could, that so he might get honestly quit of it.

But, alas! our brave farmer got not so soon home as he intended. There is a part of the thread of the narrative here which I remember but confusedly. But it seems that immediately after Scott left the prostrate robbers, some more passengers from the fair came riding up, and finding the one man speechless and the other grievously mauled, and on enquiring what had happened, the tall man told them in a feeble voice that they had been murdered and robbed by a rascally Scot called Adam Scott of Kildouglas. As the matter looked so ill, some of the men galloped straight to Fair-Lone, and apprized the marchman, who instantly took horse and pursued; and, having a privilege of calling one man



out of each house, his company increased rapidly. Jardine, well knowing the wild tract that Scott would take, came up with him about midnight at a place called Langside, and there took him prisoner.

It was in vain that our honest yeoman told the keeper the truth of the story—he gained no credit. For the keeper told him, that *he* had no right to *try* the cause; only he, Adam Scott, had been accused to him of robbery and murder, and it was his office to secure him till the matter was enquired into. He assured Scott further, that his cause looked very ill; for had he been an honest man, and attacked by robbers, he would have called in passing, and told him so. Scott pleaded hard to be taken before the Sheriff of Teviotdale; but the alleged crime having been committed in England, he was carried to Carlisle. When Scott heard that such a hard fate awaited him, he is said to have expressed himself thus:—"Ay, man, an' am I really to be tried for my life by Englishmen for felling twa English robbers? If that be the case, I hae nae mair chance for my life than a Scots fox has amang an English pack o' hounds. But had I kend half an hour ago what I ken now, you an' a' your menzie should never have ta'en Aidie Scott alive."

*To be continued.*

#### FUNERAL OF KING GEORGE IV.

WE have, in our last three numbers given, like faithful chroniclers, some account of the life and acts of our departed sovereign. But our task would not be performed, if we refrained from recording in the pages of the *Olio* the particulars of the interment of royalty, even though nearly ten days have elapsed since the ceremony. We are well aware that such matters lose a portion of their interest by being detailed late in the day; but as a circumstance of this nature is one that is likely to be often turned to, in order to refresh the memory, we present it to our readers.

The funeral of a king is not an every day occurrence; it is often a national calamity, and, as such, a subject for reflection; it brings home at once to the mind that monarchs are but men; and though on earth they claimed homage from all ranks and kinds of people, yet to the "king of terrors" even princes must yield all power. In the "narrow house," a

king is "king no more;" it is there alone that he no longer stands like a statue "besieged by sycophants and fools, flattered by a gaping crowd," alike all, envious who first should catch, and first applaud, even "royal nonsense." No!—in the grave all distinction and pride of birth is levelled, there the *sovereign* and the *subject* are alike; and well it is even for the highest, if his bearing through life has been as pure and uncontaminated as that of the poor peasant. The reign of GEORGE THE FOURTH may with some truth be pronounced one of much glory, and we trust that his end was as glorious as his sway was brilliant. With us dwells the hope that he may receive the just award of praise, and that

"Immortality shall claim his urn,  
A present from the grateful hand of time  
To every future age, and every clime."

To use Shakspeare's language—

"All's now done, but the ceremony!"

which was arranged in the following manner:

#### THE LYING IN STATE.

##### *Private View.*

Those of the nobility and gentry who had the special favour of the private view were admitted by the temporary gate opposite the Long Walk, then crossing the enclosure at the new archway, or George the Fourth's entrance, into the great quadrangle. Here the visitors were struck by the superb figures of the household troops, keeping guard, whilst one of the head police officers, with a party of royal yeomen of the household, were stationed in the archway, to pass them into the grand quadrangle, or new court.

Crossing this, the entrance was at the door of the splendid new staircase leading directly to the grand state room, in which the Royal Corpse was lying in state. The scene now became truly solemn. To the left, was the long platform lined and hung with black cloth. Entering the inner gate, the visitor found himself in a square vestibule of black, the top of clothing being fluted to a point rising in the centre, like the inside of a tent. The way from this was through a long passage, lined and roofed with black, and lighted by wax candles in glass bells and in triplets, shining brilliantly against the mournful black ground. At the extremity of this passage commenced the flight of stairs, at the foot of which the eye for the first time caught the hatchment and the canopy through the distant vista. The

staircase was lined and lighted like the preceding passage, but at the top there were two lateral recesses, hung with fluted black cloth and lighted by wax lights placed against metal shields on the cloth.

At the top of this staircase was the entrance to the state chamber. This was hung very richly in thick festoons of black cloth, which appeared of a finer description than that of the preceding apartments. Two lines of wax lights in double rows, in metal sconces with shields, were hung round the chamber, and between the rows were hung small escutcheons, with the crown and quarterings of the royal arms. At the centre of the top of the chamber was placed the coffin, under a black canopy hung festoon fashion, with similar armorial bearings. At the back, under the canopy, was a hatchment with the Imperial Arms of England, in full, with the royal supporters. The coffin, which appeared of an immense bulk, was upon a stand immediately under this hatchment or canopy. A black pall was thrown over it, but turned up at the foot sufficiently to let the coffin itself be seen. On the top were two immensely large black velvet cushions, that nearest the foot supporting the glittering mitre-shaped crown of Hanover, whilst that placed nearly over the breast bore upon it the crown of England. A lord and two grooms in waiting in full dress were placed at the head, whilst a-breast of the coffin, on each side, was a triple line, consisting of four yeomen of the guard with their partizans hung with crape, two ushers in waiting, in full dress court suits, and black crape scarfs, and lastly three gentlemen pensioners, bearing each an armorial ensign, the union flag of England, the national flags of Scotland, Ireland, Hanover, &c. From the centre of the canopy, over the coffin, was suspended the royal standard of England, hung dependant by the corner, in memorial of the dead, instead of being expanded, or allowed to float by the wind as upon other public ceremonies. The escutcheon, or great hatchment at the head of the coffin was hung round with wax lights, varied in relation to those suspended in double rows round the room. At the foot of the coffin stood two heralds, with their tabards, and in full costume.

#### *Public View.*

The arrangements for the access of the public were totally different from the above. Passing through Henry the

Eighth's gate to the north of the lower court, through several barriers, they were ushered in groups upon the beautiful terrace facing Eton College. When a sufficient number were admitted, a black flag was waved by the hussier at the extremity of the terrace, and the barriers were closed until the rooms were more free. The contrast here was most striking. Ascending a narrow flight of steps, the eye was delighted by the magnificent landscape, richly wooded, with the Thames rolling at the foot of "Venerable Eton;" the meadows studded with cattle, and every thing teeming with the expression of life and nature in her most bounteous gladness. In an instant the spectator passed into a long narrow line of interminable gloom, dimly lighted by tapers against the wall. From these narrow gothic passages, hung with black, the visitor came to three rooms in black, and lighted with wax lights in silver sconces. These rooms had lines of yeomen and gentlemen pensioners, with crape scarfs, and partizans, and staves of office hung with crape. But the most characteristic and superb effect was produced by the huge forms and stately figures of the household troops, the cuirasses and helmets shining against the gloomy black which enveloped every thing, and their martial figures appearing of increased size by the dimness of the funeral lights amidst which they were placed. The long vista through the different chambers had an effect full of character, and was in itself beautiful. The eye traced an immense line of black, with the scintillations of light reflected by the silver shields, until they grew fainter and fainter, and at last were lost in impenetrable gloom.

#### THE CHAPEL.

The locale of a ceremony like the present, if it is of a character corresponding with the nature of the solemnity, is usually the most impressive part of the scene; and on the present occasion the interior of the Chapel Royal was decidedly so. Let the reader conceive, in the first instance, a gothic pile of the purest yet richest order, and in the most perfectly beautiful condition, empty of all but its own infinite variety of ornament,—upon which a glorious setting sun flung, through the magnificent painted oriel window of the west end, a blaze of many coloured transmitted light, which gave to the cold fret work of the side windows, the clustering shafts of the columns, and even the dark floor itself, all the brilliant tints

of an autumn evening sky. With the exception of the floor, and the temporary barriers between which the procession was to pass, all was as on ordinary occasions—the bare stone, of one unbroken colour. But the whole floor and the barriers just referred to (about three feet in height) and running on either side the centre aisle, were covered with black cloth, which, while it gave a monotonous gloom to the whole lower part of the scene, kept the whole in silence, by muffling the tread of the military, who were the only early occupants of the place. Imagine various groups of these latter, of various arms and uniforms, scattered here and there, leaning, lying, standing, or sauntering about—most of them in dresses the gorgeous richness and glittering gaiety of which contrasted in a striking manner with the severe simplicity and stony stillness of hue appertaining to every object around them. On entering the chapel at six o'clock, the above was the aspect which it presented—the spectator not being able to assign any particular place or arrangement to the various official persons who were within the black barriers above-named.

Looking at the interior of the chapel from its great western door of entrance, the whole of it was appropriated to the purposes of the funeral procession, except the left or north aisle, the whole length of which latter spot was given to that portion of the public which was allowed tickets of admission to witness the solemnity within the walls. This north aisle was in part filled up with lines of seats, rising one above another from about the centre of the aisle to the side walls, and entirely covered, like the floor and barriers, with black cloth. The remainder of the aisle, during its whole length, was left vacant to pass and re-pass; but this part, like the rest, was exclusively devoted to spectators. By about six o'clock every seat of this space was filled, and the greater portion of the standing room below and in front,—also the organ gallery; and thus matters remained till towards eight o'clock, except that, at intervals, the military were aroused from their air of listless and inattentive indifference, to one of momentary excitement and preparation, only to again relapse into the former: till at length, shortly after eight o'clock, the presence of the non-military functionaries increased every moment; the choristers, in their white attire, were seen passing hither and thither; the

military were provided with flambeaux, and were placed in the exact position and order in which they were to receive the procession; the inner scene of the choir itself was gradually invested with scattered lights, which, as the sunshine left the great western oriel, and withdrew its blaze, waxed dim and obscure in the coming twilight,—the great outer body of the chapel itself shortly afterwards becoming wrapped in the same dim mantle: and, finally, a little before nine o'clock, as the evening closed in, the flambeaux of the long double array of steel-clad troops who lined the centre aisle on either side were lighted, one by one, and threw "a dim" light all about them, which was reflected a thousand fold in the bright helmets and glittering breast-plates of the holders; these flambeaux being the only source of light to that part of the chapel exterior to the choir.

If the reader invests the scene with a hum of many low sounds, blended into one indistinct yet incessant murmur, broken at intervals of every five minutes by the boom of the gun discharged at a short distance from the Chapel during the day, till the Royal Body was deposited in its last resting place, he will gain a distinct notion of the locale and its appendages, about to be the scene of the expected ceremony, better than we are able to offer by mere words.

#### THE FUNERAL.

It was exactly at nine o'clock that the distant and indistinct sound of trumpets from without, gave notice to the expectant assembly within the walls of the chapel, that the procession had moved from its place of formation, and might shortly be expected in sight. This "note of preparation" had the effect of rousing every one from the fatigued and listless attitude and sentiment of indifference, into which four or five hours of half anxious, half displeased attendance had thrown them. The military were placed in strict military array; a company of the splendid Household troops lining the centre aisle—the Grenadier Guards holding the same position in the south aisle—a mixed array occupying the western end of the chapel—the choristers being stationed at the south-western corner, to commence their chaunt at the due period—and, finally, all the rest of the space filled by anxious spectators, excited to a pitch of attention proportioned to the long and fatigued expectation which had preceded it. At last, the door at

the south-eastern extremity of the transept opened silently ; a hushed and awful silence pervaded the whole assembly ; and the procession commenced its silent entrance, unaccompanied by any music, either from within or from without.

A few minutes after nine, the solemn pageant became visible in the centre aisle of the Royal Chapel, proceeding at once to

### *The Choir,*

which it reached about ten o'clock ; the sound of the trumpets and muffled kettle drums had been previously heard, and the notes of the solemn service of the funeral ; nothing could be finer than the performance of the "Dead March in Saul," by the band of the Household Troops.

The choir, under the direction of Sir George Smart, took a part in the service as the coffin entered ; the Dean, Subdean, and Canons of St. George's Chapel were at the south door to receive the procession. The choristers of the Chapel Royal took their station at the entrance with wax tapers, and Sir George Smart commenced the vocal part of the burial service, aided by Messrs. Kynvett, Vaughan, Sale, Salmon, Hawes, Welsh, Goulding, and Clark. The music was from Handel, Purcell, and Croft. It commenced with the sublime passage—

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord : he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live : and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.—*John xi. 25, 26.*

"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin, worms destroy this body ; yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.—*Job xix. 25, 26, 27.*

"We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord."—*1 Tim. vi. 7.—Job i. 21.*

At this part of the service the procession had advanced through the great door of the organ-loft, and the heralds had marshalled it upon the floor of the choir. The King was immediately behind the coffin, robed in a magnifi-

cent purple velvet cloak, decorated with a large star ; he walked to the edge of the aperture which led to the tomb, where a chair, covered with black velvet, was provided for His Majesty's use. There was some bustle by the Heralds in ushering the members of the procession to their several stalls. The Dean and Canons advanced within the rails of the chancel, filing off right and left before the communion table, which was covered with massive plate. The Dukes of Devonshire, Buckingham, St. Alban's, Beaufort, &c. took their seats in the stalls in the body of the choir. The Earl Marshal stood near His Majesty, and the Duke of Wellington, who was in his Field Marshal's uniform, remained behind his chair during the service. Upon purple velvet stools at each side of the Royal vault, sat as mourners with His Majesty, their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Cumberland, Sussex, Gloucester, and Prince Leopold. Their mourning cloaks were richly embroidered, and Prince Leopold wore a general's uniform. A dense body of noblemen and gentlemen filled the body of the choir, and there was a gloom and duskiess from the smoke of the tapers and flambeaux, which, while it did not prevent the principal actors in the solemnity from being seen, increased the effect of the picture by the mass of shade which it cast upon the inferior groups. The arrangement was as follows :—

Trumpets and kettle drums, and drums and fifes of the Foot Guards

Drums and fifes of the Royal Household

Trumpets & kettle drums of the R. Household

Knight Marshal's Men, two and two, with black staves

Knight Marshal's Officers

The Knight Marshal

Poor Knights of Windsor

Pages of his Majesty

Pages of his late Majesty

Apothecary to his Majesty

Apothecary to his late Majesty

Surgeons to his late Majesty

Curate of Windsor

Gentlemen Ushers

Quarterly Waiters to his late Majesty.

Pages of Honour to his late Majesty

Grooms of the Privy Chamber to his late Majesty

Gentlemen Ushers Daily Waiters to his late Majesty

Serjeant Surgeon to his late Majesty

Physicians to his late Majesty

Household Chaplain to his late Majesty.

Esquierries to his Royal Highness Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg

Esquierries to his R. H. the Duke of Gloucester

Esquierries to his R. H. the Duke of Cambridge

Esquierries to his R. H. the Duke of Sussex

Esquierries to his R.H. the Duke of Cumberland

Esquierries to her R.H. the Duchess of Kent.

Aides-de-Camp to his late Majesty

Quarter-Master-General Adjutant-General  
 Equerries to his late Majesty  
 Clerk Marshal and First Equerry to his late Majesty

Gentlemen Ushers of the Privy Chamber to his late Majesty

Master of the Robes to his late Majesty  
 The Members of the Royal Hanoverian Mission  
 The Lords of the Admiralty, attended by their Secretaries

Solicitor-General Attorney-General  
 Barons of the Exchequer

Justices of the Court of Common Pleas  
 Justices of the Court of King's Bench

The Lord Chief Baron Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas

The Vice-Chancellor of England The Master of the Rolls

The Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench  
 Comptroller of his late Majesty's Household

Privy Counsellors (not Peers), attended by the Clerks of the Council in Ordinary

Pursuivant  
 Eldest Sons of Barons

Eldest Sons of Viscounts  
 Pursuivant

Barons  
 Pursuivant

Bishops  
 Pursuivant

Eldest Sons of Earls  
 Herald

Viscounts  
 Eldest Sons of Marquesses

Herald  
 Earls

Herald  
 Eldest Sons of Dukes

Herald  
 Marquesses

Herald  
 Dukes

Herald  
 The Minister of State of Hanover

The Earl Marshal of England The Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain

The Lord Privy Seal The Lord President of the Council

The Lord Chancellor  
 The Archbishop of Canterbury

Norroy King of Arms  
 Lords of his late Majesty's Bedchamber

Gold Stick  
 Capt. of the Yeomen of the Guard

Capt. of the Hon. Band of Gentlemen Pensioners

Groom of the Stole to his late Majesty Master of the Horse to his late Majesty

BANNERS BORNE BY PEERS, VIZ.:—  
 Banner of Brunswick Banner of Hanover

Banner of Ireland Banner of Scotland

Banner of St. George Union Banner

#### THE ROYAL STANDARD

##### THE ROYAL CROWN

of Hanover,  
 borne on a Purple Velvet Cushion, by Blanc Coursier

King of Arms

##### THE IMPERIAL CROWN

of the United Kingdom,  
 borne on a Purple Velvet Cushion, by Clarenceux King of Arms

Arms

Supporter,  
 Gentleman Usher

Master of his late Majesty's Household,  
 Gentleman Usher

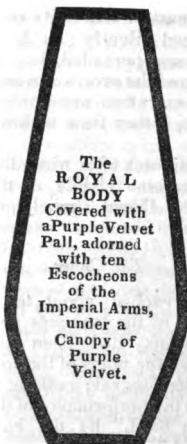
The Lord Steward of his late Majesty's Household.

The Lord Chamberlain of his late Majesty's Household

Keeper of his late Majesty's Privy Purse

Gentleman Usher

Supporters of the Canopy,  
 Five Peers, assisted by eight of the senior Admirals in the Royal Navy.  
 Supporters of the Pall,  
 Three Dukes, assisted by two eldest sons of Dukes.



Supporters of the Canopy,  
 Five Peers, assisted by eight of the senior Generals in the Army,  
 Supporters of the Pall,  
 Three Dukes, assisted by two eldest sons of Dukes.

First Gentleman Usher  
 Daily Waiter to his late Majesty.  
 Cap of Maintenance, borne by the Marquis of Winchester

Garter Principal King of Arms, bearing his Sceptre.

Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, bearing his Rod  
 Sword of State, borne by the Duke of Wellington

#### THE CHIEF MOURNER.

THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY, in a long purple cloak, with the Star of the Order of the Garter embroidered thereon, wearing the Collars of the Garter, the Bath, the Thistle, St. Patrick, and the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order, attended by his Royal Highness Prince George, of Cumberland  
 Train Bearer—The Dukes of Buckingham and Beaufort.  
 Sixteen Peers, Assistants to the Chief Mourner

#### PRINCES OF THE BLOOD ROYAL

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, in a long black cloak, with the Star of the Order of the Garter embroidered thereon, and wearing the Collars of the Garter, the Bath, the Thistle, and the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order;—his Train borne by two Gentlemen of his Royal Highness's Household  
 His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, in a long black cloak, with the Star of the Order of the Garter embroidered thereon, and wearing the Collars of the Garter, the Bath, St. Patrick, and the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order;—his Train borne by two Gentlemen of his R. Highness's Household

His Royal Highness the Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg, in a long black cloak, with the Star of the Order of the Garter embroidered thereon, and wearing the Collars of the Garter, the Bath, and the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order; his train borne by two Gentlemen of his Royal Highness's Household  
 His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, in a long black cloak, with the Star of the Order of the Garter embroidered thereon, and wearing the Collars of the Garter, the Bath, and the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order;—his Train borne by two Gentlemen of his Royal Highness's Household

A Royal Guard of Honour, composed of 140 rank and file, with officers and non-commissioned officers in equal proportions, from the King's company, the Coldstream, and 3d Regiments of Guards, commanded by the Captain of the King's Company.

Gentlemen Pensioners, with their axes reversed

Yeoman of the Guard, with their partisans reversed.

Soon after the King was seated, the 39th and 90th psalms were sung; after which, the Dean of Windsor read the lesson; and the first anthem, "Hear my prayer!" by Kent, was sung; and afterwards, immediately before the collect, "O merciful God!" the second anthem, by Handel. The "Dead March in Saul" followed. The Dean of Windsor read the first part of the service from the altar, and the conclusion from the right side of the vault. The performance of the psalms and anthem lasted nearly two hours. The fine anthem of "His body is buried in peace," was then chanted; and his Majesty, rising from his seat, retired by the door under the Queen's closet.

When his Majesty rose to retire, he recognised and conversed familiarly with the persons who were around him; and expressed his thanks to the Earl Marshal, and the principal official conductors of the ceremony.

After his Majesty had retired, and at the conclusion of the service, Sir George Nayler proclaimed the titles of the deceased monarch, and broke his wand of office into the grave. A solemn voluntary was then played by the organist; as it was concluded before the procession left the chapel, it was followed by the "Dead March in Saul," which was continued until the procession had again returned into the open air.

The coffin was only lowered about two feet below the aperture of the subterranean passage; the splendid pall was removed as the body was lowered, and the state coffin exposed to view. A number of persons crowded around the vault when the ceremony was concluded. Among them were the Dukes of St. Alban's and Athol; the Marquises of Clanricarde, Salisbury, Hertford, and Conyngham, and the Speaker of the House of Commons. The Duke of Wellington left the choir immediately after the king, and joined his Majesty in the aisle of Edward the Fourth's tomb. His Grace conducted the King to his carriage in the lower ward, by the gate leading from the

cloisters, and his Majesty drove off, accompanied by the Duke of Sussex, escorted by a party of lancers, to Frogmore.

The Queen was not present, nor was the Duchess of Cumberland; the closets intended for their reception were filled by gentlemen of the household.

As soon as the ceremony was over, the people of Windsor were generally admitted through the choir. The coffin was afterwards deposited upon the stone table of the mausoleum.

It was a singular incident, as connected with this mournful ceremony, that the works in the choir were hardly finished when the procession itself was actually in motion from the grand staircase of the State Apartment. The carpenters had barely finished the canopy over the vault, and the shavings were unswept from the floor, when the minute guns of the park announced the funeral to be in motion. As the King departed from St. George's Chapel, a rocket was discharged from the parapet, which was the signal for the cessation of the din of the minute guns in the Long Walk.

## THE DREAM OF A BOOKWORM.

(Continued from p. 35.)

*For the Olio.*

THE name of this gentleman was Lewis de Mompensier. He was learned and valiant, well skilled in all the elegant accomplishments of that age; a bold and fearless horseman, an expert fencer, and a graceful dancer; he was the favourite of all the fair ladies of Paris. To one gentlewoman he was most passionately attached, but unfortunately she had long been wedded to a man many years her senior, who treated her with great harshness and cruelty. The husband soon became acquainted with their secret meetings, and, fearing to meet his rival openly, by a course of diabolical contrivances impeached the chevalier of practices against the state, and he was one night seized by several men in his own chamber, and hurried to that horrid prison, the Bastille, where, perhaps, he lingered till death ended his sufferings. I, and the rest of the chevalier's property, was seized upon by the harpies of the law, and became, after passing through several hands, the property of an old advocate, as black hearted a monster as

ever preyed upon the vitals of an unfortunate client. Numberless were his exactions from the needy and desperate. The tears of the widow and the orphan were grateful to the sight of this mercenary wretch. Justice and mercy he knew not, he lived but to prey upon the poor and the unfortunate. At length in his eagerness to grasp, he overreached himself, and fell into the hands of justice. He was tried and found guilty of altering certain legal instruments, and condemned to the galleys for life, after having been branded and whipped.

I then passed successively into the hands of a wealthy Jew, a flaunting courtesan, a bully and a sharper, and lastly, a dabbler in occult philosophy, who was obliged to quit Paris suddenly in consequence of an intimation that he was suspected of practising the black art, to the very great horror of divers ghostly fathers in whose neighbourhood he dwelt. The fugitive hastened to Utrecht, where he was more at liberty to practise his art while surrounded by protestants, the monks never countenancing any jugglery but their own. He arrived in that city just after Nicholas Berke and Cornelius Vander Pol were chosen governors by Prince Maurice, and taking a comfortable lodging, arranged his books and divining instruments. I was placed on a shelf with a number of others, and daily beheld some of the first men of the place come to consult the crafty old man, who quietly pouched their money and laughed in his sleeve at their credulity.

Among those who visited the astrologer was a young captain of foot, who had fallen desperately in love with one of the daughters of the governor, Vander Pol. After practising a series of stratagems, for the young gallant was forbidden to advance his suit, the lovers met at the lodging of the old man, and they agreed to elope without loss of time.

To have effected this would have been a task of great difficulty and danger, had not the young soldier bribed the sentinels at the city gates, who suffered him to pass out one dark night with his fair charge, and a couple of servants whom he had bought over to his interest. Unhappy youth! he little wot of the fate which awaited him. The fugitives had got several miles from the city, when their ill-fortune brought them upon the Spanish outposts. They were instantly summoned by the sentinels, but the young

man, not answering their challenge readily, was shot through the head with a harquebuze bullet, and fell from his horse a convulsed and disfigured corpse; while the partner of his flight was seized by the enemy and borne to their head-quarters. She was ransomed with a very large sum by her father, and the astrologer being suspected, was seized and put to the rack, when he confessed that he had lent them his aid to escape. He lost his ears for this offence, and was expelled the city, his goods being confiscated. I soon became an inmate of the governor's house, and was placed in his library. Here I had an opportunity of witnessing many strange scenes, and hearing still stranger discourses. How many dark intrigues did I become acquainted with! How many plots and counterplots did I see hatched in the course of a few years! The war of *religion* which teaches *peace*, still raged with unabated fury. The name of God had become a byword for knaves and hypocrites.—Hordes of needy and desperate ruffians, the scum of all nations, swarmed in the Netherlands. Unhappy country! thou wert doomed to be the seat of discord and bloodshed, and long and dreadful were the convulsions that racked thy bowels. In the course of time, I was presented to an English officer, who shortly after fell in a skirmish with the Spaniards. I then became the property of an English soldier, who had lost his leg in battle, and was preparing to quit the low countries for his native land. In a short time after, I was conveyed to England by my possessor, who lived in a village in Lancashire; and here my perils became great indeed. This hardy veteran was a lover of book learning. He had acquired a tolerable knowledge of the French and Dutch languages; and was indeed a man of some learning for one in so humble a rank of life. Unfortunately for him and for me, the notorious Hopkins the witch-finder, paid a visit to the neighbourhood in which he dwelt, and the hue and cry sounded throughout Lancashire. Many unfortunate old women, who were celebrated for their ugliness or their ill-tempers, met with a horrible fate; and, unluckily, my master was suspected to be acquainted with the forbidden art, for a prying neighbour had observed my appearance and the strange language in which I was written. Fearing that he might lose me, the old veteran

and me under the floor, where I was found many years after his death, somewhat worm-eaten to be sure, but not much the worse for my confinement.

During the period that I had lain concealed, the civil wars had raged in England, and Charles the First had been put to death by his subjects. It was in the third year of the protectorate that I was discovered and brought to light by some workmen who were repairing the cottage. These honest fellows happening to shew me to the curate of the parish, his reverence became my purchaser, and I was placed in his library in the company of Beza's Bible, Fox's Martyrs, Thomas a Kempis, and other black letter theology. Here I remained until the death of the good curate, whose library, he having no children, fell to the lot of his nephew, a young student of the Temple, and I soon became an inmate of his chambers in London. While here I encountered another danger. A fellow, whom he had employed, happening to espy me one day, and observing my curious initial letters and type, conceived a notion that I was a popish missal. Thinking that the information might be acceptable to the government, for the cry was up against the catholics at that time, he repaired to the rendezvous of the infamous Doctor Oates in Shire Lane, near Temple Bar. This crafty and sanguinary villain listened to the tale with great attention, and agreed to surprise the young Templar by a sudden visit, and subject his chambers to a rigid search.

*To be continued.*

#### THE LASS O' CARLISLE.

*An excellent new Song by the Ettrick Shepherd.*

I'll sing you a wee bit sang,  
A sang in the auldien style;  
It is of a bonny young lass,  
Wha lived in merry Carlisle.  
An' O, but this lass was bonny,  
An' O, but the lass was braw;  
An' she had goud in her coffers,  
An' that was the best of a'.  
Sing hey, hickerty, dickerty,  
Hickerty, dickerty, dear,  
The lass that has goud an' beauty  
Has naething on earth to fear.  
This lassie had routh o' wooers,  
As beauty an' wealth should hae:  
This lassie she took her a man,  
An' then she could get use mae.  
This lassie had bairns galore,  
That kept her han's astir,  
An' then she dee'd an' was buried,  
An' there was an end o' her.  
Sing hey, hickerty, dickerty,  
Hickerty, dickerty, dan,  
The best thing in life is to mak  
The maist o't that we can.

#### Tales of the Tapestry.

BY HORACE GUILFORD.

#### ARMS AND AMOURS.

A TALE OF MALVESYN.

Continued from p. 43.  
*For the Olio.*

On the day of this embassy, the young William of Hansacre had appeared for the first time in his life at the table of dais in his enemy's hall. He was still suffering from his wounds, but had been treated with great courtesy by the North Trent cavalier, who, violent as his family feelings were, would not for a moment suffer his sense of justice to be overpowered. The mid-day meal was concluded, and William complaining of a sudden shooting in his wounds was given in charge by Sir Robert to his daughters. The ladies of that period had always free access to the chamber of the wounded or sick knight, and the knowledge of vulnerary herbs which they shared with the monks, together with no small skill in the practice of chirurgery, added considerably to the high respect in which maidens were held in the days of chivalry. It was not till that day, however, that Margaret had ventured to accompany her elder sister to William's chamber. Sir Robert's own leech was gone to Blythburgh, and Margaret, with a thousand emotions, saw her lover placed on a settee, and holding with a trembling hand the various medicaments, followed with her eye the light and snowy fingers of her sister, who gently removing William's doublet, and extricating his side and one arm from his shirt, began composedly to remove the plaisters. Margaret screamed with anguish at the ghastly sight; young Hansacre, with many a wry face at the smart he was undergoing, strove by laughing to conceal the deeper emotion of his heart, while Elizabeth rated her sister roundly for her cowardice.

"How now, Margaret! what spell hath come o'er thee? I have known thee tend with steady eye and hand ghaistlier hurts than these; nay, thou hast even challenged me, thine elder sister, in the number of thy cures. Yet here in a matter importing the honour of our house—thou dost long withhold thy needful tendance, and then comest only to disturb our patient by thy strange clamour. See if his cheek and brow be not burning with fever; and trust me," (laying her soft hand on his arm,)—"his pulse is more irregular than ever!"



Margaret answered not, but the rich clusters of her black hair drooping down her cheek as she bent over the wounded young man, could not conceal her burning blushes, any more than the sudden readiness with which she applied the bandages could hide the trembling of her small white hands.

"Woe is me," said young William, "who am not only a burden to the kindness of mine enemies, but also a source of terror and pain to my fair leeches!"

"Peace, good youth," said Elizabeth, completing the bandages, and gently replacing his dress over the wounds; "thou art no burthen, and if thou art a pain, 'tis but for thine own sake. But pass we into the Garden—the soft air will refresh thee, and there be high alleys, and soft turf, and thick arbours, where we may shun this flaming light. Lead to the sycamores, Margaret, while I prepare a posset with mine own hands for Master William; and take order that the new table, for nine men's morris, be set in the yew arbour, or if you prefer the Paume-carie, I will send down the dice. I will be with ye soon, and bring the tapestry I am embroidering for the oratory."

With these words the future lady of Ingestre quitted the chamber. Margaret immediately following, paused at the door, and with downcast eyes and confused accents, invited William to accompany her; he rose, and neither trusted themselves with a syllable, till having passed through the coloured and fragrant flower-beds, a thick alley of sycamores shed a cool and sparkling greenness on the turf walk, and terminated in an arbour, which, formed by four gigantic yews, afforded a delicious retreat from the afternoon sun, that was blazing in the rich and breathless garden.

Art, striving to compare  
With nature, did an arbour green dispread,  
Framed of wanton ivy, flowering fair,  
Thro' which the fragrant eglantine did spread  
His prickling arms, entrailed with roses red,  
Which dainty odours round about them threw;  
And all within with flowers was garnished,  
That when mild zephyrs amongst them blew,  
Did breathe out bounteous smells, and painted  
colours threw.

FAIRY QUEEN, b. 2, c. 5, s. 29.

Here they found the merelles table, and the turretted dice-box already set; and here, after glancing hastily around, young Hansacre seized the lily hand of Margaret, and pressed it to his bosom and lips: he spoke not, but his trembling hand and beating breast were all eloquent for him. Margaret suffered

him to retain her little hand in his large and manly grasp, and turning away her face,

"Oh, William!" she murmured, in low sweet accents, "what are we to do? If thou tarriest here, all *must* be discovered!—and then my father——"

"Is a just, a prudent, and a good knight," replied William, "and well may we hope from all this some speedy termination to our long suspense, and to the grievous strife between our houses. Happy was the night when I first paid with my blood the bliss for which I had been so bankrupt a debtor!"

Margaret no longer averted her head—an expression of the most intense affection sparkled all over her glowing features, as she gazed on her handsome lover, and gently reclining her cheek on his shoulder.

"Happy rather is the maiden who hath been so dearly bought! Thou wilt make me cruel, my William, and I shall deem *that blood* of thine love's most glorious garment, and dwell with triumph over those wounds, as so many rich badges of thy love for Margaret."

Hansacre's answer was a pressure of that graceful form to his bosom, forgetful of his hurts, which, however, his sudden paleness, and a few red stains oozing through his linen, evinced to have been disturbed in this action. Margaret hastily started from his arms.

"Holy Mary! what omen is this? thy blood hath sprung forth at my touch!"

"'Twas but to show that the blood of Malvesyn and Hansacre will soon cease to be aliens," said William, who though smarting with awakened pain, drew comfort from this trivial circumstance. "My poor heart," he added, "is still the bankrupt I told you of, and is paying, where they are due, its dearest drops. Besides, hast thou not heard that the dead corpse will bleed at the touch of its murderer?"

"Hush, William, I hear a step;—Elizabeth is at hand—loose me and compose thyself; thou knowest that Margaret of Malvesyn hath no heart but in thy bosom, nor shall any save William of Hansacre lead her hence a bride, though her departure were eternal exile from the heart and home of her father."

"That would grieve thy father sore," said a well-known voice, in sonorous and melancholy tones, as the figure of Sir Robert darkened the entrance of the arbour. Margaret stood transfixed and

breathless with astonishment, and William coloured with resentment as De Malvesyn continued—"Be not amazed, Margaret, nor thou, youth, deem me a a discourteous intruder or a base eaves-dropper; but know, that your interviews have been long known to me, and had not thy many goodly qualities, young man, been as well known, the hopes which I have entertained of ending through thee these unhappy disturbances, would hardly have preserved thee from durance long ago! But I am a weary of these bloody quarrels, and when that unhappy Damoiseau of mine was enticed by some of my turbulent retainers to the bloody affray of the Briggmuln, I was meditating perpetual union between our families. But the deed is done, and the atrocious murder of my page demanded atonement. My herald hath recently returned from the Hansacredom, and though much of the imputation hath been rebutted by thy sire, the prospect of accommodation seems as distant as ever."

Sir Robert then related all which had passed at Hansacre Hall that morning. A pause ensued; Margaret remaining in an agony of maiden shame, and William absorbed in thought, till throwing himself on his knees before the Knight of Malvesyn—

"Noble knight," he exclaimed, "send me back on my *word*, to my father's house—thy speech bids me hope that thou darrest trust me—and let me essay what my mediation may effect either to soften down thy terms, or induce my father to listen."

"That would I willingly, but fearful obstacles have arisen, as if fate had determined that nothing should staunch the bloodshed of our long feuds. Missives have reached me from the court, certifying the tidings which divers pilgrims and travellers have made rife at our priory of Blythburgh, that the quiet of the land is once more about to be disturbed."

"Alas, then, my father's friend, the Hotspur, is at length as we have long expected, in open rebellion."

"It is even so: the Earl of Northumberland, inflamed by his son, is disgusted at the peremptory command of the King, that they and other barons presume not to ransom any of their prisoners without his particular permission: their near kinsman, the Earl of Worcester, high in favour with Richard of Bordeaux, hath gladly seized this opportunity of avenging the dethronement of his master. Their prisoner, the

Earl of Douglas, they have set free on condition of his joining them with his followers, and Sir Edmund Mortimer, whose house, thou knowest, aspires to the crown, is no longer the prisoner, but the friend of Owen, the lord of Glendoudwy, who brings all the bravery of his ancestor Llewellyn, backed with ten thousand men, to meet them on the confines of Wales."

William of Hansacre looked aghast, —but Margaret then first ventured to speak—

"My father, it ill becomes me to interfere, but sure, of all others, this is the season when private feuds will be most gladly relinquished, and the common strength against the common enemy most readily shewn." Sir Robert answered not, but looked significantly on young Hansacre.

"I see it," said William, "I see it!—all the complicated misery of this distracted time! My father, besides his regard for Percy, hath ever clung to the cause of the late King. Private feuds! At this moment he hath forgotten them, and would rather leave the proud walls and broad acres of the Hansacredom open to the enemy, than not lead every spear, arblast, and gisarme that obeys his banner, to uphold Northumberland."

"And as surely," said De Malvesyn, solemnly, "as surely shall every knight, squire, man-at-arms, yea, the very meanest serf that ever followed the bendlets or respected the house of De Malvesyn, be summoned for the defence of King Henry! The traitors!—they would tear from his brow the crown themselves caused to be placed there! But go, young man, this is indeed no time for private feuds—I return thee to thy parent: yet, tell thy father, that from him who survives this earthquake that is to shake a kingdom, the murder of a Damoiseau of Malvesyn will look for atonement! Elizabeth," he added to his elder daughter, who had for some time stood before the arbour in amazement at the conversation;—"Elizabeth, thy sister, thou seest, hath chosen her a mate as well as thyself; but Roger de Chetwynd leads his banner with me—"

"While William of Hansacre, thou wouldst add, will fight against thee," interrupted the young lover. "Were my father's banner on the field, and the foeman's foot ready to trample it, I might then, but not till then, raise my arm against the father of Margaret de Malvesyn!"

The party then repaired to the mansion, and a great part of the evening was spent in anxious debates and arrangements for the approaching convulsion. William professed his determination to consider himself as a prisoner at large, and as such he was to remain at Hansacre with what force he could muster to guard his mother; an adequate garrison was to be left at Malvesyn, and William was not positively forbidden to extend his protecting care thither also. Ere noon the next day, young Hansacre was clasped in the arms of his parents.

*To be continued.*

### The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note Book.  
M. W. OF WINDSOR.

#### *I'm stuck in the Mud.*

The celebrated Doctor Graham, alias the "Mud Doctor," shewed forth his feats at Bath with no uncommon lustre. He affected to cure chronic disease in particular, but professed that his infallible, like the specific of an empiric's packet, could apply to gout as well as toothache—to a broken limb as well as the dropsy—and conquer the progress of all human afflictions. The doctor's plan was, that the patient be undressed and immured in mud to the chin. He then held a rod, by which he operated on the mind of his patient, and after ten minutes operation he pronounced the effect to be wrought. In proportion to the fee, so the times were repeated. When the invalids in Bath lost their faith, the doctor wisely decamped.—Many an operator in the hilarity of an evening's amusement, undertook to practise the 'Animal Magnetism' part with his friends, who could not relish the luxury which is left to the 'swinish multitude,' either of 'wallowing in the mire,' or of being '*stuck in the mud.*' Cowper, when journeying with Mrs. Unwin, in one of his rural excursions to Clifton, must have held the Mud Doctor in memory when he said—

Poor Mary and me through the mud !

*Sle—sla—slud,*

*Stuck in the mud,*

O ! it is pretty to wade through a flood !

The application of this sentence is become metaphorical : when a person is in difficulties, he is said to be '*stuck in the mud.*'

P.X.X.

#### A HINDOO APE.

In a letter from Sir Thomas Roe, dated at the court of the Great Mogul,

30th October, 1616, the following circumstance is related : "I cannot leave out an apish miracle which was acted before this king (Jehangueir), which the jesuits will not acknowledge, nor own as their practice, only of the truth *de facto* there is no doubt. A juggler of Bengala\* brought to the king a great ape, that could, as he professed, divine and prophesy. The king took from his finger a ring, and caused it to be hid under the girdle of one among a dozen other boys, and bade the ape divine, who went to the right child and took it out. But his majesty (somewhat more curious) caused in several papers in Persian letters to be re-written the names of twelve lawgivers, as Moses, Christ, Mahomet, Ali, and others; and shuffling them in a bag, bade the beast divine which was the true law, who, putting in his foot, took out the inscribed name of *Christ*. This amazed the king, who, suspecting that the ape's master could read Persian, and might assist him, wrote them anew in court characters (Hindoostani), and presented them the second time. The ape was constant, found the right, and kissed it. Whereat a principal officer grew angry, telling the king it was some imposture, desiring he might have leave to make the lots anew, and offered himself to punishment if the ape could beguile him. He wrote the names, putting only eleven into the bag, and kept the other in his hand. The beast searched, but refused all; the king commanded to bring one; the beast tore them in fury, and made signs the true lawgiver's name was not among them. The king demanded where it was, and he ran to the nobleman, and caught him by the hand, in which was the paper inscribed with the name of *Christ Jesus*. The king was troubled, and keeps the ape yet. This was acted in public before thousands."

*Asiatic Jour.*

### Customs of Various Countries.

#### DERIVATION OF READING THE LESSONS IN THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

(For the O'lio)

It is a custom throughout Israel, that they finish wholly the reading of the law in one year, beginning with the sabbath, which is after the "Feast of Tabernacles," at the first section of Genesis. In the second chapter at—"These are the generations of Noah."

\* The tricks of the Bengal jugglers are referred to by Jehangueir himself in his Memoirs; he describes no less than twenty-eight.

In the third at—"The Lord said unto Abraham." Thus proceeding to the end of the law, at the annual feast of Tabernacles, from which they commenced. This custom has been used with advantage in the established church, excepting only such parts as are not considered canonical with the christian faith. Were we to take retrospective glances at the doings of our forefathers, we should rarely be at a loss for the derivation and usage continued down to ourselves, and will descend to posterity applied to the two dispensations.

JOIDA.

### Anecdotalia.

#### NAUTICAL TACT OF THE PRESENT KING.

The following interesting anecdote, for which we are indebted to a naval friend, illustrates in a very striking manner the good humour and nautical tact of our present most gracious sovereign:—It was in the summer of 1810, to the best of our remembrance, that his Majesty's ship *Naiad*, Captain Carteret, carried into Portsmouth one of Buonaparte's flat-bottomed praams, which had been captured by the frigate off Bonlogne, in the presence of the French emperor. As one of that formidable squadron which had been destined to invade England, her appearance excited unusual interest.—Among the persons who visited her was his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, before whom, as a naval commander, the *Naiad's* ship's company were mustered at their respective divisions. On these occasions the men are arranged in classes, according to their rating as regular seamen or otherwise; the top-men and fore-castle-men taking the precedence of all others, as including the best sailors; the landsmen, under the denominations of afterguard and waisters, being the lowest in degree. Mr. Green, the first lieutenant, thinking he might safely presume a little on the Duke's want of familiarity with naval details, ventured to place five of the best looking landsmen among the regular blue-jackets, as a set-off; but it would not do: the Duke had not forgotten that indescribable *something* which impresses a distinctive character on a genuine seaman, and to the utter confusion of poor Green, he singled out each of the intruders, and boldly affirmed—which was the truth—that they had never been in a top nor on a yard in their lives. He immediately saw the drift of the deception which had been

attempted to be practised on him, and good-naturedly appreciated the feeling which had induced the first lieutenant to make the best appearance he could before the highest officer in the service. As he successively picked each unlucky wight out of the ranks in which he had been placed, he laughed heartily and said, "Ah, Mr. Green, here is another of *your* topmen. Take him away, I know a sailor by head mark as well as any of you." If Mr. Green was mortified at the ill success of his *ruse*, the ship's company were as highly delighted with the unexpected display of nautical tact in the Duke. The captain of the fore-top, a tall weather-beaten Cornishman, said to one of his messmates, a regular going north country lad, "How his honour twigged Long Bill, and the rest of them, and all because Master Green would have them sailors, the lubbers, that don't know a weather earring from a bobstay." "Ay, xy, leave him alone for that, my hearty," rejoined his comrade, "I see'd by the cut of his jib that he know'd a marlin spike from a hand saw, for all Master Green's cleverness. I doesn't like no tricks on travellers." Among his messmates poor Green fared no better. *His* top-men continued to be a standing joke as long as he remained in the ship, but the Duke did not forget the honest lieutenant, though he forgave his waggery, for he procured his promotion as a captain in the course of a few months.

#### FIDELITY.

In one of the every-day actions of the Pyrenees, the 28th or 29th of July, 1813, I forget which, a French officer who was very much advanced in front of his men, having fallen desperately wounded, a young well-looking soldier immediately came forward to render him what assistance he could; some of our soldiers desired him to go to the rear as a prisoner. Happening to be near at the time, and hearing the altercation, I asked him why he did not do as he was ordered. He replied, he was servant to the officer who was wounded; that he and his master were Flemish, and that he considered it his duty to stay with him; he then attempted to carry him on his back, but the officer cried piteously: the French were at this time advancing on us in great force, and we were obliged to retire. What became of the officer and his faithful servant, I never could afterwards learn.

## Diary and Chronology.

Monday, July 19.

*St. Arsenius, anchorite of Siete, d. A.D. 449.—High Water 9m aft 1 Morn—33m aft 1 After.*  
 July 19, 1785.—Mr. Crosbie, an aeronaut, ascended in a balloon from Dublin, to proceed across the channel, but his balloon fell into the sea, and he narrowly escaped drowning; he was relieved from his perilous situation by a Dunleary barge, and arrived safe at Dublin.

Tuesday, July 20.

*St. Margaret —New Moon, Oh 14m Morning.*

Our saint, who was the daughter of an idolatrous priest at Antioch, in Syria, was inhumanly put to death by Olybius, the president of the east, about 275, for refusing to abjure the Christian religion. The anniversary of St. Margaret in ancient times was a day celebrated with much festivity, many curious rites being performed thereon. The Star newspaper for June 18, 1890, contained the following sonnet to this saint, written on viewing Raphael's picture of her :

To St. Margaret.

Hail, saint ! whose form the pencil yet portrays,  
 Calling our minds to hallowed times of old,  
 When pastors grave, to guard their wandering fold  
 From prowling wolf, that on meek virtue preys,  
 Gathered their flocks on holy ground to graze.  
 By fountains pure, where sacred waters rolled ;  
 And when, at eve, the vesper bell had tolled,  
 Around their hopes the pen of faith did raise,  
 Inspire me to exhort our faltering race;  
 To strive with him, thou, martyred virgin, trod.  
 Then cheer thou, with thy form and tranquil face,  
 Christ's sheep, awaiting his directing nod,  
 Who, whylome, held on earth the heavenly mace,  
 And brought them back to their appeased God.

Wednesday, July 21.

*St. Arbogastus, Bishop died A.D. 678.—Sun rises 3m after 4—sets 56m after 7.*

July 21, 1838 —Expired his grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, æt 73 Dr. Sutton " was a man of mild but imposing presence. His voice was full and tunable: his elocution distinct and unaffected; his arguments well weighed; his words well chosen; his manner grave and simple; his learning accurate; his knowledge comprehensive; and his judgment sound. He spoke fluently and impressively on most subjects, even on those which might have appeared most averse from his general course of study."

Thursday, July 22.

*St. Vandrille abbot, died A.D. 666.—High Water 14m after 3 Morn—33m after 3 Evening.*

July 22, 1896 —Died at the advanced age of 80, Joseph Piazzi, the celebrated astronomer. He was born at Ponte, in the Valtelline, in 1746, and studied literature under Tiraboschi, and the physico-mathematical sciences under Beccaria, in the Calchi College at Milan; theology and mathematics at Rome, under Fathers Jacquier and Lesner. He afterwards professed those sciences at Geneva, Malta, Ravenna, and Rome, and became the colleague of Professor Chiaromonte, afterwards Pope Pius VII., who never forgot his friend. He was nominated Professor of Mathematics at the University of Palermo, in 1780, and completely re-formed the course of study. In 1797 he visited London; whilst he sojourned here he published a Memoir of the Solar Eclipse of 1788. In 1801 he discovered the planet Ceres, which led to the discovery of the other three Asteroids. Of this learned man Delambre used to say, that Astronomy owed more to Piazzi and Maskelyne, than to all other astronomers from Hipparchus downwards.

Friday, July 23.

*Sun rises 5m after 4—sets 54m after 7.*

July 23, 1868.—ORIGIN OF NEWSPAPERS.—It may gratify our national pride, says Mr. Andrews, to be told that we owe to the wisdom of Queen Elizabeth, and the prudence of Burleigh, the circulation of the first genuine newspaper, the "English Mercurie," printed during the time of the Spanish Armada; three of them, Nos. 50, 51, and 54, are preserved still in the British Museum.

Saturday, July 24.

*St. Kinga, Virgin, A.D. 1292.—High Water 30m after 4 Morning—36m after 4 Afternoon.*

July 24, 1766 —Expired George Vertue, a celebrated antiquarian and engraver; he was born in London in 1684, and buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. Many of the productions of Vertue are of the highest excellence, and even at the present day his portraits will bear comparison with those of our best artists.

Sunday, July 25.

SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

*Lessons for the Day—21 chapter Samuel, morning—24 chapter Samuel, Evening  
 St. James the Great.*

Our saint was the first victim singled out by Herod, the son of Herod Antipas, governor of Judea, to receive the crown of martyrdom, when he raised a persecution against the Christians in the year 44. St. James obtained the appellation of *Proto-Martyr of the Apostles*, from the circumstance of his being the first martyr of the twelve chosen disciples. His festival was instituted in the year 1089, and his emblems are a pilgrim's staff and a gourd bottle.

# The Olio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. V.—Vol. VI.

Saturday, July 31, 1830.



See page 65.

## Illustrated Article.

### THE SMUGGLER'S LAST TRIP.

Will had promised his Sue, that this trip, if well ended,  
Should coil up his hopes, and he'd anchor ashore;  
When his pockets were lined, why, his life should be mended;  
The laws he had broken, he'd never break more.

"Come, cheer up, Lucy, my girl; what's the fun of piping your tears aboard? Ha'n't I said it, and when did ever Jack Lawson make false entry in his log, in the matter of keeping his word? Come, belay, woman; you know as well as an Admiralty clerk knows his A B C, that this is to be my last run, and the coast's pretty clear into the bargain. The red-coats are some twenty miles to the south'ard, and on a wrong scent; we've got a good wind; my head is a good chart of this here coast on both sides, and your namesake will carry us across and back again afore morn; and by to-morrow's sunset

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we'll have you spliced to Will, and what more can you wish? So dry your look-outs, and give us a buss, and then we're off and back again for good."

"Yes, father: but don't you see the mist rising eastward, and the sun's casting an awful kind of unnatural glare on it? and don't you hear that long heavy boom? It bodes no good, and I'm terribly afraid we'll have a storm soon. I'm too much of a sailor's daughter, not to know something about the weather."

"Right enough there, lass, but I know 'twill not be worth mindin' afore eight bells o' the morning, by which time we'll be back. So, good night, and God bless ye till then.—What! not take a buss, Will?" (turning to a young man by his side.) "Why, blow me! if you don't look now as like a marine as ever I see'd any thing in my born days! When I was a younker, I'd never have thought of parting company with a pretty girl without a salute given and taken, but times are altering sadly; more red coats than ever. I should not be surprised but what, in the course of time,

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there'll be no such thing as a free-trader : but it is one comfort how so be, I shan't live to see it.—There—that's right, lad : take another : odd's unlucky :—

“ And now away to sea right merrily,  
With every rag now set so cheerily,  
Hoist! heave, and sail away ! ”

Of all the pretty maidens of Kent, (and they are not few,) Lucy Lawson was one of the prettiest. On May-day, who so often chosen queen as Lucy ? At fairs, her title was acknowledged and undisputed. Happy was he who could get her for his companion during the day, and his partner for the dance in the evening, though at the expence of loading her with ribbons, and all the other enchanting articles of rustic female finery, displayed by the itinerant traders assembled from all parts of the country, to the grand centre of attraction, Waldershare Fair. Alas, for Waldershare ! The days of thy glory are gone ! No more will the thought of thy one day's mirth and frolic gladden and cheer the heart of the lowly cottage maiden, and the honest and hardy peasant, through the twelve months' labour and toil ; nor will the pale mechanic, or close-confined shopkeeper, ever more taste the enjoyment of thy verdant lawns and noble avenues, enlivened by the presence of the young, the happy, and the free ! Thy last fair was held years ago. But let that pass. Though Lucy's claims to beauty were everywhere recognised, you could not have fixed on one single feature to which the term regular might be applied ; but there was such a lightness in her step, such glee in the tone of her voice, her hazel eyes were so arch, yet soft, and such a sweet dimple lurked round the corners of her lips, so pouting ripe and rosy, as if “ suing to be prest,” an half open with a slight smile, displaying teeth beautifully white—and then she had a countenance so glowing with health and happiness, and so small and neat a figure, that it was no wonder she was the cause of many a sore heart as well as head. Of all her numerous admirers, both seamen and landmen, Will Smith was the successful one. To him all the others had at last to give way. Will was as open, bold, and manly a young fellow, as ever put foot on salt water, and next to Lucy's father, was the best seaman and smuggler on the coast. Lawson was an old tar, who, from the time he could first handle a rope to the time of our story, had been a smuggler, and now, by dint of great success, as

well as skill, had become owner of the *Lucy*, one of the fastest sailing luggers that had ever come off the stocks, and so named after his daughter. Smith had always been looked upon by the old man with a favourable eye, and since Lucy had chosen him for her future commander through life, he had made him his mate. For a long time his daughter had used all her influence with her father to make him give up his mode of life, but till the time at which our story opens, in vain. He had now promised that this should be his last trip, and that henceforth he would live at home, and no more tempt the fortune and the peril of the free-trader. Lucy was dearer to him than all the world ; her mother had died in giving her birth, and she was to him all that remained of his first and only love. He was proud of her too, for Lucy was somewhat more educated than the rest of her companions, and had even at times tried her hand at spinning the yard of a very simple species of rhyme or ballad, to the great delight of the old man ; and now that she had chosen a sailor, and that he was going to see her happily married, who so well pleased as Lawson ?

In the greatest glee he took leave of his daughter on the present occasion, and started along the cliff, followed at some distance by Will, who had stopped to say something which seemed to interest him and his sweetheart exceedingly, from the close position which it brought them both into. He soon came in sight of his boat, which lay waiting for him in a small bay formed by the projecting of two headlands, while, concealed under the dark shadow of one of them, lay his far-famed lugger, the *Lucy*. Being now rejoined by Will, the two sailors descended to the beach, and found the boat waiting for them, cautiously kept by her skilful crew just on the outside of the surf. A wave of the hand from Lawson, and with one stroke of her oars, she ran her head on the beach, and a few moments placed her again in deep water, swiftly cutting her way towards the lugger, propelled by six pair of stout and willing hands. In a short time they were all on board, the galley hoisted in, and the *Lucy* standing gallantly across the Channel at the rate of nine knots an hour. The opposite coast was reached in safety, her cargo, which was ready waiting for her, was soon stowed away, and swiftly back again she came, favoured by the same strong sidewind.

A change, however, had taken place in the weather. The night had become quite dark, except to the eastward, where, on the verge of the horizon, a misty red light seemed to be dancing on the top of the waves, though, from the extreme distance, it could scarcely be told which was sea and which sky. Large heavy masses of dark clouds were coming rapidly up with the wind, while every now and then, some small cloud was detached from the main body, but was as soon scattered and dispersed by the force of the blast, which was rapidly rising. The long heavy swell of the sea, which had been prevalent during the fore part of the evening, had now assumed the appearance of arching waves, rolling thunderingly on, and breaking and re-forming every moment.

"I say, Will," began Lawson, who was holding the tiller, and anxiously watching the signs of the weather, "I'm blow'd but here's a pretty storm a-brewing. 'Tis coming on so fast, that I'm afraid we'll have to run to the south'ard, and that, I guess, is right into the teeth of the sharks, and be d—d to them!"—"I can't say as how I like it at all," replied Will, "'specially as them 'ere gulls are making such furious sail to the land; if them birds arn't the weather glasses, I'm a land lubber. But as for the matter of running to the south, why, I think 'twould be even better to run her right ashore, and take our chance; we may perhaps cheat Davy that way, but, by the other, 'tis all up with us."

"Belay there with your pipe, you young imp of the devil," roared out Lawson to an embryo free-trader, who was whistling most unconcernedly on the fore-castle, "or I'll make this rope and your back better acquainted. I wonder you haven't hoisted in more ballast in the article of sense since you've been to sea than to whistle in a storm. A pretty sort of a place you have sarved your time in, and be d—d t'ye, not to know better than that."

"Ahoy, there aft!" sung out a voice from the bow, where the lugger's lookout was stationed; "a sail rising seaward on the starboard bow! She's coming up right afore the wind, under reefed tops and a jib."

"I'm blow'd, Will, if I don't like this about as much as a stripped marine does the drummer! Who the devil can she be? Ahoy, there aft!—What is't now, lad?"

"The strange sail's hoisted her main,

double reefed, and has veered a point more to the nor'ard."

"By George, this is no joke now!—Take the glass, Will, your eyes are younger than mine, and see what you can make of her." "By heaven, Lawson, her hull's rising; she's a king's ship, as I am alive—Who the devil can she be? Strike my tops! but she sees us now, and here she comes with a vengeance."—"You're right, you're right, boy! We must clap on more sail, our spars will bear it, but it is d—d unpleasant to have this here nest of sharks flung in our way, when we'd made so sure of having the coast clear. All hands, ahoy! Let out another reef in the main, and hoist the foresail.—Are ye ready there, fore men?"—"Ay, ay!"—"Away with it, then! That's right, my lads. She's walking a little faster now, Will. Are we dropping her at all?"—"No, sir: she's let out another reef in her main, and hoisted her gaff with a single one." "Schooner rigged, then?"—"Ay, ay, sir."—"We must fight, then, Will; and if we've any luck, we may send one of her masts by the board; but she's too old I think to have any hope in her yawing. Clear the deck there, and out with the tom-pions; we may perhaps make our sixes rattle in a way she'll like about as much as nine-water grog on a banyan day. Knock the head out of that cask, and lash it to the main; there'll be enough of fighting water in't.—Are ye all ready now, every soul of ye?"—"Ay, ay!"—"Then listen, my lads, while I speechify a bit. You see we've but three chances. First, run, and so get clear off; second, fight, and beat them; third, blow ourselves and them to the devil together. We'll try'em all in turn, and now lie in, every mother's son of ye, and let not a gun be fired till I give the word."

The schooner was by this time within a mile of the smugglers, and had now altered her course so, that in a short time she would have run across the lugger's bows, and brought her whole broadside to bear on her; but Lawson was too old a hand to be caught in that way, and putting the tiller a little to starboard, the *Lucy*, in a moment, was running parallel with her foe.—"Ha! ha! old boy!" muttered the smuggler, "too deep for you this tack, I imagine. He's beginning to speak now, Will, and seriously too." A cloud of smoke rushed from the schooner's side, and a whole broadside of her shot passed harmlessly over the smuggler,



owing to her falling, luckily, in the critical moment, into the trough of the sea, while her antagonist was, at the same moment, raised on the crest of a wave. "See, Will, he's tired of this, and, by all my hopes, here he comes right afore the wind! Bring her a point more to the wind, Will, and we'll rake him. Steady, my lads, steady, for God's sake, wait till I sing out!" The schooner was now within pistol-shot of the lugger, never suspecting she could have any metal weight enough to harm her, and was just rounding to bring another broadside to bear, when Lawson, springing forward, sang out—"Away there, ye Lucies, up with the ports, and give it them cherrily, my lads!"

The ports were up, the guns run out, and fired by the eager and anticipating smugglers, almost before the words were out of their captain's mouth. The schooner shook to her very keelson, under the unexpected volley. Down came her foremast, her rigging was almost cut to pieces, and in a moment she lay nearly a wreck upon the waters, tossing ungovernably. The smugglers, taking advantage of her helpless state, soon shot far ahead of her, but not before Lawson roared out, "All hands ahoy there, and clear your pipes, and give us the *Lucy's* song; 'twill serve as grog, by way of a relish to their supper. You three musicians there, are ye all ready to make sail on it?"—"Ay, ay," answered three of the men, who, from their having rather good voices, with tolerable ears, had obtained that *sobriquet* from their companions.—"Heave away, then;" and instantly, with clear but strong voices, they struck up the following rude strain, which sounded far from disagreeable, especially in the chorus, given at the end of each verse, when the voices of the whole willing crew gave it with a cast peculiar to their own wild kind of life; and the lashing of the waves against her sides, and the whistling of the wind through her cordage, formed a not inappropriate accompaniment.

#### THE LUCY'S SONG.

##### 1st Voice.

And now begins the race, for the eager shark's in chase;

All hands do pipe, every sail to crowd;  
While the smoke from their bows in fiery volumes flows,

And their guns peal louder and more loud.

##### Chorus.

Let the world say what it will, if the truth is told,  
Happy is the life—the life of the smuggler bold;

We live and we laugh at the law;  
For how merry is the breeze, while we're bounding o'er the seas,  
In the teeth of the tempest, the wave, and the foe!

And we laugh, when we see how the cruiser's balls do flee

Far astern, astern, as we onward, onward go!

##### 2nd Voice.

The roar of the gun, and the crashing mast,

The sabre's flash, and the musket's ring,

Float slowly along on the soften'd blast,

With the shriek of the mariner drowning.

Let the world say, &c.

##### 3rd Voice.

But cheerily still from the mast

Our red flag flies free and fast;

And our ship so gay, that she cuts her way

Through the foaming sea, in her gallantry.

Bears us safe to shore, all our dangers o'er—

A band brave and free, 'scaped valiantly.

*Chorus in full.*

The song was finished; her sails were double reefed, her hatches closed, and all made snug to meet the storm, which by this time had almost risen to a hurricane. However, Lawson, confident in the sea-worthiness of his favourite, fearlessly kept on his way, and in three bells came off the harbour of D—, against the piers of which the waves were breaking so furiously, that they were nearly hid in a cloud of foam and spray. Many years ago, at the time when the events of our tale happened, the coast blockade was not established; and whenever the revenue officers wished to make a seizure on land, they were obliged to call in the assistance of the military, the tide of popular prejudice setting in favour of the free-traders, as they were generally called. This run the *Lucy* had little to fear from unwelcome visitors, the revenue officers being far to the south, on a wrong scent, as we hinted some time ago. "We're just in the nick of the tide, Lawson," said Will, "we'll clear the bar primely. A little more to the wind, eh?"—"Right, boy; in with that foresail there, and stand by to haul in every rag." The lugger appeared for a moment on the crest of a wave, was immediately lost in the spray, and next moment was in the mouth of the harbour in comparative safety.—"We'll make for the south side, I suppose, Lawson, eh?"—"Ay, boy, do. Come aft here, you young imp, and take the tiller; and now, Will, come forward. A keg of Nantz to a pound of granny's delight, I jump ashore first."—"I say, done."—"Keep her steady, you lubber, or I'm blow'd if I don't make a dead marine of your back."

They were now almost close to the quay. At that time, none of the houses

on the northern side, which now protect the harbour from the wind when in that quarter, were built. A fisherman's hut or two, formed of a wall half mud, half brick, with an old boat inverted for the roof, were all that then broke the dreariness of the prospect in that direction. "Come, Will, art ready?" cried Lawson, one foot on the gunnel, about to leap. "Ay, ay. Steady there, steady!" roared he to the lad at the helm. The latter, more intent on recognising his own friends among the crowd on the quay, than in attending to his duty, and hearing some command given, moved the tiller a little to leeward; a gust of wind tore the half-hauled-in sails from the hands of the men; her head yawed off to the wind. Lawson and Will sprung that moment, without seeing what had happened; their feet slipped, and they both fell into the water, between the lugger and the quay. At the cry of "the skipper and the mate overboard!" the lad lost all power in amazement, the tiller slipped from his hands, and at the very moment they rose above the water, the lugger, being no longer under controul, yielded to the wind, and was instantly dashed violently against the quay. A shriek of horror burst from the crowd. As quickly as hundreds of eager hands could effect it, she was moved from the place. Their bodies were soon found, but in a state too horrid to describe. An arm and hand of each were alone entire, firmly grasped together in the death-seal of friendship. They had been driven between two beams, which formed part of the frame-work of the quay.

Morning broke bright and joyously; the storm was over, and all nature seemed rejoicing in the change; but where was Lucy? She was sitting, gazing fixedly on the bed which contained the inanimate remains of those who were dearest to her on earth. The day advanced, but still she sat. One of her companions spoke to her. She turned her dewy eyes on her for a moment, took another long last look, then rose, and with an erect step walked out of the cottage, under whose roof she had passed so many happy years, and sat herself on the edge of the cliff, with her eyes wandering eagerly over the sea. The guiding light of reason had happily left her.

By the side of a brawling brook, running through a beautiful sequestered little glen, a still lovely face might be seen, every summer's eve, reflected on

the pure surface, as it bent seeking the water-cresses that were abundant in its bed. 'Twas Lucy. She recollected that her father liked them, and in the morning she might be discovered on the edge of the cliff, with her basketful hanging from her arm, still gazing over the sea. Alas! no more will her father's sail break the line of the horizon. Soon she drooped, and died. The tears of the inhabitants for miles round were the last proofs of commiseration for poor Lucy, the water-cress girl!

The ill-fated schooner that met the lugger that night was so cut up, that she yielded to the storm, filled, and went down at sea; and of that brave ship and her gallant crew, nought remains but an old man's tale.

*Edin. Lit. Jour.*

#### THE GUERRILLA'S FAREWELL.

Farewell to the home of my sires,  
Ye scenes of my childhood, farewell!  
I go to the red field of battle,  
Far away from my own native dell!  
I go to the red field of battle,  
To fight for fair Freedom and Spain,  
And as my forefathers once struggled  
For Freedom, to struggle again.

Farewell to the friends of my boyhood,  
Life's early companions, farewell!  
I go in the death-strife to mingle,  
To join in the battle's dread yell!  
I go in the death-strife to mingle,  
And if I am destined to fall,  
Still each of you rush to the onset,  
Undismay'd by the legions of Gaul!

Farewell to the bride of my bosom,  
Thou beloved one of all, oh, farewell!  
Since I go to deliver my country,  
Thy heart thus with grief should not swell.  
Since I go to deliver my country,  
From its fields its invaders to sweep,  
E'en, if in the contest I perish,  
I would have thee too proud far to weep.

Farewell to the child of my true love,  
First pledge of affection, farewell!  
Thy father goes from thee to battle,  
Where many an ancestor fell!  
Thy father goes from thee to battle,  
May his honour receive not a stain!  
And thou, when thou risest to manhood,  
Like him, fight for Freedom and Spain.  
*Unit. Serv. Mag.*

#### THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

*(For the Olio.)*

*Fenum habet in cornu, longe fuge.*

THE nineteenth century is characterised by events unparalleled by those of past ages; empires and nations have fallen, and the progress of their arts and arms have pointed out to future generations the path to political and intellectual greatness: but whether the great teachers and politic economists of the present age are inculcating those

doctrines which will be beneficial to the people in general, is a subject which requires the deepest consideration.

The promotion of universal knowledge and religious toleration are now very generally advocated by the representatives of our rights and liberties; they have lamented the gradual decay of the lower classes of society, and they have made many attempts to render them as happy and prosperous as they were when agriculture was the more immediate occupation of their lives. Our legislators have sagaciously perceived that where the resources of a country were adequate to the demands of the people, they must of necessity be in a flourishing condition,—and being so, quickly become the producers of wealth and the patrons of art. Now, this is an inference which needs no comment; but these “enlightened instructors,” thus sagaciously perceiving that where there was *matter* there must be *mind*, they have fully declared it to be their opinion, an opinion which is adopted from experience, that the presence of *mind* is the presence of *matter*, in other language, that a people, by their industry and perseverance, having possessed themselves of those resources their country affords, become intellectual; so any other race of people, although unblest with the necessities of life, will by *first* becoming intellectual, ultimately obtain all those treasures which are so conducive to the happiness and existence of society. Upon this principle mechanic institutes have been formed, and public lecturers harangue an ill-paid body of people upon physics and metaphysics; the cosmogony of the world and the destinies of its nations. This system of lecturing may call forth the erudite powers of the professor, and be sometimes adopted as the readiest means of explaining the intricacies of science, but how far it is conducive to the happiness and well-being of the labourer, is a problem that has not yet been solved.

If the object of these *savans* were to instruct the labouring classes in the more useful arts of reading and writing, and explain to them some mechanical properties, their efforts would then be meritorious; but, no—their minds are so impregnated with the sublime and beautiful, that they ever neglect the *utile* by their affection for the *dulce*. What avails their learned disquisitions concerning the heaven's luminaries, the earth's strata of the

Andes, or the exhumations of a thousand ages?—That the “progress of science” has not been so generally beneficial to the interests of the nation, is certainly evident from the very language of our representatives; they declare the provinces are in a state of decay, and the peasantry rebellious. Thus they exult at the progress of arts while they lament the wants of their countrymen. Should any reference be made as to the state of the people in former times, the errors and bigotry of the dark ages are discussed, and they very gravely assert that the people were never happy or contented till the time of the reformation: but it is notorious that the parsimony of Henry the Seventh and the lust of Henry the Eighth were eventually productive of greater injury to society than the avarice and superstition of the abbots and monks, who alleviated the distresses of the labourers of the soil by distributing among them a portion of the revenues of their monasteries. Even in the glorious times of ‘England’s Virgin Queen’ the country was described as swarming with mendicants, and the scene of every species of crime, when the poor laws were adopted as a dernier resort, to prevent that dissolution of society which appeared so rapidly approaching.

It may readily be inferred that the happiness of men does not depend upon the progress of science, for although a people whose physical resources are plentiful will become intellectual, no nation can ever become great or prosperous, if it adopts scientific pursuits, without having first possessed itself of resources adequate to its immediate support and future prosperity.

G.M.B.

### THE LONE MAN.

*For the Olio.*

ON one of the wintry days of last Midsummer, I was sitting at a parlour window, enjoying a train of thought suggested by the perusal of one of those emanations from Leadenhall Street, ‘yclept romances,’ when my reverie was disturbed by the appearance of a very Minerva-press looking sort of hero, who had taken his station at the opposite corner of the street, where he stood, as callous to the “pelting of the pitiless storm,” as the post against which he leaned.

The individual was enveloped in the folds of a large Spanish cloak. A broad rimmed hat, covered as much black

curly-hair, as a certain member of the *Ecclæsia Scotia* might envy. A prominent nose, black piercing eyes, and a pair of mustachios, which left his being in possession of a mouth a matter of conjecture—finishes a most incomplete description of the singular figure. He looked, indeed, like one of the “Misteries of Udolpho,” and seemed as though he had walked out of the “Castle of Otranto.”

The individual appeared for some time wrapped in deep thought, turning his eyes ever and anon over each shoulder, as if to make himself certain he was unobserved; suddenly he threw the skirt of his roquelaure from off his left arm, thrust his hand into his bosom, and grasped something concealed there. Again he looked cautiously around, and had nearly drawn forth the object of his anxiety, when a foot-step approached. In an instant his hand was released from his clothes—his cloak was speedily adjusted, and the individual walked, or I should say, strode away, betraying (to use an idiom of the late medical reports) “symptoms of considerable embarrassment.”

The strange conduct of the individual; his air of lurking caution, together with the wildness of his actions, and singularity of his dress, conspired to fill my mind with conjectures. Was he a thief meditating some plan of robbery? his noble mien, and patrician carriage, were negatives upon such an idea. Was he about to commit suicide? One would have thought that the corner of a street would be the last place he would have selected for such a purpose. My mind, however, clung to the latter conjecture, and I consoled myself by concluding that he had chosen a fitter spot for taking his last earthly farewell.

My meditations served to heighten my curiosity, and increase my desire to know the fate of the mysterious individual. What *could* he have had concealed in his bosom? Probably the miniature of his loved one—yes! he was in love. The settled melancholy which pervaded his countenance, and his deep and half-stifled sighs, proclaimed him the victim of a disappointed passion! Torn, perhaps, from his country—from all he held dear, he was about to end his days in a strange land!

These thoughts passing through my mind, excited such a powerful sympathy towards the unfortunate individual, that I resolved to follow him. But he had saved me that trouble—he

had regained his former *post*. His temper now appeared ruffled, and as two or three persons passed him, he threw after them a sullen and dissatisfied glance.

The rain now poured in such torrents, that the streets became perfectly clear. The individual was the only victim of the storm—he stood for some time immovable. At length, he cast an enquiring glance around, and having ascertained that no one was near, he proceeded as cautiously as before to explore the contents of his side pocket. I shall never forget his appearance at this moment. The rain giving a lank and grizzled effect to his long hair, and the wind catching the ample skirts of his immense cloak, as he drew himself up to his utmost height, added to the mental struggle depicted in his countenance, produced an effect upon his figure amounting to the supernatural.

At length, he became more calm—it was evident he had achieved a mental conquest—he heaved another sigh—placed his hand on his bosom, and plucked from it a ‘PISTOL!’ My conjectures now became certainties—self-murder was his undoubted object. I rushed out of the house to follow the suicide—he was gone. I stood for a second stupified. I looked down the street just in time to distinguish the skirt of the individual’s cloak as he entered a house. My eye remained fixed on the door as I rushed towards it. I entered and found myself in a pawnbroker’s shop! My feelings, like those of the persons whose business it is to witness accidents for the newspapers, were “more easily appreciated than described;” nor were they at all alleviated by the following sentence, uttered in the cockney vernacular:—“Can’t lend more nor three and sixpence upon this ere pistol.”

My dream was now exploded—my love-sick Spanish Don had degenerated into a penniless refugee; retaining, however, enough of the former character to deter him from letting every body see him enter a pawnbroker’s shop, or putting it in possession of every gossip, that he was reduced to the necessity of contracting a temporary loan.

W.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF PROFESSOR PORSON.

As the celebrated scholar, says Mr. Gordon, in his “Personal Memoirs,”

was a daily inmate in Lancaster-court, I had frequent opportunities of meeting him; and as I had no objections to a permanent sitting with such a man, I considered myself as rather a favourite. He would frequently pass an evening *en famille* with us, and while we were drinking a cup of Trinity ale, or brandy and water, he would make charades and conundrums for my wife.

It is surprising that a man of such extraordinary talents, has never found a worthy biographer among his many learned friends. A few sketches were given of him before his death in the Morning Chronicle, but little is publicly known of his earlier pursuits; though I am glad to learn that his intimate friend and associate Mr. Scrope Davies is preparing for the press some account of him and other literary friends. The adage—" *sapientes aliquando stulti*," was strongly exhibited in Porson. He took fits and starts of dissipation. At one time he would sally forth from his den in the Temple, and carouse with his friends for a week or two; after which he would shut himself up and disappear for three months.

I had invited him to meet a party of friends in Swane Street, where I lived, but the Professor had mistaken the day, and made his appearance in full costume the preceding one. We had already dined, and were at our cheese. When he discovered his error, he made his usual exclamation of a *whoee!* as long as my arm, and turning to me with great gravity, said, "I advise you in future, Sir, when you ask your friends to dinner, to ask your wife to write your cards, Sir, your penmanship is abominable—it would disgrace a cobbler. I swear that your day is written Thursday not Friday," at the same time pulling the invitation out of his pocket. A jury was summoned, and it was decided *nem. con.* "that for once the Professor was in the wrong," which he at length admitted. "Your blunder," I replied, "my friend, will cost me a beef-steak and a bottle of your favourite Trinity ale, so that you will be the gainer."

He sat on, "as was his custom in the afternoon," till past midnight, emptying every flask and decanter that came in his way. As I knew there was no end to his bacchanalia when fairly seated with plenty of drink and a *listener*, I retired *sans fucon*, leaving him to finish the remains of some half-dozen bottles, for it was immaterial to the Professor the quality of

the stuff, provided he had *quantity*. On my descending the following morning to breakfast, I was surprised to find my friend lounging on a sofa, and perusing with great attention a curious volume of Italian tales, which I had picked up in my travels. I learned that having found the liquor so choice, and the *Novelle Antiche* so interesting, he had trimmed his lamp and remained on the premises. "I think," said he, "that with the aid of a razor and a light coloured neckcloth, and a brush, I shall be smart enough for your fine party."

A pretty large company assembled in the evening, and Porson treated them with a translation (without book) of the curious tale which had excited his notice. So extraordinary was his memory, that although there were above *forty names* introduced into the story, he had only forgotten *one*. This annoyed him so much, that he started from the table, and after pacing about the room for ten minutes, he stopped short, exclaiming, "Eureka!—the count's name is Don Francesco Averani!"

The party sat till three o'clock in the morning, but Professor Porson would not stir; and it was with no small difficulty that my brother could prevail on him to take his departure at *five*, having favoured me with his company exactly thirty-six hours! During this *sedesunt* I calculated that he finished a bottle of alcohol, two of Trinity ale, six of claret, besides the lighter sort of wines, of which I could take no account; he also emptied a half pound canister of snuff, and during the first night smoked a bundle of segars. Previous to this exhibition, I had always considered the powers of man as limited to a certain extent.

For two months after this skirmish, I did not see the Professor, nor had he been heard of by any of his friends; but it seems he had been labouring hard at his Greek Lexicon for his college.

There is a curious trait of his *sang froid* respecting this important work. He had engaged to make a copy of this Lexicon, and had got *carte blanche* as to time and expense. During the summer months he had taken up his quarters with his friend Mr. Perry, at Merton, and when he had laboured for three years on it, his room caught fire, and destroyed all his papers. Mrs. Perry, on condoling with him on the irreparable loss he had sustained, asked him what he meant to do? "The loss, madam," he replied, "is I hope not

*irreparable*, I had got to *total*, I must now begin at the *beginning*, and go back to *alpha*." When he had finished his breakfast, he retired to another room, renewing his labours as if nothing had happened to disturb them.

I have heard him say, that though he had employed all the best type founders in England and Paris, he could not procure so fine a Greek character as the pages published by *Lascair's*, in 1476 at Milan, and the first Greek book that was printed. From that type he had formed his own beautiful writing.

### SPECKLED STOCKINGS.

(For the Olio)

At one period within our recollection, the absurdity of male costume triumphed over that of the females, but it must be confessed that the costume of the ladies is now by far the most ridiculous. Without speaking of the strangely shaped hats, and other *et ceteras* of female dress, we must be allowed to enter our protest against the horrible fashion lately introduced—we mean the wearing of *speckled stockings*. This is a positive abomination, an eye sore. Who can contemplate without disgust these horrible things, fit only for the legs of athletic men. Personal deformity has often been the origin of fashions; and in this instance, we suspect that some gouty-ankled Dowager has "brought up," as the phrase is, these unsightly stockings, for it is well known that they make an *ugly* and *ill-shaped* leg look to advantage by making it appear smaller. If the wearing of these leg-gings were confined to the old and deformed, there would be no cause of complaint, but we have been terribly chagrined at perceiving some very pretty legs encased in these unsightly stockings. What, is the beautiful and trim white cotton, or the jet black silk, to be usurped by these abominable hose? We have often heard the words, "Oh, these dark things *are washing*." Such an observation can come from no one but a slattern. The white gowns of the servant girls on holidays and Sundays have often been objects of merriment and ill-natured remark, but the sight has always been grateful to our eyes. Rarely, indeed, is vice and immortality associated with cleanliness, and this same white is a type of cleanliness. These observations may offend some, but we know that many will take

the hint and forsake this really disgusting fashion—a fashion which we hope to see banished for ever from England, a country whose females have been not less celebrated for their propriety of costume than for their modesty. Let our fair countymen discard this abominable foreign interpolation, and keep to their former elegant and becoming "hosen." We say again, the fashion is odious, and fit only for the *belles perdues* of the Palais Royal. J.

### ON THE DEATH OF GEORGE IV.

By H. Martin, of Worcester.

Scilicet omnibus,  
Quicunque terræ munere vescimur,  
Enaviganda, sive reges  
Sive inopes erimus coloni. HORACE.

The lingering struggle terminates in death;  
And he, who yesterday o'er Britain sway'd  
As proud a sceptre as was e'er obey'd  
By brave, enlightened freemen,—leaves his  
breath

To the Almighty Giver. You cold clay,  
How differs it from other men's? The gloom  
And dreary silence that await the tomb,  
Are his and theirs alike. A proud array,  
Princes and nobles, clad in sombre vest,  
Honour his cold remains beyond the rest;  
But all are equal in the grave, and wait  
The day when kings, and men of low estate,  
Shall quit, at the last trumpet, that drear abode,  
And meet their judgment at the bar of God.

### Tales of the Tapestry.

BY HORACE GUILFORD.

### ARMS AND AMOURS.

A TALE OF MALVESYN.

Continued from p. 62.

For the Olio.

Sir William de Hansacre was neither a cruel nor an implacable man, and the warm eulogiums of his dame, and the arguments of his son, (who, however, ventured not to hint his love for Margaret,) lessened in no small degree that hereditary antipathy which mutual injuries had so long inflamed. Meanwhile, days and weeks flitted away, and July was half over, when Sir Robert de Malvesyn set forth from his manor castle to join the standard of the King. It was a flaming morning on the 17th of July, 1403, which beheld the gallant train of De Malvesyn, swelled by many of his neighbours who made his house their gathering place, pouring through the huge gateway of that ancient hall. As banner after banner came gleaming into the sun from the deep and dusky arch, the Rougelays of Hawkward, the Vernons of Pipe, the Chetwynds of Ingestre, and many others, became con-

spicuous by their different cognisances, and the whole train moved on at a brisk pace towards the high bridges. Malvesyn Hall was a grand and gloomy pile of red stone, built round two cedars, whose solemn and heavy appearance consisted not so much in their extent, as in the extreme height of their structures, which was such as to render the approach of the sun in winter rarely admissible to their paved and turf squares; and in summer, it was only such as one might be supposed to obtain at the bottom of a well. It was, however, a gorgeous pile, rich in all the ornaments of deep machicolations, sculptured parapets, nobly arched windows, and bold turrets. The most remarkable thing, however, was a magnificent elm-tree in the centre of the inner quadrangle, which soared above the sombre piles that encompassed it, and waved at liberty in the winds and sun. A gothic fountain played beneath it, and around this court rose two tiers of cloister galleries, the lower arches being open, the upper latticed with deeply coloured glass. These buildings have been thus minutely described, as the sequel of the story is connected with them.

Thus, then, the high-born North Trentsmen passed forth from Malvesyn to join the King; the massive towers of the wide gate-arch, the broad and sullen waters of the moat, were soon exchanged for the luxuriant meadows, the Trent flowing within a bow-shot of the mansion, and the broad oaks, beneath whose shade the old anchorites Saxe and Guthmund had often wandered from their cells at Bly hburgh. Now no longer a forest, their great stems threw, at stately intervals, a spacious shadow over the thick grass,—while, undisturbed by the glistening cavalcade, the swallow started hither and thither; the superb dragon-fly sailed in the sun, the butterfly fluttered his damask wings, and the tawny bee plodded from the pink lychnis to the golden iris, sucked deep the crimson tufts of the clover flower, or sank murmuring on the lilac-tinted petals of the spotless meadow-sweet. The eastern screen of starthy head and style copp, still rang to their bugles,—when the head and chief of the Hansacredom, joined by many of the South Trent houses, and among others, the Astons of Haunch, the Corbets of Bromley, the Agardes of the Hermitage, and the Biddulfs of Helmhurst, were soon departing from the hilly abode of Sir

William, their purpose of joining the ranks of Harry the Hotspur being well known.

The young William had persisted in refusing to accompany his father, alleging the double ties which held him inactive, his unransomed captivity to the Knight of Malvesyn, and the generosity which released him so freely; had he added a *third* reason, he might have done it, and with good chance of its being deemed the *best*. Some say, indeed, that like Aucassin in the old Lai, he refused to go unless his father previously consented to his union with Margaret of Malvesyn, but this we deem a malicious fabrication. Certain it is, that with the earliest dawn of that eventful morning, he had risen, and after a dutiful leaves-taking, which Sir William received with much coldness, set forth on horseback, attended by the Ostrager, towards the fair hills of Beaudesart. His favourite falcon, a beautiful Tartaret, clasped his wrist with her long talons and stretchers, every now and then unfolding her long wings, and showing the red plumage that lined them, while her silver bells tinkled in the still air, and her velvet hood shone glossy in the sun. They had reached one of those wild glades of Brandesart, where the heather and the fern were rarely shadowed over by a solitary birch, or aged hawthorn; when William stopped by the green brink of a clear pool, though without any appearance of game—and having rested himself, to the great surprise of the practised ostrager, on a sunny bank of fern, began leisurely to take off the hood from his bird, and stroking her feathers, held her in the sun; the hawk immediately testified her pleasure by pruning and prinking her plumage, while the young Hansacre seemed lost in thought: but when, at length, he set her down near the gravelly shallow of the tarn, old Edwin the Ostrager would no longer forbear.

“Now, by the Saints!” he muttered at first, “he is surely distraught;—there was she up to her thighs in the basin of our mews yesterday, and the washed meat carefully kept from her, and lo ye here, when I myself know her to be fit for any flight, and when we have avoided both the rookeries and pryconries of Longdon and Brocton, and we come to the fairest haunts of the hern, the pheasant, and the hare—”

Here the bird, dipping her sails and

singles with evident delight in the clear water, and intertwining her long wings over her back made the old Ostrager break forth aloud—

“Why, Master William, you be not going to bathe her? Who ever heard of flying a hawk the same day she hath washed? And there she is, mantling and warbling as if we had come through all this sun to see the jade prune herself!”

William heeded him not, but sate playing with the silver varvels of the jesses on which his name was engraved.

“Poor bird!” he ejaculated, half aloud, “at what game should I fly thee, unless thou wouldst seize the heart of hare couched in this bosom? Poor jade, thou bearest with pride thy master’s badge, but couldst thou know the weak tamed nature of him whom thou obeyest, my softest voice would not lure thee back to my fist!”—*William, the son of William de Hansacre!*—yes, those are the characters, fairly graven. Oh, of what discord, of what degradation, are they the tokens! Shame on me! I should rather say, of what bliss would those idle words, *‘De Hansacre,’* strive to rob me,—and how blest am I, that they have hitherto interposed in vain! Yet my father left me in anger, and my mother wept at mine obduracy; alas, they knew not how my heart was pledged, and deemed only mine honour constrained! Still less can they tell my pangs, or how I feel my very soul torn between love and duty, or mine honour divided between gratitude to their foe De Malvesyn, and zeal for Henry Percy.”

As William spoke, a horseman—

“Bloody with spurring, fiery hot with haste,”

turned an abrupt angle of one of those steep hills which diversify the beautiful domain of Beaudesart, and was close upon them before his approach was perceived. The Ostrager was interrupted in his moody murmurs, William started from his reverie, and, with vain attempts to reclaim her, saw his scared falcon soar far away till she was lost in the woody regions of Cannock wood. It was his father’s Damoiseau, Thomas Agarde, whose foaming and panting steed, as well as his own bloodshot eyes and dust-soiled dress, spoke matter of fearful import. They were, indeed, the tidings of an earthquake that were brought to William amidst these sublime and beautiful

solitudes, where the sun had only seemed too bright, the turf too rich, the singing birds too happy, the deer too free, the woods too proud, and the waters too tranquil for his disturbed and imprisoned thoughts!

The rival families, with their respective companies, had met in the alders or brigg-meadow just above High-bridge. The mutual hatred of both parties had become ungovernable at the sight of banners which each had so often defied, and which, all knew, were destined soon to be more violently opposed. It was in vain the chieftains interfered; a dreadful slaughter ensued. Sir William Hansacre was slain outright; Sir Robert Malvesyn had passed on towards Shrewsbury; and the dying breath of his father had committed to William the charge of his pennon on the approaching scene of battle.

\* \* \* \* \*

The principal part of this eventful day was passed by Margaret and her sister in the beautiful oratory that extended over the great gateway of Malvesyn. The broad groined ceiling was richly coloured, and where the sculptured arches intersected each other, huge sunflowers hung their thickly gilded disks. It was surrounded by stalls of exquisitely carved oak, the growth of the neighbouring woods—a colossal angel of the same material stood at each corner, and a deep oriel of stained glass, representing the Resurrection, and having images on brackets on each side, mingled its gorgeous light with a wide arched window opposite, painted in all its flowery tracery with the family achievements. Here the Knight of Malvesyn, by special permission from Bishop Burghill, had service performed every day by his private chaplain, on condition that he repaired on the principal feast-days to the mother-church; and also appointed a fit confessor to give absolution from his sins, and enjoin penances.

The usual mass had been said, and prayers put up for the safety of Sir Robert; the priest had withdrawn, and the two ladies were deeply absorbed in private orisons, when a domestic entered, and announced that Master William of Hansacre had arrived in much disorder, and earnestly requested an interview with the Mistress Margaret. The sisters immediately arose, and summoning their women, descended to the great hall, where they found William of Hansacre, but



"So faint, so spiritless,  
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,"

that Margaret, with a faint scream, sank into a chair, while Elizabeth, equally astonished, but more composed, enquired the cause of his coming, and his unwonted agitation.

"I come," he answered, in a hollow voice, "I come for the last time, and with tidings such as should either choke my voice in uttering, or make these halls shake in hearing them! I come," he pursued, with forced firmness, "to announce that my father *is slain*—slain by the partisans of *your house*,—and that I part this very evening to join Lord Percy, to leave my poor mother a helpless widow in her hall, and," here his voice faltered, "to fight to the outrace against the Malvesyn and his bloody house!"

So great was the agitation of Elizabeth, that she did not perceive her sister had fainted, till William had caught her from her seat, and was hanging over her in all the desperation of conflicting feelings. Elizabeth immediately advanced, and with a stateliness of manner that ill accorded with her agitated tones, said,—

"Somewhat more of caution, for the sake of a poor maiden, to whose disorder the House of Hansacre hath already *too much* contributed, might have induced its representative to be less abrupt in these shocking tidings:—permit her sister, Master William, to relieve you from your present cares; the daughters of Malvesyn know how to bear the threats of a Hansacre, even when they proceed from *him* at whose hands *harshness* was the last thing they expected."

But William heeded her not, and continuing to support the lifeless girl in his arms, he muttered,—“Ay, thus it hath ever been with me; thus do I bring dismay and misery whenever I approach this dear, this fatal form! Ah, Margaret, the stroke my speech hath inflicted is mercy to the searing wounds which my love for thee hath planted in my honour and my heart. My slain father, my widowed mother, the bloody ghosts of the departed, and the mournful presence of those who remain in mine unhappy house, alike enjoin me to shun thee as I would a fanged adder; and yet how far dearer thou art than father or mother, let this agonised embrace, this pressure to a heart that, undone by thee, glories in being *so* undone, testify to all who claim thy kindred.”

To this impassioned burst, Elizabeth had no answer, and her sister, slowly reviving, and seeing in whose arms she was clasped—

“Oh, William, art *thou* here?—sure some demon hath been with us, and made thy name a mask for all that is deadly to thy poor Margaret!”

“Fie, sister,” exclaimed Elizabeth, “thou art forgetful what is due to the honour of thy family, and it is fit that I remind thee. These old unhappy feuds have terminated in the death of the youth’s father,—and Master William, little thankful that his sire hath escaped the deadly guilt of warring on his sovereign liege, parts this night to join the rebel standard, choosing to be in his own person the herald both of grief to thee and shame to himself.”

Margaret immediately left her lover’s arms, who stood covering his face with his hands, his breast heaving, and unseen tears trickling down his glowing cheek, and exclaimed—

“Shame! it would cease to be shame if its ensign were unfurled on William’s brow? Sister, you are mine elder,—you are prosperous in your love,—but yet have mercy upon me;—think, that if this approaching fight should leave Roger Chetwynd a bloody corpse, thou mightst have need of comfort from Margaret, whom thou chidest so harshly; and think how hard thou wouldst deem it if she refused those tears and consolations to thy sorrows, which she sheds and requires so beseechingly now?” and then the poor girl, bursting into an agony of grief, flung herself on her sister’s neck.

Elizabeth was now much affected. “What can I do?” she exclaimed, “or what would ye have me say? The young man hath told his fearful story—hath declared also his immediate purpose!—What are we two defenceless females to expect on either issue? If the rebels are defeated, our father will not listen to your sorrows, and if they win—”

“William of Hansacre,” interrupted the youth passionately, “will be the first to plead *his own* cause in *your’s*; will set free Sir Robert, unscathed in fortune or person, if *living*, and if *dead*, will assist in masses for his soul; and, if hereditary hatred find not a place in Margaret’s breast, will unite in everlasting amity the hostile houses of Malvesyn and Hansacre.”

Elizabeth shook her head, but Margaret, with revived colour and brightened eyes, exclaimed,—“Hear him,

dearest Elizabeth; that tongue never uttered falsehood!—my life for it, no ill will ensue, in spite of all these unhappy mischances, from the good-will he bears our father and his house.”

“Ah, Margaret!” said her sister, “our father and our house were little indebted to his *good-will*, were it not for that traitor *love*, which hath compromised both!”

“Yet hear me, Mistress Elizabeth,” said the young man, “for I have but a plain tale to show. My purpose is fixed immediately to join, with what additional force I may, the allies and followers of my poor father, in support of Mortimer. Thou, Margaret, wilt believe me at least when I say, that, if we triumph, Sir Robert’s safety shall be my first care; and, conquering or beaten, if I live, the only hope I shall cherish will be to call Margaret of Malvesyn my wife!”

The interview lasted but a short time after this, and William left Malvesyn with the most anxious blessings and prayers from Margaret, and no small degree of increased interest and complacency on the part of her sister. That evening he departed with about a dozen followers to join his adherents on the plains of Hartlefield.

*Concluded in the Supplement.*

#### A STAGE-COACH REVERIE.

THERE are few things that happen to us in life that affect us so strangely and so unaccountably as dreams. We retire from the busy scenes of life, to rest our bodies, wearied with toil and labour; and we cherish the hope, that the mind, free for a time from the numerous cares and trials which flesh is heir to, will also take its rest. But how often does busy memory conjure up the scenes of other days!—How are we carried over hill and dale, transported over sea and land, from the frozen regions of the Pole to India’s burning clime. In our moments of repose, we hold communion with those who have for years been exiled from our embraces, and even the dead become reanimated, and stand once more in our presence. Now are we riding triumphant on the boisterous wave, while we see many yielding to the spirit of the storm, and sinking amid the abyss of waters. Then we are plunged into a horror of great darkness, surrounded with dangers still greater than man ever yet encountered, and attacked by monsters whose similitude was never yet found on earth, nor

in the waters that are under the earth. Sometimes we are dwelling with the prisoner in his dungeon, comforting him in the time of affliction, and cheering his drooping spirits with the prospect of a day of liberation. At other times the mind takes a bolder flight, and disdains to associate with creatures subject to such sad reverses: we enter the palace of the sovereign, participate in the luxuries attached to royalty, and receive homage and respect from the noble and the wise. These are but a few among the many subjects that agitate or excite the mind when it is withdrawn from the bustling pursuits of life. We all know that there are many individuals who attach great importance to dreams, and their countenance in the morning is either cheerful or sad as their dreams have been favourable or adverse.

Without stopping either to censure or to praise, I shall proceed by stating, that it is one of these strange wanderings of the mind that I purpose to make the subject of narration. I had been absent from home and the endearments of the domestic hearth, fulfilling the duties of my station at a distance, when on my return, in order to reach home with the utmost haste, I became a passenger in one of those stage coaches that are to be found in every part of England. The passengers travelling the same road with myself were but three—an elderly gentleman in the garb of the respected Society of Friends, and a lady and her daughter. We began our journey at the commencement of the day, which passed pleasantly enough, as the ladies were inclined to make themselves agreeable. At the close of the day, however, the lady and her interesting companion having reached the end of their journey, sounded a retreat, and left us to enjoy each other’s society or not as suited ourselves.

I had not been long in this situation, when, tired of the monotony of the scene, and wearied with the labour I had previously performed, I fell fast asleep. How long I slept I do not recollect, but while entranced in the arms of Morpheus, my mind was carried forward to the home where I had left my chief treasure, and with whom I expected to enjoy sweet communion.—Alas! how vain are the expectations of mortals! how delusive are our hopes! The anticipations of my waking moments were to be mocked and disappointed when nature was seeking refreshment in sleep. The scene that had

shone so bright and clear was soon to be clouded with forebodings of a character sufficiently painful to harrow up the soul. From sleeping the transition to dreaming is natural. It seemed as I drew near the wished-for haven; that sickness had wasted the strength of her whose smiles had given me energy, and whose approbation was a sufficient reward for all my toils and dangers. Then I saw her languid frame lying upon the bed from which she was never more to rise,—the hectic flush upon her countenance, exhausted by fever, and gasping for breath. I heard her attendants whisper together, and their whispers threatening destruction to my hopes, almost chilled the life-blood at its fountain. Anguish entered into my soul. Then came the doctor to examine his patient. He stood at her bed-side declaring that art had done its utmost, the disease was gaining strength, the crisis had arrived, and that nature, wearied with the contest, must soon expire.—These expectations were speedily realized: the hour of dissolution came; the victim of disease sunk beneath its influence, and the loveliest of mortals, the kindest among women, ceased to exist. There she lay: she had been lovely in her life, but her former beauty was eclipsed by her loveliness in death, as if to render the separation more distressing. Her sudden transition from life to death did not affect me to the extent I might have anticipated; the truth is, she was not yet removed from my presence—she was still before me! I could again look upon her pallid cheek, and take that hand, now cold in death, that had so often been clasped in mine. I could still invoke her name, and imagine that sleep had only absorbed her faculties for a time,—that she would soon return to consciousness, and bless me once more with her smiles, her counsel and her love.

These delusions, however, had but a transient existence, when they were dispelled by the entrance of the undertaker and his companions, with the coffin that was to inclose her last remains. Then came the preparations for the funeral and the day of interment. I saw the corpse leave the house, followed by the tears of affection, and many a longing, lingering look was given as the procession went forward to the house of prayer. This mournful ceremony ended, and the funeral train approached the grave. There stood the hoary headed sexton, with his mattock in his hand, waiting with manifest im-

patience to complete his task. The clergyman proceeded with the service, and "ashes to ashes" had scarcely escaped his lips, when the sexton threw down upon the coffin a large lump of clay—it struck upon the plate, the sound was appalling, and thrilled through every nerve!—I thought it would injure the unconscious inmate who was now within the confines of that narrow house, which none shall quit till the trump of the archangel sounds. Nature had hitherto suffered in silence, wrought up to a pitch of desperation, I could restrain my feelings no longer, I stretched out my hand in an agony of weeping, and caught the old quaker gentleman by the nose. Awakened by this indecorous act of his hitherto sleeping companion, he cried out in an angry tone, "Friend, when thou hast sufficiently amused thyself with my nose, I will thank thee to return it to its proper owner."—I was now awake, the phantoms that had been so terrific in my dream were now dissipated, and I once more breathed freely. The coach had arrived at the end of its journey, and I parted from my companion, whom I had so unconsciously offended. Not being altogether free from apprehension, as my dream had made considerable impression on my mind, I hastened home. With a trembling hand I grasped the knocker, and all my forebodings were at once dispelled, as Eliza herself, lovely as ever, and breathing nothing but love and affection, stood before me, to welcome the absent and devoted lover.—All was now forgotten, and I soon took sweet revenge on those cherub lips, that had been so pale, so cold, and so tormenting, during the continuance of my dream.

### The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note Book.  
M. W. OF WINDSOR.

### ANIMAL CRIMINALS.

A singular judgment awarded in the beginning of the fifteenth century.  
(From the Journal de Troye et de la Champagne Meridionale.)

*Attestation of the Lieutenant of the Bailiff of Mantes and Meulan, of the expences incurred in the execution of a sow, that had devoured a child.*

To all to whom these letters shall come, Simon de Baudemont, lieutenant at Meulan, of the noble Jehan, Lord of

Maintenon, knight, chamberlain of our lord the king, and his bailiff at Mantes and Meulon, greeting:—Be it known that in order to execute justice on a sow that had devoured a child, it has been found necessary to incur the expences hereafter mentioned; that is to say, for expences within the gaol six sols. Item, to the executioner who came from Paris to Meulon, to put the sentence into execution, by the command of our said lord the bailiff, and of the king's attorney, fifty-four sols. Item, for the carriage that conveyed her to execution, six sols. Item, for ropes to tie and haul her up, two sols, eight deniers. Item, for gloves, twelve deniers, amounting in the whole to sixty-nine sols, eight deniers; and the above we certify to be true by these presents, sealed with our seal, and in confirmation and approbation of the above, sealed also with the seal of the castelany of Meulon, this 15th day of March, 1403.

SIMON DE BAUDEMONT.

#### EARLY LIFE OF HIS PRESENT MAJESTY\*

[The following strictly private letter, shewing the amiable manners and disposition of his present Majesty when serving in the Navy more than forty years ago, will be read with interest at the present moment. It was written while his Majesty was in command of the *Andromeda*, on the West India station, and was about to return home. In other respects, the letter will explain itself.]

MY DEAR MADAM.—His Royal Highness, Prince William, having done me the honour to say he would take charge of my letter, I write a few lines, though from my approaching confinement, writing is extremely troublesome to me; and as I am unable to say much, I will confine my subject to *great people*.—You will certainly be pleased to hear that the Prince lived almost wholly with us during his stay in this island, upon the most pleasant and easy terms to us, and often said they were the happiest four weeks he had passed in this country. His attachment to us was most flattering, and exactly of the sort to be wished by us, expressing in the warmest terms his approbation of my husband's professional conduct; and the utmost respect always accompanied his attentions towards me; indeed, from no man did I ever receive so much;

which I have the greater reason to be proud of, as a contradiction to the idea that his Royal Highness is unguarded in his conversation before women; but so far is this from being the case, his conduct was such as few people would believe who were not witnesses of it. You will readily believe it has impressed us with the strongest attachment to him. I have seen too much of the world to pin my faith upon the professions of any man; but should our connexion with the Prince end here, we should be most ungrateful not to hold ourselves ever under obligation to him, for the marked attention he paid us in all respects. He gave us his picture set in a ring. The infant, whose birth I hourly expect, is to be called "William Henry," by the Prince's particular desire, if a boy; and "Augusta" if a girl. His Royal Highness is very anxious it should be a boy, and so are we, on that account. Little Jane has lost a charming companion in the Prince, for they were kissing and quarrelling all day long.

Antigua, West Indies,  
April, 1789.

MARY S.

#### Anecdotaliana.

BEAUMARCHAIS.

It has been said of this author that he was the most *unfortunate* man that ever lived, having buried two wives and gained three law-suits before he was 30.

VOLTAIRE.

The author of the *Henriade* used to remark, that he had three kinds of friends,—the friends whom he loved,—the friends about whom he was indifferent,—and the friends whom he detested.

#### PRAYING SOULS OUT OF PURGATORY.

Cardinal Richelieu used to say, that it would take just as many masses to pray souls out of purgatory as it would take snow-balls to heat an oven.

#### ANOTHER "MARCH OF INTELLECT."

For the *Olio*.

"My Cat has just publish'd her *tail*,"  
Cried a wit, "have you heard of the news?"  
"Oh, no!" answer'd Jack, "but I've oft  
A specimen had of her *news*!"

G. T. E.

\* Court Journal.

## Diary and Chronology.

Monday, July 26.

*St. Anne, Mother of Our Lady.—Sun rises 12m after 4—sets 47m after 7.*

This saint was the third daughter of Mathian, a priest, by his wife Mary. She was married to Joachim in Galilee, and their virtues are highly extolled by St. John Damascen.

*July 26, 1680.—Anniversary of the death of the Earl of Rochester, a celebrated wit, in the profligate court of Charles II. This licentious nobleman, by a violent love of pleasure, and a disposition to extravagant mirth, involved himself in the deepest sensuality. By a disgraceful course of life, he wore out an excellent constitution before he attained his thirtieth year. Dr. Barnet, his biographer, says of him, that he lived the life of a libertine and an atheist, and died the death of a most penitent Christian.*

Tuesday, July 27.

*St. Congall, Abbot in Ireland.—Moon's First Quarter, 0h 14m Morning.*

*July 27, 1654.—Expired the Rev. T. Gataker. This learned man, according to Time's Telescope for 1829, was lecturer of Lincoln's Inn, and Rector of Rotherhithe, in Surrey. The following epigram, composed by himself, was discovered among his papers, and which the experienced Christian will well understand:—*

I thirst for thirstiness; I weep for tears;  
Well pleased I am to be displeased thus;  
The only thing I fear is want of fears;  
Suspecting, I am not suspicious.  
I cannot choose but live, because I die;  
And when I am not dead, how glad am I.

Yet, when I am thus glad for sense of pain,  
And careful am lest I should careless be,  
Then do I grieve for being glad again,  
And fear lest carelessness take care from me,  
Amidst these restless thoughts this rest I find,  
For those who rest not here there's rest behind.

Wednesday, July 28.

*St. Nisarius and Celsus, Martyrs.—High Water 40m after 6 Morning—5m after 7 Aftern.*

St. Nisarius was the son of a heathen priest, but his mother was a zealous Christian; Nisarius embraced her faith with great ardour, and preached the gospel in many places with a fervour and disinterestedness becoming a disciple of the apostles. He was beheaded at Milan, with Celsus, a youth whom he had carried with him to assist him in his travels, about 68.

*July 28, 1540.—Anniversary of the decapitation of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex. He had been raised from a low station, (being the son of a blacksmith at Putney,) by Cardinal Wolsey; and when his unfortunate patron was disgraced, he defended him with such spirit, generosity, and courage, as acquired himself great honour. Cromwell was accused of heresy and treason; but the real cause of his losing the favour of Henry VIII. was his having been the instrument of that capricious tyrant's marriage with Ann of Cleves; a measure which he imagined would have secured a continuance of his own greatness. Such is often the weakness of human policy!*

Thursday, July 29.

*St. Olaf.—Sun rises 14m after 4—sets 45m after 7.*

*July 29, 1820.—Expired Levin Christian Sander, a distinguished Danish writer, born at Ipslhee, November 13, 1756. He was the son of a tailor, and this circumstance, added to a weak constitution, was not peculiarly favourable to him; but he obtained the notice of the physician Trapp, and afterwards of Ehlers when at Kiel, where he continued till 1778. He then became a teacher at the institution at Dessau; while in this situation he wrote for several periodical works, and produced a romance that was honoured with the approbation of Wieland. Five years afterwards he went to Copenhagen, where he became tutor in the family of Count Reventlow; here he applied himself to Danish literature, and translated into German many of the best authors—Ewald, Rapbeck, Pram, Baggesen, Wessel, Storm, &c. Subsequently he wrote some original productions in Danish, among which is his tragedy of Niels Ebbensen; Eropolis an opera; and Hospitalet, a comedy: his last publication was a collection of Ancient Danish Ballads and Songs, undertaken in conjunction with Kunzen in 1816.*

Friday, July 30.

*High Water 45m after 8 Morn—25m after 9 Evening.*

*July 30, 1586.—One of the many murderous combats that the Streets of Edinburgh were famed for, is the following:—"On this day, according to Birrel, Sir William Stewart was slain in Blackfriars' Wynd by the Earl of Bothwell, who was the most famed disturber of the public peace in those times. The quarrel had arisen on a former occasion on account of some despicable language used by Sir William, when the fiery Earl vowed the destruction of his enemy in words too shocking to be repeated, 'sua thereafter encountering Sir William in ye Blackfriar Wynd, by chance told him he would now . . . and with that drew his sword; Sir William standing to his defence, and having his back at ye wall, ye Earle made a thrust at him with his rapier, and strake him in at the back and out at the belly and killed him.' Ten years thereafter, one Robert Cathcart, who had been with the Earl of Bothwell on this occasion, though it does not appear that he took an active part in the murder, was slain in revenge by William Stewart, son of the deceased, while standing inoffensively at the wall in the head of Peebles Wynd near the Tron.*

# The Olio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. VI.—Vol. VI.

Saturday, July 31, 1880.



## MEMOIR OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN ADELAIDE.

We feel confident that the readers of the Olio will require of us no apology for introducing in our present number the accompanying portrait of the Queen Consort of these realms. An authentic likeness of an illustrious lady, whose public and private virtues are so well known and appreciated, cannot but

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prove interesting. In every age the example of the court has been followed by society, from the highest to the most humble grade. Thus the profligacy of Charles the Second and his favourites gave a tone to the manners of every class of people within the reach of its contaminating influence ;

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while the habits and manners of George the Third and his Queen afforded a bright example to their subjects, and gave a check to vice and licentiousness. It cannot but be gratifying to learn that her Majesty has nominated to the royal household such ladies only as are well known for their virtue and strict decorum. These situations are now held by females, whose moral excellence as wives and mothers are well known. It will be unnecessary for us to expatiate upon the portrait here presented to our readers. The countenance of her Majesty is noble and intellectual, and though it cannot be pronounced strictly beautiful, it may with truth be said to possess that which Lord Bacon says surpasseth all beauty. But our present purpose is to give a short memoir of her Majesty, which we have drawn from the most authentic sources. Her Majesty is the daughter of George Frederic Charles, Duke of Saxe Cobourg Meiningen, by Louisa Elenora, daughter of Christian Albert Louis, Prince of Hohenlohe Langenburg. Her Majesty was born on the 13th of August, 1792, and baptized by the name of Adelaide Louisa Theresa Caroline Amelia. In the year 1803, her Majesty, having lost her father, who died at the age of forty-two, was with her brother and sister, (the present Duke of Saxe Meiningen, and the Duchess of Saxe Weimar Eisenach) left under the guardianship of her mother the Duchess, who was by her husband's last will appointed Regent of the Duchy and guardian to his children.

The excellent Duchess devoted her whole attention to the education of her children, and the happiness of the people intrusted to her care. The Duchy of Meiningen was too insignificant to attract the attention of the Emperor of France; it was left undisturbed, and its little Court uncorrupted; and its Princesses, when grown up, became celebrated for their exemplary conduct. Our late excellent Queen (Charlotte) had long kept her eye upon this virtuous family, which, flourishing like an Oasis in the great desert of corrupted Germany, had attracted much of her regard and attention; and, when she judged it prudent that the Duke of Clarence should marry, strongly pressed upon his attention the Princess of Meiningen. A marriage between the illustrious parties was the result, which took place at Kew, on the 11th of July, 1818, at

which time the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, which had previously taken place in Germany, was solemnized according to the rites of the Church of England. Soon after the ceremony, the Duke and Duchess of Clarence went to Hanover, where they remained till the spring of 1819. In the month of March that year, her Royal Highness was delivered of a seven-months child, which expired soon after its birth, and was interred in the Royal vault at Hanover. Shortly after her recovery the Duke and Duchess visited Meiningen, where they spent six weeks, amidst the rejoicings of the inhabitants at their coming among them. In October, 1819, they left Meiningen, on their return to England, and the Duchess, who was again pregnant, probably owing to the fatigue of the journey, had the misfortune of suffering a miscarriage at Dunkirk. After her recovery the Duke and Duchess spent six weeks at Walmer Castle, where her health was restored, and they spent the winter in London; after which they took up their permanent residence at Bushy. Her Royal Highness again gave premature birth to a Princess, who however appeared likely to live, and, at the desire of his late Majesty, was baptized Elizabeth; but when about three months old it was seized with a fatal illness, and expired in a few hours. Within six months after that event her Royal Highness suffered another miscarriage; and no change in her Majesty's state has been since announced.

The Queen is now only in her thirty-eighth year, and may yet become the mother of sons and daughters. Her Majesty's health is better than it has ever been, and though we have no reason to believe the report lately promulgated, we know of no cause why it should not be so. His Majesty is in the enjoyment of good health, and of a sound and vigorous constitution; he is younger at sixty-five than some men are at fifty. The regular and secluded life which he has led for many years, only interrupted by his short official labours at the Admiralty, and the anxiety and attention with which all his ailments have been watched and counteracted by his intelligent and acute domestic physician, have almost entirely removed the asthmatic attacks to which his Majesty was formerly subject, and his constitution has become strengthened and greatly invigorated.

Her Majesty Queen Adelaide pos-

sesses a decided taste for music, and, as Duchess of Clarence, patronized Hummell's last concert; but, owing to the late king's illness, she did not attend. The Duchess, however, sent for the professor a few days afterwards to Bushy Park, and bestowed upon him substantial marks of her patronage.

Her Majesty Queen Adelaide is extremely charitable, and has long been a blessing to the poor round Bushy Park.

#### ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF HIS LATE MAJESTY AND THE VETERAN OF MINDEN.

In the year 1811, the late King, when Regent, accompanied the Duke of York to review the garrison at Colchester, commanded by Lieut. General Montgomerie, under the orders of the General of the district, the Earl of Chatham.

Among the multitude of spectators on this occasion, was a veteran cornet of dragoons, in his 94th year, who had served as a private at the battle of Minden, in a regiment of horse, and had the honour of holding his Majesty's stirrups (George II.) as one of his orderlies, when the king dismounted after the victory. This trooper (whose name the writer of this article has forgotten) having distinguished himself on various occasions, was on this day rewarded with a standard; and on the peace, retired on the half-pay of a cornet, and took up his residence at Colchester, where he had lived for more than half-a-century, and "passing rich with forty pounds a-year." He was much respected by his fellow citizens, and noticed by the officers composing the large garrison. He had expressed an ardent desire to have a sight of the Prince Regent and his royal brother, and to witness the review, in which he was gratified, the General having furnished him with a quiet horse, and placed him in a situation where he could see the review with advantage. Equipped in the uniform of his old corps, he made a most prominent figure on an old, steady, full-tailed charger; and when the royal party and the staff advanced, after the general salute, from the centre to the right of the line, "the horse and his rider" might be seen galloping along the front (with the staff) with all the vigour of their early days, and the veteran as erect in his seat as he had been in the battle of Minden.

The hero did not fail to attract the

Regent's eye, who, on enquiry, learned his history from the General. His Royal Highness desired that the veteran might be presented to him, when the Prince entered into conversation with him, and listened with much complacency to the old warrior's simple narrative of his services, in which "the honour of having been the King's orderly, and of holding his Majesty's stirrup," formed the most prominent part. He had, thirty years ago (he said) the happiness of seeing his Majesty George III. at a review on Wimbledon Common; he would now die satisfied, by the gratification he had this day received.

The Regent asked him if he had any other means of supporting his old age, than his half-pay? "No, Sir, but I am very comfortable, and I have many kind friends; but if your Royal Highness would be graciously pleased to give directions that I may be supplied with a subaltern's allowance of coals from the barracks, I should then want for nothing." His Royal Highness smiling at this modest request, replied, "I shall take care that you are supplied with an article so necessary to old age;" at the same time giving directions to one of his *Aides de-Camp* to put him in mind of this; but the amiable Prince required no such memorandum, for the following morning he desired the veteran might be summoned to his presence, when his Royal Highness not only directed that a captain's allowance of coals and candles might be furnished him by the barrack-master, but presented him with a purse containing 100 guineas, and assuring him that a similar sum should be annually allowed him during his life. He lived nearly four years to enjoy this truly royal bounty, and in the most perfect health; and was now able to drink a couple of glasses of port daily to the health of his benevolent royal master. He had hitherto worn his uniform *twice* a-year, viz. on the King's birth-day, and the anniversary of the battle of Minden. It had now another annual airing—on the 12th of August, when a whole bottle was consumed. The veteran died in 1814, and the writer of this narrative (who witnessed his interview with the King) learned that he was honoured with a military funeral. *Court Jour.*

#### DOCTOR JOHNSON.

WHEN the learned doctor passed through Cullen on his celebrated tour.



the parson of the parish, the Rev. James Grant, an intelligent man waited on him, offering his services as cicerone, and mentioning "that this glen contained many noble trees," but the doctor had already written in his journal: "A tree might be a show in Scotland, as a horse in Venice." The truth is, that the learned critic had traversed the plains of Buchan by the coast, a distance of forty miles, where no tree will grow higher than the wall that shelters it; but at Cullen the climate is quite different, from its not being exposed to the east winds, and in no part of the island will trees thrive better than on the coast of the Murray Firth: at Cromarty, they grow on the very verge of the sea. At Gordon Castle, the whole tribe of laurel, arbutus, laurastina, &c. are as vigorous as at Mount Edgumbe. But to return to the doctor, after visiting Cullen House, where he was gratified by the sight of a fine library; he proceeded through the grounds to the high road, and as he passed the glen, he put down the blinds of the carriage, under pretence that he was incommoded by the sun, skulked in the corner, and shut his eyes that he might not see "the vegetable decoration." This is at least the report I had from the parson's mouth thirty years after. In giving this anecdote, I do not wish it to be supposed that I join in the hue and cry "made by my countrymen," that the biographer has written a libel on Scotland; on the contrary, I think his tour is often flattering and complimentary to the nation, although he has occasionally, in moments of spleen, or perhaps in a playful mood, with his friend Bozzy, indulged in satirical remarks on the poverty of Scotland and its inhabitants.

*Gordon's Personal Memoirs.*

THE SEAMAN.

*From the Danish of Ewald.*

A seaman with a bosom light,  
He can lack money never.  
Loss sharps for gain his appetite,  
And poverty's to him a sight,  
Which cannot last for ever.

When plunder'd by his friend, the main,  
And set on heavy trial,  
He laughs, and what from him she's ta'en  
Ten-fold makes her restore again,  
And will have no denial.

The sea he saddles, bold of mood,  
Where'er his heart it pleases,  
And high upon the billows rude,  
To distant coasts, with gold bestrew'd,  
He canters 'fore the breezes.

When rich as e'er he craves to be,  
And as the richest merry,  
He hoists sail on his good sail-tree,  
And hastes, with sport and song and glee,  
Back to his bosom's dearie.

*Tales of the Tapestry.*

BY HORACE GUILFORD.

ARMS AND AMOURS.

A TALE OF MALVESYN.

Concluded from p. 77.

*For the Olio.*

HE had not been gone above a day or two, when all that disorder and violence attendant on the absence of the lords of the district began to manifest themselves in the domains of Malvesyn and Hansacre. Marauders on both sides mutually infested the territories where women only commanded. It was only a few days before the battle of Shrewsbury, that the lady of Hansacre had been compelled to fly from the feudal hall of her husband, before a band of North Trent outlaws, who had attacked the lands of the Hansacredom, and were with so much difficulty repulsed from the mansion itself, that her faithful but thinned garrison besought their mistress to seek a securer refuge in the secluded glens and woodlands of the venerable Croxden Abbey. Thither accordingly the widow of Sir William repaired, and was for some time a sojourner. Ever of a religious tendency, her mind became calmed in that calm retreat, and, as she passed its echoing solitudes, wandered through its long cloisters, eyed the dismal light struggling through its tall lancet windows, or listened to the wind, that sighed heavily up its deep glens, mingled with the voices of the choir, and the sacred swell of the organ, a heavenly quiet stole upon her heart, and those tears that she shed for the loss of her husband were assuaged by prayers full of hope for the safe return of her son.

The ladies of Malvesyn still held their father's house, and though frequent attacks of similar marauders led them to anticipate danger in their stay, yet the high-souled damsels had so far won the hearts of their few retainers, and so powerful were the defences of their abode, that no material cause of alarm had hitherto occurred. One night, however, as Margaret and her sister were pacing the cloisters round the inner quadrangle, and after vain attempts at mutual encouragement, heard only the echo of their footsteps, or

marked the high moon scattering silver through the huge elm-leaves, on the carved and spangled fountain below,—a sudden crash of the painted windows in the upper gallery, and the glare of a hundred torches, accompanied by shouts and trampling of armed men, roused them from their reverie. A band of South Trent plunderers had corrupted one of the porters; a postern leading by steps on the outside of the building to the higher apartments had been forced, and the deep quadrangles now fumed with the smoke and glittered with the flame of the invaders' torches. Numbers poured down into the inner court; and the daughters of De Malvesyn only forgot their own fearful situation in the groans of their faithful vassals who were perishing around.

On a sudden a new tumult arose. The war-cries of Malvesyn and Hansacre, till then never heard in unison, thrilled through the torch-light courts. The ruffians immediately rushed to the outer quadrangle; and, ere ten minutes had elapsed, amidst redoubled shouts, groans, and clang of arms, Elizabeth saw her sister clasped in the arms of a stately knight, whose curtailed pennon proclaimed him a *Banneret*,—a rare reward conferred, in general, only for superior acts of valour, for long service in the field, and on leaders of a numerous train. It was, however, no other than William of Hansacre, who, while fighting with incredible bravery on the rebel side, had the good fortune to save King Henry's life by interposing between him and a party of Scotchmen, at the very moment when he was beaten down and lay at the mercy of their uplifted battle-axes. He had been subsequently taken prisoner amidst the entire rout and vast slaughter of the rebels. Meanwhile, Sir Robert de Malvesyn, mortally wounded in the battle, had been visited in his tent by the Prince of Wales,—to him the knight had, with his last breath, confided the story of the family feuds, and the love passages between Margaret and young Hansacre, and implored the gallant Harry, as the sole recompense for his services and death in his father's cause, to use his influence with the King in restoring the heir of Hansacre if he survived, and healing their quarrels by the union of the houses.

The rest is soon told:—King Henry recognised in the youthful prisoner the man to whom he owed his life, and not

only dismissed him ransomless, but, by an unusual exercise of his prerogative, immediately made him a banneret, released his captive followers, summoned them to his presence with those of the Malvesyns who survived, and presented him to both parties as the preserver of his sovereign, and the future bridegroom of the co-heiress of Malvesyn. The corpse of the slain Sir Robert was committed to his care, and the banners of Malvesyn and Hansacre for the first time waved side by side over the escort that conducted it into Staffordshire. Rumours of the disturbances on the Trent banks had made them proceed homeward with forced marches; and their united forces had slain and captured the greater part of the handitti, ere the dead body of the last De Malvesyn was placed on his bier in the mansion of his forefathers.

\* \* \* \* \*

On that night twelvemonth the proud chambers of Hansacre Hall rang with festivity; its carved bays and porches, its broad moat and ancient trees were ruddied with festive light, when Sir William withdrew with his bride from the gay throng on the terrace which commanded the broad vald of Trent. The moon rode through a cloudless sky, the night gale wafted the merry peals from the steeples of Longdon, of Malvesyn, of Rougeley, and the Hermitage. The hall clock glittered in the beam that silvered at the same time the banner over its tower, where the *Chess-rooms* were impaled with the *Bindlets*. William and Margaret were pacing in '*converse sweet*' the shadowed walk that looked over the lovely scent, when they encountered a Blythburgh monk who had been summoned to the bridal, and was gazing wistfully on the fair planet.

"Just as brightly," he murmured, "did she shine, just as peaceful did yon beauteous landscape look on that fatal night at the Briggmulin, when the tranquil orisons they inspired in my soul were chased away in an instant by visions of grief and horror."

"And yet, father," said William, leading his wife towards him, "on that night was first unravelled the clue that hath led two families, with all their dependencies, from ceaseless and bloody animosities to the league of inviolable peace. Pray Heaven, father, that the dews of blood, which sullied that soft moonlight, may produce a rich harvest of welfare and good will to the reconciled antagonists of Malvesyn and Hansacre!"

## STORY OF ADAM SCOTT,

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

(Continued from p. 52.)

To Carlisle he was taken and examined, and all his money taken from him, and given in keeping to the Mayor, in order to be restored to the rightful owners; and witnesses gathered in all the way from Yorkshire, such as the tall man named;—for as to all that Adam told in his own defence, his English judges only laughed at it, regarding it no more than the barking of a dog. Indeed, from the time he heard the tall man's evidence, whom he felled first, he lost hope of life. That scoundrel swore that Scott had knocked them both down and robbed them, when they were neither touching him nor harming him in any manner of way. And it seemed to be a curious fact, that the fellow really never knew that Scott had been attacked at all. He had neither heard nor seen when his companion struck the blow, and that instant having been knocked down himself, he was quite justifiable in believing that, at all events, Scott had meant to dispatch them both. When Adam related how this happened, his accuser said he knew that was an arrant lie; for had his companion once struck, there was not a head which he would not have split.

"Aha! it is a' that ye ken about it, lad," said Adam, "I fand it nae mair than a rattan's tail! I had baith my night-cap an' a flannen sark in the crown o' my bannet. But will ye just be sae good as tell the gentlemen wha that companion o' yours was; for if ye dinna do it, I can do it for you. It was nae other than Ned Thom, the greatest thief in a' England."

The Sheriff here looked a little suspicious at the witnesses; but the allegation was soon repelled by the oaths of two, who, it was afterwards proven, both perjured themselves. The Mayor told Scott to be making provision for his latter end; but, in the mean time, he would delay passing sentence for eight days, to see if he could bring forward any exculpatory proof. Alas! lying bound in Carlisle prison as he was, how could he bring forward proof? For in those days, without a special messenger, there was no possibility of communication; and the only proofs Adam could have brought forward were, that the men forced themselves into his company, and that he had as many sheep in his possession as accounted for the whole of the money. He asked in

Court if any person would go a message for him, but none accepted, or seemed to care for him. He believed seriously that they wanted to hang him for the sake of his money, and gave up hope.

Always as Adam sold one drove of sheep after another in Yorkshire, he despatched his drivers home to Scotland, and with the last that returned, he sent word of the very day on which he would be home, when all his creditors were to meet him at his own house, and receive their money. However, by the manoeuvres of one rascal, (now one of his accusers,) he was detained in England three days longer. The farmers came all on the appointed day, and found the gudewife had the muckle pat on, but no Adam Scott came with his pockets full of English gold to them, though many a long look was cast to the head of the the Black Swire. Then came the next day, and the next again, and they began to fear that some misfortune very serious had befallen to their friend.

There was an elderly female lived in the house with Scott, called Kitty Cairns, who was aunt either to the goodman or the goodwife, I have forgot which; but Auntie Kitty was her common denomination. On the morning after Adam Scott was taken prisoner, this old woman arose early, went to her niece's bedside, and said,

"Meggification, hinny! sic a dream as I hae had about Ailie!—an' it's a true dream, too! I could tak my aith to every sentence o't—ay, an' to ilka person connectit wi't, gin I saw him atween the een."

"Oh, auntie, for mercy's sake haud your tongue, for you are garring a' my heart quake! Ower weel do I ken how true your dreams are at certain times!"

"Ay, hinny! an' did you ever hear me say that sic an' sic a dream was true when it turned out to be otherwise? Na, never i' your life. An' as for folk to say that there's nae truth in dreams, ye ken that's a mere meggification.—Weel, ye shall hear; for I'm no gaun to tell ye a dream, ye see, nor aught like ane, but an even-down true story. Our Ailie was sair pinched to sell the hinderend o' his sheep, till up comes a braw dashing gentleman, and bids him a third mair than they were worth, wi' the intention o' paying the poor simple Scotchman in base money. But, aha! let our Ailie alane! He begoud to poize the guineas on his tongue, an' feint a ane o' them he wad hae till they

were a' fairly weighed afore a magistrate : and sae the grand villain had to pay the hale in good sterling gowd. This angered him sae sair that he hired twa o' his ruffians to follow our poor Aidie, and tak a' the money frae him. I saw the hail o't, an' I could ken the twa chaps weel if confrontit wi' them. They came to him drinkin' his ale. They rade on an' rade on wi' him, till they partit roads, an' then they fell on him, an' a sair battle it was ; but Aidie wan, and felled them baith. Then he fled for hame, but the English pursued, an' took him away to Carlisle prison ; an' if nae relief come in eight days, he'll be hanged."

This strange story threw the poor goodwife of Kildouglas into the deepest distress ; and the very first creditor who came that morning, she made Auntie Kitty repeat it over to him. This was one Thomas Linton, and she could not have repeated it to a fitter man ; for, though a religious and devout man, he was very superstitious, and believed in all Auntie's visions most thoroughly. Indeed, he believed farther ; for he believed she was a witch, or one who had a familiar spirit, and knew every thing almost either beneath or beyond the moon. And Linton and his brother being both heavy creditors, the former undertook at once to ride to the south, in order, if possible, to learn something of Adam Scott and the money ; and, if he heard nothing by the way, to go as far as Carlisle, and even, if he found him not there, into Yorkshire. Accordingly, he sent a message to his brother, and proceeded southward ; and, at a village called Stanegirthside, he first heard an account that a man called Scott was carried through that place on the Friday before, to Carlisle jail, accused of robbery and murder. This was astounding news ; and in the utmost anxiety, Linton pressed on, and reached Carlisle before the examination concluded, of which mention was formerly made ; and when Adam Scott asked through the crowded court, if any present would go a message for him into Scotland for a fair reward, and all had declined it, then Thomas Linton stepped forward within the crowd, and said,— " Ay, here is ane, Adam, that will ride to ony part in a' Scotland and England for ye ; ride up to Lunnon to your chief in the House o' Lords, afore thae English loons shall dare to lay a foul finger on ye !—An' I can tell you, Mr. Shirra, or Mr. Provice, or whatever ye be, that you are gaun to get yoursell into a grand

scrape, for there never was an honest man breathed the breath o' life than Adie Scott."

The judge smiled, and said he would be glad to have proofs of that ; and, for Linton's encouragement, made the town-clerk read over the worst part of the evidence, which was very bad indeed, only not one word of it was true. But Linton told them, he cared nothing for *their* evidence against a Scot ; " for it was weel enough kend that the Englishers were a' grit leears, an' wad swear to ony thing that suited them ; but let him aince get Adam Scott's plain story, an' *then* he wad ken how matters stood."

He was indulged with a private interview, and greatly were the two friends puzzled how to proceed. The swindler, who really had bought the last ewes from Scott, had put a private mark upon all his good gold to distinguish it from his base metal, and made oath that all the gold was his ; and that he had given it to his servant, whom Scott had robbed, to buy cattle for him in Scotland. The mark was evident ; and that had a bad look : but when Scott told the true story, Linton insisted on the magistrate being summoned to Court, who saw that gold weighed over to his friend. " And I will mysell tak in hand," said he, " not only to bring forward all the farmers from whom Scott bought the sheep, but all the Englishmen to whom he sold them ; an' gin I dinna prove him an honest man, if ye gie me time, I sall gie you leave to hang me in his place."

The swindler and robber now began to look rather blank, but pretended to laugh at the allegations of Thomas Linton ; but the Scot set up his birses, and told the former that " he could prove, by the evidence of two English aldermen, who saw the gold weighed, that he had paid to his friend the exact sum which he had here claimed ; and that, either dead or alive, he should be obliged to produce the body of the other robber, or he who pretended to have been robbed, to show what sort of servants he employed. " I'll bring baith noblemen and lawyers frae Scotland," added he, " who will see justice done to so brave and so worthy a man ; an' if they dinna gar you skemps take his place, never credit a Scot again."

Adam Scott's chief being in London, and his own laird a man of no consequence, Linton rode straight off to his own laird, the Earl of Traquair, travelling night and day till he reached him. The Earl, being in Edinburgh, sent for

a remarkably clever and shrewd lawyer, one David Williamson, and also for Alexander Murray, Sheriff of Selkirkshire, and to these three Linton told his story, assuring them, that he could vouch for the truth of it in every particular; and after Williamson had questioned him backwards and forwards, it was resolved that something should instantly be done for the safety of Scott. Accordingly, Williamson wrote a letter to the Mayor, which was signed by the Earl, and the Sheriff of Scott's county, which letter charged the Mayor to take good heed what he was about, and not to move in the matter of Scott till Quarter-session day, which was not distant, and then counsel would attend to see justice done to a man, who had always been so highly esteemed. And that by all means he (the Mayor) was to secure Scott's three accusers, and not suffer them by any means to escape, as he should answer for it. The letter also bore a list of the English witnesses who behaved to be there. Linton hastened back with it, and that letter changed the face of affairs mightily. The grand swindler and the tall robber were both seized and laid in irons, and the other, also, was found with great trouble. From that time forth there remained little doubt of the truth of Scott's narrative; for this man was no other than the notorious Edward Thom, who had eluded the sentence of the law both in Scotland and England, in the most wonderful manner, and it was well known that he belonged to a notable gang of robbers.

It is a pity that the history of that interesting trial is far too long for a winter-evening tale, such as this, though I have often heard it all gone over;—how Williamson astonished the natives with his cross questions, his speeches, and his evidences;—how confounded the mayor and aldermen were that they had not discerned these circumstances before;—how Thom, at last, turned king's evidence, and confessed the whole;—how the head swindler was condemned and executed, and the tall robber whipped and dismissed, because he had in fact only intended a robbery, but had no hand in it;—and, finally, how Scott was released with the highest approbation; while both magistrates and burgesses of ancient Carlisle strove with one another how to heap favours on him and his friend Thomas Linton. There were upwards of two hundred Scottish yeomen accompanied the two friends up the Esk, who had all been

drawn to Carlisle to hear the trial, and there is little doubt, that, if matters had gone otherwise than they did, a rescue was intended.

Why should any body despise a dream, or any thing whatever in which one seriously believes? *Blackwood's Mag.*

## THE DREAM OF A BOOKWORM.

*For the Olio.*

Concluded from p. 58.

ACCORDINGLY Oates, having provided himself with a warrant, repaired one morning with his satellites to the chambers of the young templar and commenced a rigid search. Not a single nook in the apartment escaped their scrutiny. Every thing was turned topsy turvy, but nothing was found to excite suspicion. At length I was found in the library, and handed to Oates for his inspection. I saw the eye of the informer glisten with expectation but his countenance fell when Oates, who understood French, pronounced me to be any thing but "idoltrous and damnable." They soon quitted the chambers overwhelmed with disappointment and mortification, the young templar calling after them that he would bring his action against the whole band for trespass. Nothing else occurred to disturb me for several years, but in the course of time my possessor died, and I passed successively into the hands of several persons, and at length again came into the possession of a bookseller in Fleet Street. Here I was purchased by a gentleman who shortly after proceeded to Ireland. Again I passed through many hands until I became an inmate of the small library of that man whom the poet Goldsmith eulogized in his beautiful poem the 'Deserted Village;' and finally into the possession of that eccentric being himself. Long would it take me to tell of the many shifts which that genius was put to during his subsequent stay in London, for I was shortly brought back to England by the poet, who took up his lodging in an obscure alley near Fleet-street. He was soon penniless and destitute, and I daily beheld him part with many little necessities to procure a meal. At length the few books he possessed were one by one conveyed to a certain shop in the neighbourhood and pledged for a tenth of their value. It soon came to my turn and I was transferred to the red depot of the old hunks, who liberally advanced a *shilling* upon me. I had for my companions

there such a countless host of articles, that their names would fill a good sized dictionary. Here were bracelets pawned by a rich merchant's wife; there a gold watch imprisoned by a young spendthrift, who had a fortune of 20,000*l.* left him at the decease of his father.—In one corner was stowed away a valuable collection of plate, the property of a dowager, who had raised a sum upon it to answer her present necessities. In fine, here was every thing that could be named,—as multifarious a collection of valuables as ever filled the stronghold of a bandit.

I was released from my confinement about a twelvemonth after, having been sold to—(do not stare!)—an alderman of London! My owner was as fond of turtle as any of his feast-loving brethren. No revel or water party was ever got up at which he did not attend; but he was a learned man, and, next to a good dinner, loved a good book. I will do him the justice to say that I was prized above all the valuable *tomes* in his library, and that, though his fist was none of the smallest I was handled with all possible delicacy. But, unfortunately, my possessor died suddenly of an apoplectic fit, brought on by over indulgence at a feasting bout at Greenwich.

The alderman having no near relations, I fell to the lot of—”

Here I suddenly awoke and marvelled. The venerable volume lay open on my reading desk, but the *voice* was silent.

Such, gentlest and most courteous of readers, is the substance of what I had revealed to me. If in the relation thou hast found me dull and prosing, I pray thee to attribute it rather to my want of skill in such details than to any unwillingness to please thee.

*London, July 1830.*

#### MACKLINIANA.

*The Original Macheath.*—Tom Walker, as he was constantly called, (the so much celebrated original *Macheath* in the Beggar's Opera), was well known to Macklin, both on and off the stage. He was a young man, rather rising in the mediocre parts of comedy, when the following accident brought him out in *Macheath*.\* Quin was first designed for this part, who barely sung well enough to give a convivial song in company, which, at that time of day, was

\* Quin performed the part of Macheath for his own benefit, (at Lincoln's Inn Fields, Mar. 29, 1730,) which produced 11*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*, in money—tickets 93*l.* 16*s.*

almost an indispensable claim on every performer; and on this account perhaps did not much relish the business: the high reputation of Gay, however, and the critical junto who supported him, made him drudge through two rehearsals. On the close of the last, Walker was observed humming some of the songs behind the scenes, in a tone and liveliness of manner, which attracted all their notice. Quin laid hold of this circumstance to get rid of the part, and exclaimed, “Ay, there's a man who is much more qualified to do you justice than I am.” Walker was called on to make the experiment; and Gay, who instantly saw the difference, accepted him as the hero of his piece.

*The Beggar's Opera.*—Mr. Gay wrote all, or the greatest part of this opera, at the Duke of Queensbury's, in the summer-house, which is something like a cavern on the side of a bank, at Amesbury. The duke and duchess were great friends to learned and ingenious men; particularly to the late celebrated Dr. Arbuthnot. At that period the duchess thought herself slighted at court, and had desisted attending the drawing-room. Miss Arbuthnot and Mr. Gay were almost constantly with her; and I believe, to gratify the duchess, he touched on the modes of the court; and Miss Arbuthnot knowing many old Scots and English songs, collected the most proper airs, and Gay wrote in suitable measure for them; so they had no need of a musician to compose new tunes.

The whole money received for the sixty-two nights of this opera was 11,199*l.* 14*s.*; and one night, (making the sixty-three,) for a benefit, 168*l.* 10*s.*

*Young Macklin.*—I was informed nearly fifty years since by an elderly gentleman, who was born and bred in Dublin, that Macklin had been a shoe-boy, *i. e.* a blacker of shoes, at the college in Dublin, and was a waiter or marker at a gaming table, where his common appellation was cursed Charley.

*Hyppesly, the original Peachum.*—In this character Hyppesly adopted the very dress of Jonathan Wild—a black coat, scarlet waistcoat with broad gold lace, velvet breeches, white silk rolled-up stockings gartered under the knees with black straps, square-toed shoes, white flowing wig, laced hat, silver hilted sword, &c. Shuter followed his example. He, Wild, was hanged in 1725.

*The true-born Irishman.*—acted at Covent Garden one night only, Nov.

20th, 1767, and not printed; Macklin seemed to acquiesce in the withdrawal, saying, in his strong manner, "I believe the audience are right; there's a geography in humour as well as in morals, which I had not previously considered."

In rehearsing this piece, Macklin took infinite pains to instruct a young actor in his part, who having to pronounce "Lady Kinnegad," did it so differently from what the veteran expected, that he could not help exclaiming in an angry tone, "What trade are you, Sir?" The performer answered, "Sir, I am a gentleman." "Then," rejoined he, "stick to that, Sir, for you will never be an actor."

*Macklin as Macbeth.*—The squibs on this occasion were innumerable; the following being short, are given as a specimen:

I learned to-night what ne'er before I knew,  
That a Scotch monarch's like an Irish Jew.

So uncouth Macklin's form, I'll suffer death,  
If well I knew the witches from Macbeth.

No longer mourn, Macduff, thy children's fall,  
Macklin hath murdered sleep, Macbeth, and all.  
*Lt. Gas.*

### WITCHCRAFT IN SCOTLAND.

WITCHCRAFT, in the reign of James I. became the all-engrossing topic of the day, and the ordinary accusation resorted to whenever it was the object of one individual to ruin another, just as certain other offences were during the reign of Justinian, and during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in Italy. In Scotland the evil was not less busy in high places, than among the humbler beings, who had generally been professors of the art magic. A sort of relation of clientage seems to have been established between the operative performers, and those noble patrons (chiefly, we regret to say of the fair sex) by whom their services were put in requisition. The Lady Buccleugh, of Branksholm Hall, whose spells have furnished our own Northern Wizard with some of his most striking pictures; the Countess of Athol, the Countess of Huntly, the wife of the Chancellor Arran, the Lady Ker, wife of James, Master of Requests, the Countess of Lothian, the Countess of Angus, (more fortunate in her generation than her grandmother Lady Glam-

mis,) were all, if we are to believe the scandal of Scotstarvet, either protectors of witches or themselves dabbles in the art. Even Knox himself did not escape the accusation of witchcraft; the power and energy of mind with which Providence had gifted him, the enemies of the Reformation attributed to a darker source. He was accused of having attempted to raise "some sanctes" in the churchyard of St. Andrew's, but in the course of this resuscitation upstart the devil himself, having a huge pair of horns on his head, at which terrible sight Knox's secretary became mad with fear, and shortly after died. Nay, to such a height had the mania gone, that Scot of Scotstarvet mentions that Sir Lewis Ballantyne, Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland, "by curiosity dealt with a warlock called Richard Grahame," (the same person who figures in the trial of Alison Balfour, as a confederate of Bothwell's,) "to raise the devil, who having raised him in his own yard, in the Canongate, he was thereby so terrified that he took sickness and thereof died." This was a "staggering state of Scots statemen" indeed, when even the supreme criminal judge of Scotland was thus at the head of the delinquents. Well might any unfortunate criminal have said with Angelo—

"Thieves for their robbery have authority,  
When judges steal themselves."  
*Meas. for Meas. Act. II. Scene 2.*

Nor, in fact, was the Church less deeply implicated than the court and the hall of justice; for in the case of Alison Pearson, (1588) we find the celebrated Patrick Adamson, Archbishop of St. Andrew's, laying aside the fear of the Act of Parliament, and condescending to apply to this poor wretch for a potion to cure him of his sickness!

A faith so strong and so general could not be long in manifesting itself in works. In 1572 occurs the first entry in the Justiciary Record, the trial of Janet Bowman, of which no particulars are given, except the emphatic sentence "Convict: and Brynt." No fewer than thirty-five trials appear to have taken place before the Court of Justiciary during the remainder of James's reign, (to 1625) in almost all of which the result is the same as in the case of Bowman.  
*For. Quar.*

## ROYAL PORTRAITS. No. 3.

(For the Olio.)

## HENRY THE FIRST.

THIS king had the surname of Beauclerk, or Scholar, given to him, not, as it is supposed, from his great learning, but rather in contradistinction to his predecessors, both of whom were in some degree illiterate. He is charged with incontinency,—a failing not uncommon among kings; but he appears seldom to have indulged in excesses of the table, for it is said that he never ate but when hungry, or drank except when thirsty. He was very partial to animals, and at Woodstock had a large menagerie of wild beasts. He suffered priests to marry upon their paying a large sum, and the loss of a limb was commuted to a fine; yet his character appears to have been tinctured with cruelty, as his conduct towards his brother, Robert Duke of Normandy, will shew. The duke having raised an army against his brother, was defeated and taken prisoner, and afterwards brought to England, where he was kept in close confinement; but not long after attempting to escape, the king caused his eyes to be put out,—an act from which humanity recoils, and which will remain for ever a blot upon the memory of Henry. This horrible deed counterbalances the many good acts which he performed to his subjects, among which may be reckoned the releasing them from the tax of Dane-gelt, and many other unjust impositions of former kings. His courage was great, and in one battle he fought like a common soldier, and received such severe strokes on the head that the blood gushed from his mouth.

A quarrel with his son-in-law (the Earl of Anjou) threw him into a fever, which was increased by his eating lampreys,—a dish of which he was very fond, but which never agreed with him,—and he died at Rouen on the 1st of December in the year 1135. Some writers say, that he died in consequence of an injury received in a fall from his horse, but this has not been confirmed. His bowells, brains\* and eyes were interred at Rouen, and his body in Reading Abbey, which he had founded during his reign.

His appearance was elegant and manly. His figure lusty, his chest large

and broad, his complexion clear, his eyes large and handsome, and his hair black. He was a politic and brave prince, and, saving the cruel and unnatural act above related, mild and merciful in time of peace.† ALPHA.

## Notices of New Books.

*The British Naturalist.*—Vol. II.  
Whittaker and Co.

AMONG the many works written to display in an attractive and pleasing form the truths of natural history, the *British Naturalist* must hold a very prominent station. The present volume which is equal, if not superior to its predecessor, unfolds with great simplicity the operations of nature throughout the year, and particularises especially the features and phenomena of those enchanting seasons, Spring and Summer. Great praise is due to the author for the felicitous manner in which he has executed a task of considerable difficulty; his pages are diversified with so many important facts, that turn to whatever leaf you may, you are sure to find intelligence and entertainment combined. Upon the *pugnacity of animals*, he thus expresses himself—

“If we were to take any analogy from other animals, and between animal and animal, the analogy of animals is certainly better than the analogy of man,—we should feel inclined to think that their retributive justice would with us get the very opposite name. When animals, in a state of nature and without any training from man, fight with their own species at all, the fight, unless it be for their females or their young, in which animals that are otherwise timid become valiant, is always the fight for conquest and not for justice, and, when a third strikes in, it almost universally falls upon the vanquished or the weaker. Dogs that come to a dog-fight always begin to worry the dog that is down; stags chase the beaten stag, and drive him from the herd; and we remember no case in which the conqueror, however much he may have been the aggressor, thereby roused the indignation of any of the rest. There seems in all those cases a propensity to triumph, and if the

\* Baker says that the physician who took out the brains of the king died shortly after, in consequence of inhaling the horrible effluvia.

† As an act of the policy of Henry, it may be mentioned, that he was the first English king who thought of inland navigation. He is said to have joined the Trent and the Witham, that boats might pass from Yorks to Lincoln, a space of seven miles.



triumph has been in part won by one, it is eagerly caught at by others. We have met with nothing in the conduct of rooks by which we could infer a deviation from this apparently general law of animals; and, therefore, it may be that the rook which suffers, does so, just because it is not so strong or so skilful a warrior as the rest."

At page 210, the following forcibly points out the great benefit which man derives from vegetation.

"As subjects for study, we have nothing equal to them. The animals, when in a state of nature, flee at our approach, we see them only by snatches, and therefore have not the means of getting a continuous history of them. But the plant stands still, and we can examine it; can watch it from the moment that it is a seed, till its energy be exhausted in the production of millions; and though the manner in which it performs its functions has hitherto defied our philosophy, we have still enough to occupy our attention, and excite our admiration. One of the most valuable properties of vegetables is their inflammability; and to man, in a savage state, they are at once the fuel and the fire; furnish him with that which is his peculiar characteristic, and protect him from the inclemency of the weather, and the night-attacks of those animals for which, in strength and swiftness, he is no match. He collects a bundle of sticks, rubs one against another till it be ignited, the whole are soon in a blaze, and the result is both light and safety. Then the wonderful durability of some of the species. We read of beams that are undecayed, though they have been in the service of man for more than a thousand years; and the great chesnut tree at Tamworth, in Staffordshire, is reported to have stood from the year 800 to the year 1762, and to have produced perfect fruit in 1759,—a duration, compared to which, that of any animal is but as a span.

"Vegetables have this further advantage, that they are found every where, and at all seasons; and therefore those who study them may have constant mental occupation; nor is there any one capable of observing at all, that may not, by that study, add something to the common stock of knowledge. To what an extent that may be done, can be so far understood when it is borne in mind that the cultivation of vegetables reaches beyond the record even of the ancient nations, and that the in-

vention is always attributed to the gods; but yet while there is this remote antiquity, the field for study must be more wide and productive than in any other portion of human knowledge, inasmuch as the study and culture of plants have received more improvement in very recent times than any other branch of human occupation; and that within the last fifty years, more has been added to our knowledge of plants than to any other branch of our knowledge."

With the subjoined extract we must conclude our notice of this valuable little volume.

"Scott and Burns are and were 'men of the fields,' and we are not to suppose that either of them, with the eyes that they had, both physical and intellectual, for scene, for subject, and character, could have taken at second-hand, from any holder forth upon dead specimens, or any shutter up of nature within the four walls of an aviary, any part of the description of a bird, with which they must have been as familiar as man can be in its native wilds; and yet Scott, in the delightful song with which Ellen Douglas serenades the disguised monarch, has these lines:—

'But the lark's shrill life shall come,  
At the day-break from the fallow,  
And the bitter sound his drum,  
Booming from the sedgey shallow.'

Burns, again, in a less lively, but more accurately grouped picture of rural sounds, has these lines, which absolutely transport to the scene any one—who has been there before and occupied as he ought to be:—

'The howlet screamed frae the castle wa',  
The bitter frae the bogie,  
The tod replied upon the hill:  
I trembled for my hogle.'

And of course the 'from,' in the case of the bitter, no more meant than that bird, or any part of it, was in the bog or quagmire, than the 'from' in the other, meant that the owl was in the wall of the ruined fortalice, when, in fact, it hooted from the ivy with which that wall was draped, or the trees by which it was shaded."

### Fine Arts.

#### SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE following notice, which concludes our view of this pleasing Exhibition, has been delayed by the lengthy details of late events that have occupied our pages. We resume the subject with

No. 265. *Nero's Tomb*. J. Giles.—This is a very masterly painting; the gloomy distance, relieved by a rainbow, the city of Rome in a blaze of light, and the dull and flat campagna, form a most poetical and charming composition, while the beautiful colouring and pencilling of the foreground, increases its excellence; but we think the figures are somewhat too large, especially the goats browsing at the foot of the tomb. Mr. Giles is a very promising painter, and his other performances here all display great excellence, especially No. 438. *Compositions, Tivoli*.

No. 289. *Portrait of Macready in the character of William Tell*. J. Truman.—An excellent likeness, and a most excellent painting. It is a full length, and is painted with great care.

No. 302. *The Reaper*. J. Inskipp.—Among all Mr. Inskipp's works, we prefer the Reaper, for its simplicity and charming tone of colour, and for the Gainsborough-like handling of the painting.

No. 354. *The Frosty Reception*. R. W. Bress.—The happiness of a gourmand, who is surrounded by every luxury of eatables, is disturbed by the entrance of a friend, shivering with cold, and covered with frost and snow. The angry snarl of the gouty epicure, who is choking with passion, and the scrupulous bowings of the visitor, no doubt offering a thousand apologies for his intrusion, form an excellent contrast. The whole subject, with its appendages, is cleverly treated.

No. 404. *The Broken Jar*. C. Landseer.—A very simple subject is here made the medium for some very good painting; the light and shade is extremely clever.

No. 419. *Pro and Con*. H. Pidding.—A party of villagers in an alehouse are vehemently pro and conning upon some knotty subject, to which, it seems, the debaters cannot get their auditors to agree. There is great humour and point in many of the figures, but the whole is too slightly painted.

No. 186. *All hands to the Rescue*. J. Tennant.

"But dimly seen, join'd 'twixt the treach'rous rocks,  
Lies the dismantled bark, her straining sides  
Groaning in concert with the roaring surge."

Latterly, Mr. Tennant has rapidly improved, and this painting will at once put him on a footing with Stanfield and Wilson. The activity and energy of the party pushing off the boat, is a fine characteristic of British seamen, and

well managed by the painter. The heavy clouds, and the raging mountainous ocean, are all so well executed as to give, as accurately as possible, the idea of a storm, and must have been studied from that great volume of the art—nature.

Lonsdale has six very meritorious portraits. He takes excellent likenesses, but we really see no reason why the coats, buttons, shirt collars, &c., should sit for their portraits likewise; he is as particular about those appendages as a dancing master that miss should point her toes, or a drill serjeant that a recruit should hold up his head. Now Lawrence did every thing in his power to hide all this; he despised it, and his aversion sometimes carried him to extremes, which caused him to paint coats that would paralyze Nugee or Stultz at the capaciousness of the sleeves, the broad and rumpled collar, the looseness with which it hung on the body, fitting any thing, but "like wax," (the usual Snipperian phrase.) Especially his portraits of Lord Liverpool, Mr. Croker, and Mr. Canning.

The Sculpture Room contains some very excellent productions, by Baily, R.A., J. Henning, jun., &c. There is a statue of Wellington, by Francis; it bears a resemblance, but is wanting in dignity.

Thus closes our notice of this Society, and we hope it may prosper year after year. Though there is nothing very striking, still the individual works are excellent; there are several productions here that ought never to have been admitted any where, for they would disgrace the meanest broker's shop, especially one in the south room and two in the north. Can it be possible that the members expect such painters will ever rise in the art, and add to its dignity and value? Impossible! We say impossible, for it is not in the power of man to conceive more execrable things. How should we rejoice to accompany some of the members, and point these out, and beg them to particularize their beauties, or promise of future excellencies. If this Society wishes to prosper, if they desire to court the patronage of the public, destroy, annihilate partiality so very, very glaring. C.L.H.

#### *Illustrations of Popular Works.—Part I.* By George Cruikshank.

PRESS of matter obliged us to postpone our notice of this very clever work. The number before us contains six etchings illustrative of scenes re-

markable for comic humour or truth of description, to be found in the works of our most popular novelists. To say that this artist has improved, would be to say but little. There is an elegance in his drawings that may view with the most finished productions of the modern school. His male figures remind us of the spirited etchings of Callot, and his women are in most instances beautiful delineations of female beauty. His etchings have of late lost their harshness and caricature effect; and if he deals in the humorous, his figures are entirely divested of coarseness and vulgarity. One of the plates in the present number represents the "Vicar of Wakefield preaching to the Prisoners." The squalid and depraved expression of the numerous jail birds who surround the good pastor, are given most happily. The scenes from Roderick Random, Knickerbocker's New York, and the Vicar of Wakefield, are beautiful specimens of elaborate etching; and though, perhaps, not so humorous as might be expected from George Cruikshank, are admirable as works of art. The drollest of all is the scene from Burns's song, "The De'il cam fiddling through the town." When we first saw this, we guffawed until our sides ached. Nothing can exceed the humour of this plate. Satan has his tail entwined around the neck of the unfortunate exciseman, and is lugging him along, fiddling and capering with true demonical delight. This one etching is alone worth the price of the book. The style in which the work is got up is truly elegant, and the size of the plates is adapted to all the editions of the British novelists.

### The Naturalist.

#### GNAT DANCES.

It may prove interesting, we think, to turn our attention to some other movements of insects which seem to be expressive of pleasure when they are not stationary, and leaving out of consideration, also, their foraging for food. A familiar instance of what we allude to occurs in the aerial dances of the tipulidan gnats and some other insects. These are performed not only in summer, but frequently even in winter and in the earlier months of spring,—in sheltered places, indeed, such as under trees and hedges, in lanes, and when a day chances to be finer than usual, though the mildest day is of course at these seasons comparatively

chill. The most common of these winter dancers is called by Harris the tell-tale (*Trichocera hiemalis*, MEIGEN) a troop of which may be occasionally seen gamboling in a sunny nook, though the ground be covered with snow. When the weather is warm and mild, however, the dancing *Tipulidæ* prefer the decline of day; and we have remarked them keeping it up as long as we could distinguish them between the eye and the waning light of the western horizon: how much longer they continued to dance we cannot tell.

It is a very singular fact connected with these gnat dances, that the company always consists exclusively of males. This any person who will take the trouble may verify by enclosing a group of them in a butterfly-net. If this be not at hand, he may procure good evidence by wetting the hand, and passing it quickly amongst the thickest of the crowd; when several will be caught, and will uniformly exhibit the beautifully fringed or plumed antennæ, which in the female are without the hairs or the plumelets. What it may be, besides the same delighted and buoyant spirit which causes lambs to group together in their frolics, that induces those tiny gnats to sport in this manner on the wing, is, perhaps, inexplicable.

#### INSECT EQUESTRIANS.

In speaking of what appear to be the sports of insects, we cannot omit taking notice of the very singular proceedings of some species of ants, which, at the intervals of busy industry, amuse themselves with something apparently analogous to our wrestling and racing matches. Bonnet says, he observed a small species of ants, which employed themselves in carrying each other on their backs, the rider holding with his mandibles the neck of his bearer, and embracing it closely with his legs, the position which the renowned John Gilpin may have sometimes been disposed to assume in his famous race through Edmonton. But though the very palpable mistakes committed by Bonnet respecting these very ants may perhaps, tend to invalidate his authority with respect to their riding, we have the undoubted testimony of both Gould and Huber for their wrestlings. "You may frequently," says Gould, "perceive one of these ants (*Formica rufa*, LATR.) run to and fro with a fellow labourer in his forceps of the same

species and colony." Mr. Gould observed, that, after being carried for some time, it was let go in a friendly manner and received no personal injury. This amusemet is often repeated, particularly among the hill ants, who are very fond of this sportive exercise. *Ib.*

#### MOTION OF INSECTS.

The apparatus in the feet of the common fly, which enables the insect to move with ease over hard polished surfaces, such as glass, &c. consists of two or three membranous suckers connected with the last joint of the foot by a narrow neck, of a funnel shape, immediately under the base of each claw, and moveable in all directions. These suckers are convex above and hollow below the edges, being margined with minute serratures, and the hollow portion covered with down. In order to produce the vacuum and the pressure, these membranes are separated and expanded, and when the fly is about to lift its foot, it brings them together, and folds them up as it were between the two claws. By means of a common microscope, these interesting movements may be observed when a fly is confined in a wine-glass. *Ib.*

#### Customs of Various Countries.

##### FUNERALS IN TIBET.

At H'lassa, when a man dies, his head is forced into contact with his knees, the hands are placed between the legs, and the body is kept in this attitude by cords; the corpse is then clothed in the ordinary dress of the deceased, and put into a leathern sack or a pannier. Men and women lament the deceased, after having suspended the body by means of cords to a beam.

Lamas are invited to say prayers, and according to the means of the party, butter is carried to the temples to be burned before the holy images: a moiety of the effects left by the deceased person is given to the temple of Botala; the other moiety is appropriated to the lamas invited to say prayers—that is, in giving them tea and in other disbursements on their account, so that the relatives of the deceased obtain nothing. A few days after the death of the person, the body is carried on shoulders to the place of the cutters, who, fastening it to a stone pillar, cut up the corpse into small pieces, which they give to dogs to eat; this is called *terrestrial burial*. With respect to the bones, they are

pounded in a stone mortar, and mixed with roasted meal; of this they make balls, which are thrown to the dogs, or given to vultures; this is *celestial burial*. These modes of interment are considered as very desirable. These cutters of the dead have a deba as their chief. The expence of this cutting up of a body amounts, at the very least, to some tens of silver pieces (each worth about 1s. English). The bodies of those who have no money are cast into the water; this is called *aquatic burial*, and is regarded as a misfortune.

When a lama dies, the body is burnt, and an obelisk is raised to him. When a poor man dies, his relatives and friends club together for the support of his family. At the death of a wealthy individual, they carry handkerchiefs and console the relations and family: they also send tea and wine.

The mourning ceremony consists in the men and women not appearing in ornamented habits for one hundred days, and not combing their hair or washing themselves: the females wear no earrings or necklaces. The opulent sometimes summon lamas to recite prayers for the soul of the deceased: all this concludes at the end of a year. Generally speaking, young people are respected in Tibet, whilst old men are but little regarded. Sick people are shunned; and the death of an individual in war is considered as a subject of exultation for the whole family.

#### Anecdottiana.

##### GEORGE THE SECOND.

When the great grandfather of the present king came to the throne, complaints having been daily made of the defalcation of public money, his Majesty was resolved to inspect the accounts himself along with his minister; and for that purpose told Sir Robert Walpole he would begin next morning. The king accordingly came into his closet about nine o'clock, and Sir Robert soon after followed with three waggon loads of papers, which were beginning to be unloaded just before the palace gate. "Where are the papers?" said the king. "They are unpacking, Sir," said Sir Robert, "that is, as many as could be got ready at so short a notice, for I have been to collect *three waggon loads* to-day, but by next, God willing, I am in hopes to fill *seven more*." "What, *ten* waggon loads of papers," exclaimed the astonished sovereign, "well, well, take it back

again; for of all kinds of *Generals*, I find I shall never make an *Accountant General*."

#### ORIGIN OF THE APPELLATION BOROUGH.

The word Burg or Burgh in Saxon means castle; hence towns anciently erected in the vicinity of castles for their protection had this name conferred upon them, and the soldiers who garrisoned these were called Burghers, so the inhabitants of these towns received the same name. These also being formed into a community, the constitution formed for their regular government was denominated the Borough laws.

The celebrated PRYNNE's "manner of studie" was thus :—" He wore a

long quilt cap which came two or three inches at least over his eyes, which served him as an umbrella to defend his eyes from the light; about every three hours his man was to bring him a roll and a pot of ale to refocillate his wasted spirits; so he studied and drank, and munched some bread; and this maintained him till night, and then he made a good supper.—Now," adds old Aubrey, "he did well not to dine, which breaks off one's fancy, which will not presently be regained."

#### EPIGRAM.

With wig profound, old GALEN cries,  
" My patients ne'er complain!"  
" I do believe thee," NED replies;  
" Thou put'st them—out of pain!"

## Diary and Chronology.

Saturday, July 31.

*St. Helen of Sweden, mar A.D. 1160—Sun rises 17m after 4—sets 42m after 7.*

July 31, 1743. Died the unfortunate Richard Savage, in prison, where he was confined for debt. The hard fate of the poet deserves compassion, though there was little in him either amiable or respectable. He was, however, generous to fellow sufferers from indigence when he had any thing to bestow, and actually shared his last guinea with a woman who attempted to swear away his life. The works of Savage, though some of his pieces contain some vivacious sallies and pathetic sentiments, must be considered as consigned to oblivion; and, had it not been for his accidental acquaintance with Dr. Johnson, the poet's name would long ago have ceased to interest the world.

Sunday, August 1.

#### EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

*Lessons for the Day—13 chapter Kings, b. 1, morn—17 chapter Kings, b. 1, Even  
St. Felegrini hermit, A.D. 643.*

August 1, 1715.—**DOGGET'S COAT AND BADGE.**—This being the first anniversary of George I.'s accession to the throne, Thomas Dogget gave a waterman's coat and silver badge to be rowed for by six young watermen in honour of the day. And, to commemorate that happy event, he bequeathed at his death a sum of money, the interest of which was to be appropriated annually, for ever, to the same patriotic purpose. The candidates start, at a signal given, at that time of the tide when the current is strongest against them, and row from the Old Swan, London Bridge, to the White Swan, at Chelsea. Mr. Dogget was an actor of great and original merit, belonging to Drury Lane Theatre. In his political principles, he was, in the words of Sir Richard Steele, a "whig up to the head and ears;" and so strictly was he attached to the interests of the House of Hanover, that he never let slip any occasion that presented itself of demonstrating his sentiments in that respect. He died in 1731.

Monday, August 2.

*High Water 0h 0m Morning—0h 21m Afternoon.*

August 2, 1704.—**BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.**—Upon this day the confederates, under the command of Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough, fought the French and Bavarians at the little village of Blenheim, on the Danube, north of Augsburg, in the circle of Suabia. Near twenty thousand of the enemy were slain or drowned in the Danube, and upwards of 13,000 French and Bavarians were taken prisoners, including the French General Marshal Tallard, who was brought to England, where he remained seven years in captivity, chiefly in Nottingham Castle.

Tuesday, August 3.

*St. Walther, Abbot, A.D. 1160.—Sun rises 21m after 4—sets 38m after 7.*

August 3, 1765.—A violent storm of thunder, lightning, and hail, happened at Kennet, near Newmarket by which more than 200 acres of corn was destroyed. At Hampstead, a boy aged 18 was struck dead by the lightning, and at Bicester, in Oxfordshire, the electric fluid struck the church-steeple, and shattered the pinnacles, and otherwise greatly damaged the fabric.

# The Otto ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. VII.—Vol. VI.

Saturday, August 7, 1880.



See page 100.

## Illustrated Article.

### THE WRECK.

For the Otto.

[The following narrative, we are informed by our kind correspondent, is little more than a transcript of events in which he himself was a partaker.]

WITH a favourable breeze, the Hercules quitted Madras Roads to complete her voyage from Europe to Calcutta. The shadows of evening had given place to the deep gloom of a tropical night; and the spacious decks, deserted by their late numerous and joyous occupants, were tenanted only by the wakeful officers of the watch, and groups of weary and slumbering seamen. A solemn stillness prevailed throughout the ship; the monsoon blew in one continued current of gentleness, scarcely creating a ripple upon the surface of the ocean; and the deep blue sky above, gemmed with innumerable stars, with their cold and sparkling lustre, shed over the face of nature that uncertain and mysterious twilight

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which imparts so soothing a calm to the wearied and troubled spirit.

It was such a night, the third after our departure from Madras, and yet that balmy breeze bore on its wings destruction and death; and the deceitful sea only awaited the call of the infuriate winds to wreak upon our devoted ship and her luckless crew, its blind and frantic vengeance!

A harsh grating—proceeding, as it seemed to me, from the deep beneath, accompanied by a quivering throughout the ship, awoke me. A feeling I cannot explain, though I felt no clear idea of danger, induced me to quit my hammock, and to spring up the main hatchway to the quarter-deck. It was pitchy dark, and the waves were hurrying wildly and confusedly past the ship's sides. At this time a mere novice in nautical matters, I found my way to the fore-castle, among a group who were anxiously gazing at the sea ahead. All I could distinguish was the sullen boom of the waves, and a long streak of snow-white foam on the otherwise dark sea. The experienced eyes of

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those around me beheld in that white foam the maddened breakers dashing over an extensive reef.

I know not how it was, and I have since thought of it with wonder, that, with imminent danger thus staring them in the face, the energy, the very spirit of the people seemed frozen up! As yet, the vessel had only struck faintly, and had again got into deep water; but still she journeyed on her career to destruction, while those on board stood gazing at the danger in stupid dismay, or hurried confusedly about the decks, impeding each other in their vain attempts to avoid it. One recommended this, another suggested that; and, in the very multitude of counsel, nothing of advantage was adopted. The alarm had not as yet spread throughout the ship, and the second mate, who had the watch, seemed anxious only to avoid arousing the captain.

All this, though it takes some time to relate, occupied but the space of a minute. Presently, the ship shot suddenly a-head, and as suddenly became arrested in her career with a violence that shook her in every timber. Now then ensued a scene which baffles description. The cabins of the passengers, the berths of the seamen and soldiers, were simultaneously quitted by their occupants; and, naked as they had risen, they crowded up the hatchways, dismayed and terror struck. Our captain, a man remarkable for the energy and decision of his character, was the first on deck. One silent glance he threw a-head, one aloft at the shaking and creaking masts, a third over the side; then muttering to himself in a strange tone of levity and pain, "A pretty night's work!" he endeavoured to recall the people to a sense of their duty. Alas! in that hour, even he had lost his influence. In vain he commanded, threatened, and appealed; in vain himself and a courageous few exerted themselves; their weak efforts availed not; and, when again the ship struck, and with the furious concussion started the rudder, which, as it rose, broke up the gun and upper decks, and the impetuous swell fairly made a breach over them and their affrighted occupants; then broke forth a scream so soul harrowing and unnatural—its thrilling intensity yet rings in my ears!—and a cry "the boats, the boats" became general; and numbers gathered about the captain, who leant against the capstern in silent anguish, watching

the work of destruction he could not avert. The chief mate had rendered himself at once an object of fear and respect to the crew and passengers, from his extreme and even morose reserve, and the harsh, imperative tone of his manners. He was a man in the decline of life; and to a tall, fleshless, though sinewy figure, were united an ashy and withered cheek, eyes stiff and glaring, and thin black lips curled into an habitual and sullen snarl. He had shown himself on all occasions an admirable seaman; but he studiously avoided any communion with his shipmates, and repulsed, with haughty abruptness, any attempt to elicit his confidence. He had been of the few who fruitlessly attempted to heave the ship a-back on the first alarm, and he now stood on the quarter deck; his long lean arms folded across his broad chest, and savage scorn glowered in his wasted and wrinkled features, as he gazed on the recreant crowd that pressed around the captain.

"Back, back!" he exclaimed, "your own cowardice has lost the ship;—perish then, like dogs as you are!"—Startled by the bitter disdain expressed in his deep, sepulchral tones, the men drew back, and the mate, turning to the captain, went on in a voice a fearful contrast to its former impetuosity, by its absolute and calm coldness:—"Is nothing to be done?—are the ladies—are we all to perish without one effort?"

I was standing near the man at the time. His undaunted, and even lofty carriage; the fiery spirit that seemed to shine out through his worn and shattered frame; our very situation, perhaps, by heightening the effect of his singular bearing, together conspired to give him an almost resistless authority; and numbers followed his directions as under the influence of some master spell. An anchor was let go under the bows, in the hopes of staying her progress forward; and preparations were made to hoist out the long boat, that, by carrying an anchor astern, an attempt might be made to heave the ship off the reef. By the lead, too, we found she had struck in comparatively deep water, and on a sandy bottom. The spirit of the mate appeared to have extended to all on board; and passengers, seamen and soldiers emulated each other in their exertions.

Woman is at best but a forlorn creature at sea; and, in such a situation, the conviction of her utter helplessness

aggravates the horror of her situation. I will not attempt to describe the sufferings of those on board, for, with shame I confess it, during the panic which prevailed, they had remained unheeded and uncared for; but now that innate and sacred feeling which prompts man, in the hour of peril, to protect the weak and defenceless of the softer sex, had again assumed its sway in our bosoms, and anxiously did we turn our attention to these unfortunates. Paralyzed with terror, they clung with instinctive eagerness to the bosoms of the seamen, who carried them below to the half-deck, whither the water had not yet penetrated. Man is a mysterious being. It seemed scarcely possible that those men, whose rugged features now glistened with the divine feelings which warmed their bosoms, as they compassionately tended these drooping creatures, and in nature's homely and eloquent language whispered the accents of comfort and safety, were the same in whom, not an hour since, all sense of manhood and courage was swallowed up in the overwhelming emotions of apathetic terror which incompassed their spirits.

But the wind gradually freshened into a hard gale, and the long heavy surf, momentarily breaking over the wreck, much retarded our efforts to launch the long boat. Cold, wet, surrounded by darkness and a tremendous sea, deafened by its harsh roar, and the fiend-like howlings of the gale, as it whistled among the rigging or shook and clashed the loose sails with the noise of thunder, the spirits of the men again gradually sunk beneath their discouraging influence.

Still we toiled on, until it seemed as if the powers of darkness and the storm had, unitedly, poured forth their fury for our destruction. A momentary lull had given a little impetus to our exertions: the boat, suspended over the ship's side, was gradually being lowered into the water, and two men within steadied her while descending. Foremost in the operation was the singular being who had played so important a part in the events of the night. Suddenly dropping the rope he grasped, he listened for a moment in an attitude of deep attention, and then exclaimed, in hasty alarm, "Let every one, as he values life, hold on!"

The words had scarcely passed his lips, when a whirlwind blast swept across the ship, in its fury tearing every sail which had hung disregarded to the yards, with a deafening crash from its

bolt rope, and carrying away the fore-mast and main-top mast. Lightning, too, and rain came with it, and the sea, lashed into added fury, dashed over the starboard-quarter (in which direction the squall had come,) tearing up bulwarks and stauntings; and hen coops, guns, water-casks, and living men, floated in wild confusion from side to side.

I had instinctively clasped a gun, near which I stood; and as the sea rushed on board, bearing down the vessel on her larboard side, I just distinguished the rapid clattering of blocks, and the dash of something heavy among the breakers—it was the long boat!—Startled by the mate's emphatic warning, succeeded, as it instantly was, by the squall, each had immediately quitted the falls to seek his own safety; and the long-boat, with the two men, precipitately descended into the water.—Poor wretches! while yet a similar fate seemed inevitably mine, I felt a mingled thrill of pity and horror at its dreadful consummation.

Encumbered by the ropes attached to it and the ship, the boat, after dashing for a space among the impetuous surf, furiously rebounded against the main-chains, and instantly swamped. But, the men!—I heard withering cries, and a quick plashing among the boiling waters, and then gurgling groans; for the violence of the blast had passed away, and given place to a sad and ominous calmness. Yet this was nought to the fearful spectacle on deck. The fore-mast had fallen over the larboard side, and two wretches writhed beneath it in helpless agony. On the quarter-deck, too, there was blood and contention; for every one had crowded thither, women, and seamen, and soldiers. Irritated by the anguish of the injuries they had sustained; rendered reckless by their desperate situation; inflamed, too, by the ardent spirits either party had liberally indulged in, the angry and bitter feelings of man's nature had become aroused, and quarrelsome complainings, and smothered curses, and the scowl of malice, heightened into open and passionate revilings, till, at length, blow succeeded blow, and the headlong and mortal struggle became general; as though the wrath of the elements were not already too much, but man must seek his enemy in his fellow-sufferer! A dispute had broken out between the seamen and soldiers. Hand-spikes and crow-bars, bayonets and belaying pins, were their formidable weapons. In vain did the more tempe-



rate; and perhaps, the more numerous portion interfere, to put a stop to the unnatural encounter; the infuriate men dealt their blows blindly and indiscriminately on friend and mediator.

"This is too dreadful," at length exclaimed the captain; "if you are men, desist! Field," (and he seized the upraised arm of a man prepared to strike an already prostrate soldier,)—"you have sailed with me for five years; hitherto, I have esteemed you as a man and a seaman; and is this your conduct, and in such a night? Look around you, men, on the wild sea, and this shattered wreck, and ask yourselves how have ye done your duty as seamen and Englishmen!—Shame! shame!"

He had touched the right chord. The men, who, one by one, dropped their weapons as he proceeded, cowered forward to avoid the angry glance of that eye they were wont to fear and obey. Following up the advantage he had gained, the captain proceeded:—"Ay, these feelings do ye honour. There, there; the mischief that is done cannot now be helped, but let us make all the amends we can. The day will soon break, and the wind has, in a great measure, subsided; we have two boats yet, and if the land, as I think, be near, we shall quickly see it. Poor lambs," he continued, with deep feeling, as he looked down upon the females, who, beneath the united effects of the cold, wet, and affright, lay senseless upon the deck; "what can be done for them?" He raised one in his arms, but the head with its long tresses, bent lifelessly on her bosom, and her arms dropped down relaxed by her side. "God! they are dead!" uttered he, in a tone of horror. We chafed their pale hands, and paler temples, and applied all the remedies our ignorance, or poor ability suggested; but these weak efforts availed but little. Life was not indeed extinct, but the horrors of the night appeared to have arrested all sense and perception. Motionless, and with closed eyes, they reclined upon our bosoms, a faint sigh or convulsive movement of the lips alone betraying existence. There was one among them returning to a mother she had not seen from earliest infancy, but on whose gentle heart the image of that mother was stamped with the never-dying intensity of true affection, and the sweet soul wept, and uttered a low plaintive and dove-like cry, "My mother, my mother!"

Convinced that any efforts we could make would be unavailing, until day

broke to discover our real situation, sadly and anxiously did our miserable party watch the first faint streaks of silver that heralded its approach,—and day at length beamed!

*To be continued.*

#### LUNATIC LAYS.

"I want to go upon the stage."

I WANT to go upon the stage,  
And wear a wig and feathers,  
I envy each tragedian  
The laurels that he gathers;  
I'm sure that I could give effect  
To Richard's ruthless menace;  
Oh would that I might black my face,  
And act the Moor of Venice!

My father talks of what he calls  
Respectable employments  
Condemning as Tom-fooleries  
My Thespian enjoyments;  
He calls me mouthing mountebank,  
And ranting rogue, and stroller;  
And not a servant in the house  
Compassionates my dolor!

One day I stole a pot of rouge,  
And Aunt Jane's Sunday spencer—  
(She left me nothing in her will—  
How could I so incense her!)  
I flew to Cowes, where in a barn  
I found some kindred spirits,  
And soon I made the manager  
Appreciate my merits.

He did announce me as a star—  
(He well knew what a star meant—)  
And I enacted Romeo  
In Aunt Jane's pink silk garment.  
My Juliet was a charming girl,  
A most delicious creature!  
With eyes—such eyes! and oh! her nose,  
I idolised the feature!

Pink silk, with frogs, was my costume,  
And her's was muslin spangled,  
And when the nurse called her away,  
I wish'd she had been strangled;  
When we lay corpses side by side,  
A gentle squeeze she gave me,  
And whisper'd, "Wilt thou be my love?"  
I sigh'd, "Ay, if thou'lt have me!"

But fathers they have flinty hearts,  
My angry father found me—  
Oh horrid night! methinks I see  
Scene-shifters grinning round me!  
Alas! the scene they shifted not—  
The very pit seems full yet—  
I cannot tell the tragedy—  
He tore me from my Juliet!

And since that inauspicious night  
The stage I've never entered,  
In life's obscure realities  
My father's thoughts are centred.  
Misguided man! beneath his roof  
Now pines a slighted Roscius,  
Whose manhood pants to realise  
Youth's promises precocious.

In tragic moods, I push my wig  
High up upon my forehead,  
I cork my eye-brows, and assume  
A stare that's very horrid;  
I roar a word or two, and then  
Speak low, you scarce can hear me—  
And then I thump my breast—ye gods!  
At Drury how you'd cheer me!

Genteelly comie I can be,  
 And farcically sprightly,  
 I'm excellent in Pantomime,  
 In Ballet parts dance lightly;  
 Were Mr. Lee, the new lessee,  
 Aware of such a treasure,  
 If I ask'd fifty pounds a night,  
 He'd give them me with pleasure.  
*New Mon. Mag.*

### ÆNIGMAS.

*For the Olio.*

THE word *ænigma*, which is derived from the Greek substantive *ainigma*, which the Latins call *scirpus*, signifies an obscure speech, or discourse, covering something common and universally known, under remote and uncommon terms. It is also frequently called *riddle*, probably from the Belgic *readen*, or the Saxon *araethan*—to interpret. Fra. Junius defines an *ænigma* to be an obscure parable or allegory, of which, he says, there are two kinds; the *greater* rendering the sentence more intricate and difficult of solution, by a multitude of words, and the *lesser* consisting of one or more words remote in their allusion, as in Isaiah, chap. xi. verse 1, where Jesus Christ is called, according to the Greek language, *rabdos*, which rendered into English, signifies a *twig* or *young branch*. *Ænigmas* are, sometimes, the representations of the works of nature or of art, concealed under human figures, drawn from history or fable; thus our Saviour, in the middle of the doctors, represents the Eible, &c.

The use of *ænigmas* was very common among the Egyptians; and it is supposed that they borrowed their custom from the Hebrews, with whom *ænigmas* were certainly not less in use. In the 14th chapter of Judges, 12th and 13th verses, Solomon says, "I will now put forth a riddle to you," &c. which is, according to Vatable, an *ænigmatical* problem; this the LXX. render by the Greek noun *problema* (a proposition.) Solomon is said to have been particularly skilful in the solution of *ænigmas*; and we are assured by Clemens, that the Egyptians placed *sphinxes* before their temples, to intimate that the doctrines of God and religion were *ænigmatical* and obscure. Some represent the *ænigma* as synonymous with the word *gryphus*; but the more exact writers make a distinction, though wherein the difference lies is not agreed on. Some say that the *ænigma* properly imports something merry or jocose, and *gryphus* a subject more grave or profound. Others reduce the difference to this, that in the *gryphus* there is something captious, and capable

of leading into a snare, which is not found in the *ænigma*. The *rebus* is also ranked by some in the number of *ænigmas*. In a general sense, however, every dark saying, every difficult question, every parable, &c. may pass for an *ænigma*; hence obscure laws are called *ænigmata juris*.

The alchemists are great dealers in the *ænigmatical* language, their processes for the philosopher's stone being generally wrapped up in riddles, for example—"Fac ex mare et famina circum, inde quadrangulum, hinc triangulum, hinc triangulum, fac circum et habebis lapidem philosophorum."

The operation of cupping, performed in ancient days by a machine of brass, is ingeniously represented by the following *ænigma*, translated from the Greek as follows:—

I saw a man, who, unprovok'd with ire,  
 Stuck brass upon another's back by fire.  
 Arist. Rhetor. l. iii. c. 2 t. 2. p. 586.  
 Ed. Duval.

Aulus Gellius (xii. 6.) has preserved a Latin *ænigma*, which he also calls a *sirpus* or *sirpos*, debased (says Mr. Harris in his *Philological Inquiries*, p. 202) with all the quibble of a barbarous age:—

"Semel minusne, an bis minus (non sat scio)  
 An utrumque eorum (ut quondam audiui dicier)  
 Jovi ipsi regi noluit concedere."

It is thus translated by Mr. Harris: Was it *once minus* or *twice minus*, (I am not enough informed), or was it not rather *the two taken together*, (as I have heard it said formerly), that would not give way to Jove himself, the sovereign." The *two taken together*, that is, *once minus*, and *twice minus*, make, when so taken, *thrice minus*; and *thrice minus* in Latin is *ter minus*, which taken as a single word is *terminus*, the god of boundaries. The meaning of the riddle coincides with the pagan legend, which says, that when in honour to Jove the capitol was founded, the other gods consented to retire, but the god *Terminus* refused. The moral of the fable is just and ingenious, namely, that boundaries are sacred and never should be moved.

The famous riddle of the sphinx must be known to all your classical readers, but as you have undoubtedly many who are *anti-classical*, I subjoin for their amusement a short description of it.

The sphinx was a horrid monster that infested the neighbourhood of Thebes in Bœotia, and was sent, as mythologists say, by Juno, to punish the family of Cadmus. It had the head and breasts:

of a woman, the body of a dog, the tail of a serpent, the wings of a bird, the paws of a lion, and a human voice. This infernal pest filled the inhabitants of Thebes and the parts adjacent with the greatest terror, by proposing ænigmas, and devouring all who were not able to explain them. In the midst of their consternation they were told by the oracle, that the sphinx would destroy herself as soon as one of the ænigmas she proposed was explained. In this ænigma she wished to know what animal walked upon four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three in the evening, — which was explained by Œdipus, who observed that it was man, who walked on his hands and feet when young, or in the morning of life; at the noon of life he walked erect; and in the evening of his days he supported his infirmities by a stick. The sphinx no sooner heard this explanation than she dashed her head against a rock, and immediately expired.

I shall close this article with the following ænigma, of which the solutions are very numerous, but none of them very satisfactory:—

“D. M.

ÆLIA LÆLIA CRISPIS,  
Nec vir, nec mulier, nec audrogyna,  
Nec puella, nec juvenis, nec anus,  
Nec casta, nec meretrix, nec pudica,  
Sed omnia.

Sublata

Neque fame, neque ferro, neque veneno,  
Sed omnibus.

Nec cælo, nec aquis, nec terris,  
Sed ubique jacet.

LUCIUS AGATHO PRISCUS

Nec maritus, nec amator, nec necessarius  
Neque mœrens, neque gaudens, neque  
fleus,

Hanc

Nec molem, nec pyramidem, nec sepulchrum,  
Sed omnia,

Scit et nescit cui posuerit.”

Thus translated: ÆLIA LÆLIA CRISPIS, who was neither male, female, nor hermaphrodite; neither a girl, nor a young woman, nor an old woman; neither chaste, nor a harlot, nor a modest woman, but all these. She died neither by famine, nor sword, nor poison, but by all these. She lies neither in the air, nor in the water, nor in the earth, but everywhere. Lucius Agatho Priscus, neither husband, nor lover, nor relation, neither sorrowful nor rejoicing, nor weeping, erected this, which is neither fabric, nor pyramid, nor tomb, but all these; but to whom, he knows, and does not know.”

The other copy of this ænigma was found written in Gothic letters in a MS. at Milan, introduced with A. M. P. P. D. instead of D. M., *diis manibus*, which an anonymous author (Act. Erud. Lips. Mens. Mart. 1732) interpreting the riddle of a monument erected by one of the Ælian family to his own soul, decyphers thus—“*Animæ meæ propriæ dico.*” At the end is the following addition:—

“Hoc est sepulchrum intus cadaver non habens,  
Hoc est cadaver sepulchrum extra non habens.

Sed cadaver idem est et sepulchrum sibi”

(i. e.) “Here is a sepulchre without a corpse: here is a corpse without a sepulchre. The corpse and the sepulchre are one and the same.”

On the four sides of the stone on which the above is inscribed, there are twelve different explanations, with the names of their sagacious authors. Mario Michael Angelo will have it to be rain; Licetus, the beginning and end of friendship; Gevartius, love; Pontinus, the remains of three different persons; Turrius, the *materia prima*; Barnaud, an eunuch, or the philosopher's son; Agathias Scholasticus, Niobe; R. Vitus, the rational soul, or the *idea Platonis*; Boxhornius, a shadow; Ovid Montalbanus, hemp; M. de Cicogne, Pope Joan; Heumaunus, Lot's wife; an anonymous person, the Christian Church; Terronus, music; Vesmondus, a law-suit; and Count Malvasia, in a treatise entitled, “*Ælia Lælia Crispis non nata resurgens*,” interprets it of a daughter promised to a person in marriage, who died pregnant of a male child before the celebration of her nuptials.

The subject of an ænigma should be something easily conceived and generally known, otherwise it loses its point; for if a physician, for instance, were to give a person unacquainted with physic an ænigma to solve, clothed in all the technicalities of his art, it is evident that he would not be able to explain it; and even if the solution were given him, he would, in all probability, be as wise as he was before. A CANTAB.

#### MR. BUCKINGHAM'S INTENDED PLAN FOR CIRCUMNAVIGATING THE GLOBE.

The few more “last words” which Mr. Buckingham delivered at the Mechanics' Institute, in the evening of the 30th ult. were explanatory of his intended enterprise of discovery round

the globe. After he had paid due compliment to the crowded auditory for giving him a *warm* reception in all their intercourse, and particularly under the oppressive temperature, he trusted that by a succinct description, they would approve of his plan and give him the credit of being sincere in the common cause of humanity and universal freedom. "What I have seen, what I hope to see,—what has been done, and what remains to do," observed Mr. Buckingham, "fully convinces me that by the good results which have gone before, much more infinitely must and will follow. In taking a calm and correct view of the subject of this enterprise, to shew what is intended to be accomplished, it necessarily resolves into four particulars. First, the information to be desired, and what are the objects in particular in going round the globe ?

2dly, The best means of ascertaining those objects.

3dly, The fitness of the period ; and,

4th, By the due observations relative to be made for the qualifications required.

It is evident, said he, by the acquaintance we have with charts, that our knowledge is very limited as to the existence of islands, vast tracts of land, the manners, customs, habits and science of their people ; and even after we have consulted the best and latest authorities, we fall very short of that information which is so desirable in the present day. By a perusal of the travels of Capt. Hall, who states that from 120 to 150 islands exist of which he scarcely knew the names, and those islands filling a large statistical space and importance,—the authority of Sir Stamford Raffles, Mr. Maxwell, Mr. Wakely, a barrister, and last, though not least, the late excellent Heber, Bishop of Calcutta.\* By the evidence, then, of books, written by men of established reputation and undoubted integrity—for the general diffusion of knowledge, it is clear that gross ignorance prevails, and it is the duty of every person that attempts to civilize any people, to do his best in removing it. It is not to report, as some sapient travellers have reported, by way of discovery, that "elephants abound" in the country without seeing them, nor to "run through the middle of them" without looking round. I hope to bring home every thing which will be valu-

able in my researches. It is not to offer new doctrines of faith, nor enforce new habits of practice, but to teach the inhabitants how they can live more cheaply, by shewing them how they can grow two blades instead of one,—labour more profitably, produce more safely and abundantly. To give them such implements as are useful, instruct them in every art which will increase their domestic comfort—make them vigorous in their health, rooting out the weeds of idleness and disease, and establishing them in peaceful and happy circles ; and, agreeably with a saying made by Swift, "since the fruits of life are the comforts of life," he that does best in obtaining them by healthy labour, will insure most success in their enjoyment. Little, if any thing, has been done comparatively by those of British interests in the East ; and the Asiatics, who like their old modes, are totally ignorant of waggons, carts, wheelbarrows, shovels, pickaxes, spades, and implements which are so essential in lessening manual labour.

To delay, as when it will be the fitness of the time, is absurd. It is well known that attempts ought to have been made long ago. The anecdote runs in apposition, that the grandmother would not let her dear grandchild go into the water till he had already learnt to swim. The desire also, which even princes have evinced to be taught, and the wisdom, as well as love, they have shewn after they have been instructed ; the value they set upon the tutors, even doubting which they ought to have most reverence for—their fathers or their instructors ; so highly do they estimate the instruments and blessings of education.

Previously, however, to attempting the higher branches, to acquaint them with the arts of life should be the first consideration. The time of peace is the fittest for the enterprise. Now is the accepted time. By the evidence of our notions, printed in Elizabeth's era, it is no wonder travellers made so little success when they forced their way into territories by plunder and brutal acts.

Mr. B. next, modestly, but justly, pointed out, that for the want of means many had not succeeded, but on his part, with the use of a ship (not to be restricted to time or place, an evil which others had experienced by being tied down to specific terms,) and models with apparatus, seeds and media of exchange, and the qualifications he himself possessed ; though he could not go out as a

\* Mr. B. quoted largely from these authors, in support of his purpose.

member of the Cavendish family went, with the expenditure of a large fortune. Yet, having entered the navy at nine years old, and attained to the command at 21, what he had endured by sea and land, in famine and shipwreck, good and ill report—his acquaintance with India, and other parts of the world—his habits of consolidating useful from useless knowledge—his literary tact, patronage and health, connected with an ardent desire for discovery and improvement, and the diffusion of liberty all over the globe. "Indeed if I were certain," said the lecturer, "that my life would be shortened ten years by climate, exertion, or any other cause, I would willingly offer it at the shrine of duty, and my last prayer should be lisp'd with devotional consecration by the incense of sincerity." Here, then Mr. B. appealed powerfully and affectionately to the British fair sex, and persuasively solicited their immediate co-operating influence, by forwarding his views in raising the females of other nations to their proper and natural standard of equality with all civilized and liberal minded mankind. He pledged his heart in the cause, and guaranteed his sense of the deep, responsibility of his undertaking.\*

Mr. B.'s sentiments were manly, and their well seasoned satiric allusions relished by the mechanics with a just and congenial feeling. But, to conclude, as to the more general plan intended by Mr. B. to be prosecuted, will it not be more fully developed in the columns of the diurnal press?

[Nearly forty years ago, the following lines appeared upon his present Majesty, in the Oracle, a daily journal of that period.]

No downy bed his limbs encircled round;  
On ocean's billowy surge the youth was rock'd,  
And as the reeling vessel toss'd, so he  
Was sooth'd to rest with its harsh lullaby.  
Oh, let the perfumed sons of luxury,  
Let pamper'd greatness blush as it beholds  
The hardihood of his princely nature.  
Who dare usurp our empire o'er the main,  
Let them appear and, like a second Jove,  
He shall hurl forth the rattling thunder's bolt,  
Upon whose iron pinion rides pale death  
In terror, slaughter, and in conquest ray'd.

\* It was proposed that a vessel be equipped by subscriptions of any sum not exceeding five guineas, that a large portion of the British public might by their contributions become personally interested in it. Those who could not subscribe, would render the speaker service by conveying his wishes to others, thereby extending the plan over the country at large.

## PARALLEL BETWEEN WELLINGTON AND MARLBOROUGH.

PLUTARCH drew his parallels of character, and why may not I draw mine? I am sitting amongst ruins recordant of heroes! Camillus, Fabius, Scipio, Marcellus, Cæsar, and Pompey, sit before me. Let me come down seventeen or eighteen centuries, and compare two great men of modern times, Marlborough and Wellington.

Let us begin with some of the least brilliant parts of their characters, but which form the warp on which the emblazoning woof was to be thrown, as the tissue of their lives was woven by the hand of time.

Marlborough and Wellington both stand before us as eminent for patience and self-command in a most extraordinary degree. Marlborough was not only patient, he was cool, moderate, and prudent in all he ever did, said, or wrote, and he carried this sobriety of mind, and command of temper into his most confidential letters, even at times when the cruellest vexations were pressing upon him, and thwarting his great plans. His affection for, and confidence in that termagant, his Duchess, never betrayed him into ill-humour or severity in speaking of his opponents and detractors, even in his most unreserved letters to her. He is always calm and unruffled.

Wellington, with an occasional vivacity of manner, has all the above qualities, arising out of his entire and never-failing self-possession—in no part of his correspondence, while struggling against the greatest difficulties in Spain, do we discover either anger or impatience. He felt, as Marlborough did, the thwartings and vexations to which he was exposed by his Spanish Allies, as well as from other sources; but they never mastered him, nor made him forget that his business was to triumph over the difficulties he had to deal with—not to vent himself in angry complaints; but the amount of these difficulties no man can know but himself.

In point of uniform success throughout their whole career, the parallel between Marlborough and Wellington is complete, while in the field; but the violence of the Whig politics of Marlborough's Duchess, brought his career of victory to an untimely end; and, by driving Harley and all the Tories to extremities, caused that disgraceful

peace, which even at this distance of time we cannot help deploring.

If Marlborough had those drag-chains the Dutch Deputies to deal with, as well as the jealous and counteracting Prince Louis of Baden, the Imperial Generalissimo, Wellington had, at the outset, the more than mere inertness of the Portuguese Government; and next, the astonishing pride, obstinacy, and occasional opposition of the Spanish authorities in his early Spanish campaigns. The ascendancy he afterwards gained in Spain was the result of continued success, unwearied patience, and commanding talent.

The beginning of Marlborough's laborious and fatiguing career on the frontiers of Holland, has no parallel in that of Wellington; for Marlborough had towns to besiege, take, and garrison, before he could advance a step, and he was obliged to create the basis on which he was to found his future operations; but having done this, when we view the two commanders beginning their operations in the field, we find they had both the same work to perform; both had to inspire their armies, not yet used to victory, with confidence in themselves, and in their chiefs; both had to excite, to control, to soothe, and to direct the refractory and often retroactive elements they were operating with as Allies; and this, all future English generals acting on the Continent on a great scale will have to do over again.

When Marlborough had established his basis of operations, and had, by his commanding genius, soothed and persuaded his Dutch Allies into acquiescence in his plans, he, by an immense effort of mind, and with a boldness, a judgment, and a tact truly admirable, led his army to the Danube! It is impossible to contemplate this march, the secrecy with which it was conducted, and the glorious victory of Blenheim which followed it, without at once seeing its parallel in Wellington's march to Vittoria, where a single battle delivered Spain as a single battle had delivered the empire! But this march to Vittoria had never been sufficiently celebrated or explained to the people of England: this march alone should immortalize Wellington for capaciousness of mind and firmness of execution.\*

These two marches of these two great Generals are in perfect keeping with one another, admirable for science, secrecy, daring, and result, defeating and defying all anticipation or counteraction while in progress!

I cannot help mentioning here, in the same class, Buonaparte's march over the Great St. Bernard, and his immediate battle of Marengo; and had Hannibal been but successful when he marched from Capua to Rome, his exploit would claim to be enrolled with the great strategic movements cited; and, as it is, as far as military science and tact go, it is inferior to neither; but, in spite of all the efforts of our philosophy, and the admonitions of justice, success does stamp a character on an enterprise to which however, it is in fact extrinsic. Had Hannibal taken and sacked Rome, the real merit of his great operation, by which he led his army from Capua to the walls of the Eternal City, would not have been enhanced one iota in the estimation of sound judges.

As we go on, we see Wellington and Marlborough both successful negotiators, and carrying all the points they had to negotiate on—Marlborough all suavity, Wellington all simplicity—the former persuaded, the latter convinced.

Marlborough was eminently successful in his attacks on lines and entrenchments; for instance, Schellenberg, the lines of Brabant, and his admirable manœuvres when he forced the lines of Villars in 1711, previous to taking Bouchain.—Now, although regular and continuous lines are not the fashion at the present day, yet the French frequently availed themselves of entrenchments during the late war: and Wellington's attacks, always successful, on M. Soult's entrenched positions on the Bidassoa, at the Nive, Nivelle, Bayonne, and Thoulouse, sufficiently evince his skill in *attacks* of that nature. But, is not Wellington's *defence* of the lines of Lisbon a full set off against all that Marlborough ever did in the way of *attack*? The lines of Lisbon were defended by combinations of the most scientific kind, not only in spite of their natural weakness in one part, but in face of the admitted military dictum, the truth of which has not been disputed for half a century, namely, that "lines will always be forced when attacked;" a dictum, the general truth of which is established by the military history of the last hundred years. Yet, in face

\* Let Col. Napier do justice, as he is very capable of doing, to this magnificent piece of "stratagel" in his history, and make it intelligible to those who are not soldiers.

of it, by the mere force of his genius, did Wellington, not only hold his lines, but, he did so in such an attitude, half in position, half by manœuvring, that his opponent never dared try the experiment of an attack, but began here that retreat, that ebbing of the fortunes of Napoleon which reached their lowest at Waterloo! But not only had our great commander the military difficulties of his situation to contend with, every letter which arrived from England, every newspaper, brought to him expressions of alarm, anticipations of defeat, and the prognostics of the soldiers of the old school, that our army would be lost, *because* lines never could be defended; but all this had no effect on the master mind which had determined *there* to check French conquest. That mind was never for a moment shaken, doubt never once took possession of it; when plagued with advice and caution from London, he wrote back both officially and privately, that there he would stay; that he was certain of success. I have seen one of these letters; there was no boasting in it, it simply and unaffectedly breathed the calm confidence of talent and knowledge.

Wellington's campaigns in the Peninsula had a sort of epic unity about them: they all tended to one great end, and although our army sometimes retired, our affairs in Spain never really retrograded. But Marlborough's, though great, were barren victories; they produced no results but glory, and were isolated in their effects. They left the House of Bourbon where they found it, in possession of both the crowns of France and Spain.

The people of England profess to have had war enough, and do not wish that the youth of this country should be bred up in an exclusive admiration of great captains, either ancient or modern; but if we do teach them at our schools and colleges to admire the patience of Fabius Cunctator, let us also teach them to admire the daring cunctation of Wellington in his lines. If we tell them that Scipio's conduct was admirable when he carried the war to Carthage, shall we not also tell them, as matter of history, and as exploits worthy of admiration, how Marlborough marched to the Danube, and liberated the empire at Blenheim, and how Wellington marched from Lisbon to Calais by way of Vittoria?

*To be continued.*

## THE PARKS.

Now that his Majesty William IV. is about to open a new entrance into St. James's Park, it may not be out of place to notice its probable origin. It is likely that the inhabitants of London are indebted to Pope Clement for their fine promenades, St. James's and Hyde Parks, "the lungs of the metropolis," as Lord Chatham emphatically called them, for both were portions of the domains of religious houses; and the Reformation, which emancipated property to a vast amount from the thralldom of the Church, would have been delayed to a later period, had Pope Clement shown more policy and less honesty, by consenting to divorce Henry the Eighth from his wife Catherine.

The monastery of St. James in the Fields was suppressed in 1532, the grounds seized into the King's hands, and erected into a park, at first called "The New Park of Westminster," and afterwards "Saint James's Park." On the sites of the monastery and some other old tenements were built the Palace of St. James, a tennis court, cock pit, &c. Some gardens were also formed afterwards, called "The Spring Gardens."

Henry, having converted St. James's in the Fields into a park, inclosed it with a wall (called by Lord Treasurer Cromwell "a sumptuous wall"), laid out some walks, stocked it with deer, and, it is said, dug Rosamond's Pond. Beyond this, nothing was done towards beautifying the place, which is represented to have consisted of wet, uncultivated fields. Rosamond's Pond was situated towards the west end, being fed by some streams which afterwards made their way across the fields, where Parliament street now stands, and fell into the Thames.

It remained in much the same state till the Restoration. During the Commonwealth, it had been thrown open to the public, and though Charles, on his return, resumed it along with other Crown property, yet being willing to perform every popular act in his power, he allowed all respectable persons to retain the privilege they had acquired.

Charles II. appears to have taken great delight in this park. Indeed, it is to him that we are indebted for its most striking features. He added thirty-six acres of land; laid out regular walks; planted rows of lime and elm trees; dug the canal; formed a decoy for wild duck, and otherwise embel-

lished the place. The lime trees, whose fragrant blossoms and bright green foliage are so grateful amidst the smoke of a large metropolis, were planted in compliance with the salutary advice given by Evelyn in his "Fumifugium."

The canal was 2800 feet in length by 100 feet in breadth, with a row of trees along each bank. The springs which supplied Rosamond's Pond proving insufficient to feed this body of water, a covered way, communicating with the Thames, was constructed, through which at high tide the water was occasionally allowed to flow in; its admission being regulated by a sluice, which remained on the Parade till a few years ago. The decoy was a very extensive shrubbery on an island in the canal, formed, as its name points out, to collect and catch wild fowl; the greatest length was in the direction of the canal, the whole being surrounded by a row of trees. It consisted of a large irregular grove, within which were various ponds, some whereof were the decoys.

Charles here maintained a numerous brood of tame birds, to feed which was one of his favourite diversions. This decoy, afterwards better known by the name of the Wilderness, was destroyed to make a lawn before Buckingham House, when purchased as a palace for the Queen; and the shape of the canal was rendered still more formal.

It may be mentioned, as a curious proof of the tenacity of animals in adhering to habit, that though this park had long been in the heart of a great city, the wild fowl continued to frequent their old haunt till within the last twenty-five years. The care with which they were preserved most likely prolonged their visits. So late as October, 1690, the following proclamation of William III. appeared in the London Gazette:—

"Whereas his Majesty hath empowered John and Thomas Webbe, gentlemen, keepers of the game within ten miles of the Court of Whitehall and the precincts thereof: and information being given, that notwithstanding his Majesty's commands, several persons do kill and molest his Majesty's ducks and game within the said limits: it is therefore his Majesty's especial command, that none presume to keep a fowling-piece, gun, setting dog, net, trammel, or other unlawful engine wherewith to destroy, or kill, or in any ways disturb the game, contrary to the law and statute in that case made and provided, other than such as shall be by law qualified.

And whosoever shall give information to John Webbe, living in St. James's Park, shall have gratuity for every gun, net, dog, or any engine that shall be seized or taken from any offender.

"NOTTINGHAM."

The grotesque muse of Dr. King has immortalized these *ducks*. In his "Art of Cookery," he sings—

"The fate of things lies always in the dark,  
What Cavalier would know St. James's Park?  
For Locket's stands where gardens once did spring,  
And wild-ducks quack where grasshoppers did sing;  
A princely palace on that space does rise  
Where Sedley's noble muse found mulber-  
ries."

Before Charles II. improved the Park, it was indeed a fit place for grasshoppers, and for these insects only. The "princely palace" means Buckingham House, built in 1703, by John Duke of Buckingham, the site of which is usually supposed to have been the Mulberry Gardens, alluded to by Dr. King, though Mr. Malone is of opinion that Arlington street stands on part of them. The allusion to "Sedley's noble muse" relates to a play of Sir Charles Sedley, published in 1668, whence it appears that this garden was laid out with arbors, where the company assembled in an evening, (the ladies frequently in masks), and regaled on syllabubs, cheese-cakes, and sweetened wine. Buckingham House was purchased in 1761, for the sum of 21,000*l*. and converted into a palace for the Queen.

On an island in one of the ponds of the decoy, towards the Parade, William III. built a summer-house, where he frequently drank tea. The Bird-cage Walk, which was originally grassed, takes its name from the aviary which Charles II. placed there—most probably, the first ever built in England. In some old books of expenditure is an allowance for hempseed for the birds, and an officer appointed to attend them, called an *Acener*.

The Mall is so denominated from the game of Mall, (*Pall Maille*, or *Palle Maille*—*Pallere Malteo*, to strike with a mallet), an amusement in which Charles greatly indulged and excelled. In that game, a round bowl, or large ball, being struck by a heavy bat, was sent through an iron ring of considerable diameter, mounted on a high pole, usually placed at the end of an alley of trees, as was the case in St. James's Park, the middle walk whereof was carefully strewn with cockle-shells, which, when properly managed, pro-



duce a very smooth hard surface. To conduct this business, Charles actually created the important and dignified office of *Cockle-strewer*.

Charles, accompanied by his dogs, was constantly in this Park, either among his birds, playing at mall, or sauntering about the walks. On such occasions, the easy monarch was usually unattended, a circumstance that attracted the notice, and alarmed the fears of the House of Lords when the Popish plot exploded; an address having been voted in 1678, wherein they beseech his Majesty that all mean and unwarranted persons (who were forbidden entering the Park) should abstain from following him, and that all private doors might be walled up.

It is not astonishing that "mean and unwarranted" persons should frequent this Park, because debtors here enjoyed freedom from arrests. In Fielding's "*Amelia*" we find the hero walking in security in the Mall, when he did not venture to parade his person elsewhere. In the comedies of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, gentlemen who were at a loss to find a dinner, generally beguiled the time which the pleasure of eating would have employed, on a bench in St. James's Park. There they were frequently joined by others, who, though not hungering after food, had an insatiable appetite for news, or, in a word, were politicians. Bickerstaff here meets his acquaintance the upholsterer, who silently lets his own affairs run to ruin, that he may loudly proclaim the deep interest he takes in those of the King of Sweden.

The once Republican, but now courtly muse of Waller, prompted him to celebrate the improvements made by his royal master. He declares, that though nothing can be found of Paradise, yet the description of it would very well apply to St. James's Park. And as to the canal,—

To make a river, than to build a town,  
He then mentions the rows of trees planted by its side, and affirms that Amphion

"In better order could not make them stand."  
He anticipates that the gallants will bathe there in summer, and slide there in winter, (the present elegant amusement of skating not having been introduced); that boats will float on the water and music on the air, while

"The ladies angling on the chrystal lake,  
Feast on the waters on the prey they take;  
At once victorious with their lines and eyes,  
They make the fishes and the men their prize."

He afterwards tells us that Charles had constructed an ice-house, and then directs our attention to the Mall;

"Here a well polished Mall gives us the joy  
To see our Prince his matchless force employ.

No sooner has he touched the flying ball,  
Than 'tis already more than half the Mall;  
And such a fury from his arm has got,  
As from a smoking cul'rin it was shot."

Hugh Roberts having invented a draining machine, its utility was put to the test in 1735, when one of these was erected on piles in Rosamond's Pond, discharging thirty tons of water in a minute, and costing about 400l. The machine, however, it is to be presumed, was not then brought into much action; for the work proceeded but slowly, as appears from an article in "*The London Chronicle*" of July 10, 1770, which states that "the water is drawn out of the canal (for the purpose of cleaning,) in St. James's Park, and the workmen have begun to shorten it, and to fill up Rosamond's Pond. The trees in that part are to be cut down to form a spacious lawn before the Queen's palace, the wilderness to be destroyed, and the moat filled up."

This Rosamond's Pond appears to have acquired great celebrity as a place for despairing lovers to end their woes in; before it was filled up the following was affixed by some wag to a neighbouring tree:—

"This is to give notice to all *broken* hearts, such as are unable to survive the loss of their lovers, and are come to a resolution to *die*, that an engineer from Flintshire having cruelly undertaken to disturb the waters of Rosamond's Pond in this Park, *gentlemen* and *ladies* cannot be accommodated as formerly. And whereas certain daughters of *Eve* have been since tempted to make use of the Serpentine and other rivers, some whereof have met disappointment: this is therefore to certify all persons whatsoever labouring under the circumstances aforesaid, that the basin in the upper or Green Park is a most commodious piece of water, in admirable order, and of a depth sufficient to answer the *ends* of all *sizes* and *conditions*. Wherefore all persons applying themselves thereto, will be sure to meet with satisfaction."

The Park has been grievously encroached on from time to time. Part was enclosed as a garden to St. James's Palace. The Duke of St. Albans obtained permission to take a portion of the Green Park. Slides have been granted at various periods to different

individuals: among others, Lord Spencer obtained the portion whereon his house now stands; a passage into the park, which, till then, existed in that spot, being thus blocked up. And, lastly, the "Spring Gardens" are now covered with houses, forming Spring Garden-terrace, New-street, &c.

What these Spring Gardens were, may be collected from Monconys, who states that in 1663, Spring Gardens was much resorted to, having grass and sand walks, dividing squares of twenty or thirty yards, which were inclosed with hedges of gooseberries, raspberries, roses, beans, and asparagus, (then great rarities,) and the whole inclosed with a wall. These gardens were resorted to by the public during the Interregnum, as appears from the following order:—

"1647, March 3. Ordered, that the keeper of the Spring Gardens be hereby required and enjoined to admit no person to come into or walk in the Spring Gardens on the Lord's day, or any of the public fast days; or that any wine, beer, ale, cakes, or other things be sold, either upon the Lord's day, or upon public fast days."

Although nearly the whole of what was the Spring Gardens is now built upon, yet the old custom of supplying certain refreshments continues to drag on a kind of existence near its ancient haunts; cakes and milk being there still supplied to nursery-maids and children.

The present passage of Spring Gardens was granted to the parishioners of St. Martin's in the Fields in the year 1699, at the rent of 6l. 8s. per annum. The lease expired in 1799, and was not renewed.

Anterior to 1721, the east side of the Park, near Spring Gardens, was inclosed by a high brick wall, but in that year the inhabitants obtained permission to remove it, and substitute an iron railing.

The old wooden sunk railing, which till within the last three or four years inclosed the green in the centre of St. James's Park, must have been placed there subsequently to 1731; a fact which is apparent from positive orders at that time issued, that no one should walk upon the grass. This fence was most probably made when Buckingham-house was bought for the Queen.

At the North West corner of the parade stood a piece of ordnance, called "the gun," cast in 1638, and bearing the following inscription—

"Carolus Edgari Sceptrum stabilivit aquarum."

which alludes to the *Mare Clausum* of Selden.

The place of this gun is now supplied by a cannon, remarkable for its length and ornaments, cast by some Grand Seigneur, and taken by Buonaparte when he invaded Egypt; but he was in turn deprived of this curious trophy by the British troops, when they rescued that portion of the Ottoman empire from the French grasp.

*To be continued.*

## The Note Book.

### TURKISH CURE.

Mr. Webster, in his amusing travels, says at Edfon, "we heard the following account of the bite of a serpent and the cure, from Mahmoud. In his last voyage up the Nile, one of the crew was bitten in the foot by a serpent, and he ran howling to the boat, believing that he must die. The remedy applied was the following: They tied a Spanish dollar upon the wound, and one of the sailors stood over the patient for some time, repeating verses from the Koran. A cure somewhat similar was resorted to in the case of our reis, who one day complained of his head from exposure to the sun. One of the crew thrust his hand down the reis's back, and pulled and rubbed, as if he were drawing something up. Having done the same with the other hand, he kept a firm hold of the neck with both hands, seeming to have caught something. He then dragged one hand after the other cautiously round the head, till they met in the middle of the brow, and, raising up the skin between them he squeezed it, as if extracting a thorn. By this means the sun which had mischievously entered the body of the reis was caught, and turned out."

### A FEW WORDS ON PRIZE FIGHTING.

#### FROM BLACKWOOD'S NOCTES.

*Interlocutors, Mr. Robert Howie and Mr. North.*

**Mr. Robert Howie**—Sir, I'm told there has been an awfu' outcry against prize-fechtin' in the papers.

**Mr. North**—The whole argument, Bob, lies in a nutshell. The English are a pugilistic people. They decide their quarrels by the fist. It is the least dangerous—the least revengeful—the least rancorous mode of doing so that can exist among the common orders. It is manly, courageous, honest,

and honourable—generally speaking—and therefore ought to be upheld by all men who esteem such qualities in national character. That cannot be done without professors of pugilism; and professors of pugilism can establish their claim to that title, only by fighting publicly in a ring. The ring, then, is essential to the existence of pugilism, as the national mode of deciding and extinguishing all quarrels among the people. In the ring, out of many hundred fights, one occasionally proves fatal—and the fatality, when it occurs, is a subject of regret—but of no great and wide lamentation, nor worthy of a general mourning or fast.

*Mr. Robert Howie*—You speak, weel, sir, on all subjects. What mair!

*Mr. North*—Prize Fights are, notwithstanding, illegal. They cannot well be otherwise; but the Law has wisely winked at them—and some of the highest Judges in the Law have regarded them with no disfavour—but in the light of necessary and useful pastimes even, the support of Fair Play out of the Ring, and an encouragement given to all manliness in the settlement of quarrels and the satisfaction of insults. Such is the feeling of the vast majority of the educated classes in England. On the other hand, many persons of much worth, and fine sensibilities, are shocked by what they have been taught, or have taught themselves, to think brutal, ferocious, and cruel—and confining their attention solely to the spectacle of bloody and bruised faces and figures, without any consideration of all the collateral circumstances, and all the consequences, results, and effects, look on all such exhibitions as a disgrace to a civilized age. They are ninnies, Bob. But being good sort of people enough in their own way, I content myself with merely saying that they know nothing of the character of Englishmen. Some people again, try all things by religion. Pugilism will not stand that test—nor indeed will any kind of warfare, either private or public—and if they must weep over Moulsey Hurst, they ought to die at the bare idea of Waterloo. But thousands and tens of thousands who brutally abuse Prize-Fighting, are themselves worse blackguards than any that ever entered a ring. Every word they utter against the ring is a lie—and they know it. No punishment is too much for such miscreants. They assert that they can see no difference between the accidental death some-

times befalling in the ring—in fair fighting—and the cutting of a man's throat at midnight in his bed, by a burglarious murderer. The law, say they, in a late case, ought to take its course—and Simon Byrne ought to be hanged! This is brutally wicked, and they who hold such language are not fit to live. Had they insults or injuries of their own to requite—how deadly would be their revenge!

#### HIGH NOTIONS.

THE great fault of the present generation, is, that, in *all* ranks, the *notions of self-importance are too high*. This has arisen from causes not visible to many, but the consequences are felt by all, and that, too, with great severity. There has been a general *sublimating* going on for many years. Not to put the word *Esquire* before the name of almost any man who is not a mere labourer or artisan, is almost an *affront*. Every merchant, every master manufacturer, every dealer, if at all rich, is an *Esquire*; squires' sons must be *gentlemen*, and squires' wives and daughters *ladies*. If this were *all*; if it were merely a ridiculous misapplication of words, the evil would not be great; but, unhappily, words lead to acts and produce things; and the "*young gentleman*" is not easily to be moulded into a *tradesman* or a *working farmer*. And yet the world is too small to hold so many *gentlemen and ladies*. How many thousands of young men have, at this moment, cause to lament that they are not carpenters, or masons, or tailors, or shoemakers; and how many thousands of those, that they have been bred up to wish to disguise their honest and useful, and therefore honourable, calling! Rousseau observes, that men are happy, first, in proportion to their virtue, and next, in proportion to their *independence*; and that, of all mankind, the artisan, or craftsman, is the most independent; because he carries about, *in his own hands* and person, the means of gaining his livelihood; and that the more common the use of the articles on which he works, the more perfect his independence.

*Cobbett's Advice.—No. 13.*

#### Customs of Various Countries.

##### SOCIETY AND MANNERS IN CAIRO.

The houses at Cairo have windows, or shut balconies, projecting into the

streets, which latter are often only five or six feet wide. The Frank quarter is not much crowded, but the other parts absolutely crammed. The customary riding is on asses. A servant goes by the side crying out incessantly, "Reglak, chemalak," &c. that is—"Your right leg! your left leg! take care!" beating the other animals and clearing the way. The difficulty in passing through the narrow streets is, chiefly, when a camel comes laden with corn or fire-wood, filling the whole way. When two of these animals meet, the pushing, floundering, and disputing, are beyond description.

The dresses at Cairo, are not so various as at Constantinople. The Arab habit consists of a blue or white shirt, with red strap, or girth, wide sleeves, fastened up above the elbow by cords, which cross over the back; of a kind of under drawers which come down to the knees; and of a turban of four rolls of white muslin. The shoes are large and of red leather.

There are two head market days a week, Monday and Friday. We passed on a market day through a court, where numbers of negro women were exposed for sale, sitting in the sun, almost naked. They were black, thick lipped, with plaited or matted hair, and seemed quite insensible to their condition. At the entrance of the Bazaar, there are chains placed across the street, to prevent asses from entering. The Bazaar itself is a perfect Babel, insufferably crowded. The salesman holds up the articles which he wishes to sell, as swords, pistols, pipes, cachmere shawls, jackets, trousers, &c., and pushing his way through the crowd, bawls aloud the price at which he offers them. The merchants sit in the shops (which are a kind of stalls without windows) displaying their stock. Those who wish to purchase any thing, take a seat beside the merchant, which is the most convenient way of observing the noisy and conflicting tide perpetually moving on. The beggars are numerous, and very annoying. They seize hold of you, pull you, and stroke down your back with most abject importunity. Such revolting pictures of human misery are only to be met with in Egypt. Many are blind, and led about by others.

*Travels in Turkey.*

### Anecdotes.

#### HUMBLE OCCUPATIONS OF NAPOLEON.

Nowhere, says Bourriene, unless it were on the field of battle, have I seen Bonaparte more delighted, than in his gardens at Malmaison. During the early period of the Consulate, we retired thither every Saturday evening, staying over Sunday, and sometimes Monday. Here the Consul made study give place a little to walking, overseeing in person the improvements which he had ordered. At first he sometimes visited the environs, until the report of the police poisoned his native feelings of security, by insinuating fears of royalist partisans lying in wait to carry him off. For the first four or five days, on getting possession, he amused himself, after breakfast, in calculating the income, omitting nothing, not even the care of the park, and the price of the vegetables. He found the whole amount to be 8000 francs (£333, 6s. 8d.) of rent. "This is not so bad," were his words, "but, to live here, one would require an income of 30,000," (£1250.) I fell a-laughing heartily to see him seriously apply to this inquiry. These humble desires were not of long duration.—

*Constable's Miscellany, Vol. 57.*

#### ANTIQUITY OF FOREIGN VESSELS STRIKING THE TOP-SAIL TO THE BRITISH FLAG.

It is affirmed by all who are used to the seas, as an indisputable fact, that the law or custom of striking, hath been very usual to the English nation, and received for nearly 600 years, as may appear by the following record at Hastings in Sussex. It was decreed by King John, in the second year of his reign, with the assent of the peers: That if the governor or commander of the king's navy, in his naval expedition, shall meet any ships whatsoever, by sea, either laden or empty, that shall refuse to strike their sails at the command of the king's governor, or admiral, or his lieutenant, but make resistance against them which belong to the fleet, that then they are to be reputed enemies; and that, though the masters or owners of the ships shall alledge afterwards, that the same ships and goods do belong to the friends and allies of our lord the king. But that the persons which shall be found in this kind of ships, are to be punished with imprisonment at discretion for their rebellion.

## Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, August 4.

*St. Dominic founder of the order of St. Dominic, an. 1221.—Full Moon, 6h 57m After.*

**August 4, 1347**—THE SURRENDER of CALAIS to Edward III. took place to day, after a long resistance. It was upon this memorable occasion that the hate of the fierce Edward was more overcome by the intreaties of his Queen (Philippa), than by his own generosity; she prevented him punishing the noble Eustache de St. Pierre and five other of the best reputed citizens of Calais for that fidelity which ought to have secured his warmest esteem.

Thursday, August 5.

*St. Afra, &c. Martyrs. A.D. 304.—High Water 12m after 2 Morning—53m after 2 Afternoon.*

**August 4, 1503**—Died Sir Reginald Bray, a man distinguished for his bravery in the field, and for his skill in architecture, of which science he was a complete master: the existing testimonies of his great ability are Henry VIIIth's Chapel in Westminster Abbey, and St. George's Chapel Windsor; the former structure he has the credit of being the draughtsman of, and the latter he was concerned in finishing and perfecting. From these great performances in art, we turn to his feats in arms; passing over the fight in Bosworth Field, where he behaved valorously for Richard, we come to the battle of Blackheath, where he was instrumental in taking prisoner the Lord Audley, who had joined the Cornish rebels, and in suppressing the rebellion; for which services he was rewarded by Henry VII. with the land of the traitorous nobleman. Sir Reginald received many other marks of the King's bounty and favour, which he died enjoying. By historians he is called "the father of his country, a sage and grave person, and a fervent lover of justice, and one who would often admonish the King when he did any thing contrary to justice or equity."

Friday, August 6.

*Transfiguration of Our Lord.—Sun rises 24m after 6—sets 33m after 7.*

The Greek Church instituted this festival about the year 700, but the Latin Church did not adopt it until 1656, when Pope Callixtus passed a decree for its general observance, to immortalize, as he alleged, the remembrance of the deliverance of Belgrade from the sword of the victorious Mahomet II., who had been compelled to raise the siege of that fortress. Both these churches still celebrate this memorable event with great solemnity; but the Protestants of England have discontinued the day as a feast of obligation ever since the Reformation.

**August 6, 1829**—Expired at his house at Rolvenden, at the advanced age of 98, John Henry, Admiral of the Red. Admiral Henry served in the American war under the late Earl Howe. He was also employed at the taking of the French West India Islands by the late Earl St. Vincent.

Saturday, August 7.

*High Water 30m after 3 Morn—56m after 3 Evening.*

**August 7, 1890**—Died Louis Bernard Etienne Vigée, brother of Madame Le Brun, the painter, author of several comedies in verse, and likewise of several pieces of fugitive poetry, in which he imitated Dorat. He was for some time editor of the *Almanach des Muses*.

Sunday, August 8.

NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

*Lessons for the Day—18 chapter Kings, b. 1, morn—19 chapter Kings, b. 1, Even.*

*St. Hermidas, Martyr.—Sun rises 30m after 4—sets 29m after 7.*

**August 8, 1758**—Cherburg was taken, and its pier destroyed by the English this day. His Majesty's troops had effected a landing, under cover of the frigates and bomb ketches, in the Bay des Marées, two leagues westward of Cherburg, in the face of a large body of the enemy prepared to receive him; and, in the evening, Cherburg surrendered at discretion, the enemy having marched out and abandoned the place on the approach of his Majesty's troops. The next day Lieutenant-general Bligh prepared to destroy the two piers and the basin at the entrance of the harbour. There were about twenty-seven ships in the harbour, and thirty pieces of brass cannon taken.

Monday, August 9.

*St. Fedelmid, Bishop of Ireland, 6th Cent.—High Water 57m aft 4 Mor—18m aft 5 After.*

**August 9, 1179**—Expired at Tours, on his return from the Lateran Council held at Rome, Roger, Bishop of Worcester, son of Robert, Earl of Gloucester, natural son of Henry I. This prelate was called one of the lights of England by Pope Alexander III., by whom he was greatly esteemed. Henry II. despatched him to assure the Pope of his innocence with regard to the murder of Thomas a Becket. The bishop was of an undaunted spirit, for it is recorded that whilst he was celebrating mass at the high altar of St. Peter's Gloucester, one of the great towers fell down with a terrible crash, whilst he continued the service unmoved. He was remarkable for many virtues, and revered for his regular life and strict discipline.

Tuesday, August 10.

*St. Deusdedit, Confessor.—Sun rises 33m after 4—sets 26m after 7.*

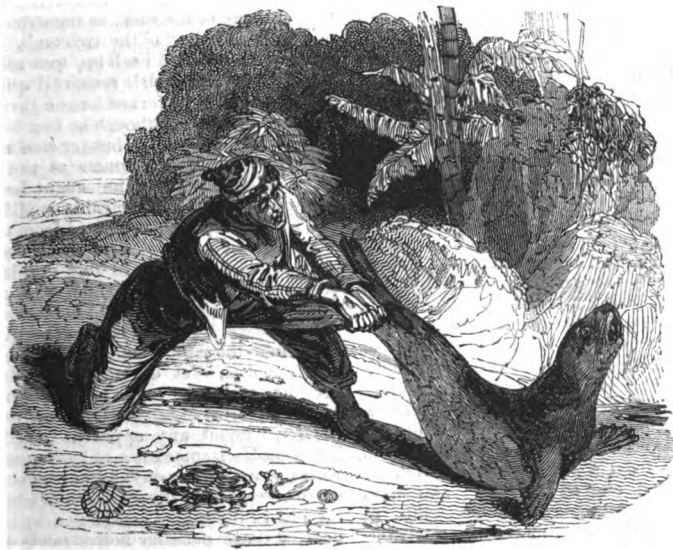
**August 10, 1792**—The Swiss guards, who attended Louis XVth at Paris, were almost all butchered in a conflict with the people. The latter, having gained possession of the palace, burst in as immense crowd into the different apartments, and carried off the Queen's jewels, money, and important papers. Upon this occasion, about 3,000 persons lost their lives.

# The Olio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. VIII.—Vol. VI.

Saturday, August 14, 1880.



See page 116.

## Illustrated Article.

### LEFT BEHIND.

EARLY in the year 1825, the subject of this narrative was, at the age of seventeen, by one of the freaks of fortune, placed on board a ship employed in the South Sea Fishery. The ship being in the latitude of the Galapagos, a group of islands situated about two hundred miles west of Peru, she directed her course towards them for the purpose of obtaining wood and water; here they found an American brig which had arrived there, a day or two previous, with the same intention. They came to an anchor fronting a sandy beach of no very great extent, with high hills, and lofty woods terminating the prospect; the inland parts at a little distance seemed impracticable, from the great thickness of the forests. At 2 p. m. a number of hands were despatched on shore in the long-boat, but not meeting with so desirable a place for water as they expected, some of the men entered

the woods in search of the "quick freshes," while others proceeded along shore to find one less objectionable. Of the former party was young Lord; and whether he was led on by destiny, wildness, or want of caution, it so happened that he got separated from the rest, and entered quite unconsciously into the thickest part of the country. Having wandered on in this wild labyrinth for nearly two hours, and not finding any water, nor able to knock down any of the large birds which he occasionally disturbed, and chased from among the wild furze and thickets, he began to think of returning,—no apprehending any more difficulty of egress, than he had met with on entering.

Being perfectly satisfied in his own mind that he was proceeding in the direction for the ship, he steadfastly pursued the path he had chosen; evening, however, began to wrap the forest in a deeper gloom, and only sufficient light remained to show him that he had arrived at a place clothed with some very fine trees, beyond which the woods

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grew so thick as to render them completely impassable. The fact now first flashed upon him, that he had proceeded in all probability some miles into the interior. Our youth was of a character of much pleasantry and good humour, blended with a determined spirit, and resolution greatly superior to most boys of his age; to those qualities, in after years, may be attributed his saving the life of a boy who fell overboard from one of his Majesty's ships at Plymouth, and the promptitude and activity he displayed on another occasion, when a sailor fell from the fore-yard into the sea, which procured for him the high commendation of his superior officers, with a certificate of the circumstance from his gallant commander. But to resume,—the certainty of having lost himself did not appear to him to be a discovery of great importance, and with a buoyancy of spirit, he determined to pass the night in the woods, not doubting that on the morrow he should readily find his way back to the vessel. In this comfortable hope, after having fortified himself with a good drink of water, from a spring just at hand, he ascended one of the trees; and here, notwithstanding the loud screaming of the nightbird, and the continued whoopings of innumerable owls, "making night hideous," worn out by fatigue and watching, he slept till morning.

It may be imagined that at the first glimpse of daybreak, he was not a little anxious to get out of the wood, an anxiety increased by his experiencing that uneasy sensation which too long a fast is apt to produce. For some hours he wandered about in the intricacies of this wild and uninhabited spot, supported in the hope, as he advanced, of his toils being near their termination. Often did he listen in breathless attention to catch the sound of any signal gun to guide his footsteps, and often did he shout in expectation of being heard by those who might have been despatched in search of him. He ascended at intervals any high tree that he met with in his progress, but found his view constantly intercepted by forests and elevated hills wooded to their summits. Hunger now pointed to him the necessity of seeking some means of subsistence; he accordingly prepared with his knife a formidable bludgeon, determined to knock on the head, if an opportunity offered, either biped or quadruped; and scarcely had an hour passed when he was startled by a rustling among the underwood, and he expected

some kind of animal to sally forth, but he was surprised to see what in reality was neither one nor the other, for a large snake glided out from its concealment, and raised its head "nimble in threats," at his approach. Having got within range of his stick, he immediately "rapped" it "o' the coxcomb,"—whereupon it rolled itself up, and after a few twists and twirls remained quite stationary, with its forked tongue thrust out of its mouth. Although he had fasted a long time, yet his hunger had not as yet become so importunate as not to be resisted, otherwise he might have ventured upon a feed off this reptile; but his attention was diverted from the snake by the conviction of more dangers and difficulties. In this desolate situation night overtook him, and although the climate of the island, notwithstanding its latitude, is generally mild, and the middle of the day pleasantly warm, yet the mornings and evenings are rather cold: consequently he had to struggle against both cold and hunger, without any apparent remedy. The simple circumstance of having met with a snake in the day did not seem of much consequence, but the idea of meeting one in the night, occasioned by his hearing those peculiar noises made by them at this period, alarmed his imagination, and kept up a continual anxiety. There being some small springs which ran meandering through the woods, he was not in want of water, and after imbibing a sufficient quantity, he thought it advisable to lay aside all farther attempts for that day; he therefore ascended a tree, and having eaten some of the leaves, which in a degree alleviated his hunger, there he remained during the obscurity of a night intensely dark, with his spirits "down at Zero," for he now began to fear that the ship should sail without him, and the apprehension of such an occurrence with all its terrors rushed upon his fancy; his situation appeared so hopeless, that he passed a sleepless and desponding night, the same noises being kept up in the woods, which convinced him that many birds of prey existed upon the island. When day began to appear, he descended from the tree, and had not gone many paces when he perceived a large owl perched, with the most imperturbable gravity, upon the low bough, with its large eyes intently fixed on him, but as if unconscious of his appearance. He very quietly approached near enough to testify his joy at their meeting by instantly knocking

it on the head; and thus he had the good fortune to provide himself with a breakfast.

Not willing to waste time in useless attempts to obtain a fire (for the day previous his endeavours had been unavailing) he instantly set to work to alleviate the cravings of hunger; but from the difficulty of plucking off the feathers, and the shrivelled and yellow appearance of the skin, he had reason to conclude that it had been a tenant of the island, and had been guilty of screaming and whooping about the forest, for at least half a century.—Having eaten sufficiently of this carrion, which left his mouth as bitter as wormwood, he set out with a determination of moving in a right line, which could not fail of bringing him to the sea shore at some part of the island. Towards evening he was seized with a most painful sickness, and felt cold and disheartened; he had not seen during this day any four-footed animal.

The night set in dark and rainy; and he took up his quarters at the base of a mountain, determined to ascend to the summit in the morning, in the hope of gaining a view of the sea; but the first thing he did was to shelter himself in one of the low trees which had the thickest foliage, and which proved, in some measure, a defence against the tempestuous weather which now set in; the rain fell in torrents, and he might truly have said, "Here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools!" In this dismal situation he fell asleep; and on awaking found himself in a very feeble condition, and completely wet through. Towards morning the weather cleared up, and he proceeded with no very great expedition to climb the mountain, for his strength was nearly exhausted; after great exertion he succeeded in gaining the top, and with great joy found that it commanded a view of the anchorage; but he also made another discovery, which, in its event, threatened to prove more fatal to this unfortunate youth than all his former adventures; the ship to which he belonged had put to sea, and the American brig was at that moment loosening her sails. The distance from the place where he stood to the sea beach, was at least three miles; and however rejoiced and gratified he might have been at the sight of the American, the well-known signal warned him that not a moment was to be lost in making a last effort to hail her before she got under weigh. The perfect hope-

lessness of all succour, should she sail before he could arrive at the beach, rendered him desperate, and he rushed down the mountain, sick, dizzy, and faint, his limbs with difficulty performing their office; he succeeded after nearly two hours of fatigue and difficulty in reaching the bay where he first landed; but what was his horror on beholding the white sails of the American brig dwindled to a mere speck upon the horizon.

Our youth was naturally of an almost unconquerable spirit, but when this last and only chance had failed him, the hopelessness of being rescued, shot like an arrow through his heart, he fell down in agony upon the sand, which he grasped in an agitated spasm. Here he lay until the day was pretty far advanced. On recovering a little, the want of food became insupportable; he now hobbled along shore in search of shell-fish, but was obliged to put up with no better repast than what some sea-weed and wild shrubs afforded.—He sheltered himself this night in the woods which skirted the sea, and in the morning returned to the task of procuring subsistence. With this intent he walked along the beach, and at a rocky part of the shore he perceived several seals; some of them were reposing on the sand, while others lay upon the rocks. Approaching very silently, and selecting one whose head presented a fair mark, he with a few blows secured his prize. Had he been able to have made a fire he possibly might have dined very sumptuously off this animal, but as that was impossible he proceeded to cut it up, and selecting a piece of the liver, ate it ravenously; this he had no sooner done than he was seized with excessive sickness, which affected him so much, that he was obliged to lie upon the sand for a length of time, completely exhausted. In a short time, however, having refreshed himself with some water, he again pursued his path along shore, when by great good fortune he fell in with a turpin\*; this he also quickly despatched, and the flesh agreeing with his stomach, renovated his strength; he was soon afterwards enabled to return to the place where he had left the seal, which he forthwith cut up into long strips, and laying them upon the sand, left them to

\* *Terrapin*, a gigantic species of Tortoise, which are in great abundance on the Gallapagos, and where they attain a larger size than probably any other part of the world.—*Ed.*



dry, intending to try another piece for breakfast in the morning, the remains of the turpin sufficing only for that evening.

In this manner he existed for some days, sleeping in the woods at night and roving abroad in the day; but the supply of seals at last failed him, nor had he an opportunity of recruiting his stock, neither could he find any turpin, and starvation began once more to stare him in the face. It happened, very luckily for him, that the weather was particularly pleasant, and he often refreshed himself with a sleep on the warm sand: a gun would have been the means of supplying him with plenty of water fowl, and he often had the vexation of seeing quantities of such birds fly past him with impunity. One morning when he had wandered some distance, allaying his appetite with whatever he could find upon the coast, he sank down beside a small bank quite exhausted, where he must have slept some hours. On awaking, he found that he had overlaid a snake; its species was different from the one he had killed in the woods and of a less size; it was not quite dead; the unexpected occurrence not a little startled him, and placing his stick under its speckled belly, he tossed it into the sea. He had not the good fortune, with all his industry, to meet with any provision; he therefore crawled back to the bay. As soon as the morning arrived, which was very serene and pleasant, he sauntered along, but with the same want of success as on the foregoing day; nothing could he find to recruit his strength, which now became seriously impaired, not from the deprivation, but the quality of the food which he had been obliged to eat. The morning being very far advanced, and the sun pleasantly warm, he threw himself, or rather fell down upon the shore, and betook himself to his usual recipe for hunger, which was going to sleep.

It would require a much more able pen than the writer's to express the surprise of our hero on awaking; his eyes fixed on, not "a lovely female face of seventeen," but the amphibious and black bully head of a large seal, who, like himself, was basking in the sun enjoying a sound sleep; it had taken up its situation, singular as it may appear, almost within the grasp of our famished Crusoe. Astonished (as every one so situated would have been,) at the companionable qualities displayed by his unctious friend, for "misery acquaints

a man with strange bed-fellows," he raised himself up and gazed perfectly panic-struck on the uncouth monster, who soundly reposed (no doubt after his fatigue and repletion *sub aqua*) with the utmost tranquillity.

From what has been related, it will not be unreasonably concluded that poor Lord was not at this time very strong, but it cannot be doubted that had he happened to have his club by his side, he would have given the seal a tolerable hard smash on the figure-head, which in all probability would have rendered it still more *comatose*, and prevented a deal of trouble; but unfortunately he had let fall this weapon about twenty paces before he sank down upon the shore, and feared that if he got up to fetch it, he might disturb the gentle slumbers of his reposing companion, and thereby be prevented from again converting (notwithstanding his former loathing) part of its liver and blubber to his own accommodation and enjoyment. He therefore relinquished all idea of regaining his club, and determined on commencing an attack with his knife, although fearful from its bluntness that it would not prove a very formidable weapon.—However, he darted suddenly upon it, and driving the knife with all his force at its throat, succeeded in "drawing first blood," and also of encircling the seal in his arms and legs, rolling the creature over and over; it made the most desperate efforts to escape, and practised sundry flip flaps and tourbillons, blowings and sniffings; still he succeeded in holding on its greasy carcass, with as much affection as ever the old man of the forest did about the neck of our old acquaintance Sinbad the Sailor. There is nothing so indispensably requisite for the establishment of good stamina as good living; and it therefore will not be wondered at, that he of the club found himself, after a few rolls and tumbles, in what is called bad condition, and getting the worst of the fight, and that he also began to sniff and blow with almost as much fury as his antagonist. The seal appeared to have a great affection for the water, while Lord wished to keep it a short time on land; they therefore struggled for the mastery, but the seal was too strong in despite of all he could effect, and they both rolled into the sea. This certainly increased the odds against the capture; the animal seemed to redouble its struggles at this advantage. Although nearly half

drowned, our hero made a last attempt, by rising on his feet, to drag his slippery seal-ship again on shore, but he was too much exhausted.

Vexed and confounded at the escape of his prey, the more so when he found his hands much lacerated in the encounter; he crawled on shore, where he luckily recovered his knife which he had dropped on the spot where they floundered. As he did not expect another visit from *this* animal, he picked up his club, and began to pursue his roal back, benumbed with cold, and much reduced by the heavy fatigue of the day; he had not gone half-a-mile, when, to his great joy, he beheld a tolerably large turpin moving up from the sea towards the woods. Exerting his utmost strength, he was so successful as to arrive in sufficient time to intercept its retreat, and he proceeded to dispatch it without delay. It must be confessed that this supply came very opportunely, for he was more dead than alive, and after this meal (which lasted a considerable time) he found himself so much the better, that he reached the tree, where he always put up for the night, when he composed himself to rest, and slept without disturbance. The next morning he finished the remains of the turpin, and he then mustered up resolution to enter the forest, in order to keep a look-out from the mountain from whence he had beheld the American ship prepare for sailing. He succeeded in gaining the summit without much difficulty, as he could perceive it from the beach; here he remained all this day viewing the distant horizon, but no sail appeared, and the night passed heavily.

*To be continued.*

SONG.  
(*For the Olto*)

When Damon languish'd at my feet,  
And I believed him true,  
The moments of delight how sweet,  
Yet, ah! how swift they flew.

The sunny hill, the flow'ry vale,  
The garden and the grove,  
Have listen'd to his artful tale,  
And vows of endless love.

The conquest gain'd, he left his prize,  
And left her to complain,  
And talk of joys with weeping eyes,  
And measure time by pain.

Yet heaven will take the mourner's part,  
In pity to despair,  
And the last sigh that rends her heart  
Shall waft the spirit there.

R. HOBSON, Jun.  
Vicarage, Hillingdon, Mid.

THE WRECK.

Concluded from p. 101.  
*For the Olto.*

THE decks and bulwarks abaft were already broken up, and the tremulous quivering that ran throughout every timber too surely convinced us that the ship's back was broken. The fallen masts and their tangled rigging strewed the waist on the larboard side; and a poor fellow lay beneath the ponderous fore-mast, fairly crushed by its weight. He was dead; but, by the look of agony his features wore, his sufferings had been terrible. Others too had sustained injury, and even those who had escaped bodily hurt, worn down by fatigue and anxiety, were little capable of exertion.

Still there were a few yet unsubdued, and who now stood forward to excite, by their example, their dispirited companions in danger. These were the captain, the chief mate, and a military gentleman, returning to his regiment in India. The captain was the first to break the silence that had for some time prevailed, by exclaiming, in a joyful tone, "The land! the land!" Instantly, every weary eye was strained in the direction to which he pointed, and an emphatic "Thank God!" burst from our lips. Yes, it was the land!—there it lay right a-head—a long, low beach, and stately palms, and a slender pagoda, rose darkly, but distinctly, in the cold livid light. The reef on which we had struck appeared to extend about two miles from each extreme, and in depth towards the land half a mile. The united violence of the wind and sea had driven the ship nearly on its centre, and to the sandy yielding nature of the ground alone had we been indebted for our safety. The shore lay considerably distant, (at least two leagues,) but this was of little moment, if that any boat could live in so tremendous a surf, of which there seemed but little hopes. Yet the attempt must be made. The cutter, a noble boat, and capable of holding at least thirty, was lowered from the larboard quarter. There was an instinctive rush towards her, but it was instantly checked by the impressive appeal of the captain.

"I trust," said he, pointing to the ladies, and the injured men, "that even now you will not forget *their* helpless condition." Nearly three hundred souls stood on that frail and fast perishing wreck; already were her decks partially under water, while each suc-

ceeding swell further weakened her. This and another smaller boat were their only apparent means of reaching the shore; yet no one of that number selfishly pressed forward to secure his own safety, until he had discharged the duties of humanity. Scarcely waiting till the captain had finished, seamen and soldiers together exclaimed, "We will—we will!"

As many as she would safely hold, in addition to the females and the wounded and mutilated, descended into the cutter, and, as the surf receded from the wreck, the ropes that confined her were gradually slackened, and she drifted from alongside. The returning swell overtook her, and, rising on its summit, the boat appeared for an instant to stagger. This was a moment of breathless suspense, but the next she passed the breakers, and a shout of joy, answered by us on board, announced her safety and arrival into smooth water. The other boat, on examination, was found so much injured, that to trust ourselves in her would have been utter madness. We had no alternative, therefore, but to await the return of the cutter, or assistance from the land.

Not long were we kept in suspense; presently, numerous catamarans (merely planks lashed together) allured, perhaps, by the hope of plunder; and, at length, two Massulu boats, in one of which the second mate returned from the shore, came alongside. The crew of the cutter had found a hospitable reception at the house of Mr. T., the Honorable Company's commercial resident, who, upon the first intimation of our disaster, had ordered out every boat this remote spot afforded to our assistance. All anxiety as to our personal safety now completely set at rest, how cheerfully did the crew toil all the day through, though not a breath of air tempered the burning heat of that tropical sun, to snatch from the general wreck a portion of the ship's cargo; and the last lingering rays of his light alone warned them to abandon their labours and the wreck.

As we neared the shore, the mate, in whose boat I chanced to be, turned his gaze seaward. "The sun has set," he muttered, half aloud, half to himself,— "with a fair promise for the morrow. If the old ship holds together, we shall find work enough in her yet for some days to come."

The boats presently entered a sort of channel, the banks of which were, on either side, covered with low jungle,

or studded with the lofty and luxuriant foliage of Asiatic forest trees. "Why, where do you land?" enquired the mate, abruptly.

"Just beyond that bight of land, sir," replied the man, pointing to a woody eminence, which jutted into the river or channel; "a snug place it is, too,—and the black fellows are civil enough."

The boat presently rounded the point he spoke of, and the little village of Hantrede became visible. True, it consisted but of some score of mud huts, and a non-descript pagoda in the rudest style of Hindu architecture; but the pleasant grove behind, and the smooth esplanade in front, sloping gradually to the water's edge, together with the tents hastily erected for our accommodation, and the bustle and hum of the seamen and natives, gave to the scene, at least in my eyes, something infinitely pleasing.

Not a soul now remained on the wreck. Strange as it may appear, our evening's repast on the lawn-like banks of the river, in that remote and almost desolate region, under circumstances so painful, was to me one of peculiar enjoyment. Our ill-assorted viands, too,—hams hastily boiled, an immense cheese, bread from a cask with the head driven in, with wine, beer, and spirits, *ad libitum*—were in admirable keeping. The evening was delightful; a faint and balmy air just rustled among the trees, and, with the distant solemn booming of the surf, alone broke on the perfect stillness; the features of the land were becoming indistinct and shadowy in the gathering gloom; while seaward, a broad mass of dense clouds, edged with radiant crimson, and surmounted by others of feathery light, yet lingered in the distant west, and the smooth, oily-looking sea caught, from their mingled "gloom and glory," a solemn and tempered light.

It will be easily supposed that, after the fatigues of such a day, we were not long in seeking refreshment in sleep, and that our slumbers were of the soundest description. A little before daylight, however, the rain, penetrating through the canvass of the tents, awoke us. One of those sudden changes of the weather, so frequent in the Indian seas, had taken place. The wind blew with terrific violence, accompanied with thunder, and torrent-like rain, which, at intervals, in squalls perhaps of half-an-hour's duration, continued the whole of the day. To attempt boarding the

wreck in such weather would have been to expose ourselves to certain destruction; and the dense mist that floated on the surface of the water, rendering objects undiscernible at twenty yards distance, greatly heightened the peril of the attempt. Occasional gleams of brightness, indeed, in the atmosphere, discovered to us a black and shapeless mass, now visible above, now ingulphed amidst the furious breakers; but, by night-fall, the beach was completely strewn with fragments of the wreck.

There is little else to relate. Gradually the ship broke up; and, by the period the crew quitted the place (sixteen days from the morning of our disaster), hardly a vestige of her remained visible on the reef. It is scarcely necessary to dwell at length as to how we occupied ourselves in this interval. Mr. T., by every assistance in his power, rendered our situation as little irksome as possible; and to his kindness we were indebted for our speedy departure for Calcutta, he having despatched a messenger over land to Mansulipatam, to hire a native brig for our accommodation, in which we happily arrived at Bengal without experiencing any further casualties. B.

### THE MARKED OAK TREE.

BY HORACE GUILFORD.

*For the Olio.*

Lo the grim ensign, heralding the fall  
Of yonder kingly oak, with jagged gash  
Hath scarred the gray mail of his brawny trunk.  
A sentence, that green leaves and summer's  
song

Of choristers, that in his airy bowers  
Have woo'd th' entangled sun-sparks—his old  
boughs

Are never more to witness. Yet, methinks,  
Proud as the honest gash the soldier shews,  
Or like the vigorous gladiator stabbed,  
In the high flower of manly majesty,  
That ghastly wound becometh him! 'Tis to  
him

Medal of merit, not the badge of death;  
'Tis for no crime he falls; no canker'd fault  
Invoked the fatal firman. 'Twas his worth,  
His mighty stem, his labyrinthine boughs,  
The Summer's grand pavilion, doom him down.  
'Twas thus the Cæsars smote their sages—thus  
The despots of Propontis swept away  
The Pacha, to unwieldy grandeur grown.  
There were none like him near him, so he falls  
The martyr of his own magnificence!

### THE PARKS.

Continued from page 109.

#### HYDE PARK.

Concerning this Park, it appears, that two contiguous manors, called Hyde and Neate, together with Covent Garden (then calle *The Convent Gar-*

*den*) and some other lands, including the advowson of Chelsea, were exchanged by William Boston, Prior of St. Peter's Westminster, with Henry VIII. for others then in the hands of the King, formerly part of the property of the Priory of Hurley in Yorkshire, which had been suppressed some time previously; Henry VIII. immediately erecting the manor of Hyde and other lands into a park.

This exchange was in conformity to the system of Henry, who seized every opportunity to exchange lands in distant parts of the country, for the more valuable and available church property in the neighbourhood of the metropolis. Hence we have some means of accounting for the curious manner in which the possessions of certain ecclesiastical and collegiate bodies are scattered over the kingdom.

This park, now so much frequented by all classes, and so fashionable during the spring season, has been used for the purposes of exercise during a very long period. It was especially crowded on May-day by persons of all ranks whose fastidiousness did not forbid their enjoying the innocent amusement of "going-a-maying," a custom now utterly exploded in London certainly, if not elsewhere also, but for the enjoyment of which the numerous hawthorn bushes formerly existing in Hyde Park afforded every temptation and facility.

"Woe," says poor Robin, "woe be to the hawthorn bushes, that be full of blossoms; they are condemned, like a gentleman in a fray, to be rifled of their gay attire by every mechanic." This custom is thus noticed in a newspaper, dated May 1, 1654. "This day was much more observed by people going-a-maying than for divers years past. Great resort to Hyde Park, many hundreds of rich coaches, and gallants in attire; but most shameful powdered-hair men, and painted spotted women. Some men played with a silver-ball, and some took other recreations; but his Highness the Lord Protector went not thither, nor any of the Lords of the Council."

That the Lord Protector did sometimes condescend to appear in Hyde Park is certain, for about that time the German Count Oldenburg having presented him with six fine horses, Cromwell resolved, it seems, to display his skill as a charioteer, and attempted to drive them in Hyde Park, taking Lord Treasurer Thurlow with him. But the

horses, less obedient to the reins in his Highness's hands than the "Lords of the Creation" had proved, ran away, and the Protector, himself unprotected, falling under the pole, became entangled, and was involved in very considerable jeopardy, for a pistol, which he carried in his pocket, was discharged by the shock; though, with his usual good fortune, he escaped unhurt. This trivial event was not overlooked by the King's party; amongst others, Sir John Birkenhead (who wrote one of the fugitive political papers of the day called *Mercurius Aulicus*, printed at Oxford) profited by the occasion, and wrote a satirical poem on this accident, called "The Jolt."

Hyde Park shared the fate of the other Crown lands, and was seized soon after the execution of Charles, but exempted from sale by an Ordinance of Parliament. However, three years afterwards, it was resolved that the whole of it should be brought to the hammer. A preparatory survey was taken in 1652, whence it appears that it then contained about six hundred and twenty acres, valued at only £849 per annum; the deer, with which it continued stocked, estimated at £300; the materials of a lodge at £120; those of a banqueting-house at £125; and the timber at £4,779. The park was divided into several lots, which altogether sold for the sum of £17,068, including the deer and timber.

Some of the purchasers turned to account the inclination of the public for frequenting the park, as is manifested from the following letter, written in 1659:—

"I did frequently accompany my Lord H.— into a field near the town, which they call Hyde Park; the place not unpleasant, and which they use as our course, but with nothing of that order, equipage, and splendour; being such an assemblage of wretched jades and hackney coaches, as next to a regiment of carmen, there is nothing approacheth the resemblance. This park was, it seems, used by the late king and the nobility for the freshness of the air, and the goodly prospect. But it is that which now (beyond all other exercises) they pay for here in England, though it be free for all the world besides; every coach and horse which enters paying for his mouthful, and permission of the publican who has purchased it, for which the entrance is guarded by porters with long staves." *Character of England in a letter from*

*a nobleman to his friend in France. London, 1659.*

After the Restoration, when the Crown lands were resumed into the King's hands, this park was replenished with deer, and surrounded by a brick wall, having been, before that time, merely fenced with palings. As in the case of St. James's Park, the public were allowed to resort to it as a place of recreation.

A newspaper, dated January, 1682, contains the following account of some of the amusements of which Hyde Park was the field:—

"This day, his Majesty, (Charles II.) with most of the Court, went into Hyde Park, where the guards exercised before the Morocco Ambassador. His Excellency seemed highly pleased with our manner of military discipline. The soldiers were gallantly accoutred, and the officers magnificently. In return, the Ambassador's followers exercised after their manner, which, though strange to us, was most excellently performed, and with most admirable agility, their horses being very tractable and well managed. Some of their performances were throwing of lances, which, with incredible swiftness and agility they would catch again before they fell to the ground. They did, likewise, upon full speed, take off a ring (being hung up for that purpose,) upon the end of their lances, very rarely missing. Scarce ever was seen in the Park so great an appearance of coaches."

*To be concluded in our next.*

## PARALLEL BETWEEN WELLINGTON AND MARLBOROUGH.

*Continued from page 106.*

IN sieges, perhaps, Marlborough has the advantage, they were the fashion of the day; but Marlborough, in spite of all the *entraves* of system, occasionally left fortified places behind him and hastened on to great results. Any man who looks at the state of military system and knowledge at that epoch, must admire and wonder at his hardihood, in face of the received dogmata of the day; yet, with what anxious energy did he attack, and with what skill did he secure Donawerth, after forcing the lines of Schellenberg, not because he was afraid of violating a system by leaving Donawerth behind him, but because he felt that place would be necessary to him to complete his great victory of

Blenheim. When the British army first entered Spain, it had not the means, (nor indeed was the thought much entertained,) to undertake a siege; and it was not until after its great commander had by his genius, seconded by the valour of his troops, taken some of the fortified places from the enemy, and after he had failed at Burgos for want of an organized '*materiel*,' that adequate means of attack were placed at his disposal. We then saw how well he knew how to use them.

Marlborough almost began his great career by his grand battle of Blenheim—Wellington ended by his grand battle of Waterloo. Marlborough's greatest glories were in the outset: he started almost at once into a great captain, having previously served only a little in the Low Countries, and a short campaign in Ireland.—Wellington's fame went on like a snow-ball from the first, always increasing by successive accumulations, till, by his victory at Waterloo, he crowned his own glory and established the peace of Europe.

Marlborough would, in all probability, have had a continually increasing career of glory to the last, had he not been involved by his Duchess in the violence and whirlpool of party politics, which caused the minister of the day to snatch him away just as he was about to reap, to all appearance, a full harvest.

Such was the feeling of the Allies on the sudden dismissal of Marlborough from the command, that the Duke of Ormond, who succeeded him, was obliged, before he could venture to begin his march to the rear, to send to Marshal Villars, to beg that he would make a movement, and threaten Prince Eugene, so as to cover Ormond's retreat towards Dunquerque, so exasperated was Eugene's army at the defection of the British. This remarkable anecdote has never been made public, but I have it from an old officer, who, in the year 1746, served as aide-de-camp to one of those who commanded a regiment under the Duke of Ormond at the time.

I have in the foregoing hasty and imperfect sketch pursued the parallel of my two heroes. But Waterloo breaks in, and outshines every action of Marlborough, whether we consider its consequences, or the character of the most extraordinary man whom Wellington destroyed there. It was the final stroke of lightning, of which the lowering clouds had first been seen gathering on the lines of Lisbon.

Marlborough never had such an opponent as Buonaparte, who was unquestionably, besides his other astonishing qualities, the greatest captain the Continent of Europe ever produced.

There is one point on which it would be painful to rest, out of respect to the memory of the illustrious dead. I allude to the unsullied purity of the hands of Wellington, as regards that frequent debaser of great minds—money. Here the comparison is all in favour of the hero of the nineteenth century. The failings, however, of Marlborough, were the failings of his day; and, moreover, faction has handed down to us his errors in this particular, exaggerated and blackened with all the malignity of the party which then swayed the councils, and commanded the press of England.

*United Service Journal.*

#### SONNET.—WILD WHITE VIOLETS.

BY HORACE GUILFORD.

*For the Olio.*

'Twas in the bosom of a bowery lane,  
Thro' the young leaflet's April sunny eye,  
Laughed on the primroses' pale strawberry,  
Rous'd at unwooed footsteps, in disdain,  
The humble bee, of tawny velvet vain,  
Sounded his sullen horn, ill pleased to fly  
His honied couch—there rose (a Vestal train,)  
White violets, swinging to the azure sky  
Their radiant chaplets. Thus the virgin

band,  
Before the bridal shrine soft trembling stand,  
Glittering fragrant. Of so fresh a bloom  
They seemed as though the south-wind's glow-

ing sigh,  
Had just embalmed each chalice with perfume,  
Ne'er steeped in evening's tears—ne'er veiled  
In evening's gloom.

#### ROYAL PORTRAITS. No. 4.

*(For the Olio.)*

STEPHEN.

THE reign of Stephen was one continued scene of strife and contention; little, therefore, is known of this king, saying that he was a bold and fearless soldier, who in many engagements fought as stoutly as the meanest of his followers, and often perilled his life while fighting for that crown which he had wrested from the rightful heir, or rather which he had possessed himself of by promptness and determination, that took his rival Henry unawares, and compelled him, after a hard struggle, to forego for a while his claim to the throne. Although a soldier, "and a man of war from his youth," no act of cruelty is alleged against this king; and there is every reason to believe that had he been of a vindictive temper, there were many upon whom he could have exercised such a disposition. "He was

of an excellent temper for a soldier," says Baker, "seeing he never killed any enemy in cool blood, as Anthony did Cicero; nor any friend in hot blood, as Alexander did Clytus."

It would be impossible to convey a just description of the state of England during his sway. Battles and skirmishes in every part of the kingdom were of every day occurrence. Hordes of mercenary soldiers swarmed in almost every town, and hundreds of castles and other strongholds were raised and garrisoned by either party. Yet, amidst this scene of anarchy and tumult, not a single act of cruelty, or vice, or unjust oppression is recorded of Stephen.

There is good reason for believing, that had his reign been less stormy, his prudence would have been as manifest as his courage. Of the former quality we have sufficient proof in his having, with such weak friends, maintained his cause against such subtle and powerful enemies. If ever chivalry existed, it flourished during the short reign of Stephen, for, although the leaders of either party were sometimes made prisoners, they were never treated harshly, much less with cruelty, by the victors. Might it not be said, that had this king been less merciful his reign would have been more quiet; for certain it is that mild and temperate monarchs have ever been unpopular, as the histories of every country will shew. Stephen was totally free from the superstition of the times, for upon one occasion he rode into the city of Lincoln, with his crown upon his head, having heard that an opinion prevailed among the citizens that the king who thus entered the city would meet with some terrible disaster. "One special virtue," says the author before quoted, "may be noted in him, that he was not noted for any special vice, whereof, if there had been any in him, writers would not have been silent." He founded several religious houses, among which were those at Coggeshall, and Faversham in Kent; at the latter of which he died, on the 25th October, 1154, at the age of forty-nine, having reigned nearly nineteen years. He was tall of stature, well built and muscular, and of a fair complexion, and was not unfitted either in mind or body to govern the kingdom, for which, during his life, he had so stoutly contended.

In his reign lived William of Malmshury and Geoffry of Monmouth, to whose works many historians in after ages were much indebted. ALPHA.

## Fine Arts.

### A MORNING AT THE COLOSSEUM.

One morning *only* did we spend, gentle reader, in viewing this extraordinary and magnificent building, yet that morning was a period marked by us with a white stone in our calendar.

*Hanc diem signa meliore lapillo.*—*PRÆSUS.*

We could agreeably have passed the whole day, yea, and the morrow also, in examining the countless objects which the vast amphitheatre so faithfully presents. We envy not the cold temperament of the man who, after entering the principal gallery, and the magnificent view of London has burst upon him, feels not that intense interest and those vivid emotions of delight which should ever be excited by the potent wand of genius. Art here triumphs, if possible, over nature. With difficulty could we persuade ourselves that we were merely gazing on a pictorial creation—for London, "the city of the heart," in all her bulk, beauty and magnificence, stood palpably before us.—Her stately river flowing in graceful majesty, enamelled with countless barques; her streets thronged with myriads of citizens; her venerable temples and public edifices seem to start from the canvass; the din of commerce—the bustle of this emporium of the universe, alone were wanting to complete the reality. Futile would be the attempt to enumerate the objects which come within the scope of our artist's plan: to point out particular parts where all is good would be equally vain; particularly so when a gentleman is at the Exhibition for this purpose; and were it not for his polite attentions and assiduities, many delightful touches would escape the eye of the casual observer.

After revelling in the beauties of the Panorama, both in the first and second galleries, and examining the original Ball, and the imitation of the Cross, taken down from St. Paul's, we enjoyed a delightful view of the adjacent country from the top of the building. We then proceeded to the Saloon, where we were gratified by the exhibition of some models and pieces of Sculpture, the production of modern artists.

THE CONSERVATORIES and SWISS COTTAGE next claimed our notice.—Long did we doubt whether we had not been transported by some mischievous elf to a fairy's favoured haunt, where that tiny race are wont by the yellow moonlight to trip round

flowers of balmy fragrance and beautiful hue, keeping time with their stealthy feet to the sylvan font, whose numerous jets sport in playful elegance. We rubbed our eyes, (ay, smile if you please) we even bit our thumb, and found "it was not all a dream." The Swiss Cottage is a perfect unique, and we are informed it is strictly correct. You see from it the Alps itself—nature—beautiful nature—in her sternest grandeur. The foaming cataract, bounding from rock to rock, the leafless boughs, the quartered trees, all throw a wildness round the scene that stamps it to be the land "no foreign foe could quell."

MR. MARSDEN's clever Picture of SAINT PAUL pleading before AGRIPPA, attracted our attention on returning from this terrestrial Elysium. On entering the Saloon, the spectator must be forcibly struck by the favourable situation in which the picture is placed for scenic effect. The light thrown upon it, the steps, the drapery, the stillness that prevails—in fact, the *coup d'œil* is highly imposing. The colours throughout are rich and vivid, and the picture is well filled up. The principal figure, as may be supposed, is St. Paul; the light is admirably thrown upon him, his dress too is very appropriate, but he wants energy, dignity, a consciousness of the honourable "vocation to which he had been called;"—he appears not a citizen of proud imperial Rome, he appears not *free* born. He is not fired with the narration and noble sentiments he is uttering—sentiments which called forth from Festus the accusation that St. Paul was mad—sentiments which induced an unbeliever to be "almost a Christian."

His countenance is not expressive of the man who "thrice had been beaten with rods, once stoned, thrice suffered shipwreck, a night and a day in the deep," and in fact had endured every misery and every privation "that flesh is heir to." The attitude of Agrippa is decidedly good. Every word that flows from the Apostle's lips seems to penetrate his soul: the position of his right hand is strongly indicative of the attention he is desirous of bestowing on the case. The costume of Bernice is grand in the extreme. The other characters are generally good. We could point out many minor faults, but as a whole Mr. Marsden has produced a highly creditable piece, and we sincerely trust it may prove equally profitable. We cannot close our notice, without observ-

ing how admirably the saloon is suited for the exhibition of large paintings; and we would strongly recommend all artists to select it as the place for displaying their productions.

#### *Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels.* C. Tilt.

The views in this number, taken upon a whole, are of the richest and most splendid description; the subjects are mostly well chosen, and consist of, first, "*Durham*," a finely managed representation, by Robson, of the ancient city where the remains of St. Cuthbert repose.—An anecdote is told of Henry III. connected with this city, which it may not be out of place to mention here, before we pass on to the next engraving; it runs thus:—The monarch just named being in the north, visited the shrine of St. Cuthbert, and whilst there at his devotions, he received intelligence from a courtier, that with the relics of the saint was secreted the immense wealth of the churchmen. The coffers of the king being somewhat low, the news was far from sounding displeasing to the royal ear; so cutting short his devout purpose, he gave instant orders for the opening of the tomb; when, lo, beneath appeared the welcome treasure. The information thus proving correct, Henry immediately set about devising means to possess himself of the wealth in that way which would be less likely to incense the ecclesiastics, who had deposited it with the relics of the saint for safe custody *only*. The means resorted to by royalty was a *loan*; but it might as well, says M. Paris, have been a gift, for his majesty wholly forgot to repay it.

The second illustration is a view of the "Tolbooth," by Nasmyth, whose excellence as a landscape painter must be familiar to our readers. It is a picture that at once conjures up afresh in our minds the scene described by Sir Walter Scott in the "*Heart of Mid Lothian*." To detail its beauties words are poor, it must be seen to be appreciated. Both drawing and engraving are of the highest merit. The ruinous "Castle of Caerlaverock" forms the third gem; the painting is by Roberts, in his best style, and nothing can be finer than the water surrounding this ancient structure; the sky is also singularly beautiful. To the last subject, "*London from Highgate*," we cannot award the same unqualified praise which we have done to the preceding ones,—it is an ineffective picture, and



less happy than any that have gone before it.

Nothwithstanding the little inequality noticed by us, we are free to confess that this part is decidedly of a higher character than its precursors; and the greatest praise is due to Messrs. Finden for their very able execution of the paintings intrusted to them. It may now be said with truth, that we are likely to possess a series of illustrations worthy of the novels of the "Author of Waverley."

### The Naturalist.

#### OYSTERS.

The fishery for oysters is very extensive in many parts of Great Britain, but no where more so than at Colchester, which place has been celebrated for a remote period for this description of shell-fish. The authorities of this ancient borough have always considered their oysters an appropriate present to ministers of state, and other persons of eminence. We find them sent both to Leicester and Walsingham in the reign of Elizabeth. Those taken in a creek of the Colne water, called Pye-fleet, and from thence termed Pye-fleet oysters, are usually considered the best flavoured.

Dr. Spratt, a writer of the last century, informs us, that "in April and May, and again about Midsummer and Michaelmas, oysters cast their spawn, which the dredgers\* call their *spat*: it is like the drop of a candle, and about the bigness of a small spangle. This spat cleaves to stones, old oyster-shells, pieces of wood, and such like things at the bottom of the sea, and which they call *cultch*. It is probably conjectured, that the spat in twenty-four hours begins to have a shell. The oysters are sick after they have first spat, but in June and July they begin to mend, and in August are perfectly well. The male oyster is black-sick, as the fishermen term it, having a black substance in the fin; and the female white-sick, having a milky substance in the fin." (Another author, however, accounts the white-sickness to be the milky sperm of the male; and the other, the eggs of the female newly effused in the fins.)

In the Colne water, the dredgers are limited to a certain period of the year

As they take the oysters, they gently raise with a knife the small brood from the cultch, and return the latter to preserve the ground for the future; but if the fish are so newly spat, that they cannot be safely severed from the cultch, they are permitted to take the stone, shell, &c. the spat may be upon. The small oysters thus taken are placed in what are called their beds, or layers, in the channel; where they grow and fatten, and in two or three years become of the legal size; to determine which, a brass and silver oyster-size are kept by the water bailiff. After May, it is felony to take the cultch; and the wanton destruction of it, at any time, subjects the offending party to heavy penalties. The reason for which is said to be, that if the cultch is removed, the *oase* increases, which encourages the breed of muscles and cockles rather than oysters, while the latter are also deprived of a substance whereon to lay their spat.

At the time Morant wrote, the oysters of Colchester were frequently distinguished by a *green* tinge, which the fishermen had the art of communicating to them. On this subject, the historian says: "All oysters are naturally white in the body, and brown in the fins. In order to *green* them, they put them into pits, about two feet deep, in the salt marshes, which are overflowed only at spring-tides, to which they have sluices and let out the salt water until it is about a foot and a half deep. These pits, from some quality in the soil, will become green, and communicate their colour to the oysters that are put in them in four or five days, though they commonly let them continue there six weeks or two months, in which time they will be of a dark green. It is very remarkable, that a pit within a foot of a greening pit will not green; and those that did green very well, will in time lose that quality. So that it is not done by copperas, or other greening stuffs, as some have imagined; nor is it more true, that they grow green by feeding upon a sort of crow-silk, as some authors have asserted."

There can be little doubt that the tinge was communicated through sowing the pits with the seed of some plant or weed, on which, when it sprung up, the oysters fed. But this distinction of Colchester from other oysters is rapidly wearing away; indeed, it may be said, that few or none of them are now ever *greened*. The London fishmongers generally distinguish them as the *Mersea*

\* A dredger is one who uses a particular kind of net for taking oysters. The *dredge* is a thick, strong net, fastened to three spalls of iron, and drawn at the boat's stern, gathering whatsoever it meets lying in the bottom.

oysters, from the part of the Colne water at or near to which are the principal beds.

### Select Biography.

#### MEMOIR OF THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

THIS Prince, whose history is one of the most curious "romances of real life," is the son of the famous Duke of Orleans who was the guest of the Prince of Wales, and took so hot and suspicious a part in the Revolution. His friends say that the father was much belied, and it is probable that he was so: his character for improvidence and debauchery tended to injure his reputation in every thing; but the man who was thus notorious, and who voted for the death of an amiable though unwise King, his near relation, is not likely to have had any very noble object in view.

Louis Philip of Orleans, called in his father's life-time the Duke de Chartres, was born at Paris the 6th of October, 1773, and at nine years of age put under the care of the celebrated Madame de Genlis, who became, singular enough, his chief tutor, presiding over the whole of his education, till he was seventeen. The young Prince was trained well in body as well as mind; he practised gymnastic exercises; he learnt to swim, and to despise effeminacy; was taken to see and rejoice in the destruction of the Bastile; and encouraged, on every occasion, to estimate himself in proportion as he was a genuine fellow creature.

In 1788, during a tour with Madame de Genlis and his sister, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, into Normandy, he assisted at the destruction of the Prisoner's Cage at Mount St. Michael, in which a Dutch Gazetter had been shut up seventeen years for writing against Louis XIV. In 1791, he entered the national service as Colonel of the regiment which he had nominally commanded as a Prince; and had the good fortune of saving the life of a non-juring priest, who was accused of having derided a procession headed by a constitutional priest. Some time after he saved a man from drowning, and was decreed a civic crown for his courage and humanity by the city of Vendome. It was on this occasion he wrote a letter to Madame de Genlis, thanking her for his having been taught to swim.—Next year he saw active service against the Austrians; had charge of an import-

ant position in the battle of Valmy under Kellerman, afterwards Duke of that name, whose heart was lately deposited in the field there; and, about six weeks afterwards, was among the foremost and gallantest of the warriors at the famous battle of Gemappe. The year following, after a variety of other services, he became mixed up, in spite of his liberal opinions, with the troubles occasioned by his rank and family, was obliged to fly the country, and his resources being exhausted, actually became professor of mathematics in the college of the Crisons of Coire, under the name of Corby. His Highness was in this situation for the space of fifteen months; and is so proud of the recollection, that he has a painting descriptive of it in his palace, to which he delights to refer. This is the man for a King. The author of his life, in the *Biographie nouvelle des Contemporains*, says, he was at the college eight months; but the editor of *Madame de Genlis' Memoirs*, who probably had more immediate information, says fifteen. "He taught," says the former, "geography, history, mathematics, and the French and English languages. Nobody knew him; the simplicity of his manners did away all suspicion of his rank; it was to himself alone that he owed the regards of his employers, and the gratitude of those whom he instructed." The Duke has an honourable certificate of his services in this capacity. He left college to act, in the same country, as aide-de-camp to his friend General de Montesquieu,—still under his assumed name; but his secret being in danger, was again compelled to betake himself to a wandering life.

His friends furnished him with a little money, which he luckily knew how to economise. He went to Copenhagen; saw Elsinore and the Garden of Hamlet (of whom he had doubtless read); passed into Sweden and Norway; visited the Mahlstrom or Great Whirlpool, in spite of the dangers attending its approach; travelled in Lapland, partly on foot, to within 12 degrees of the pole; traversed Finland, but did not choose to trust himself in the hands of Catherine; turned again into Sweden, and, after a variety of turnings and wanderings, always refusing to join in arms against his country, but still persecuted by the French authorities, was persuaded by his mother to aid the quiet of the family by going to America. He went immediately. "By the time," said he, in

writing to her, "my kind mother receives this letter, her orders will have been executed, and I shall be on my way to America. As long as I can do anything to sweeten her evils, happiness will still not be unknown to me, and while I live, there is nothing I shall not be ready to do to further the tranquillity of my country." In October, 1796, the Duke of Orleans was in Philadelphia; his brothers joined him in the course of a few months; and then travelled into the interior, accompanied by one servant. They visited General Washington. They went among the Indians, and communicated freely with them, traversed forests and savannahs; returned to Philadelphia, visited New York, Massachusetts, and other states; passed by the Ohio and New Orleans to the West Indies; visited the Duke of Kent at Halifax; and finally sailed from New York in a packet-boat for Falmouth. In February, 1800, they arrived in London. Louis the XVIIIth was then at Mittau. They had an interview with Monsieur (Charles the Xth), but probably renewed their intercourse with the Bourbons to little purpose, since they refused to join the emigrant armies. The Duke of Orleans lived for a while at Twickenham, and was an object of great interest, both for his manners, and for the variety of the scenes he had gone through. He made a tour through England and Scotland, and was for several years together in this country. One of his brothers (the Duke de Montpensier) dying of a complaint in the chest, and the other (the Count de Beaujolais) being threatened with the same end, he went with him to Malta; but in vain, the poor Count died in that island. The Duke went to Sicily, and agreed with King Ferdinand to go to Spain, then invaded by Napoleon, in order to assist with his counsels the King's second son, Leopold, whom he accompanied; but this project was defeated by the Governor of Gibraltar, who, for reasons unexplained, would not allow the Princes to enter the Spanish territory. His Highness therefore returned to England, met his sister there, who had sought him in vain at Malta and Gibraltar, and again went to Sicily, where, after going to Port Mahon to fetch his mother (who had passed him herself on the road and returned), he had the pleasure of taking with him back to Sicily all that remained of the family of Orleans, to witness his marriage with the Princess Amelia, daughter of the Sicilian King. In about

half a year's time, he was invited by the Regency at Cadiz to take part in the resistance to Napoleon, and passed into Spain accordingly; but his co-operation was hindered (it is said) by the English; and after three months' fruitless endeavours to do something, he returned to Sicily, where he remained till Napoleon's downfall. During the Hundred Days he was again in England, and again, twice more, after the second restoration, having taken too active and liberal a part in the House of Peers to please his royal kindred. While in England, he is said to have shown a generous sympathy in the fate of Marshal Ney. In 1817, he returned to France, but the King not having renewed the authorisation by which the Princes of the blood sat in the House of Peers, his Royal Highness betook himself to the bosom of his numerous family, where he remained, the encourager of knowledge and public spirit in all their genuine shapes, till the late extraordinary circumstances called him forth, to place himself triumphantly at their head.

### The Note Book.

#### LUCILIUS THE CENTURION.

"Give me another."

In the Annals of Tacitus, mention is made of one Lucilius, a centurion, who was put to death, and received the above distinction by the sarcastic pleasantry of the soldiers. They called him "Give me another," because in chastising them, when one rod was broke, he was used to call for *another*, and then *another*.

#### CALIGULA'S ORIGINAL NAME.

He was surnamed Caligula from the *boots* so called, which, to win the affections of the soldiers, he wore in common with the meanest of the army.

#### REWARDS TO SOLDIERS.

Under Germanicus, the rewards of the soldiers' valour were—a chain, a bracelet, a spear, and a branch of oak.

#### TIBERIUS, WHY CALLED CALLIPEDES.

Tiberius, in the first two years after his succession, never once stirred out of Rome; nor did he afterwards venture farther than Antium, or the isle of Capræ. He pretended an intention to visit the provinces, and made preparations every year, without so much as beginning a journey. He was at last called *Calliapedes*, after a man famous in

Greece for being in a hurry, and never advancing an inch.

JOIDA.

#### GOD'S TABLE, PEN AND INK.

The Mahomedans believe and affirm, that before all other things, God created the Table of his Decrees, and after that his Pen. That this Table is of one entire precious stone, of an immense magnitude. That the Pen is also of one pearl, from the slit whereof the light distils, which is the true and only Ink God uses to register the lives and actions of his people.

PYLA.

#### NAPOLEON'S PREPARATIONS FOR BATTLE.

Before engaging in battle, (says Bourriene in his pleasing work) Buonaparte made little provision for subsequent events, if successful; but occupied himself much with what ought to be done in the case of defeat. I here report a fact of which I have often been a witness, leaving to his brethren in arms the decision on the merits of this conduct. He was enabled to accomplish much, because he hazarded all, grasped at all, and was cautious in nothing. His excessive ambition urged him on to power, and power obtained only added to his ambition. None ever more firmly held the conviction that a nothing often decides the greatest events. This supplies the reason why he was more solicitous in watching, than in tempting events; he beheld them in their progress of preparation and maturity, when, suddenly seizing, he directed them at will.

#### ORIGIN OF BEN JONSON'S BOBADIL.

After the battle of St. Gillen, near Mons, A.D. 1550, Strado informs us, that, "to fill Spain with the news, the Duke of Alva, as haughty in ostentation as in action, sent Captain Bobadilla to the King, to gratulate his majesty's arms and influence." The ostentation of the message, the vain-glorious terms in which it probably was delivered, and the hatred of the insulted Protestants, might possibly induce them to apply the name of Bobadilla to denote any braggart soldier. Jonson, at least, may have been led by this circumstance to distinguish his hero by that appellation.

J.

#### Customs of Various Countries.

##### SINGULAR CUSTOMS AT SHREWSBURY.

In Domesday Book survey, taken in the year 1086, Shrewsbury is styled a

city, and it is enacted that whenever the king chooseth to repose there, twelve of the best citizens shall sit up and guard him, and the like number shall attend him with horse and arms whenever he goeth hunting.

Every woman marrying is to pay the king, if a widow, twenty shillings, if a maid ten shillings. Every burgess whose house shall be burnt down forfeits to the king forty shillings, and to his next neighbours ten shillings each. Every burgess dying, his executors were to pay ten shillings to the king.

#### Ancientiana.

##### IRISH MODE OF CHALLENGING A JURY.

An Irish officer, not very conversant in law terms, was lately tried for an assault. As the Jury were coming to be sworn, the Judge, addressing the Major, told him that if there were any amongst them to whom he had any objection, that was the time to challenge them. "I thank your lordship," said the gallant prisoner, "but, with your lordship's permission, I'll defer that ceremony till after my trial, and, if they don't acquit me, by the Piper of Leinster, I'll *challenge* every mother's son of them, and have them out too!"

##### AN ABORIGINAL JUSTICE.

The following is handed down as a true copy of a warrant issued by an Indian Magistrate:—

"You, big constable, quick, you catchum Jeremiah Offscow, strong you holdum, safe you bringum afore me.

TMOS. WABAN, Justice Peace."

##### GIN DRINKING.

The quantity of gin consumed during the past year amounted to 24 millions of gallons. Perhaps it may give some of our readers a better idea of this enormous quantity, by stating that it would make a river of gin, twenty yards wide, one yard deep, and very nearly five miles long.

A letter, with the following curious superscription, was received at the Post Office in 1761.

About this time twelve months ago,  
I sent a letter to Mr. Crow,—  
He lived then, where he does still;  
But, pray leave this with Largetant Will,  
At the Three Tuns near Temple Bar,  
From Fetter Lane it is not far,  
I think three doors or thereabout;  
You'll very easy find it out.  
And pray don't let the seal be undone  
Till he receives it safe in

LONDON.

## Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, August 11.

*St. Susanna.—Moon's Last Quarter, 5m after 8 Morning.*

Our saint was born of a noble Roman family, and is said to have been niece to Pope Calixt. Having made a vow of perpetual virginity, she refused to marry, and was at length found out to be a christian. She suffered for an adherence to her faith about the year 295.

*August 11, 1556.—Died, John Bell, Bishop of Worcester, a prelate highly esteemed by Henry the Eighth, who, as a reward for his eminent services in defence of his divorce from Queen Katharine, gave him the above see. He was often employed by Henry as an envoy to foreign princes, and was one of his council.*

Thursday, August 12.

*St. Euphus, Martyr, A.D. 304.—High Water 80m after 7 Morning—0m after 8 Aftern.*

*August 12, 1749.—On the night of this day a dreadful fire broke out in a building next the dye-house of Mr. Spence, near Battle Bridge, Southwark, which consumed the same, with the brew-house of Messrs. Cox and Chichley, four wharfs, Mr. Walter's cooperage, and about 80 houses, with nearly all the goods and furniture contained in them, besides many houses were greatly damaged. In this calamity three men and one woman lost their lives, and one man had his leg broke, and another was killed by the fall of a stack of chimnies. Upwards of 2000 quarters of malt, besides a large quantity of hops and 800 butts of beer were lost by this accident, the damage of which was said to be £50,000.*

Friday, August 13.

*St. Hippolytus, Priest and Martyr.—sun rises 38m after 4—sets 21m after 7.*

This saint was one of the most illustrious martyrs who suffered in the reign of Gallus, he, with twenty-four other priests of Rome, had the misfortune to be engaged in a schism, which fault he expiated by his public repentance and martyrdom in the year 253.

*August 13, 1783 —Expired John Dunning, Lord Ashburton, one of the most distinguished pleaders at the English bar. While in practice as a barrister, he very frequently pleaded the cause of the poor and oppressed, without fee or reward; nor was he ever known to shew less ardour when retained for small fees than when his clients were wealthy and liberal.*

Saturday, August 14.

*St. Eusebius, Priest and Confessor.—High Water 10m after 10 Morn—51m after 10 Evening.*

*August 14, 1821.—To-day the remains of her late Majesty Queen Caroline, consort of George IV., were conveyed without any of that funeral pomp that generally attends the interment of royalty, from Hammersmith, with an intention of proceeding through the Uxbridge road to Bayswater, and onwards through Islington to avoid the City; but a tumultuous mob twice arrested the progress of the procession, and succeeded in blockading every street leading out of Tottenham Court Road, in the direction of the New Road, and thereby compelling the cavalcade to go down Drury Lane and through the City; it then passed on to Whitechapel, and reached Harwich on the Thursday following, from whence the body was put on board a vessel which sailed immediately for Stadt. Her majesty left the principal part of her property to William Austin, the youth whom she had brought up from his infancy; and appointed her advocates, Dr. Lushington and Mr. Wilde, her executors.*

Sunday, August 15.

TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

*Lessons for the Day—21 chapter Kings, b. 1, morn—22 chapter Kings, b. 1, Even.*

The Assumption of the Virgin Mary is a festival held in both the Greek and Latin churches, in memory of her having been assumed or taken up into Heaven after her dissolution; writers have not yet agreed whether this alleged assumption was of her soul or body; the Latin church, to avoid any mistake, celebrates the assumption of both. The Abbot Authpertus, who died in 778, was the first who started this subject, and applied the term assumption to the supposed miraculous corporeal ascent.

Monday, August 16.

*St. Roche, A.D. 1387 —High Water 1h 1m Morning—0h 30m After.*

In early times the festival of this saint was celebrated as a general Harvest-Home Day.

*August 16, 1738 —Expired æt. 54, Joseph Miller, a lively comedian, but better known as Joe Miller, compiler of a famous Jest Book. The remains of this man of mirth lie in the Green church-yard, or burial-ground, in Portugal-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, belonging to the parish of St. Clement Danes, and close by the once celebrated Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, where Garrick became so famous. Miller's epitaph, by S. Duck, is on a handsome stone on the left hand side on entering the burial-ground, nearly under the window of the workhouse. The inscription was originally on another stone; but time had taken such liberties with it, that, in the year 1816, the churchwarden for the time being, greatly to his credit, caused the present one to be erected. The following is the inscription on the present stone:—*

Here lie the remains of  
Honest Joe Miller,  
Who was  
A tender Husband,  
A sincere Friend,  
A facetious Companion,  
And an excellent Comedian.  
He departed this life

The 16th day of August, 1738. Aged 54 years.

If Humour, Wit, and Honesty, could save  
The humorous, witty, honest, from the grave,  
The grave had not so soon this tenant found,  
Whom Honesty, and Wit, & Humour crown'd;  
Could but Esteem & Love preserve our breath,  
And guard us longer from the stroke of Death,  
The stroke of Death on him had later fell,  
Whom all mankind esteemed and loved so well.

*Stephen Duck,*

Tuesday, August 17.

*sun rises 45m after 4—sets 14m after 7.*

*August 17, 1796.—On this day a Dutch squadron was captured without resistance, by Vice-Admiral Sir George Keith Elphinstone, in Saidanha Bay, on the coast of Africa, near the Cape of Good Hope. Sir George was in consequence made Lord Keith.*

# The Olio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. IX.—Vol. VI.

Saturday, August 21, 1830.



See page 130.

## Illustrated Article.

### THE MINER'S WIFE.

Thou know'st, that in my desert halls  
The pride of youth and hope is o'er,  
That sunk, defaced, my crumbling walls  
Repose or shelter yield no more.

Yet on this dark and dreary pile,  
Thy love its tender wreaths hath hung ;  
And all it asks is still to smile,  
Bloom, fade, and die, where once it clung.  
C. H. TOWNSEND.

THE young Countess Blanch Volner stood alone in the magnificent saloon which had been just thronged with lordly company. She had that day taken possession of her immense property ; and her high rank and remarkable beauty and talent had gathered around her the noblest and wealthiest families of Vienna. Not a guest returned home dissatisfied ; the dignity and simple grace of the young Countess, and the unaffected sweetness of her manners, had charmed even more than her surprising loveliness ; and *much* more than the splendour of her enter-  
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tainment. But Blanch had far higher claims to the admiration and love of all who really knew her ; every one talked with rapture of her graces and accomplishments ; a few hearts thought chiefly of her unpretending consistency of conduct,—her real, humble goodness, the fair fruit of genuine piety. Blanch stood alone, and sighed ; she partly sighed over her beautiful flowers, which hung in fading garlands round the room ; she pressed her hand for a moment over her eyes, for they ached with the glare of the tapers still blazing around her ; with a true girlish fancy she took from the tall candelabra beside her a long drooping branch of white roses, which seemed dazzled like herself with the brilliant light ; but as she touched them, the rose-leaves fell on the ground ; she sighed again, but from a very different cause ; her heart had not been in the gaiety and splendour of the evening ; she could not help reproaching herself for having shared in it at all, while Herman Alberti was exposed to the dangers of a distant war. As the young Countess  
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was about to retire to rest, the arrival of a stranger, agitated and in haste, who earnestly requested to see her, was announced. She hesitated at first, but after a few minutes' consideration, she consented to appear; and, returning to the deserted saloon, there waited till the stranger was introduced to the presence. The Countess desired her servant to remain in the ante-room, for she observed that the young stranger hesitated to speak. How often did she turn pale!—how often did she tremble with agitation during that short interview! The man was the servant of the Count Alberti, and he had hurried to inform her that his master had dangerously wounded his commanding officer in a duel, and that he had not been since heard of, though a high reward was offered for his life. He had fought against the express command of the Emperor.

Many months passed away—months of sorrow and anxiety to the hapless Lady Blanch. The young deserter was never heard of, and the festive magnificence that had flashed for a moment in the palace of the Countess entirely disappeared; but she was not giving way to useless grief; she sought out the wretched and the forsaken, and she relieved and consoled them. Her money, her time, and her prayers, were devoted to the afflicted; and it was not their gratitude, but their restored happiness which rejoiced her; she loved to watch the clouds of sorrow gradually rolling away from the care-worn countenance, and she knelt down to bless God that in all her own heart-breaking grief she could still be made the humble means of diffusing happiness. The wounded general was slowly recovering—there seemed some hope that Alberti would be pardoned. Alas! at the very time that the numerous petitions in his favour were beginning to be attended to, he was brought to Vienna with a gang of desperate banditti, among whom he had been taken: he told an improbable story about his not being connected with the banditti, but nobody believed him, and he spoke of it no more. Blanch did believe him; she entreated to be allowed to see him, but her entreaties only extorted a promise that on the night before his execution she should be admitted to his cell: he was condemned to be broken on the wheel.

The tale which Count Herman had related was true; he had fled all unknowingly to the wild haunts of the banditti amid the mountains of Istria.

Among those mountains, which abounded with the dens of the banditti, he was taken by the royal troops. The true captain of the banditti escaped; but, hearing that the brave Herman was mistaken for him, and having been once a man of honour himself, he came forward and gave himself up to justice, relating every particular of the Count's refusal to join his band. The sentence was changed. Was it a merciful change? The young and gallant Count Herman was condemned for life to become a workman in the mines of Idria. Blanch had been long the constant companion of the old Countess Alberti. The intelligence of Herman's life having been spared, was brought to them when they were together; they were about to visit Herman, and they now hastened to the prison. The first surprise which made known to the aged Countess her son's safety was joyful, but her grief soon returned at the thought of the dreadful sentence which still awaited him; but Blanch seemed restored to happiness, and entered the dark cell, trembling indeed, but with overpowering joy. A venerable priest, who had daily attended the young Count, had promised to meet them in the prison, and there Blanch and the Countess Alberti found him conversing with Herman. After the first agitated moments of this affecting interview were over, Blanch rose up, and wiping away her tears, said,

"I have a petition to make to you all, and one that may easily be complied with. What I ask must not be refused, unless you will hesitate to promote my happiness. 'Tis a strange request for me to make, but I do not blush to make it," she said, as a deepening blush spread over her downcast face, and completely belied her assertion. "Dear Herman," she said, "it was not always thus: must I remind you of our long plighted affection? I have known the time when you were very eloquent in pleading a cause that you appear now to have forgotten. I see that you *will* not recall that time; but do not think me too bold in seeming to forget my sex's modesty. You know, my Herman, that I should not once have spoken thus—I should not once have come to you and offered you my hand, as I do now; I should have waited, like a bashful maid, to be entreated like all bashful maids; and when at last I yielded to your suit, I should have done so but at long entreaty. Dear Herman, will you not accept my hand?" Blanch

looked up through her blushes and smiled, as she held out her small white hand.

"Blanch," said Herman, while he gently took her proffered hand; and, having pressed it to his lips, still held it trembling in his own. "Sweet Blanch, I was prepared for this, I knew that you would speak as you do now; I doubted not but the same timid maid, whose modesty sprung from true, and virtuous love, would think it a most joyful duty to prove her faithfulness in such a time as this; and yet I almost wish that you had been less true, less like yourself; for to refuse the most trifling of your chaste favours, is a grief to me. I will not speak of poverty, although the change would be too hard for you, a young and delicate lady of high rank, whom Providence had nursed in the soft lap of affluence and ease: but for a woman, Blanch, a tender helpless woman to be doomed to pine away in a dark, horrid cavern, whose very air is poison——"

"Herman," said Blanch, eagerly, "have not the miners wives now living with them?"

"It may be so," he answered; "but remember, those women must be poor, neglected wretches; accustomed to the sorrows and hardships of their life, they may be almost callous to distress."

"And think you then," said Blanch, her whole countenance brightening as she spoke, think you, that such cold and deadened feeling can produce that fortitude, that patient, heavenly fortitude which the spirit of the gospel gives and *only* gives? When I thus freely offer to become the partner, the happy partner, of your misery, I think not, dearest, of my woman's weakness, (though I can hardly believe that it would fail.) No; to another's arm I look for strength; to those everlasting arms which now support the burden of the whole world's sinking woes. My strength is in my God, and he will hear my never-ceasing prayers. I have no fears but that a miner's hut would be a happy home; it must be so to me, for *now* the happiest lot for me, is to remain with you. I should indeed be wretched with my wealth and my titles, utterly wretched, without one sweet consoling thought, which conscience will often bring in those dreary mines. Here, then, I am pleading for *my* happiness, not so much for yours, dear Herman. Kneel with me, do kneel with me, to ask your mother's blessing; for that is

the request I make to her; and then the third petition may soon be guessed; that you, my holy father, will consent to join the hands of Count Alberti and myself in marriage."

It was not her language; it was the almost unearthly eloquence of tone and manner, that gave to the words of the Lady Blanch an effect which it seemed impossible to resist. When she finished speaking, her hand extended to Herman and her face as she leaned forward, turning alternately to the aged Countess and the Friar; her eyes shining with the light of expression, and the pure blood flooding in tides of richer crimson to her cheek and parted lips; lips on which a silent and trembling eloquence still hung; they all sat gazing on her in speechless astonishment; one sunbeam had darted through the narrow window of the cell, and the stream of light, as Blanch moved, at last fell on her extended hand. When Herman saw the pale transparent red, which her slender fingers assumed, as the sunbeams shone through them, he thought, with horror, that the blood now so purely giving clearness to her fair skin, and flowing so freely and freshly through her delicate frame, would in the mine's poisonous atmosphere, become thick and stagnant; he thought how soon the lustre of her eyes would be quenched, and the light elastic step of youth, the life which seems exultant in the slight and graceful form of Blanch would be palsied for ever. Herman was about to speak, but the old priest interrupted him by proposing that nothing should be finally settled till the evening of the fourth ensuing day; then the Lady Blanch, he observed, would have had more time to consider the plan she had formed; and till then the young Count would be permitted to remain in Vienna.

"I will consent, but on this one condition," said Blanch,—"that my proposal, bold as it is, shall not be then opposed, if, as you say, my resolution be not changed. You know, dear Herman, that I cannot change."

Blanch went, and with her husband, to the mines. The dismal hut of a workman in the mines of Idria, was but a poor exchange for the magnificent palace of the Count Alberti, on the banks of the Danube, which was now confiscated to the crown; though a small estate was given to the venerable and respected Countess during her life.—But Blanch smiled with a smile of satisfied happiness, as leaning on her hus-



band's arm, she stopped before the hut which was to be their future home. Their conductor opened the door, but the Count had forgotten to stoop, as he entered the low door-way, and he struck his lofty forehead a violent blow.—Blanch uttered a faint shriek, her first and only exclamation in that dark mine. The alarm which Blanch betrayed at his accident, banished the gloom which had begun to deepen on her husband's spirits: to remove her agitation, he persuaded himself to speak, and even to feel cheerfully; and when Blanch had parted away his thick hair, to examine the effects of the blow, and had pressed her soft lips repeatedly to his brow, she said playfully, as she bent down with an arch smile, and looked into her husband's face, "After all, this terrible accident and my lamentations have not had a very bad effect, as they have brought back the smiles to your dear features, my own Herman."

The miner's hut became daily a more happy abode; the eyes of its inhabitants were soon accustomed to the dim light, and all that had seemed so wrapt in darkness when they first entered the mines, gradually dawned into distinctness and light. Blanch began to look with real pleasure on the walls and rude furniture of her two narrow rooms; she had no time to spend in useless sorrow, for she was continually employed in the necessary duties of her situation; she performed with cheerful alacrity the most menial offices—she repaired her husband's clothes, and she was delighted if she could sometimes take down from an old shelf one of the few books she had brought with her. The days passed on rapidly; and, as the young pair knelt down at the close of every evening, their praises and thanksgivings to the Almighty were as fervent as their prayers. Herman had not been surprised at the high and virtuous enthusiasm which had enabled Blanch to support, at first, all the severe trials they underwent without shrinking; but he *was* surprised to find that in the calm, the dull, and hopeless calm of undiminished poverty and hardship, her spirit never sank; her sweetness of temper and unrepining gentleness rather increased.

Another trial was approaching.—Blanch, the young and tender mother, was about to become a mother; and one evening, on returning from his work, Herman found his wife making clothes for her unborn infant. He sat down beside her, and sighed; but Blanch

was singing merrily, and she only left off singing to embrace her husband with smiles—he thought the sweetest smiles he had ever seen.

The wife of one of the miners, whom Blanch had visited when lying ill of a dangerous disease, kindly offered to attend her during her confinement; and from the arms of this woman Herman received his first-born son—the child who, born under different circumstances, would have been welcomed with all the care and splendour of noble rank. But he forgot this in his joy that Blanch was safe, and stole on tiptoe to the room where she was lying: she had been listening for his footstep, and as he approached, he saw in the gloom of the chamber her white arms stretched towards him.

"I have been thanking God in my thoughts," said Blanch, after her husband had bent down to kiss her; "but I am so very weak! Dear Herman, kneel down beside the bed, and offer up my blessings with your own."

Surprising strength seemed to be given to this delicate mother by Him "who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and she recovered rapidly from her confinement; but when her infant was about a month old, Blanch began to fear for his health. It was a great sorrow for her to part with her own darling child, but she felt it to be her duty to endeavour to send him out of the mines to the care of the old Countess Alberti: it was very hard to send him away before he could take into the world the remembrance of those parents who never would behold him more—before his first smiles had seemed to notice the love and the care of the mother who bore him; but Blanch did not dare to think of her sorrowful regret, for it was necessary to make every exertion to effect this separation, so painful to herself. She knew that the wretched inhabitants of the immense mines were dropping into the grave daily; she knew that their lives seldom exceeded the two first years of their horrid confinement, and she panted with eager desire to send her pallid child to pure, untainted air.

It was at this time that Herman, as he was at work in one of the galleries, beheld a stranger, attended by the surveyor of the mines, approaching the place where he stood. Herman turned away as the stranger passed, but he started with surprise to hear the tones of a voice which he well remembered; he could not be mistaken, for the person spoke also with a foreign accent.

At first he nearly resolved not to address him; but the stranger had not proceeded many steps when Herman stood before him, and exclaimed, "Mr. Everard, have you forgotten me?" The Englishman, who had come there to examine the mines, did not indeed recognise at once, in the emaciated being who addressed him, the young and gallant Count Alberti, whom he had known at Vienna as one of the bravest and most accomplished men of the court. Who would not have been struck at such a contrast! Who could have refused to grant the request that Herman made? He entreated Mr. Everard to enable him to remove his infant from the mines, and to deliver him to the care of the old Countess. The generous Englishman hesitated not to comply with his wishes; but his heart and soul were interested in the cause when Alberti conducted him to the hut, and he beheld the pale and drooping Blanch bending over her sick infant like a drooping lily, preserving, in the midst of toil and misery, all the sweet and delicate graces of a virtuous and high-born female; when her beseeching and melancholy smiles and her voice, like mournful music, pleaded for her infant's life.

*To be continued.*

ON THE CELEBRATED  
HAWTHORN IN CAWDOR CASTLE.\*  
BY HORACE GUILFORD.  
*For the Olio.*

And thou, pale tree, that in the sweltering vault  
Uprearest thy lonely form, and drawest all eyes  
To gaze on thy traditionary trunk!—  
Thou wost selected for the ominous halt  
Of the slow beast, gold-laden, to upbraid  
The Thanes' high battle house!

And truth to say,  
A lordly tower soars over thee, and broad  
Stone-crowned canopies arise  
On the groined halls above thee.

Lords and Dames  
Have feasted throned around thee; tapestries  
Of glorious hues, larch wainscots, richly  
wrought,

\* The Castle of Cawdor, beautifully situated amid towering groves on the river Nairn, has the following singular legend respecting its foundation.

The Thane that built it had a vision, in which he was directed to burthen an ass with gold, turn it loose, follow its track, and erect a tower on the spot where it first halted.

The weary beast lay down to rest under the branches of a hawthorn, round and over which court, staircase, hall and bower soon soared in feudal state.

The tree was scrupulously preserved, and is still shown in a gloomy vault below the keep, standing exactly as it did (bating branch and blossom) when first shut out from sun and air. It is held in the highest consideration, and the health of the noble House of Cawdor is always drunk with—'SUCCESS TO THE HAWTHORN!'

Have veil'd and curtain'd thee.

The minstrel harp  
Hath hymn'd thee, and the ringing goblets gold  
Been rubied to its massy brim, with bright  
Libations to the ancestral Hawthorn Tree!

But what avails it?—The blue gorgeous sky  
Is veil'd from thee for ever! The glad sun  
Shall never lave thy fluttering sprays in gold!  
The blackbird's lay shall never thrill again  
Thy noongale-shaken pearl-blossoms. Never  
more  
Shall evening's dew varnish thy silent leaves.  
Spring is no more for thee;—the morn, the  
night,

For thee their sweet vicissitudes no more  
In light and shadows variegate. Alone,  
Secluded, dark and melancholy tree,  
Thou reign'st in magnificent despair!  
Thy homage is a mockery—thy fame  
A punishment and curse, if it deprive  
Thy prison'd form of one voluptuous lay  
Of birds that loved thee in thy summer pride,  
Or cheer'd thee in thy wintry poverty.  
And while the Castle owes its birth to thee,  
And clasps thee in its huge and stony arms  
With ceremonious custody, thy dead  
And desolate appearance loud proclaim,  
That 'twas thy prison, 'twas thy sepulchre,  
And not thy temple, that the fatal heast  
Caused in baronial majesty to rise  
Above thy guiltless branches, and at once  
Immured thee and immortalized!

Thy roots  
Are in the soil that nourish'd them when May  
First with white jewels starr'd thy glossy green.  
Alas! 'twere better they had cast a blaze  
From the hall hearth up to the beamy roof,  
Where thy cleft trunk, deck'd by the carver's  
skill

With shields or flowers or saintly imagery,  
Might have flash'd back the ruddy festal flame.

Earth bears thee but disdains thee, and high  
heaven  
Scorns to shine on thee. Thou art sold, poor  
tree,

To pompous bondage; on thy cheerless shaft  
The dingiest lichen and the meanest moss,  
Much more the ivy's gorgeous broderie,  
Refuse to flourish; and thy capital  
Wants even a leaf, a blossom, to bestow  
One atom of the deep magnificence  
That robes the sculptured pillar of dull stone.  
And thou that once shook thy resplendent gems  
Dazzling as snow, yet green as emeralds,  
Scenting the envious glade—thou to stand thus!  
I pity while I honour thee!

But soft!—  
'Tis something still to be distinguish'd! Who  
Would scorn a world's admiring, though she  
lack'd

The gold, the diamonds, or, more than these,  
The face and form that happier fair ones own?  
Who would not rather win a kingdom's gaze,  
Tho' his unconscious trunk burn'd in death  
Were the cold idol, than obscurely creep  
A nameless, noteless thing from dust to dust?

Scorn in thy turn the haughty trees that  
wave  
Around thy storied house,—give them their  
leaves

And transient blossoms, thine is heraldry  
That dooms thee to be famous till the world  
Shall, in its wreck, shake all their garniture  
To dust. Thy character shall give thee more  
Than all their beauty; and the sweetest chant  
That ever quiver'd thro' their silky leaves  
Be mean and trivial, to the blood-choak'd  
groan

That creeping from the brocaded coverlet  
Of murder'd DUNCAN, in the midnight calm  
Made thy stem quake within its prison-house!

FRAGMENTS FROM AN AUTHOR'S  
COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

BY J. F. FENNIE.

(For the Olio)

SECOND sight has hitherto been considered to be peculiar to Scotland, or rather to the Gaelic inhabitants of the Highlands, but it is a mistaken notion; second sight was a gift pretended to among the Saxons, that is, by those who studied witchcraft, which was closely connected with the priestcraft of our pagan ancestors. Among the Anglo-Saxons, this forbidden art was called *wicca*, *scinlæca*, *galdor-craeftig*, *wig-lær*, and *morthwyrtha*. *Wiglær* is a compound word from *wig*, an idol or temple, and *lær*, learning. *Galdor-craeftig*, signifies one skilled in charms and incantations. *Morthwyrtha* means a worshipper of the dead. Jeffery of Monmouth tells us, (lib. xii. c. 7.) that Brian, the friend of Cadwallon, who was driven from Wales into Ireland and America, by Edwin, King of Northumberland, on his return to Bretagne with his royal master, "slew the SECONDSIGHTED magician of Edwin.

What striking contrasts do we not find in men of the same religion and profession! In 1022, Bishop Bonchard, of Worms, one of the most learned prelates of his day, died, when the inventory of his worldly goods consisted only of a hair shirt, an iron chain, which he bound round his body for a belt, and three deniers of money.

In the *Histoire Ecclesiastique*, by Flueury, we read that Theophylact, a Greek patriarch, in the tenth century, sold every ecclesiastical benefice as soon as it became vacant, and had in his stables above two thousand hunting horses, which daily fed on pig-nuts, pistachios, dates, dried grapes, and figs steeped in the most exquisite wines. On Holy Thursday, as he was celebrating high mass, his chief groom brought him the joyful intelligence that one of his favourite mares had foaled; upon which he threw down the liturgy, quitted the church, and flew in raptures to the stables, when, having seen that all was well, and his four-legged lady in the straw in a fair way, he returned delighted to the altar to finish the sacred service, which had been interrupted by his untimely and indecent absence.

There was an ancient order of knighthood, created in England by Richard II., called the "Order of the Heart." One favourite knight, who had followed Richard to Ireland, would not take off his device, though commanded to do so

when his royal master delivered himself up to Henry of Lancaster. He was the last who wore the order of Richard in England.—*From the Manuscript of a Gascon Knight.*

Is it not strange that Sir Walter Scott, as a gentleman, and a man of honour, could so stoutly deny his being the author of the *Waverley Novels*, as they are called, when appealed to on the subject? A clergyman, some time ago, assured me that a lady (a friend of his) had heard Sir Walter positively deny his being the author of the novels imputed to him, whilst he admitted that he had some little share in their being ushered into the world; but the lady, notwithstanding this, was exceedingly puzzled about the matter, for the young people, the Misses Scott, had as positively assured her that their father *was* the author. Females have often an ingenious mode of satisfying their curiosity, and this lady adopted the following. She sent a basket of the choicest fruit from her garden to Sir Walter's house, addressing it to the "Author of the *Waverley Novels*." Thus directed, it reached, to use the late ridiculous cant of modern criticism, the supposed—"Great Unknown." Sir Walter, as cunning as the good lady, either to continue the mystification, or to adhere to his former assertions, and further to confirm their pretended truth, took from the basket *one small apple*, and sent back the remainder, with his compliments to the donor, saying he had taken *his share* of the present.

But what seemed to me to put the matter beyond all doubt, till his late public avowal in Edinburgh, was the flat denial he made of his being the author of these works, in a letter written by himself, a few years ago, to Miss Percival, then at Leamington Spa, who was also dying to obtain possession of the grand secret. It was dated the 16th of May, 1823, and publicly read by her in Elliston's library, at that place, before a gentleman well known in the literary world, a particular friend of mine, and who copied down from it the following words:—"I *really assure you, I am not the author of the Novels which are attributed to me.*" This appeared decisive; yet now he declares himself the sole author!

What can poor Lander, the writer of *Imaginary Conversations*, say now? He invites the learned to show him, "in any volume, in any language, equally great faults within the same space," as are to be found in the *Waverley No-*

vels. So far he may be right; but he goes on to affirm, that the author in his youth and early manhood was without the advantage of *literary*, or *polished*, or even *decorous* society. He further says, "it is remarkable that the most popular works of our age, after Byron's, are certainly less elegant in *style* than any of any age or nation whatever." This is certainly not very elegant in style—while it shows how careful we ought to be in putting forth positive assertions respecting those we know nothing of but by their writings. I know not what society Sir Walter Scott may have mingled with in his early life, but this I know, that every man of common sense and common reading must be aware, that he who could draw with so masterly a hand the character of the old Scotch pedant laird in Waverley, could not possibly be wanting in those advantages which arise from profound classical acquirements, whatever errors of style he might otherwise commit.

Sir Walter Scott mentions, in a note to one of his poems, of certain Highlanders sleeping wrapt up in the skin of a new slain animal, for the purpose of obtaining a knowledge of the future. It is curious to find that this was also an ancient custom among the people of Italy. Virgil says,

"The priest on skins of offerings," &c.

Those who consulted the oracle of Amphiaraus, first offered sacrifice, then went to sleep, lying upon the skin of a victim, and in their dreams received an answer or interpretation.

Is it not probable that Shakspeare borrowed the incident of the handkerchief in Othello from the following circumstance which occurred at Greenwich in the reign of that tyrant Henry VIII.? "Nothing however material transpired till the first of May, when a tilting-match was held at Greenwich, in which the Lord Rochford was chief challenger, and Henry Norris the principal antagonist. During the diversions the King observed her majesty (AnneBoleyn) drop her handkerchief, which one of the suspected persons took up and used to wipe his face. To a mind prepared like Henry's, this accident, which, though in all probability entirely casual, was a demonstration of his wife's infidelity. Accordingly, all on a sudden, the diversions were broke up, and Henry, without taking notice of the Queen or her court, with no more than six persons in his retinue, abruptly quitted the

place, and retired to his palace at Westminster.—*Russel's England.*

*Iago.* ——— But such a handkerchief, (I'm sure it was your wife's,) did I to-day See Cassio wipe his beard with.

*Oth.* If it be that! —

*Iago.* If it be that, or any that was her's, It speaks against her with the other proofs.

*Oth.* O, that the slave had forty thousand lives!

One is too poor, too weak, for my revenge! Now do I see 'tis true."

Did not Congreve borrow his first lines in the Mourning Bride, beginning with—

"Music has charms to soothe the savage breast, To soften hardest rocks," &c. &c.

From one of the "Six Old Plays," called "Taming the Shrew," in which are these words —

'The senseless trees by music have been moved,

And, at the sound of pleasant tuned strings, Have savage beasts hung down their listening heads,

As though they had been cast into a trance."

It has been lately asserted in the Morning Herald, that the first clock known in this country was put up in an old tower of Westminster Hall in the year 1288, and that in 1292, there was one in the Cathedral of Canterbury. Gerbert, who was archbishop of Rheims and Ravenna, and rose in 999 to the pontifical chair of St. Peter, appears to have been the first inventor of clocks; he likewise made a sphere and formed a telescope (see Dupin, 10 cen. p. 44.) He, like St. Dunstan of the same age, was considered a potent magician, and from his great learning and skill in the arts and sciences, was believed to have attained to the highest preferment in the church by means of a contract which he had made with the devil.

In Dr. Kennedy's "Conversations on Religion with Lord Byron," just published, his Lordship says:—"The people at home have very absurd notions of the Greeks, as if they were the Greeks of Homer's time. I have travelled through the country, and know the contrary. A Turk's word can always be depended on, but not a Greek's, if his interest be in question."

Now if the Greeks are not the same as they were in Homer's days, it is very plain from his Lordship's account of them, that they are the very same in their truth and honesty as they were in the days of the Romans; for Polybius (lib. iv.) says, "If you lend a talent to a Greek, and bind him to repayment by ten engagements, with as many sureties and witnesses to the loan, it is impossible to make them regard their word;

whereas, among the Romans, whether it be owing to their obligation of accounting for the public and private money, I know not, they are always punctual to the oaths they have taken. For which reasons the apprehensions of infernal torments were wisely established, and it is altogether irrational that they now oppose them."

Henry IV. was anointed with oil said to have been given by the Virgin Mary to Becket. It had lain hid till it was found in Richard's reign, with an inscription predicting that the sovereigns anointed with it should be champions of the church. The archbishop refused to apply it to Richard, but poured it upon Henry, obviously to create a popular impression that he was chosen and appointed by Heaven.—*Walsingham*.

Was not this king strongly influenced by impressions which arose out of this silly legend of the heavenly unction, which was first poured on his head, and by them led to meditate a crusade against the infidels, to build galleys, and make great preparations for such an enterprize, as the champion of the cross? And was it not from the same ridiculous source that he derived his unrelenting determination to support the violent persecutions of the hierarchy, and to disgrace his reign by being the first to light up the fires of intolerance, which consumed the Lollards and other innocent sufferers, who dared to exclaim against the errors and corruptions into which the church had fallen?—We think it cannot be doubted.

### THE PARKS.

#### HYDE PARK.

Concluded from page 120.

The piece of water called the Serpentine was commenced in 1730, by the King's order, on the site of a string of ponds. An excavation of four hundred yards in length and one hundred in breadth was made, the expense of which was estimated at £6,000. This work was begun under the superintendence of Charles Withers, who employed for the purpose three hundred men, but died before its completion; it was then resumed under the direction of Queen Caroline in 1733, and extended to its present dimensions. The water is supplied by a small stream rising near Bayswater, and falling into the Thames just above Vauxhall-bridge.

It was designated *The Serpentine*, because not an exactly straight canal

with parallel banks, being considerably wider at one end than the other, and having a slight bend where it enters Kensington Gardens—a straight canal was till about that time the only shape given to bodies of artificial water. It is said that Lord Bathurst was the first to deviate from this formality of figure, in the instance of a brook which he widened at Ryskins, near Colebrook. One day, Lord Stafford, who was paying him a visit, being shown the effect of this improvement, asked Lord Bathurst "to own fairly how much more it would have cost to have made the course straight?" So rude were at that time the notions of picturesque beauty, that the only motive which could be imagined for allowing a stream to preserve its natural meanders, was, the saving the expense of digging a parallelogram.

The carriage way in the Park running even with the high turnpike road, was made in 1734, to prevent the annoyance experienced by the Royal Family when at Kensington, from the dust arising from the road which runs along the wall of Kensington Gardens.

The gardens of Kensington Palace were purchased from Lord Chancellor Finch, afterwards Earl of Northampton, by William III.; his Queen, Mary, made some additions to them. They were greatly improved by Queen Anne, and finally enlarged to the circumference of three miles and a half, and put in their present very beautiful state, by Queen Caroline. Wise, gardener to King William, altered a large gravel pit in the old part of the gardens, and planted it in a manner that was thought so exceedingly picturesque and beautiful, that the Spectator seems disposed to compare the contriver of it with the writers of epics. "I think," says Addison, "there are as many kinds of gardening as of poetry; your makers of parterres and flower gardens are epigrammists and sonneteers in this art; contrivers of bowers and grottos, treillages and cascades, are romance writers. *Wise* and *London* are our heroic poets; and if, as a critic, I may single out any passage of their works to commend, I shall take notice of that part in the upper garden at Kensington, which was at first nothing but a gravel pit. It must have been a fine genius for gardening that could have thought of forming such an unsightly hollow into so beautiful an area, and to have hit the eye with so uncommon and agreeable a scene as that which it is now wrought into. To give this

particular spot of ground the greater effect, they have made a very pleasing contrast; for as on one side of the walk you see this hollow basin, with its little plantations lying so conveniently under the eye of the beholder, on the other side of it there appears a seeming mount, made up of trees rising one higher than another in proportion as they approach the centre. A spectator, who has not heard this account of it, would think this circular mount not only a real one, but that it had been actually scooped out of that hollow space which I have before mentioned. I never yet met with any one who has walked in this garden, who was not struck with that part of it which I have here mentioned."

Yet such are the vicissitudes in taste, that every yew, every holly, is removed from the spot thus celebrated a century and a quarter ago—a spot, of which, probably, nine-tenths of the present inhabitants of London never even heard!

Grosvenor Gate was built in 1725, for the accommodation of the inhabitants of Hanover Square, on the petition of Sir Robert Grosvenor, the 6th Baronet—whose son Richard was created a peer on April 8th, 1761—who obtained leave to erect the gate and form a carriage-way, but at his own expense, with a condition that it should be kept in repair by him. About the same time, the circular reservoir near that gate was constructed by the proprietors of the Chelsea Waterworks, to supply water to Kensington Palace, the upper part of Westminster, and the buildings near Mount Street, then called Oliver's Mount.

Hyde Park has been considerably reduced in size since the survey in 1652, partly by the erection of houses between Hyde Park corner and Park-lane, but chiefly by the making and enlarging Kensington Gardens. In 1665, the ranger had a grant of fifty acres, for the purpose of *planting apple-trees to make cider for the King*; which apples, according to the stipulation, were to consist principally of golden pippins and red-streaks.

Some years ago, it was proposed by John Fordyce, Surveyor-general, that the triangular piece of ground between the entrance into the Park and Park-lane, should be inclosed, laid out in gardens, and a building, fit for the residence of a family of fortune, erected in each. This plan, unquestionably a well considered one, was not then carried into effect, having excited much

popular clamour. And here it may be remarked, that although the parks are undoubtedly Crown property, yet long and uninterrupted enjoyment has converted them into a kind of common property, the right to the use of which contributes more largely, not merely to the recreation, but to the health of the vast population of the metropolis; so that,—to repeat a well known anecdote—when Queen Caroline, Consort of George II. asked Mr. Pitt what it would cost her to shut up the Parks, that statesman replied, "Only three crowns, please your Majesty." But within the last thirty years Fordyce's plan has been carried into effect.—Hamilton Place has only robbed the Park of an obscure corner, and the gardens at the back of Apsley House must by all be allowed to be an immense improvement.

It appears that what is now the Regent's Park, and which, till lately, was nothing but a large tract of pasture-ground, was in former times a Royal Park, and had a palace in it, where Queen Elizabeth occasionally resided.

The fate of this was involved in that of the other Parks, and given by Cromwell to Harrison, Colonel of a regiment of Dragoons, either to feed his horses, or as an indemnification for the expenses he incurred. At the Restoration, it came into the possession of private persons: since which time it has passed through the hands of various proprietors, and at length reverted to the Crown when his late Majesty was Regent, and converted into a magnificent Park, larger than St. James's, Hyde, and the Green Parks, put together. Although the expenses of planting, &c. were enormous, yet so well has the whole been managed, that an adequate return is made for the capital invested.

*New Mon. Mag.*

#### LEFT BEHIND.

Concluded from p. 117.

About the middle of the next day, Lord was obliged by hunger to return to the beach, the island being destitute of berries or fruits.

In this manner he subsisted till the morning of the twenty-first day, which found him on the top of the mountain, reduced to the greatest extremity, and more like an apparition than a human being, "sharp misery had worn him to the bone," and he expected to die very shortly. As his eye wandered round the glittering expanse, he thought he

distinguished in the extreme distance a dark speck, which he took to be a sail. He gazed at it most intensely, but it did not seem to move, and he concluded it was a rock; in order to be convinced he lay down, and brought the stem of a small tree to bear upon the distant object, which he now perceived moved along the level horizon. It must be a ship, but she was passing the island, and he kept anxiously looking, in the expectation of her fading from his view. In a short time she loomed larger, and he could now perceive her to be a vessel of some size, but his heart sank within him when he observed soon afterwards that she hauled her wind, and stood away upon a different tack. In about half an hour she tacked again, and it now became evident that she was making for the island, as she stood directly in for the bay. The extreme joy of the poor sufferer at this welcome sight broke out in sundry raptures and transports. He rushed down the mountain with such little caution, that he stumbled over the broken rocks, and pitched headlong down the broken and rugged descent. This fall almost rendered him helpless, he received a severe cut above the ankle, besides other bad contusions; but the idea of losing this only chance inspired him with fresh energy, and he made his way down, after many painful efforts, staggering from the woods upon the sea shore; and when he beheld the ship come fairly into the bay and anchor, a boat hoisted up, and pull with long and rapid strokes towards him, he fell overpowered upon the sand.

On the boat reaching the shore, the poor fellow appeared at his last gasp, and all he could articulate was "water, water!" One of the sailors brought some in a can, and suffered him to drink his fill; soon afterwards he again swooned away, and in this state they carried him alongside, where he became sensible, but unable either to speak or move. His helpless condition rendered it necessary to hoist him on board. Nothing could exceed the kind and humane treatment which he received from Captain Cook, and the surgeon of the ship, to whose skill and attention may be attributed his ultimate recovery, as from the quantity of water the sailor had suffered him to drink, (which the surgeon succeeded in dislodging from his stomach) in his miserable and emaciated state, the medical gentleman, when he first saw him, had but faint hopes of his surviving; indeed, this

gentleman declared that he could not have lived upon the island many hours longer. In a short time he was well enough to leave his cot, when he was informed by Captain Cook, that about a week's sail from the Gollapagos, he had luckily fallen in with the ship by which Lord had been left, when the master told him, that a youth had been missed, and was left upon the island; this induced the Captain to bear up to the place, otherwise he had no intention of making it.

This individual is at present master's assistant on board His Majesty's ship *Druid*.  
*United Service Journal.*

### LETTERS.

BY HORACE GUILFORD.  
*For the Olio.*

I have heard and experienced much of the wonderful power of the drama, of the epic, of the ballad, and of the romance, in startling the passions and awakening the sympathies of human nature; but I know not the tragedy, however powerful, or the novel or the poem, however pathetic, that possesses the spell of that little sheet, with its waxen lock, called a LETTER.

How frequently and how variously—I may add how deeply—do letters affect us! For some we sicken with delayed hope,—others we tremble to unseal when we see them; some blight us by the disappointment of anticipated good,—others shock us with unexpected evil; some we devour as the most delicious food,—over others we linger ere we summon courage to peruse them, doubtful whether they bring us tidings of grief or joy.

No work is there of that improver of the shining hour, the bee, destined to so high a use as the sealing wax; no gem is there, however precious, privy to such passions, such reverses, such mysteries as THE SEAL. Not the cabalistic jewels of King Solomon boasted more dark sayings than the various sigillary impresses, that with their mystic motto or device form at once the clasp and frontispiece to this volume of a single sheet.

What joys and loves—what upbraidings and endearments do we find at once poured forth by the permission of this many coloured warder. The virgin's secret sigh—the anguish of the neglected wife—the child's affection—the mother's care—the dependent's just, the patron's protracted, evasions; the guilty flame of the seducer—the calcu-

lating greediness of the usurer—the glad summons to hospitality—the harsh menaces of a gaol. The advice of those we love, given but to be slighted—the anger of those we fear, inflicted to be defied—the betrayal of secrets—the detection of crimes—the warning, the disgust, and the final abandonment—the tidings of death, or (worse !) of sins that are the sting of death,—are among the million stirring topics of a letter!—And the productions of the sublimest or most pathetic genius that ever wasted the midnight lamp in devising incidents of pity, of horror, or of marvel, are outdone by these unpremeditated effusions. While their prodigies task the toil of months or years, these spring forth the spontaneous produce of every day, nay, every hour—breathing ages of anguish in a sentence, and committing ruin and even treason itself to the guardianship of a bit of pretty smooth innocent-looking wax!

Fair bee that singest in thy three-piled livery of black and tawny velvet, thou lover of the bright hour, thou artisan of the garden, how art thou the manufacturer of a material that imprisons the earthquake and lets loose the whirlwind! How was thy delicious labour—pursued in the straw hive amid its yew hedge, and marigold and thyme and lavender, by the calm cottage at the forest side,—how was it made the minister of tidings that plunge the palace in dismay, and fill the prison with unheard groans!

#### Notices of New Books.

*A Narrative of the Captivity and Adventures of JOHN TANNER, during thirty years residence among the Indians in the interior of North America.* 426, p.p. 8vo, Ward, London.

THIS is a curious narrative of a most curious being, prepared for the press, as the title intimates, by Dr. James, a gentleman well known in American literature. If this account be found not quite so classical as the narratives of other travellers,—if it does not relate to the curiosities of past ages, like the records of Bruce and Belzoni, it will, nevertheless, be found replete with interesting matter. John Tanner, whose narrative is here arranged and modified, was carried off by the Shawnee Indians before he was eleven years of age. He encounters many dangers while among these savage tribes, many of whom have good

cause to hate their white neighbours, but is saved by an old Indian, and becomes, after a time, completely reconciled to their wild habits. We have not room for an elaborate review of this interesting volume, and must therefore be content to make a few extracts, illustrating the habits of the singular people among whom the author so long resided.

"Suicide," he says, "is not very unfrequent among the Indians, and is effected in various ways; shooting, hanging, drowning, poisoning, &c.—The causes, also, which urge to the desperate act, are various. Some years previous to the time I now speak of, I was with Net-nokwa, at Mackinac, when I knew a very promising and highly respected young man of the Ottawawaws, who shot himself in the Indian burying ground. He had, for the first time, drank to intoxication; and in the alienation of mind produced by the liquor, had torn off his own clothes, and behaved with so much violence, that his two sisters, to prevent him from injuring himself or others, tied his hands and feet, and laid him down in the lodge. Next morning, he awoke sober, and being untied, went to his sister's lodge, which was near the burying ground, borrowed a gun, under pretence of going to shoot pigeons, and went into the burying ground and shot himself. It is probable, that when he awoke and found himself tied, he thought he had done something very improper in his drunkenness, and to relieve himself from the pressure of shame and mortification, had ended his days by violence. Misfortunes and losses of various kinds, sometimes the death of friends, and possibly, in some instances, disappointment in affairs of love, may be considered the causes which produce suicide among the Indians."

The following anecdote shews that our author was not deficient in invention.

"It happened, one morning, that I went to hunt with only three balls in my pouch; and finding a large buck moose, I fired at him rather hastily, and missed him twice in succession. The third time I hit, but did not kill him, only wounding him in the shoulder. I pursued, and at length overtook him, but having no balls, I took the screws out of my gun, tying the lock on with a string, and it was not till after I had shot three of them into him, that he fell."



With the subjoined account of a buffalo hunt, we conclude our notice of this very curious and original volume, strongly recommending it to the notice of our readers. It bears the stamp of truth on every page, and must be read by every one with delight.

"By the end of the second day after we left Pembinah, we had not a mouthful to eat, and were beginning to be hungry. When we laid down in our camp at night, and put our ears close to the ground, we could hear the tramp of buffaloes; but when we sat up we could hear nothing, and on the following morning nothing could be seen of them, though we could command a very extensive view of the prairie. As we knew they must not be far off, in the direction of the sounds we had heard, eight men, of whom I was one, were selected and despatched to kill some, and bring the meat to a point where it was agreed the party should stop next night. The noise we could still hear in the morning, by applying our ears to the ground, and it seemed about as far distant, and in the same direction, as before. We started early, and rode some hours before we could begin to see them, and when we first discovered the margin of the herd, it must have been at least ten miles distant. It was like a black line, drawn along the edge of the sky, or a low shore seen across a lake. The distance of the herd from the place where we first heard them, could not have been less than twenty miles. But it was now the rutting season, and various parts of the herd were all the time kept in rapid motion, by the severe fights of the bulls. To the noise produced by the knocking together of the two divisions of the hoof, when they raised their feet from the ground, and of their incessant tramping, was added the loud and furious roar of the bulls, engaged as they all were in their terrific and appalling conflicts. We were conscious that our approach to the herd would not occasion the alarm now, that it would have done at any other time, and we rode directly towards them. As we came near, we killed a wounded bull, which scarce made an effort to escape from us. He had wounds in his flanks, into which I could put my whole hand. As we knew that the flesh of the bulls was not now good to eat, we did not wish to kill them, though we might easily have shot any number. Dismounting, we put our horses in the care of some of our number, who were willing to

stay back for that purpose, and then crept into the herd to try to kill some cows. I had separated from the others, and advancing, got entangled among the bulls. Before I found an opportunity to shoot a cow, the bulls began to fight very near me. In their fury, they were totally unconscious of my presence, and came rushing towards me with such violence, that in some alarm for my safety, I took refuge in one of those holes which are so frequent where these animals abound, and which they themselves dig to wallow in. Here I found that they were passing directly upon me, and I was compelled to fire to disperse them, in which I did not succeed until I had killed four of them. By this firing the cows were so frightened that I perceived I should not be able to kill any in this quarter; so regaining my horse, I rode to a distant part of the herd, where the Indians had succeeded in killing a fat cow. But from this cow, as is usual in similar cases, the herd had all moved off, except one bull, who, when I came up, still kept the Indians at bay. "You are warriors," said I, as I rode up, "going far from your own country, to seek an enemy, but you cannot take his wife from that old bull, who has nothing in his hands." So saying, I passed them directly, towards the bull, then standing something more than two hundred yards distant. He no sooner saw me approach, that he came plunging towards me with such impetuosity, that knowing the danger to my horse and myself, I turned and fled. The Indians laughed heartily at my repulse, but they did not give over their attempts to get at the cow. By dividing the attention of the bull, and creeping up to him on different sides, they at length shot him down. While we were cutting up the cow, the herd were at no great distance, and an old cow, which the Indians supposed to be the mother of the one we had killed, taking the scent of the blood, came running with great violence directly towards us. The Indians were alarmed and fled, many of them not having their guns in their hands; but I had carefully re-loaded mine, and had it ready for use. Throwing myself down close to the body of the cow, and behind it, I waited till the other came up within a few yards of the carcass, when I fired upon her; she turned, gave one or two jumps, and fell dead. We had now the meat of two fat cows, which was as much as we wanted; accordingly, we repaired

without delay to the appointed place, where we found our party, whose hunger was already somewhat allayed by a deer one of them had killed."

*Cumberland's British Theatre.*  
*Vol. XII.*

Some few years ago, to obtain a single new play, the purchaser must have expended some three shillings, and frequently more money; but since this elegant little work has been in being, the same amount will nearly purchase an entire volume, containing upon an average eight or nine dramas, most of which are new, neatly printed and spiritedly embellished. This is exactly the case with the volume under notice, which contains nine pieces, six of which are recent popular productions, and must have cost to possess the copyright of them a good round sum. Such liberality in a publisher is deserving of the highest praise, and we trust a widely extended patronage will reward the proprietor of the British Theatre for combining novelty with economy.

*The Old English Drama, Parts V.*  
*VI. VII. White, London.*

WE are pleased to see this work progressing with success, and we hope it will continue to do so. The plays that delighted our forefathers ought not to be neglected; they are mementos of human life and manners, which display the customs and amusements of our ancestors in the olden time; and as such pictures are valuable, even were they not so strongly recommended by the racy humour, and brilliant wit which abounds in them.

To the old dramatists, we owe much for the entertainment bequeathed by them to posterity, and if the proprietor of this series of old plays completes his task, we shall be more than a little indebted to him for collecting in a cheap form the scattered labours of some of the brightest geniuses that adorn England.

Since we last noticed this collection, the following pieces have been added: "The Broken Heart," by John Ford. Charles Lamb, one of the best dramatic critics we have, says of this drama, "I do not know where to find in any play a catastrophe so grand, so solemn and so surprising as in this;" and of the author, who was contemporary with Shakspeare, he entertains the following opinion: "Ford was of the first order of poets; he sought for sublimity, not by parcels, in metaphors,

or visible images, but directly where she has her full residence—in the heart of man, in the actions and sufferings of the greatest minds."

The other two productions are by Nathaniel Field, and bear the following quaint titles, "Amends for Ladies," and "A Woman is a Weathercock." In the first of these comedies is the curious character drawn from life of *Moll Cut-Purse*, of whom we derive the subjoined particulars from the introductory matter. "Mary Frith, *alias* Moll Cut-Purse, the Roaring Girl, was a woman dressed like a man, and challenged several male opponents, bearing, during her life, the character of a bully, a thief, a bawd, a receiver of stolen goods, &c.\* She appears to have been the daughter of a shoemaker, born in 1584, died in 1659, and buried in what is now called St. Bride's Church. In February, 1611-12, she did penance at Paul's Cross; but the letter mentioning this fact, which is in the British Museum, does not state for what offence. Among other daring exploits, she robbed, or assisted in robbing, General Fairfax, on Hounslow Heath, for which she was sent to Newgate, but afterwards liberated without trial. The immediate cause of her death was a dropsy, and she seems then to have been possessed of property; she lived in her own house in Fleet Street, next the Globe Tavern, and left £20 that the Conduit might run wine on the expected return of Charles II. Besides the comedy by Middleton and Dekker, (Dodsley's Old Plays, VI.) John Day wrote 'a book of the mad pranks of Merry Moll of the Bankside.' It was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1610, and perhaps the play of which she is the heroine was founded upon it. Another account of her life was printed in 1662, shortly after her decease. She is supposed to be alluded to by Shakspeare in *Twelfth Night*, A. i. S. 3. and obtained such 'bad eminence' in point of notoriety, that it is not surprising, (according to the evidence of the authors of *The Witch of Edmonton*, A. v. Sc. 1.) that some of the dogs at Paris Garden, used in baiting bulls and bears, were named after her."

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\* She is the "honest Moll alluded to by City-wit in R. Brome's *Court Beggar*, A. ii. S. 1. to whom he is to go for the recovery of his purse, after he had had his pocket picked while looking at the news in the window of "the *Coranto* shop." He afterwards states that she "deals in private for the recovery of such goods."

*Instructions for the Piano Forte, &c.*  
By J. Clarke. R. Cocks & Co. London.

In the present state of musical science, when treatises without number have each and every of them endeavoured to simplify more than their predecessors the study of music; when combination of notes, hitherto deemed too discordant for christian ears, are no longer inadmissible; when even consecutive fifths, those *monstra horrenda* of former times, have ceased to be anomalous; it is no easy task for even an experienced person, as Mr. Clarke professes himself to be, to improve upon the labours of Cramer, Jousse, &c., and we think that to endeavour to teach the Piano-forte without impressing the necessarily antecedent instruction well on the mind, *independent of the instrument*, is like the prevailing method of setting boys to read Homer without teaching them the Greek grammar, and the consequences will in both cases be similar; a mere mechanical acquaintance with the subjects in hand, without that mental influence which alone can make the study of either the one or the other pleasing. Indeed, a person who has adopted this superficial mode of instruction, can never experience that intellectual enjoyment of the beauties of Mozart, Beethoven, or the other scientific masters, which marks the more refined taste. It is a very mistaken notion, that a student of the Piano-forte can ever attain to any thing beyond a mere common-place mediocrity, while he confines his attention solely to the practice and not to the theory of music; not that we would uphold theory without practice, but we maintain that theory and practice must go together to form the finished musician. It is true, a boy may be taught to repeat the propositions of Euclid by rote, but, unless he understand the connexion between them and the diagrams, and their combined utility, he will never become a mathematician.

There is no royal road to music any more than to other sciences, and the traveller may as well expect to reach his destination by telegraph, or Fortunatus's cap, as the learner of music to become perfect without devoting the mind, as well as the fingers, to his purpose.

We have been led into this (perhaps premature) dissertation by a perusal of Mr. Clarke's preface, in which he advocates the method of which we have

above expressed our disapprobation. —After noticing the position at the instrument, Mr. Clarke proceeds to explain the names of the keys; and this he does in a manner which will certainly cost the learner more trouble than the usual method; however, this is comparatively immaterial.

The primary exercises for the formation of the hand to the instrument are good, although sufficient instruction is not given to enable the pupil to make the most of them.

But the grand defect is the neglect with which the practice of the scales, the very ground work of execution, is treated. This defect is not confined to Mr. Clarke's treatise, but extends to most others; and we are sure that no exercise is equal to the regular practice of the scales, in the major and minor keys, for the formation of the hand to the instrument. In conclusion, we may remark that Mr. Clarke's treatise may answer its purpose with the *constant* explanatory assistance of the master, but we certainly cannot extol it as an improvement on former treatises.

### The Note Book.

KING'S CROSS.

#### *Suburban Improvements.*

Gray's Inn Lane is classic ground in the eyes of the true cockney. It is the main outlet from Holborn to the rural retreats of Copenhagen House, and leads to the 'People's Ancient Concert Room,' at Bagnigge Wells, and the sylvan groves of the aperiënt Saint Chad, the Cheltenham of Clerkenwell. Here, too, in the bosom of the vale of Pancras, stood the Ossa and Pelion of the dust contractors, those immense mounds of cinders, to which "ashes to ashes, dust to dust" were added as fast as the dead carts brought their putrid loads to the church-yard-pits in the time of the great plague. But the dust heaps have been carted off; St. Chad no longer attracts the votaries of health, who once made weekly pilgrimages to the groves, there to pour out saline libations and perform their peripatetic devotions; Bagnigge Wells is voted vulgar; and the pale star of Copenhagen fades before the rising glories of the sun of White Conduit. Pentonville looks down upon Pancras; Brunswick Square catches up her skirts from the contagious approaches of Battle-bridge; and the Small Pox Hospital is vaccinated. A new locality is being created; and the

imposing designation of King's Cross, which is now bestowed upon this late neglected corner of the suburbs, together with the constant flux and reflux of the tide of Paddington coaches, will speedily rescue from degradation this ancient neighbourhood. It should be called Phoenix Town, rising as it does from heaps of ashes.

*King's Cross itself.*

This tall, unsightly, and ill-proportioned structure, which gives its name to the new neighbourhood,—King's Cross,—is a cumbrous architectural tumour, apparently designed to obviate the convenience which the removal of the toll-house afforded to carriages; and it seems rather a butt against which to run omnibuses, or to overturn stage-coaches, than a useful or ornamental structure. It is now a cross without a king—a folly, and when completed it will be nothing better. *The Spectator.*

PARLIAMENTARY REPRESENTATION.

The Parliament called at Shrewsbury in 1283, by King Edward I., was the first to which cities and towns were summoned to send representatives. It was also the first that granted aids towards the national defence, by the three denominations of knights, citizens, and burgesses, as well as by the lords spiritual and temporal. In this Parliament the Representatives sat in a separate chamber from the barons and knights. The Commons consisted of two knights for each county, two representatives for the City of London, and two for each of the following twenty towns only: Winchester, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, York, Bristol, Exeter, Lincoln, Canterbury, Carlisle, Norwich, Northampton, Nottingham, Scarborough, Grimsby, Lynn, Colchester, Yarmouth, Hereford, Chester, Shrewsbury, and Worcester. From this it appears that there were not representatives of any towns in the counties of Westmoreland, Lancaster, Derby, Durham, Stafford, Warwick, Leicester, Rutland, Suffolk, Hertford, Bedford, Cambridge, Huntingdon, Buckingham, Berks, Oxford, Wilts, Somerset, Gloucester, Dorset, Sussex, and Surrey.—In after times, burghs that were summoned, frequently prayed the Crown to be excused from sending representatives, on account of their being compelled to pay 2s. a day to such member for his wages while attending to his place. Sheriffs in their writs for elections to Parliament, sometimes omitted one or more burghs in a county, and at other times sent writs to

the same burghs, and this, for aught known to the contrary, without instructions from the King or his Council. Where burghs were poor, there were many such omissions, by favour of the Sheriffs, for a space of nearly 300 years. Upon petition of the town of Torrington to King Edward III. in 1366, he directed a bailiff and good men of the town, excusing them "from the burden of sending two representatives to Parliament, as they had never been obliged so to do till the 24th year of his reign, when," says the King, "the Sheriff of Devonshire maliciously summoned them to send two members to Parliament."

ELECTIONS.

The laws which have been made from time to time for regulating Elections, and fixing the qualifications of Electors, have not changed the Constitution. It was by statute in the reign of Henry VI. that the Electors for Counties were required to have freehold the value of forty shillings by the year within the county. At that time, beneficial leases for long terms of years were unknown; so that as the landed property of the kingdom was then circumstanced, it was certainly more fully represented than it is at present. Copyholders were then little better than villains—they were in a state of dependence upon their Lords—they could not be considered as having a will of their own, and therefore could have no share in the Government—no *political* liberty.

BALLOT.

The method of determining events by ballot, with different coloured balls, was practised by the ancients, though we have borrowed the term from the Venetians; the box or vase into which the balls were put is noticed by Apuleius, and is the *hlot-bed* of the Anglo-Saxons.

*Anecdotaliana.*

USE OF OATHS.

During the bloody transaction of the 10th of August, 1792, an English gentleman in Paris, happening to turn round, saw a musket levelled at his head by one of the enraged mob, who mistook him for an obnoxious aristocrat. "G—d—n you, what are you about?" exclaimed the Englishman in his own language. "Ah, Monsieur Godam! etes vous Anglais? Que je suis ravi de vous voir!" replied the Frenchman, throwing his gun down, and clasping his new acquaintance heartily in his arms.

## Diary and Chronology.

### Wednesday, August 18.

*St. Clare of Monte Falco, Virgin, 1308.—New Moon, 53m after 11 Morning.*

*August 18, 1829.—Expired at Ferntower, Perthshire, General Sir David Baird. In the early part of the general's military career, he was wounded and made prisoner, after a heroic defence against an overwhelming force under Tippoo Saib, and remained in the power of Hyder Ally for three years and a half, during which period he endured great cruelties and privations. Sir David also fought bravely under Marquis Cornwallis in India. In 1801, he commanded an expedition to the Cape of Good Hope, where he landed, and compelled the Dutch to surrender the colony; besides these meritorious services, he served under Lord Cathcart at Copenhagen, where he was again wounded. In 1808, he fought at Corunna, where he had the misfortune to lose an arm. In 1814, he was appointed General; and in 1819, was made Governor of Kinsale, and subsequently of Fort William, which station he held up to the time of his death.*

### Thursday, August 19.

*St. Lewis, Bishop, d. A.D. 1297.—High Water 18m after 2 Morning—36m after 2 Aftern.*

*August 19, 1702.—Anniversary of the memorable engagement that took place near St. Martha, N. E. of Carthagena, in South America, between a French Squadron, commanded by Du Casse, and an English one, under the brave, honest, and experienced Benbow; whose wounds co-operating with his grief at being basely deserted by some of his captains, soon put a period to his life. Two of those infamous cowards, Kirby and Wade, were, on their arrival, shot, having been previously tried.*

### Friday, August 20.

*Sun rises 51m after 4—sets 8m after 7.*

*August 20, 1823.—Died the brave Marco Bozzaris, the Epaminondas of Modern Greece; he fell in an attack upon the Turkish camp at Lapsi, the scite of the ancient Platea, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were, "To die for liberty is a pleasure, not a pain."*

### Saturday, August 21.

*St. Barnard Ptolemy, founder of the Olivetans, A.D. 1348.*

*August 21, 1765.—Birth-day of his most gracious majesty William the Fourth. For an interesting Memoir of the King, see p. 9, No. 137 of this work.*

— 1821.—Expired Adam Bartsch, knight of the order of Leopold, Aulic Counsellor, and Director in chief of the Imperial Library at Vienna. This indefatigable connoisseur was well known to all print collectors by his valuable voluminous work, *Le Peintre Graveur*, which is a valuable addition to the literature of that branch of the Fine Arts, to which he more particularly devoted his time and talents. Just before his death, he had completed another useful publication, *Anleitung zur Kupferstichkunde*, (Introduction to the Study and Knowledge of Engravings); a work that may be considered as an excellent grammar of the art, and as affording much information within a small compass. His own etchings amount in number to upwards of five hundred.

### Sunday, August 22.

#### ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

*Lessons for the Day—5 chapter Kings, b 2, morn—9 chapter Kings, b 2, Even.*

*St. Symphonios, Mart. A.D. 178.—High Water 54m after 3 Morning—9m after 4 Evening.*

*August 22, 1650.—Died at the advanced age of 84, Sir Paul Pindar, a gentleman whose name stands proudly conspicuous in our mercantile annals. His probity, knowledge of languages, and great repute as a merchant, induced the Turkey Company strongly to recommend him to James I. who, in consequence, in 1611, appointed him ambassador to the Grand Seigneur at Constantinople, where he remained nine years a resident, to the great advantage of English commerce. On his return in 1620, he was prevailed on to become one of the Farmers of the Customs, and whilst filling that office, he advanced large sums of money to James and his successor, which were never repaid. He furnished the crown with jewels, to his infinite loss, and upon particular state occasions, he obliged the King with the use of a diamond brought by him from Turkey, of the value of £30,000, which was afterwards purchased by his son Charles I. He also assisted Charles II. with gold when at Oxford, to enable him, as one of his biographers quaintly observes, to transport the "Queen and her Children."*

### Monday, August 23.

*St. Justinian, Martyr, A.D. 529.—Sun rises 56m after 4—sets 3m after 7.*

*August 23, 1822.—Expired Dr. William Herschel, the eminent astronomer, and discoverer of the planet which bears his name. This great man was indefatigable in his labours, and will only cease to be remembered when the sun ceases to illuminate the earth, or the stars the concave of the skies.*

### Tuesday, August 24.

*St. Bartholomew —High Water 56m after 4 Morning—13m after 5 After.*

The name given to this saint is not his proper, but patronymical name, and imports the Son of Tholomea or Tolmai. St. Bartholomew was chosen by Christ one of his twelve apostles. He carried the Gospel through the most barbarous countries, and was crowned with martyrdom in Great Armenia.

*August 24, 1572.—On this day the demon of persecution and death hovered over Paris, dealing forth destruction in every form; the groans of the dying Protestants arose to Heaven, through five successive days of massacre and blood; while "Kill! kill!" was the incessant cry of Charles IX., who stood at a window of the Tuilleries to animate his ruffians, when weary of their work, and to fire upon the miserable fugitives that came within his reach.*

# The Olio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. X.—Vol. VI.

Saturday, August 28, 1880.



See page 147.

## Illustrated Article.

### A VILLAGE SWAIN'S REVENGE.

*For the Olio.*

Will I revenge her? Yes, —  
— I will take the villain in his height,  
— The height of his presumptuous pride,  
And in the foam —  
— Dash him —  
Down, down to the abyss! But dash him so,  
That he may feel the blow, and die.

THE following narrative, although bearing so strong an impress of romance, is but little amplified from an actual occurrence which took place at a village in a retired and beautiful part of Kent, less than half a century ago. The details are taken almost literally from the lips of an ancient husbandman, who was an eye and ear-witness of part of the scenes he related.

Fanny Rose was the boast of the village;—her beauty, good-temper, and light-heartedness, won her the esteem of the old, the love of the young, and the admiration of all but the envious; her charms attracted the attention, and

fixed the heart of many a village swain. None, however, could boast that their love was returned, except Frank Richards, the son of one of that useful and truly English class of men, now unhappily almost extinct—the small farmer; one who, in the words of the poet,

“perform’d man’s highest task,  
Did wrong to none—but till’d the fruitful soil,  
And liv’d upon the produce of his toil.”

In the same village, however, in which Frank and Fanny dwelt, resided also a tyrannical magistrate, the lord of the manor, owner of most part of the surrounding soil, and dubbed by his humble rustic neighbours, “the rich Squire Golding.” The chief pride of this man was centered in his only son, a fine, but dissolute young man, and in the preservation of the game in his preserves. To do any thing against these two darling passions, was to rouse his deadliest hate. His son George had often cast a longing eye upon the ripening loveliness of Fanny, and many a scheme had he tried to obtain her favour, but never with the least success, for her heart told her that Frank Rich-

ards, and Frank alone, was the man of her choice. Thus stood matters at the commencement of our tale.

The lovers had appointed to meet at a little copse on the 'Squire's estate. Frank, impatient to behold his beloved Fanny, was at the appointed place a full half-hour before the time. He was pacing hurriedly up and down, while his faithful dog followed his steps, and whistling in a low tone to calm his agitation, when the sound of footsteps caught his ear, and the pointed ears of Carlo told him it could not be those of his loved Fanny. He was not long in suspense—the brake rustled, and in a moment George Golding stood before him, in a shooting dress, and with a loaded fowling-piece in his hand; a more unwelcome intruder could not have appeared, but Frank was too anxious for the expected meeting to say anything to him beyond wishing him a fine afternoon and good sport.

"Good sport, eh, my fine fellow!" haughtily retorted the squire's son; "I am afraid that is past hoping for, while our preserves are infested by such *gentlemen* as you! Troop off this plantation immediately, or a visit to the county jail shall be your portion."

Frank Richards could hardly restrain his indignation; but he expected Fanny every moment, and wishing to get rid of his rival, quietly replied,

"My father's son is no poacher, nor ever will be, I dare guess."

"No poacher!" scornfully cried the other; "then why that poacher's dog at your heels?—Brush off, I say, or you may repent it."

"Not I," replied Frank, still more ruffled; "I shall not stir from this spot for a better man than George Golding!"

"Then that infernal dog shall follow you no longer," said the young 'Squire, and suiting the action to the word, he discharged his piece, and laid poor Carlo dead at the feet of his master. Frank sprang on him, but he recollected himself in time; he had still reflection enough to perceive that he would be in his rival's power should he attempt revenge:—he therefore relaxed his grasp, and, with as much calmness as he could muster, bade him begone.

"Begone yourself!" cried George; "I owe you something for this; but here is pretty Fanny Rose coming up the copse. Brush off directly, and leave me to meet her, and I'll say no more about it;—if not, you know my father's liking for poachers: I can make this

business ugly enough to get you seven years of it."

Frank's blood boiled;—he said nothing, but remained rooted to the spot, his eyes fixed in the direction in which Fanny was coming.

"Come, make haste," cried Golding, "I want to have a little private talk with Miss Rose, as we've often had before. I long to kiss those pouting lips, and press that soft bosom once more!"

"Liar! scoundrel! villain!" cried Frank, his ire now thoroughly roused; "all the rest I could have borne—but to traduce my Fanny! Heavens! did I hear aright!—thou press that bosom!—vile wretch, beware! for thus I revenge her cause!"

He rushed with tiger-like fury at his antagonist, who retreated before him, at the same time levelling his gun.

"Stand off!" cried George, "or I fire—I have yet another barrel loaded besides that which shot your dog,—stand off, or you are a dead man!"

Golding was now really alarmed, for Frank's eyes flashed vengeance at the mention of the wrong he had done him, and he rushed forward with greater vehemence.

"Are you mad?" cried George aloud,—"then if I must, I must!"

So saying, he fired; but just at the moment his finger touched the trigger a female figure, that of Fanny, who had hastened to the spot on hearing voices in dispute, rushed between, and—oh! horror!—receiving the contents of the gun, fell with a loud scream, streaming with blood, at the feet of the infuriated young men. She had but time to breathe a heavy sigh, when she expired!

Many years after the death of the village maid, as a vessel, bound to the Indies, was doubling the Cape of Good Hope in a violent storm, a weather-beaten seaman went up to one of the passengers, who had been taken on board at Cape Town; and, doffing his seal-skin cap, and baring his furrowed brow, slowly said,

"Mr. Golding, do you know this face?"

"Heavens!" cried the individual addressed, "do you know my name? You surely must come from Kent, but I do not recollect that countenance."

"Your memory, George Golding, is not so good as mine. Yet ere long you will recollect me! I have looked for such an opportunity as this in every

corner of the world this many a year—listen!—it is *Frank Richards* who speaks to you—who stands before you! Say one prayer, and remember Fanny Rose!" The terrified passenger was indeed George Golding: he knew not what to do or say. In his distress he muttered a word of prayer. "'Tis well," cried Richards; and catching him up in his arms, he sprung with his prey into the raging ocean!

To attempt to save them was vain; the vessel speeded on her course; and all is now forgotten, save in the peaceful village—in the churchyard of which reposes the remains of the once lovely, but hapless Fanny Rose. *ALCANOR.*

#### THE FAREWELL.

WRITTEN IN ENGLISH BY A HINDU.\*

Farewell my lovely native land!  
Where roses bloom in many a vale;  
Where green-clad hills majestic stand,  
Where flowerets woo the scented gale;  
Where Surya, from his throne above,  
With brightest colours paints the day,  
Where ripples rise to clasp their love,  
The eluding beams that o'er them play;  
Where when the Queen of silent night  
Graces the star-illumined hall,  
How on the heart her dewy light  
In streams o'erpowering e'er doth fall;  
Where mighty Ganga's billows flow,  
And wander many a country by,  
Where ocean smiles serene below,  
Beneath thy blue and sunny sky;  
Where many sacred rivers lave  
Full many a wood or mountain green,  
Where pines and citrons towering wave  
In rural grandeur—stately scene.  
Land of the gods and lofty name;  
Land of the fair and beauty's spell;  
Land of the bards of mighty fame;  
My native land! for e'er farewell!

#### THE POSTHUMOUS LETTERS OF HUGH DELMORE, Esq.

PRELIMINARY NARRATIVE.

*For the Olio.*

ABOUT four years since, during a temporary sojourn at Brighton, chance drew me to the same hotel, and gradually into close acquaintance with a harsh looking, and apparently weather-worn man, about forty years of age. There was an odd mixture of frankness and reserve in his manners,—the decisive frankness which generally characterises the seaman, and the jealous reserve of a proud

and wounded spirit. His deeply bronzed features were furrowed by the workings of care, or passion; and his stiff, blood-shot eyes, with the habitual and almost cruel sneer that curled his nether lip, rendered his countenance almost disagreeable. His conversation was usually sad and desponding, yet, at times, when imperceptibly it reverted to his own past or existing circumstances, his haggard features would darken, and his wild eyes would assume an expression fearfully vindictive. Some early disappointment had crushed his youthful spirit, and sent him forth a wanderer on the wide world; amid tempests and strife had his manhood passed away, and his fiery soul, in its fearful struggles with his iron frame, had left him the wreck he was.

We dined, walked out, and passed much of our time together; and I became much attached to, or at least much interested in (may I so call him?) my mysterious acquaintance. He, on his part, appeared less reserved and gloomy in my society, and in his conversation betrayed less of that cold, and, perhaps, haughty unconcern it assumed towards others.

We had lingered, on one occasion, later than usual, in the still beauty of an August evening, on the magnificent Chain Pier. Our conversation had assumed a closer and more interesting tone, and my companion had been unusually communicative. He had spoken of foreign climes, and scenes of death and terror, in which he had been an actor; when a casual and almost unconscious observation that escaped me gave rise to the extraordinary scene that ensued.

He had dwelt on the sleepless nights he had passed, and the many bitter heart-aches he had endured, and I, in the mere mechanical spirit of reply, said, "You have travelled far, and suffered greatly, I have no doubt."

"I have, I have," he muttered with deep feeling; "I *have*, and *do* suffer much."

"But now, Delmore," said I, in a tone of jocularly, "you can make amends for past hardships;—you are scarcely forty, and with wealth and friends——"

"Curse them!" interrupted he fiercely; "curse them! In the life of man, I have borne an eternity of suffering, sorrow and remorse, pain, nay, too, and guilt, have been my portion; and who plunged me into all!—a friend! a friend!" and he frantically paced to and

\* The author of the above song is a young Hindu, named Kasiprasad Gose, who was educated at the Anglo-Indian College at Calcutta. It forms part of a poem entitled *The Shair*, in three cantos, published by subscription at Calcutta.



fro, gnashing his teeth, and beating the air with his clenched hands. At length the hue of passion passed from his cheek, and in the bitter tone of affected calmness, he went on; "Well, well, perhaps his motives were good—but, oh God!" and he drew his large bony hand across his eyes; "what have they not cost me!"

There was a pause. I truly pitied the state of his mind; and in a tone of commiseration, I expressed my regret for the sufferings he had undergone.

"I want no pity," said he, with a sneer of disdain; then, in a tone of candour, dictated, perhaps, by some internal touch of conscience, "I am to blame, perhaps, in yielding to these impulses of passion; yet to send me forth a wanderer, to cut me off from all intercourse with her I loved dearer than life itself—Oh, God!" and he bitterly groaned, "from that time my very nature became changed!"

"For Heaven's sake, be calm!" I exclaimed, terrified at the emotion he betrayed.

He looked at me with almost savage wildness. "You do not know what passes here," and he pressed his hand tightly on his heart, "or you would wonder if, indeed, I ever felt a moment's peace. Alas!" said he, despondingly, "it has fled my bosom for ever!"

"This is weakness."

"Weakness!" he repeated, with mournful slowness: "one effort, and he might have saved me; but no, he abandoned me, and I became—oh! I shudder to think what!" and he walked away with hasty abruptness.

I knew not what to think; such a contrariety of emotions seemed to actuate him; and when we met the following morning, though I sedulously endeavoured to hide it, his acute eye speedily detected the air of constraint and uneasiness in my manner.

"I suspect," said he, with a faint smile, "you have formed rather loose notions with respect to my morals from our last night's conversation."

I would have disclaimed any such idea; but he interrupted me, and, in his habitual cold manner, proceeded: "Do not trouble yourself, if the feelings into which I was then betrayed have weakened your regard for me. I shall regret it," (his voice trembled) "but it is of no moment; I am leaving this place, and it is scarcely probable that we shall meet again."

"I hope not," I replied, "when—where do you go?"

"Where," he rejoined, "is immaterial—when, immediately."

"Good Heavens! how sudden."

"All places are alike to the miserable," said he faintly, and with a dismal smile; "I am here but to bid you adieu—I have a chaise at the door—farewell! may God keep you!" and he wrung my hand with painful energy.

"Explain all this," I entreated, "I do hope the silly scene of last night has not occasioned your abrupt departure?"

"No, no," he answered, hastily, and somewhat pettishly; "I have been some days thinking of returning to London."

"At any rate, give me your card—say where I can find you;" putting at the same time my ticket, with my London address into his hand.

"It is immaterial, I am uncertain whither I shall go when I get there, but you shall hear of me."

I could extract nothing more from him, and he departed. In a few weeks I likewise returned to town; and in the bustle of an active life, the two sequent winters passed away. I had almost forgotten my Brighton adventure, when the following note, transmitted to me by the two-penny post, recalled the circumstance to my mind, and awakened afresh my blunted curiosity.

"—Place, Hampstead Road.

"SIR,—If you recollect, and still feel any interest in the fate of one into whose society chance threw you at Brighton, about eighteen months since, that individual would feel happy if you could favour him with an immediate call. &c. &c. HGHU DELMORE.  
"To J. H. B.—, Esq. March 13, 1829."

"As I live, my Brighton acquaintance," I exclaimed, with an animation which made my methodical aunt start, and spill a portion of the warm tea she was conveying to her mouth, on the back of a petted terrier, (of all pets, dogs are my aversion,) who immediately set up a most persevering yelp, in which the lady chimed, in no very gentle accent.

"There, Joseph, I declare I never saw any one behave so ridiculously; poor Tippoos' back is dreadfully scalded, and do look at my dress."

Now, as I happen to be, spite of the declaration of my worthy and amiable aunt Bridget, the most quiet of the unpopular fraternity of bachelors—fair and gentle reader, look not on me with an eye of disfavour, I have not yet passed the awful Rubicon of thirty. I imme-

diately endeavoured to lull the storm I had unconsciously raised, and, for my pains, my fingers were severely bitten by the injured quadruped; and the incensed lady, catching him up in her arms, bounced out of the room, declaring this chastisement served me right, in which the cur himself appeared to acquiesce, by his sharp, saucy bark, as the pair disappeared through the door.

"Psha!" said I, to myself, somewhat foolishly, "what does it signify?" and my eyes glancing on the note which had occasioned this domestic *fracas*, Aunt Bridget and her quarrelsome favourite were at once set to the rout, and Delmore, the time we had passed together in Sussex, and his singular deportment, alone occupied my thoughts. I'll go immediately, thought I; and, accordingly, drawing on my boots, in half an hour was at the house whence the letter was directed. A respectable looking matron opened the door, and heard my enquiry for Mr. Delmore with a strong expression of surprise and curiosity.

"Will you tell him the gentleman—but hold, you had better give him my card."

"But, sir, he is very ill—he is confined to his bed."

"Ill!—it is very strange; but I have reason to believe he is anxious to see me."

I was presently shewn into the sick man's room. A sad alteration had taken place in him since we parted. His features, then wasted, were now so wan and hollow, the bones seemed fairly starting through the lead-like skin. His eyes had lost their fixed glaring lustre, and now rolled in restless vacancy. He immediately knew me, and putting out his long bony hand, a faint smile illumined his ghastly features.

"Mr. B." said he, "I am happy, very happy to see you."

I was much affected, and he appeared to guess the cause, for he continued in his old tone of calmness, though his accents were now faint and dull: "I am altered, I doubt not going to my last home. We parted rather abruptly at Brighton, but I have often thought of you."

Here the surgeon, who was present, interfered. "You must not exhaust yourself, Mr. Delmore, I cannot answer for the consequences." But Delmore only noticed him by a smile and a wave of his hand, as he continued,—

"I did not think there was a being in the world I could esteem, and in

parting with whom I should feel a pang of regret."

He pressed my hand, and the tears stood in his sunken eyes.

"I entreat you not to agitate yourself," said I, "you will yet survive to enjoy many happy years with the friend you speak of."

"It is yourself, dear B." said he, warmly, "the feeling, the anxiety you evinced towards me, touched even so seared a spirit as mine. I esteemed you, but from that night which unveiled to you in part the hell I carried in my bosom, I could not brook that the only being I regarded or cared for, should cherish for me so contemptible a feeling as pity; but at this solemn moment, the vanity, the culpability of such weakness are apparent to my wayward heart.—Mr. B. I have been a guilty wretch; my own mad passions have embittered my existence, and their violence now hurries me to the grave."

The exertions he had made, and the recollections his words conjured up, were too great for his exhausted frame, and he fell back upon his pillow, motionless and gasping. The surgeon insisted upon my quitting the apartment, and I accordingly descended to the parlour. The good lady of the house was evidently bursting with curiosity, which all her good manners could scarcely keep under, to learn the nature of my acquaintance with her evidently dying lodger. On my part, I was anxious to learn some few particulars respecting him, and the ice being broken, we became mutually communicative.—Delmore had lodged in her house for three successive winters. When he first came to her, he had, she thought, just returned from abroad. He held no intercourse with any; he always appeared to have plenty of money, and though liberal in its expenditure, was by no means profuse or extravagant. One gentleman alone occasionally visited him, but he, she had learnt, was a merchant, who transacted his business; with this exception, and his tradesmen, I was the only person who had ever inquired for her tenant.

"I did not think he had kith or kin belonging to him," said the good lady, "till *you came*;" dwelling on the last two words, as though she would like to learn the situation in which I stood with regard to him.

I assured her that I was merely a casual acquaintance, that we had first met at Brighton: and I quitted her house seemingly in high favour, as the only

acquaintance with one of whom she entertained a most exalted opinion. I now repeatedly visited him, and on each occasion, I could not disguise from myself his evident, though gradual decay. Delmore was perfectly conscious of his situation, and, with a manly firmness, awaited the approach of death.

I had paid my accustomed daily visit. He appeared in better spirits than ordinary, and sat up in his bed, supported by pillows. It was evening, and the bland rays of the April sun shone on his pale and wasted lineaments, and their cheering influence lit them into a serene smile. His head lay on my bosom, and one dry, fleshless hand rested in mine.

"I am so happy," he softly uttered; "My friend, God will bless thee for thy kindness to me." His voice faltered, but his features preserved their benign and happy expression. After a pause, he continued fervently, "Jane! Jane!—now, now,"—the words seemed to die upon his lips; he sighed faintly, and his head dropped on my bosom. For a space I thought nothing of this, but the feeling of oppression and weight in that part of his person I supported alarming me, I hastily called the nurse and doctor from the adjoining room.—Alas! the spirit of poor Delmore had calmly passed to its place of rest!

It is scarcely necessary to dilate on the funeral ceremonies of my departed friend. I saw him decently interred in the burial ground of Hampstead, and afterwards, in the presence of the landlady, and the surgeon, examined his effects, to ascertain if he had left any will, or clue behind him, as to his rank in life, his connexions, and his affairs. The first we discovered in his desk. It appeared from this document, that his income died with him, with the exception of about 1400*l.* and his personals. Of this sum, he bequeathed 500*l.* to a Catholic charity, of which communion he had been a member; the remainder, with the exception of a legacy of 100*l.* to his landlady, and one of the same amount to the surgeon, he gave to his "estimable friend, Joseph B——," (I quote the words of the instrument,) "in token of his sincere and ardent regard."

In addition to a considerable sum in cash, I thus found myself in unexpected possession of a costly variety of trinkets, mostly of foreign workmanship, and the wardrobe of the deceased. This latter I made over to the delighted landlady, who, I believe, to have secured its

possession, would have gladly compounded for half her legacy. The remainder, with the papers of Delmore, I transmitted to my own house. Among them were a number of letters, written by himself at various periods; and finding, on perusal, they abounded with what appeared to me singular and interesting recitals, evidently penned under the influence of those violent and contrary feelings I have previously remarked as forming so remarkable a trait in his character, I have been tempted to transcribe some of them, which, should the Editor of the *Olio* deem worthy of publication, are at his service.

J. H. B.

### ANCIENT BRITONS.

AMID the joyous banquets, the profusion of lamps, music, ringing of bells, firing of guns, and ten thousand other recreative testimonies which crowned the commemoration of His Majesty's natal day, —none were more warmly felt, nor more happily enjoyed, illustrative of the grateful sense which they exercise in behalf of their King and Patron, than by the scions of the national stock of the Principality, who are so kindly provided for, by the means afforded them at the Institution, Gray's Inn Lane.

When the bright lamps reflected hung,  
And Eve's gray throne was spread above,  
Pleasure awoke each youthful tongue  
To music's sweet harmonious love.

The beam of joy on every cheek,  
The dew of hope in every lid;  
Like the flush dawn of Morning's break,  
Each heart rejoiced as moments slid.

The fairy feet, with antic tread  
Untired, in mazes tripp'd each whim;  
The giddy whirlpool's in the head,  
Were only felt, more safe to swim.

These 'Cambrian Girls and Boys'—anon,  
When cares and years their lives mature,  
Wrapp'd in the charms of pleasure gone,  
Will smile that memory's rays endure.

May recollections like the morn  
Return to those who them succeed,  
And children's children, thither borne,  
Receive the 'Patronage' they need!

### ESSAY ON MOUTHS.

*For the Olio.*

Upon the grandeur of my fate  
I must myself congratulate;  
For, search east, west, and north and south,  
All yields in value to the Mouth.

AN essayist\* quaintly gives a preference to noses; perhaps, because he considers they stand, like sun-dials, over the other features of the face. If noses

\* See *Olio*, vol. v. page 392.

be the pointers to the good and bad things of this life, he might have given the eyes the credit of being the overseers—the gas-lights to the countenance, and the mirrors of intelligence. But, worthy essayist, is the mouth to be overlooked with scorn?—Is the mouth to be sneezed at, in spite of its teeth?—And are the bitter dregs of thy nostrils, clogged with thirty years snuff-taking, to be “swallowed in silence?” For one, I will open my mouth in a better cause, and permit my tongue to protest against the nasal twangs of vaunted superiority, or the snoring emanations of intoxicating dreams.

If the nose may direct its dual flue to a personal subject, that pokes his way through society and sniffs whatever is nice, the effort is made, not so much in its individual behalf, as being the servitor and *contradistinguisher* of the mouth. If, friend essayist, there be varieties of noses, even to the *noseless*, mouths are as various; and no being can be found without this letter-box appendage to the opening the secrets of the human heart and the outpouring of all delectative ebullition—the very inland receptacle of edible deliciousness, and the tube receiver of all liquids to be decanted for present use, or stored in the human bottle, according to the doctor's label, or the citizen's bin. To avoid being accused of mouthing thee, as Hamlet's spouters are often given to, my mouth shall “utter forth knowledge;” and I will shew the handy-works of nature.

Fortunate is the young lady that can lay claim to a “pretty mouth,” inasmuch as it gives her an irresistibly sweet smile and a cheek full of dimples. Though a patch on the nose is a decided blemish, yet when applied to the regions of the mouth, it becomes a decided ornament. Look at Raphael! Every one acknowledges that his is a “kissing mouth!”—as the Duke of Wellington would add with his parliamentary correctness, “and, no mistake!” Byron prided himself in both, sometimes for kissing, sometimes for hissing scorn.

Are not the genuine flavorful Havannahs enjoyed by the mouth?—Verily the nose is but as a chimney to consume the superfluous smoke: the very pipe, which wreaths emblems of human pleasures and their evanescent fleeting, treats the nose with a mere puff, that may turn up its gristle for a whiff, but can never relish such “sweet returns” as oronooka, shag, pigtail, short cut, or wholesome scented herbs. No, poor nose! thou canst not articulate with a

seasonable euphony, that sublime bit of poesy, which, by enforcing faith, says,

Open your mouth and shut your eyes,  
And see what God will send ye.

Hast thou seen Mons. Alexandre's mouth collapsed by inversion into a shape like the mouth of an empty sack, between which a nose of any dimension might pass direct?—Tell me, what could Michael Boai, the *chin-chopper*, do, however well he may knuckle down, were I to refuse him Balaam's weapon, by which he measures time?

While the nose must be satisfied to be snubbed, the mouth is a form of passion. Hast thou not, to thy disparagement, read a treatise in many a countenance, appertaining to the effectual subversion of good humour, regarding the “crying mouth,” the poetic afflatus which constitutes pure elegiac feeling? The very similitude of the mouth of the Tagus, or that of the Texel, sending out rivers of waters, which the nose cannot quench, however volcanic, or promontorial. The nose has scarcely power to turn from its own primeval shadow; but the mouth has capacity, for, like a young bird when hungry, it can reach, in some faces, from “ear to ear.” Such a mouth Polyphemus confessed to have had, when he asked for a hundred reeds of decent growth. Hence

The mouth will sometimes meet respect;  
The nose invariable neglect:  
Whoever heard, in rhyme or prose,  
A lover celebrate a nose?  
Oh, no! he may depend upon it,  
That he's no subject for a sonnet.

Nose of thy fathers! thou may'st upbraid the mouth that uttereth falsehood,—thou may'st remind me of the mouth, that, when rebellious and treasonable, has required gagging,—that padlocks have been deemed useful in suppressing the wrath which rushed from the heart in the wickedness of the spirit:—I will not be a mouthpiece for such, but take up the language of truth and say, “Out of thy own mouth will I condemn thee.”

Nose of thy mothers! thou may'st deride me, that, in provincial society, the “gaping mouth” is detrimental to the credit of an aquiline profile, or a carefully guarded rubicund carbuncle; but, with submission, I remind all the fastidious in this matter, that maternal faces would lose half their attractive vivacity without the “sweetly smiling mouth!”—the “maiden-screw mouth!” the “ruby lipped come-kiss-me mouth!” the hoyden's “hearty laughing mouth!”—the giggling girl's half “pouting mouth!”—the lark-whistle mouth!”—

the dwarf young lady's 'cocker-mouth,' perked up to reach a stooping giant's salute,—not to mention the simpering saucypan, yocking mouth. Age, alas!—and who that lives can dispense with it?—is forced to wear a "toothless mouth," or pay a dentist tax for setters,—a kind of set-off in the nose account, for which it may take credit, provided an artificial proboscis be not directed towards the central asterisk of the face. I advocate not the "greedy mouth," nor the "awful mouth;"—both may be reprehended; for the one is of an all-devouring capacity to the injury of brothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts; and the other, akin to the "Mawworm" and the "Gulf." But,

A harbinger of ecstasy  
The whispering *mouth* must ever be!  
Organ of human intercourse,  
I plead each varied passions force;  
And *over-hung*, or *under-hung*,  
Afford a passage for the tongue.

Hear me, thou patient nose! that leanest over the precipice of my lips, like a fisherman baited with 37. There is a mouth, in which the shark is opening with rows of teeth, figured in old books, yawning and swallowing the wicked by shoals, and typifying their pain, by the whale's Jonah-like digestion. This reflection may make thee moderate. *Tin-mouth* belongs to Chabert,—*Ports-mouth* to wine bibbers. But in all cases, when the features of society are out of order, I would say with Hosea, as I say to thee, "Set thy trumpet to thy mouth," and acknowledge, with the wise monarch of old, that "the words of a man's mouth are as deep waters, and the well-spring of wisdom as a flowing brook." If, then "*wisdom* shines upon thy nose," and thou art willing to prove thyself a real "Old Nosey," thou wilt yield to a present pinch; and, in thy behalf, my "mouth shall shew forth thy praise."

J. R. P.

#### THE MINER'S WIFE.

Concluded from p. 133.

MR. EVERARD left the mines immediately, to seek the means of the child's removal; but had no sooner reached the small village which is nearest to the mines, than a person arrived at the post-house there express from Vienna, anxiously inquiring if Alberti or his wife were still alive. In a few hours after, another person arrived, with the same haste, and on the same errand; they were, the one, a near relation to Blanch—the other, Alberti's fellow sol-

dier and most intimate friend. Pardon had been at length granted to the young exile at the petition of the general officer whom he had wounded, and he was recalled by the Empress herself to the court of Vienna.

The bearers of these happy tidings immediately descended into the mines. As they approached Alberti's hut, the light which glimmered through some apertures in the shattered door induced them to look at its inmates before they entered. Though dressed in a dark, coarse garment, and wasted away to an almost incredible slenderness, still enough of her former loveliness remained to tell them that the pallid female they beheld was the young Countess; and the heart admired her more, as she sat leaning over her husband, and holding up to his kisses her small infant, her dark hair carelessly parted, and bound round her pale brow, seeming to live but in her husband's love; than when elegance vied with splendour in her attire—when her hair sparkled with diamonds, and, in full health and beauty, she was the one gazed at and admired in the midst of the noblest and fairest company of Vienna. The door was still unopened, for Blanch had begun to sing, and had chosen a song which her hearers had last listened to in her own splendid saloon on the last night she had sung there; the soft, complaining notes of her voice had seemed out of place then, where all was careless mirth and festivity, but its tone was suited to that dark solitude—it was like the song of hope in the cave of despair.

The feelings of Blanch, as she ascended slowly in the miners' bucket, from the dark mine, cannot be described; she had unwillingly yielded to her husband's entreaties, that she should be first drawn up, and, with her infant in her bosom, her eyes shaded with a thick veil, and supported by the surveyor of the mines, she gradually rose from the horrible depths; the dripping damps that hung round the cavern fell upon her, but she heeded them not: once she looked up at the pale, pure star of light, far, far above her, but immediately after, she bent down over her infant, and continued without moving or speaking. Several times the bucket swayed against the sides of the shaft, and Blanch shuddered, but her companion calmly steadied it; and at last she was lifted out upon the ground; she did not look up; she only rose to kneel, and she continued kneeling, till she heard the bucket that contained her hus-

band approaching ; the chain creaked, and the bucket swung, as it stopped above the black abyss. Even now there was danger, the chance of great danger : it was necessary for Herman to remain immovable ; at the highest certainty of hope, he might yet be plunged at once into the yawning depths below. Blanch felt this, and stirred not, not a feature of her face altered ; she held in her breath convulsively—she saw, through her thick veil, the planks drawn over the cavern's mouth ; she saw Herman spring from the bucket ;—some one caught her child, as, stretching out her arms to her husband, she fell senseless on the ground. There were some hearts that sorrowed over the departure of the young Alberti and his wife from the mines of Idria. The wretched miners, with whom they had lived so long, had learned to love them, at a time when too many a heart had almost forgotten to love and to hope ; had learned from their kind counsel, but more,—oh, much more !—from their example, to shake off the dreadful bands of despair, and daily to seek, and to find, a peace which passeth all understanding. Herman and Blanch had taught them to feel how happy, how cheerful a thing religion is ! Was it surprising, then, that at his departure, his poor companions should crowd around him, and weep with mournful gratitude, as he distributed among them his working tools, and the simple furniture of his small hut ? Was it surprising, that Blanch and her husband, as they sat on the green hills that surrounded their country residence, with a clear blue sky above them, and the summer-breeze bringing with it full tides of freshness, and fragrance from the orange-trees around them, watching the pure rose-colour which had begun to tinge their infant's fair cheek ; was it surprising that they should turn, with feelings of affectionate sorrow, to the dark and dreary mines of Idria ?

I must not forget to mention, that Herman and his wife were publicly reinstated in all their former titles and possessions. A short time after their return to Vienna, they made their first appearance at court, for that purpose. At the royal command, all the princes and nobles of Austria, gorgeously dressed, and blazing with gold and jewels, were assembled. Through the midst of these, guiding the steps of his feeble and venerable old mother, Alberti advanced to the throne ; a deep blush seemed fixed upon his manly features,

and the hand which supported his infirm parent, trembled more than the one which he tenderly clasped in his ; the Empress herself hung the order of the golden fleece round his neck, and gave into his hands the sword which he had before forfeited ; but, as she did so, her tears fell upon the golden scabbard ; the young soldier instantly kissed them with quivering lips. And now every eye was turned to the wife of Alberti, who, with her young child sleeping in her arms, and supported by the noble-minded General who had obtained her husband's pardon, next approached. Blanch had not forgotten that she was still only the wife of an Idrian miner, and no costly ornament adorned her simple dress—not a tinge of colour had yet returned to her cheeks of marble paleness, and a shadowy languor still remained about her large hazle eyes ; her delicately shaped lips had, however, regained their soft crimson dye, and her dark brown hair, partly concealed by a long veil, shone as brightly as the beautiful and braided tresses around her. She wore a loose dress of white silk, only adorned with one large fresh cluster of pink roses, (for since she had left the mines, she was more fond than ever of flowers.) Every eye was fixed on her, and the Empress turned coldly from the glittering forms before her to the simple, but elegant Blanch. Descending from the throne, Maria Theresa hastened to raise her before she could kneel, and kissing her with the tender affection of a dear and intimate friend, she led the trembling Blanch to the highest step of the throne ; then, turning to the whole assembly, and looking like a queen, as she spoke, said,

"This is the person whom we should all respect, as the brightest ornament of our court. This is the wife, ladies, whom I, your monarch, hold up as your example, whom I am proud to consider far our superior in the duties of a wife. Let us all learn of her, to turn away from the false pleasures of vanity and splendour, and, like her, to act up modestly, but firmly, to that high religious principle which proves true nobility of soul ! Count Alberti," continued the Empress, "every husband may envy you your residence in the mines of Idria. May God bless you both, and make you as happy with the rank and wealth to which I now fully restore you, as you were in your miner's hut."

## SOLAR AND LUNAR ECLIPSES.

High on her speculative tower  
Stands Science, waiting for the hour  
The moon is destined to endure  
That darkness of her silvery face,  
Which superstition strove to chase  
Erewhile with rites impure.

In the ensuing month there will be two eclipses, one of the moon on the 2d day, the other of the sun on the 17th day, the latter invisible to us; that of the moon will be visible from its commencement to its termination, and the greatest eclipse that has occurred, or will occur for some years: its duration will be 3<sup>h</sup> 36<sup>m</sup>, of which time the moon will be 1<sup>h</sup> 40<sup>m</sup> 30<sup>s</sup> wholly plunged in the earth's shadow, and either invisible, or only emitting a feeble light.

These celestial phenomena have in all ages of the world, and classes of society, had a powerful effect on the mind; and though eclipses are now dismantled of those terrors with which the bewildered imaginations of ignorance and superstition formerly clothed them, still they will always be regarded with intense curiosity, mingled with an indescribable feeling of awe. In the present lunar eclipse, it cannot be devoid of interest to trace the moon from its conjunction with the sun to its opposition,—from the time it is first observed escaping from the solar effulgence, bending its delicate crescent towards the horizon in the autumnal twilight,—approaching to, and receding from, the brightly beaming stars, Mercury, Spica Virginis, Antares, and Jupiter,—night by night expanding, till it attains its full-orbed glory, then, at the moment of its utmost illumination, to observe a mysterious veil gradually obscuring its brightness, till the queen of night either blends with the dark blue sky, or is dimly seen struggling on her way, red and dreary, like a desolated world. No wonder that the designing, or the self-deceived, traced in such awful changes the ruin of empires, and the overthrow of the mighty: the fame and faith of astrology would have been wonderfully strengthened, had the eclipses of next month occurred a few weeks earlier;—these signs in the heavens would have been doubtless considered infallible portents of the death of the British and Neapolitan kings, the downfall of Charles X. and the recent French Revolution.

*Miscellaneous Notes on Eclipses.*

Under the reign of Chou-Kang, Emperor of China, 2,169 years before Christ, happened an eclipse, the most

ancient of which we have any records. Hi and Ho, two astronomers charged with composing a calendar for the regulation of husbandry, were put to death because they had neglected, through intoxication, to foretell it.

In China there is a tribunal of astronomy, the business of which is to calculate eclipses, and to present their types to the emperor and mandarins some months before they occur, with an account of the part of the heavens where they will happen, and how many digits the luminary will be eclipsed. When an eclipse is announced, preparation is made at court for the observance of it; as soon as it begins, a *blind man* beats a drum, upon which the mandarins and great officers mount their horses, and assemble in the great square of the palace.

An eclipse happened during Lord Macartney's embassy to China, which kept the emperor and his mandarins the whole day devoutly praying the gods that the moon might not be eaten up by the great dragon which was hovering about her: the next day a pantomime was performed, exhibiting the battle of the dragon and the moon, and in which two or three hundred priests, bearing lanterns at the end of long sticks, dancing and capering about, sometimes over the plain, and then over chairs and tables, bore no mean part.

The dramatic representation of the eclipse of the moon is thus described by De Guignes:—"A number of Chinese, placed at the distance of six feet from one another, now entered, bearing two long dragons of silk or paper, painted blue, with white scales, and stuffed with lighted lamps. These two dragons, after saluting the emperor with due respect, moved up and down with great composure; when the moon suddenly made her appearance, upon which they began to run after her; the moon, however, fearlessly placed herself between them, and the two dragons, after surveying her for some time, and concluding, apparently, that she was too large a morsel for them to swallow, judged it prudent to retire, which they did with the same ceremony as they entered. The moon, elated with her triumph, then withdrew with prodigious gravity, a little flushed, however, with the chase which she had sustained."

Du Halde assures us, that the circumstances of no fewer than thirty-six eclipses of the sun are recorded by Confucius, out of which there are but two that are false and doubtful.

**Eclipses**, especially of the sun, have been always considered as events of the most portentous kind. Isaiah, and others of the sacred writers, speak of them as indicative of the wrath of the Almighty. Homer, Pindar, Pliny, and many others of the ancients, also make mention of them in a similar way; and it used to be noticed, more particularly by the superstitious, that an eclipse was often accompanied by a national calamity, or an occurrence of a striking nature, the malevolent effects of which were to continue, for the sun, as many years as the eclipse lasted hours, and for the moon as many months. Dionysius of Halicarnassus remarks, that both at the birth and death of Romulus there was a total eclipse of the sun, during which the darkness was as great as at midnight. It is also said that there was a solar eclipse on the day the foundation of Rome was laid, July 5, B.C. 754.

An eclipse of the moon is mentioned by Ptolemy to have been observed by the Chaldeans at Babylon 720 years before the birth of our Saviour; the middle of the eclipse reducing the time to the meridian of Paris, was 6h 48m, March 19th. From this eclipse it is determined that the mean revolution of the moon is 27d 7h 43' 5". This is considered the first eclipse of the moon on record.

Thales rendered himself famous by foretelling an eclipse of the sun; he, however, only predicted the year in which it would happen, and this he was probably enabled to do by the Chaldean Saros, a period of 223 lunations. This eclipse is rendered remarkable by its happening just as the armies under Alyattes, king of Lydia, and Cyaxeres the Mede, were engaged; and being regarded by each party as an evil omen, inclined both to make peace: it has been clearly proved that this eclipse occurred 610 years before Christ, Sept. 30th. Xenophon observes, that the King of the Persians laid siege to the city of Larissa at the time the empire was taken from the Medes, but was not able by any means to make himself master of it; finally, a cloud coming over the sun made it disappear, so that the hearts of the inhabitants failed, and the city was taken. This cloud was, no doubt, the moon eclipsing the sun; for it appears that Cyrus finished the reduction of the Median empire, B.C. 547, in which year there was a great solar eclipse, the centre of which crossed the Tigris, not far from the place where Larissa was situated.

Anaxagoras, who lived about 520 B.C.

is said to have predicted an eclipse of the sun, which, according to Thucydides, happened in the first year of the Peloponnesian war.

When the fleet of Pericles was about to proceed to the attack of Peloponnesus, and Pericles himself was on board the galley, there happened an eclipse of the sun, which was considered by the Athenians as a most unfavourable omen; and they were all thrown into the greatest consternation. The result of this would have very probably been a refusal to proceed on the expedition, had not Pericles, who was aware of the cause of the eclipse, explained it by holding up his mantle before the eyes of the pilot, and observing, that the deprivation was occasioned by the interposition of a much larger body in a similar way.

523 B.C. July 16th.—An eclipse of the moon, which was followed by the death of Cambyses.

502 B.C. Nov. 19th.—An eclipse of the moon, succeeded by the slaughter of the Sabines, and the death of Valerius Publicola.

478 B.C.—When Xerxes undertook his expedition against Greece, in marching from Sardis, an eclipse of the sun took place, which so terrified the army, from its being considered an ill omen of their success, that Pytheas, who had a son in the army, entreated of Xerxes that he might be dismissed; which Xerxes not only refused, but ordered the young man to be cut asunder,—the two parts of his body to be fixed up, and the army to march between them.

463 B.C. April 30th.—An eclipse of the sun. The Persian war, and the falling off of the Persians from the Egyptians.

431 B.C. April 25th.—An eclipse of the moon. A great famine at Rome. A plague over all the known world.

413 B.C. August 27th.—When Nicias, the Athenian general, had resolved to quit Sicily with his army, and every thing was ready for embarkation, there happened an eclipse of the moon, at which he was so alarmed, that he delayed his departure until it was too late; the consequence of which was, the loss of his army and the death of himself.

394 B.C. August 14th.—An eclipse of the sun. The Persians beaten by Conon in a sea-engagement.

168 B.C. June 21st.—A total eclipse of the moon. The next day, Perseus, king of Macedonia, was conquered by Paulus Emilius. This eclipse was also observed at Rome, and predicted by Q. Sulpitius Gallus.

Seneca, who was born about the com-



mentement of the Christian era, relates from Posidonius, that during an eclipse of the sun a comet was seen, which had before been invisible by being near that luminary.

It is by a lunar eclipse that a mistake has been found in the Christian era; for it is well known that Christ was born when Herod was king of Judea; and Josephus affirms, that just before the death of this Herod there was an eclipse of the moon on the night between the 12th and 13th of March: but it has been clearly proved that this eclipse happened on the fourth year before what is considered the Christian era; wherefore this era ought to be carried back three years at least. The darkness that occurred at our Saviour's crucifixion, and which continued three hours, cannot be attributed to an eclipse of the sun, the passover being kept at the time of full moon: had even the two luminaries been in conjunction, the darkness could only have lasted four or five minutes, owing to their apparent diameters being so nearly equal. Dionysius, a judge of Areopagus, being at Heliopolis, and observing this preternatural phenomenon, cried out, that 'Nature was either dissolving, or the God of nature suffering.' He afterwards embraced the Christian faith, and suffered martyrdom for the truth of it.

A.D. 14.—A total eclipse of the moon, which terrified the Roman troops, and prevented a revolt.

A.D. 59, April 30th.—An eclipse of the sun. This is reckoned among the prodigies, on account of the murder of Agrippinus by Nero.

A.D. 237, April 12.—A total eclipse of the sun. This was considered to be a sign that the reign of the Gordiani would not continue long. A sixth persecution of the Christians.

A.D. 306.—An eclipse of the sun. The stars were seen, and the Emperor Constantius died.

A.D. 840, May 4th.—A dreadful eclipse of the sun. Lewis the Pious died within six months after it.

A.D. 1009.—An eclipse of the sun. Jerusalem taken by the Saracens.

A.D. 1133, August 2d.—A terrible eclipse of the sun. The stars were visible. A schism in the church, occasioned by their being three popes at one time.

A.D. 1140, March 20th.—A total eclipse of the sun visible at London. Dr. Halley remarks, that though there are necessarily twenty-eight central eclipses of the sun at some part or other of the

globe in eighteen years, and that no fewer than eight of these pass over the parallel of London, three of which are total with continuance,—yet from the great variety of elements whereof the calculus of eclipses consists, it has so happened that since March 20th, 1140, there had not been a total eclipse of the sun visible at London, although the shadow of the moon has often passed over other parts of Great Britain.

A.D. 1191, June 22d.—A very large solar eclipse in England. The true sun was seen dimly, with an *apparent one*, but very much obscured.

A.D. 1493.—Christopher Columbus was driven on the island of Jamaica, where he was in the greatest distress for want of provisions, and refused any assistance from the inhabitants; on which he threatened them with a plague, and told them that in token of it there should be an eclipse; which accordingly fell on the day he had foretold, and so terrified the barbarians, that they strove who should be the first in bringing him all sorts of provisions, throwing them at his feet and imploring his forgiveness.

One of the strongest proofs against the veracity of Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, was connected with a lunar eclipse. In recording his observations of it, he describes the shadow as having advanced some way upon the disc of the moon, at a time when, by calculation, the luminary was several degrees below the horizon, and did not rise till the middle of the eclipse. Bruce's general truth has, however, been confirmed by all later travellers.

The Marchioness of Hastings, when in India, observed that one of her female attendants absented herself during an eclipse of the moon. On enquiry whither she had been, the woman answered, that "she had been paying the cobbler, for that it was quite dark." Not perceiving what connexion the darkness had with the payment, her ladyship naturally required a solution of the mystery. "Oh!" said the simple creature, "it is an old story: a long while ago, they borrowed nails and a piece of leather of a cobbler, to nail over the moon. The cobbler was never repaid; so I have been with the rest to pay our share of money to the priest."

Dean Swift, happening to tell his parishioners, that, on a certain day and hour, an eclipse would be visible, found to his great amazement, that at the appointed time his house was besieged by the country people, who had imagined

tha' the sight to be seen could only be exhibited by the dean, and exclusively visible from his dwelling. To rid himself of his troublesome visitors, he told them to go home, as the eclipse was put off for a day or two.

The celebrated Bode, author of the *Celestial Atlas*, and other excellent works, was conversing with Professor Encks, on the 23d of November, 1826, relative to the eclipse of the sun, of the 29th of that month, when he was surprised by death.

The eclipses which happened about the time of the creation are little more than half way of their ethereal circuit : it will be 4,000 years before they enter the earth any more.

A catalogue of eclipses was calculated, to gratify the curiosity of the French king, who was anxious to know if a total or annular eclipse would soon happen, visible at Paris. From this calculation it appeared, that only one annular eclipse would occur in the nineteenth century, and that it would take place on the 9th of October, 1847. The distance of the centres of the two luminaries will be only 10''; the distance of the south limbs, 1' 24''; distance of the north limbs, 1' 4''.

Clavius observes, that at the total eclipse of 1560, the darkness at Coimbra was greater, or at least more striking, than that of night; and the birds fell to the earth through terror.

At the solar eclipse of 1699, there was only 1-180th of the sun visible at Gripswald in Pomerania; and the obscurity was so great, that the inhabitants could neither see to read nor write. Two of the planets, and two or three of the fixed stars also made their appearance.

In 1706, at Paris, the sun was eclipsed nearly eleven digits; yet, although only one-twelfth of the diameter was visible, every thing could be distinguished as clearly as in the fullest sunshine.

The sky an azure field displayed—  
'Twas sun-light sheathed, and gently charm'd,  
Of all its sparkling rays disarm'd,  
And as in slumber laid;  
Or something night and day between,  
Like moon-shine—but the hue was green.

The grand eclipse of the 22d of April, 1715, presented most interesting phenomena; it was observed, and minutely detailed, by Dr. Halley: his description of it is said to be the best that astronomical history affords of this species of phenomenon. During the greatest obscuration, the planets Jupiter, Mercury, and Venus, and not fewer than twenty of the fixed stars, were visible; so that

the sky appeared as starry as during the night of a full moon. An observer at Zurich says, "that the birds went to roost; the bats came out of their holes, and the fishes swam about; a sensation of cold was experienced, and the dew fell on the grass."

The next lunar eclipse (after the ensuing one in September) visible in Britain, will take place Feb. 26th, 1831. Digits eclipsed 8° 18'; the moon will rise eclipsed.

A very small solar eclipse will occur July 27th, 1832. 12' 30'' only, of the sun's southern limb will be concealed.

A great solar eclipse, visible in England, will take place 15th May, 1836, when 11° 18' will be covered.

Another considerable eclipse of the sun will occur 15th March, 1858, when 11° 30' will be hidden.

A still more remarkable eclipse of the sun will take place 19th August, 1887, when the whole of the disc will be covered excepting 2'.

A total eclipse, without continuance, will occur 3d February, 1916. The apparent diameters will coincide, and, for an instant, there will be a total concealment of the sun's light. This eclipse will be the greatest that will be visible in England till after the year of our Lord 2,000. *Lit. Gaz.*

## ROYAL PORTRAITS. No. 5.

(For the *Olio*.)

### HENRY THE SECOND.

"This prince," says Baker, "began his reign as Solomon would have begun it." His first act was to drive out of England the numerous hordes of mercenary soldiers whom his predecessor had brought over to aid him in obtaining the crown. He then banished William Ypres, a Flemish warrior, whom Stephen had created Earl of Kent, and destroyed nearly the whole of the castles that had been raised during the reign of that King, considering them rather as nurseries of rebellion than places upon which he could rely in time of need. But it is evident that this king had few good qualities. His unkindness to his brother Geoffery, and his perjury, are foul stains upon his character.

Geoffery, Duke of Anjou, had three sons, of whom this king was one. At his decease, he left the dukedom to Henry, to be held by him until he should succeed to the throne of England, when it was to descend to his brother Geoffery. Henry promised to

agree to these terms, but his father, doubting his faith, obliged him to take an oath that he would fulfil the terms of this agreement; yet, upon his succeeding to the crown of England, he still retained the dukedom, to the prejudice of his brother Geoffery, and maintained his cause by force of arms. Stung to the quick at this cutting act of unkindness, Geoffery died shortly after of a broken heart!

After reading of such an act as this, it would be impossible to believe that Henry had many qualities that would render him dear to his subjects. Indeed, the frequent rebellions during his reign prove that his sway was anything but mild and merciful. But the wrath of Heaven fell heavily on this despotic monarch. His friends, his children, even his wife forsook him! Towards the end of his reign, hearing of the loss of Mentz, he broke out into blasphemous exclamations, which plainly indicated that his mind had sunk under accumulated misfortunes.

This king's reign is remarkable for the contentions between him and the prelate Becket. There is little doubt that the archbishop presumed too much in his conference with Henry, but one thing is related which proves him to have been a man of some virtue. Upon his being appointed to the see of Canterbury, he resigned the high office of Chancellor, "as not thinking it fit," says the historian, "to sit at the helm of the commonwealth and of the church at the same time." There is much to admire in this. At this period of time it would be impossible to prove Henry's consent to the murder of Becket, but his subsequent atonement looks suspicious, to say the least of it.

Baker labours hard to prove that he was "an excellent prince," but not one of his acts bear him out in that assertion. His personal appearance was by no means dignified; his face was ruddy, his chest broad, his frame bulky, and his stature short. Our old chroniclers represent him as a wise and generous monarch, but there is little doubt that he was licentious, cruel, and faithless. He died at Normandy in the year 1189, of, as is believed, a broken heart, a death to which he had doomed his unfortunate brother, at the age of sixty-one years.

ALPHA.

### Fine Arts.

*Burns' Address to the Deil. Illustrated by Landseer.*

We thought that the lovers of the mar-

vellous had been satiated with tales and legends of diablerie, but the above publication has undeceived us. Devils of all grades and all nations have had their *run* in London, and Zamiel, the Bottle Imp, and the fiend in the Devil's Elixir, have each in their turns been popular; and now "auld cloodie" himself is represented in various shapes by the pencil of Landseer. This gentleman has portrayed monkeys until his human figures have their semblance; witness the figure cowering before Satan in one of the plates to this work. The attitude of the peasant is as unnatural as his figure, and we question if *Happy Jerry* himself would hold a cudgel in such a manner. One of the cuts intended to represent the interior of the infernal regions, is not unlike those prefixed to the Catholic tracts published on the continent about a century ago. The design is common-place, and is totally unredeemed by anything like humour. The old joke of the devil roasting a lawyer was worn threadbare in our fathers' time. The whole scene is better calculated to awe than to cause a smile. The representation of Paradise in another plate, is poetical, but the right arm of Eve is sadly out of proportion. With respect to the text, it is only necessary to say that it is by Burns. The notes are insipid, pointless, and quite guiltless of anything approaching to wit or drollery. Some of the designs evince an imaginative genius, but we cannot help exclaiming against the bad taste which induced the publisher to select such a subject.

### The Note Book.

#### DERIVATIONS.

##### For the Olio.

Many of the words used in the English language are derived from the Hebrew, and, though not generally known, form an interesting series, by an occasional reference. Hence, the English word *acre* is purely Hebrew; from which the Greek *agros*, and the Latin *ager*—a field. The derivation of agriculture, and its various adjuncts, is equally manifest.—The word *waif* is derived from the Hebrew word of the same root, with *waive* and others of its kind.—*Avail*—*robur*, an oak, which, in ancient times, was as a veil or covering, both in hours of devotion and times of refreshment. A vail, also, implied a free gift, exchanged by those whose faith was consecrated by an intercourse with the people, and whose habitations were sheltered by the oaken canopy.—*Abash*, *bash*, and *bash-ful* (Heb.) This

word was, and is, to this day, used in country workhouses, namely, the *bash-house*,—a place for the support of those who are a-bash-ed in circumstances, and from other causes. Basing-lane was originally called Bashing-lane,—from the circumstance of a Bashing house therein. And the Bashing-house which stood out beyond Shoreditch, now called the Basing-house, is of the same derivation. The word *base*, or foundation, contains the same Hebrew root, without the prefix, *ateph*, and alludes to the site on which the Bash-house was raised.—*Bare*. He declared. As the *bare* mention of it. The *bare* truth, or declaration of a thing, as, it was laid *bare*. Thus, in a wound, the Hebrews said, "He was *bare* before thy face when his lips sought thy favour."—*Gay* is a Hebrew word; hence the Jewish proverb, "A *gay* sadness brings away gladness." And, "it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of *gay*-ing"—(feasting). PYLA.

In HARRINGTON'S OCEANA, p. 203, will be found the following prophecy—"Where there is tumbling and tossing on the bed of sickness, it must end in death or recovery. If France, Italy, and Spain were not all sick, all corrupted together, there would be none of them so; for the sick would not be able to withstand the sound, nor the sound to preserve their health, without curing of the sick. The first of these nations (which, if you stay her leisure, will, in my mind, be France) that recovers the health of ancient prudence, shall certainly govern the world."

#### A REASON FOR TRAVELLING.

Boyle tells us of a great traveller, who being rallied upon his rambling humour, answered, that he would cease travelling as soon as he could find a country where power and credit were in the hands of honest men, and preferments went by merit.—Query, if such a man were now alive, where would he take up his abode.

#### Customs of Various Countries.

##### SUPERSTITION OF THE HINDOOS.

When a Hindoo is about to boil his simple meal of rice, he first profusely waters the earth, and after smoothing it with the palm of his hand, performs a circle of mud around himself and his little clay fire-place. If any person of an inferior *caste* should happen to touch the interior of this circle, even

with a stick or stone, everything would be utterly defiled. The fire-place, the culinary utensils, and the food, would be instantly destroyed and thrown away. The Hindoo then rushes to the Ganges, purifies himself in the sacred stream, and seeks the advice and consolation of his priest. If all this were not immediately attended to, he would suffer the greatest of all possible misfortunes—the loss of *caste*.

#### Anecdotes.

##### DR. JOHNSON'S FOUNDATION OF FAITH.

As a person was shewing the great Lexicographer the Castle of Edinburgh, he mentioned to him a tradition that some part of it had been standing 300 years before Christ. "Much faith (replied the doctor) is due to tradition; and that part of the building which was standing at so early a period, must undoubtedly have been the *rock* upon which it is founded."

##### DR. JOHNSON.

A literary lady, expressing to Dr. Johnson her approbation of his Dictionary, and in particular, her satisfaction at his not admitting into it any improper words. "No, madam," replied he, "I hope I have not soiled my fingers; I find, however, that you have been looking for them." H.B.A.

##### POLEMICS.

Though we possess such an immense mass of polemic divinity, the world does not appear to have grown an atom wiser, better, or more decided in the great points the authors have written upon. When the learned Isaac Casaubon was shewn the Sorbonne, the person who introduced him, said, there had been disputations kept up in that place for more than four hundred years. "Pray then, tell me," said Casaubon, "what have they decided?"

##### FLATTERERS.

This odious race, says Dr. Jortin, are as mean and sordid as they are mischievous and odious. To them might be applied the Levitical law:—"Every creeping thing is unclean, and shall be an abomination."

##### EPIGRAM ON AN EPIGRAM.

The qualities all in a bee that we meet,  
In an Epigram never should fail,  
The body should always be little and sweet,  
And a sting should be felt in its tail. H.B.A.

## Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, August 25.

*St. Gregory of Utrecht, ab. d. 776.—High Water 81m after 5 Morning—49m after 5 Aftern.*

*August 25, 1770.—Died the celebrated and unfortunate poet, Thomas Chatterton, in his eighteenth year. This son of genius, says Ryan, who perished in his pride, overcome by the pressure of poverty, commenced his immortality in a garret in Shoreditch. For two days previous to his death, he had eaten nothing. His landlady, pitying his desolate condition, invited him to sup with her; he spurned the invitation with contempt, and put an end to his existence by poison. Crowds inflicted elegies to his memory, the length and breadth of which filled volumes, while the subject of these doleful tributes lies buried in a work-house burying-ground in Shoe Lane, unnoticed by epitaph or eulogy.*

Thursday, August 26.

*St. Genesis of Arles, mar. 4th cent.—Moon's First Quarter, 3m after 2 Afternoon.*

*August 26, 1777.—Expired Francis Fawkes, well known for many ingenious poems of his own, but more so by his pleasing translations of the works of Anacreon, Sappho, Blon, and Moschus, Musæus, and the Idylliums of Theocritus. After his death, his translation of Apollonius Rhodius was added to his other works.*

Friday, August 27.

*St. Syagrius, bishop, died A. D. 600.—Sun rises 4m after 5—sets 55m after 6.*

*August 27, 1816.—On this day Lord Exmouth, with a British and Dutch fleet, attacked the Algerine fleet in the harbour, and destroyed four frigates, four corvettes, and from twenty-four to thirty gun-boats; the mole and arsenal were blown up, and the naval and military store-houses totally destroyed; the Dey, to prevent the total destruction of the city, agreed to abolish Christian slavery for ever, to deliver up all the slaves, of whatever nation, to Lord Exmouth, and all money received for redemption of slaves from the beginning of the year, and to repair the losses of the British Consul, whom he had imprisoned, and make him a public apology; all which conditions the Dey was compelled to perform.*

Saturday, August 28.

*St. Augustine—High Water 7m after 8 Morning—46m after 9 After.*

*Our saint, in his youth, fell, like the prodigal son, into the most frightful gulph of vice. His conversion happened in the year 816, and in the following year he was baptized by St. Ambrose on Easter Eve; he was ordained priest in 390, and consecrated bishop in 395. The two works that do most honour to St. Augustine's name are his Confessions and Retractions. He was not only the oracle of his own times, but of the principal among all the Latin fathers that came after him. He calmly resigned his spirit to God, A. D. 430, being seventy-six years old, and having spent almost forty of them in the labours of the ministry.*

*August 28, 1749.—Born Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, a German prose writer and lyric poet of much excellence. Under the skilful hand of this writer, several new forms of versification rose nearly to perfection, whilst the boldness and originality of his conceptions have elevated him to the very highest rank among the poets of his country. His Faust, his Gortz von Berlichingen, and his Werther, produced a more complete revolution in the literary world, than the compositions of any other writer of his time. The chief excellencies of his poetry are invention and originality; these, added to great elegance of diction, and a style both animated and natural, render him interesting when writing even on the most indifferent subjects.*

Sunday, August 29.

TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

*Lessons for the Day—10 chapter Kings, b 2, morn—18 chapter Kings. b 2, Even.*

*Decollation of St. John the Baptist*

*St. John the Baptist was beheaded a year before the death of our Saviour, at the request of a young lady who demanded of Herod that his head should be brought to her in a dish. This was executed, and the damsel was not afraid to take that present to her mother, who was the instigator of her petition.*

*August 29, 1680.—To-day, says Mr. Pennant, died peacefully and fearlessly in his bed, and without any signs of penitence, totally hardened and forsaken of heaven, the miscreant Blood, notorious for his attempt to steal the crown. Never was a more determined villain, "with a head to contrive, and a heart to execute any wickedness." He had a pension of £100 a year, and perpetually enjoyed the smiles of Charles the Second at court, where, it is said, he was retained by a profligate set of men to overawe any who had integrity enough to resist their measures.*

Monday, August 30.

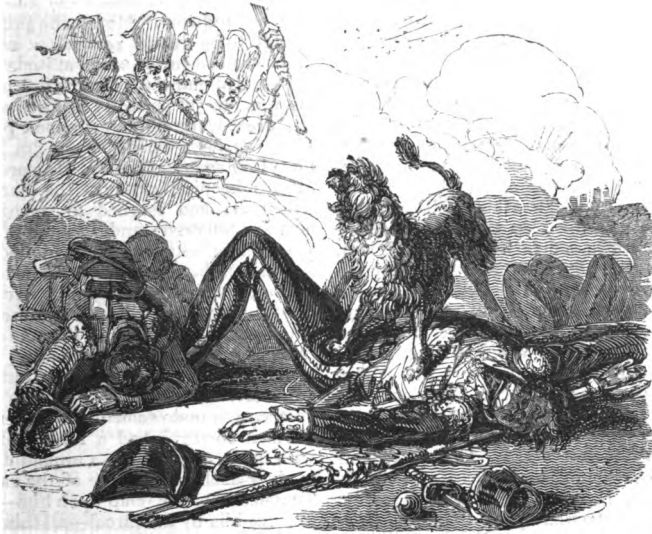
*St. Rose of Lima, Vir A. D. 107.—High Water 50m after 10 Morn—25m after 11 Evening.*

*This saint was of Spanish extraction, born at Lima in 1586. She was at first christened Isabel, but the figure and contour of her face in the cradle seeming in some measure to resemble a beautiful rose, the name of Rose was given to her. The whole life of St. Rose of Lima was a continual thirst after those religious and pious exercises in which she found the greatest comfort and support during the course of her earthly pilgrimage.*

Tuesday, August 31.

*St. Aidan of Ireland, bish. A. D. 651.—Sun rises 11m after 5—sets 48m after 6.*

*August 31, 1651.—NEWSPAPERS.—The first newspaper that appeared in the present form was the Public Intelligencer, which was published by Sir Robert L'Estrange. So late as 1696, there does not appear to have been any daily papers. In 1709, there was only one daily paper in England, called the London Courant, and eighteen weekly papers. At this period, the editor of the newspaper acted as a kind of broker; thus we meet with the following notices:—"I want a cook-maid for a merchant"—"I will sell a free estate within thirty miles of London."—"If any have a place belonging to the law or otherwise, worth a thousand pounds, I can help to a customer."*



See page 163.

## Illustrated Article.

### THE DOG OF THE REGIMENT.

MONTAIGNE has given a whole essay to war-horses, and celebrated, with his usual talent, the prowess of the various steeds who have, in different ages of the world, 'done the state some service,' not merely by bearing their masters through the field of battle, but by exerting a pugnacious prowess separately and distinctly their own. If he had lived in our time, he would not assuredly have grudged a page or two to Moustache.

Moustache was born at Falaise, in Normandy, as nearly as can be ascertained, in or about the month of September, 1799. The family being numerous, he was sent, at the age of six months, to Caen to push his own fortunes, and was received into the house of an eminent grocer, where he was treated in the kindest manner. But, strolling about the town one day, he happened to come upon the parade of a company of grenadiers, who had just

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received the route for Italy. They were brilliantly equipped,—their spirits were high,—and their drums loud. Moustache was fired on the instant with a portion of their fine enthusiasm. He cut the grocer for ever, slunk quietly out of the town, and joined the grenadiers ere they had marched an hour.

He was dirty, he was tolerably ugly, but there was an intelligence, a sparkle, a brightness about his eye that could not be overlooked. "We have not a single dog in the regiment," said the *petit tambour*, "and, at any rate, he looks as if he could forage for himself." The drum-major, having his pipe in his mouth, nodded assent; and Moustache attached himself to the band. The recruit was soon found to be possessed of considerable tact, and even talent. He already fetched and carried to admiration. Ere three weeks were over he could not only stand with as erect a back as any private in the regiment, but shoulder his musket, act sentinel, and keep time in the march. He was a gay soldier, and of course lived from paw to mouth; but, long ere they reach-

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ed the Alps, Moustache had contrived to cultivate a particular acquaintance with the messman of his company,—a step which he had no occasion to repent.

He endured the fatigues of Mont St. Bernard with as good grace as any veteran in the army, and they were soon at no great distance from the enemy. Moustache by this time had become quite familiar with the sound not only of drums, but of musketry; and even seemed to be inspired with new ardour as he approached the scene of action. The first occasion on which he distinguished himself was this:—His regiment being encamped on the heights above Alexandria, a detachment of Austrians, from the vale of Belbo, were ordered to attempt a surprise, and marched against them during the night. The weather was stormy, and the French had no notion any Austrians were so near them. Human suspicion, in short, was asleep, and the camp in danger. But Moustache was on the alert; walking his rounds, as usual, with his nose in the air, he soon detected the greasy Germans: their knapsacks, full of sourcrot and rancid cheese, betrayed them to his sagacity. He gave the alarm, and these foul feeders turned tail immediately,—a thing Moustache never did.

Next morning it was resolved, *nem. con.* that Moustache had deserved well of his country. The Greeks would have voted him a statue; the Romans would have carried him in triumph, like the geese of the Capitol. But Moustache was hailed with a more sensible sort of gratitude. He would not have walked three yards, poor fellow, to see himself cast in plaster; and he liked much better to tread on his own toes than to be carried breast high on the finest hand-barrow that ever came out of the hands of the carpenter. The colonel put his name on the roll—it was published in a regimental order, that he should henceforth receive the ration of a grenadier *per diem*,—and Moustache was “*les plus heureux des chiens*.” He was now cropped *a la militaire*,—a collar, with the name of the regiment, was hung round his neck, and the barber had orders to comb and shave him once a week. From this time Moustache was certainly a different animal. In fact, he became so proud, that he could scarcely pass any of his canine brethren without lifting his leg.

In the meantime, a skirmish occurred, in which Moustache had a new opportunity of shewing himself. It was here

that he received his first wound,—it, like all the rest, was in front. He received the thrust of a bayonet in his left shoulder, and with difficulty reached the rear. The regimental surgeon dressed the wound which the Austrian steel had inflicted. Moustache suffered himself to be treated *secundum artem*, and remained in the same attitude during several entire days in the infirmary. He was not yet perfectly restored when the great battle of Marengo took place. Lame as he was, he could not keep away from so grand a scene. He marched, always keeping close to the banner, which he had learned to recognise among a hundred; and, like the flier of the great Gustavus, who whistled all through the battle of Lutzen, Moustache never gave over barking until evening closed upon the combatants of Marengo. The sight of the bayonets was the only thing that kept him from rushing personally upon the Austrians; but his good fortune at last presented him with an occasion to do something. A certain German corporal had a large pointer with him, and this rash animal dared to shew itself in advance of the ranks. To detect him—to jump upon him—and to seize him by the throat—all this was, on the part of Moustache, only a *mouvement a la Francaise*. The German, being strong and bulky, despised to flinch, and a fierce struggle ensued. A musket-ball interrupted them; the German dog fell dead on the spot; and Moustache, after a moment of bewilderment, put up his paw, and discovered that he had lost an ear. He was puzzled for a little, but soon regained the line of his regiment; and, Victory having soon after shewn herself a faithful goddess, ate his supper among his comrades with an air of satisfaction that spoke plainer than words,—“When posterity talk of Moustache, it will be said, That dog also was at Marengo.”

I think it has already been observed, that Moustache owned no particular master, but considered himself as the dog of the whole regiment. In truth, he had almost an equal attachment for every one that wore the French uniform, and a sovereign contempt to boot for every thing in plain clothes. Tradespeople and their wives were dirt in his eyes, and whenever he did not think himself strong enough to attack a stranger, he ran away from him. He had a quarrel with his grenadiers, who being in garrison, thought fit to chain Moustache to a sentry-box. He could not endure this, and took the first op-

portunity to escape to a body of chasseurs, who treated him with more respect. The sun of Austerlitz found him with his chasseurs. In the heat of the action he perceived the ensign who bore the colours of his regiment surrounded by a detachment of the enemy. He flew to his rescue—barked like ten furies—did every thing he could to encourage the young officer—but all in vain. The gentleman sunk, covered with wounds; but not before, feeling himself about to fall, he had wrapt his body in the folds of the standard. At that moment the cry of victory reached his ear; he echoed it with his last breath, and his generous soul took its flight to the abode of heroes. Three Austrians had already bit the dust under the sword of the ensign, but five or six still remained about him, resolved not to quit it until they had obtained possession of the colours he had so nobly defended. Moustache, meanwhile, had thrown himself on his dead comrade, and was on the point of being pierced with half-a-dozen bayonets, when the fortune of war came to his relief. A discharge of grape-shot swept the Austrians into oblivion.—Moustache missed a paw, but of that he thought nothing. The moment he perceived that he was delivered from his assailants, he took the staff of the French banner in his teeth, and endeavoured all he could to disengage it. But the poor ensign had gripped it so fast in the moment of death, that it was impossible for him to get it out of his hands. The end of it was, that Moustache tore the silk from the cane, and returned to the camp limping, bleeding, and laden with this glorious trophy. Such an action merited honours; nor were they denied. The old collar was taken from him, and General Lannes ordered a red ribbon to replace it, with a little copper-medal, on which were inscribed these words: “Il perdit une jambe a la bataille d’Austerlitz, et sauva le drapeau de son regiment.” On the reverse:—“Moustache, chien Francais: qu’il soit partout respecte et cheri comme un brave.”—Meantime it was found necessary to amputate the shattered limb. He bore the operation without a murmur, and limped with the air of a hero.

As it was very easy to know him by his collar and medal, orders were given, that at whatever mess he should happen to present himself, he should be welcomed *en camarade*; and thus he continued to follow the army. Having but three paws and one ear, he could lay small claims to the name of a beauty;

nevertheless, he had his little affairs of the heart. Faithful in every thing to the character of a French soldier, Moustache was volatile, and found as many new mistresses as quarters. At the battle of Essling, he perceived a vidette of his own species; it was a poodle. Moustache rushed to the combat; but, O tender surprise! the poodle was a —. More happy than Tancred, who had not wit enough to recognise his Clorinda, Moustache in a single instant found his martial ardour subside into transports of another description. In a word, he seduced the fair enemy, who deserted with him to the French camp, where she was received with every consideration. This attachment lasted the best part of a year. Moustache appeared before his comrades in the new capacity of a father; and the Moll Flagons of the regiment took great care of his offspring. Moustache seemed to be happy. His temper was acquiring a softer character. But one day a chasseur, mistaking his dog no doubt, hit him a chance blow with the flat side of his sabre. Moustache, piqued to the heart, deserted, abandoning at once his regiment and his family. He attached himself to some dragoons, and followed them into Spain.

He continued to be infinitely useful in these new campaigns. He was always first up and first dressed. He gave notice the moment any thing struck him as suspicious; he barked at the least noise, except during night-marches when he received a hint that secrecy was desirable. At the affair of the Sierra-Morena, Moustache gave a signal proof of his zeal and skill, by bringing home in safety to the camp the horse of a dragoon who had had the misfortune to be killed. How he had managed it no one could tell exactly; but he limped after him into the camp; and the moment he saw him in the hands of a soldier, turned and flew back to the field.

Moustache was killed by a cannon-ball, on the 11th of March, 1811, at the taking of Badajoz. He was buried on the scene of his last glories, collar, medal, and all. A plain stone served him for a monument; and the inscription was simply,—

“CY GIT LE BRAVE MOUSTACHE.”

The French historian of Moustache adds, but, we hope, without sufficient authority, that the Spaniards afterwards broke the stone, and that the bones of the hero were burnt by order of the Inquisition.



## THE SUN-DIAL.

BY HORACE GUILFORD.

*For the Olio.*

Old idol of the garden,  
With mystic brass emboss'd,  
Of every bud the warden,  
Of every beam the host.

To Flora and Pomona  
An oracle more true,  
Than ever dark Dodona  
From monarch oak-trees drew.

Companion of Apollo,  
Interpreter of day,  
Whose faithful shadows follow  
The flight of every ray.

Where now thy pomp of station?  
Where thy consultants now?  
Where all the veneration  
That seal'd thy storied brow?

Alas! not all thy beauty,  
Thy language to the heart,  
Not all the moral duty  
Thy blazoned scrolls impart,

Could save from profanation  
The altar-stone of time;  
Yet, e'en in desolation,  
To me thou'rt still sublime.

Yes! whether bright at morning,  
Or cold in night's dull arms,  
To me thy legend's warning,  
Gray monitor! hath charms.

Thy very name is cheering,  
Sun Dial!—all of bright,  
And ray, and sweet appearing,  
Blent in those lines of light.

What carest thou if upheaving,  
Improvement pass thee by?  
There's not a moment speeding  
But courts thee heedfully.

What though the hours are measured  
By clumsy clocks' dull chime,  
By time thou art still treasured,  
And still art true to time.

And now I see thee standing  
Amidst the garden's pride,  
Bright shrubs around thee banding,  
Green moss on thy gray side.

Sunflower and leopard-lily  
Flame gorgeous by thy place,  
And Mignonette full silly  
Glides clust'ring to thy base.

From gold to scarlet turning,  
Ripe apples near thee bow;  
Upon the broad wall burning  
The crimson nect'rines glow.

The melon-frame before thee  
Its amber gourds perfume;  
The vines full fruitage o'er thee  
Sheds dewy purple bloom.

Fresh with its silver fountain,  
Green spreads thy daisied grass;  
On honied pinions mounted,  
Bees greet thee as they pass.

Vassals of thy dominions,  
The painted butterfly,  
And tiger-moth's grand pinions,  
Float in rich pageantry.

The lavender's blue blossom,  
The orange marigold,  
And thyme with golden bosom,  
Their treasures there unfold.

High in his burnished litter  
Thy regulator rides,  
And seems most glad to glitter  
Around thy sculptured sides.

Each mark'd by fresh flowers springing,  
Thy minutes shine and fade,  
Fresh birds with new notes singing,  
Thine every change of shade.

But flowers are frail and fleeting,  
And fruits must gathered be,  
And suns turn pale on meeting  
Winter's severity.

Bare must be yonder branches,  
Yon plummy minstrels fly,  
When frost the despot launches  
His icebolts through the sky.

Yet thou the cold sun's moving  
Thro' chill December's day  
Shalt follow, faithful proving  
As when they smiled in May.

But if thou art neglected  
By the capricious beams,  
Cold, shadowless, dejected,  
Thy wat'ry tablet gleams.

Oh! to the swarms that flutter  
Down life's all-chequer'd stream,  
What lessons might'st thou utter,  
Sage bridegroom of the beam.

Thy talisman that glistens  
With evening's od'rous dew,  
Might bid the heart that listens  
Repose in quiet too.

Bid man make thee his measure,  
And finish with the sun,  
The labour or the leisure  
That with its beams begun.

Long be it thine to flourish  
Inviolable here;  
These scenes and thou must nourish  
What thinking minds revere.

Of life's uncertain treasures  
Wise hieroglyphics they;  
Their flowers to paint its pleasures,  
Their Dial—its decay!

ARRIVAL OF THE KING OF FRANCE  
AT LULWORTH CASTLE*For the Olio.*

THE scenery around the noble cha-  
teau or palace of Lulworth, in Dorset-  
shire, is highly beautiful and romantic.  
It is embowered in the most luxuriant  
groves and woods, through the openings  
of which, ancient British hill-cities,  
lifting their everlasting bulwarks and  
ramparts to the clouds, with the deep  
blue ocean, specked with distant sails,  
outstretched in all its undulating sub-  
limity, hanging groves and richly wav-  
ing corn-fields, form many a charming  
point d'appui, on which the eye rests  
with satisfaction and pleasure. The  
delightful scenery of this place was yes-  
terday highly animated and interesting.  
Carriages and vehicles of all descrip-  
tions were continually dashing and  
rattling through the streets of the little  
retired village of Lulworth, and gay  
groups of all degrees, with cavalcades

of well-mounted horsemen, were sprinkled over the fine lawns which surround the castle, and moving to and fro between the towering groves, all waiting in anxious expectation to witness the arrival of the exiled monarch, and forming a picture which could not but recall recollections of by-gone days, extremely exciting to the reflecting mind.

This castle has been often visited by royalty, and before we describe the arrival of his ex-majesty of France, we shall copy from the "*Tale of a Modern Genius*," a few passages descriptive of former periods:—

"In this castle, constituted a palace by the residence of kings, fifteen years after its erection, dwelt James I. when he came to hunt in the adjacent royal chase or forest of Purbeck; and here Charles II., after his restoration, with the Duke of York, afterwards James II., and the Duke of Monmouth, paid visitation to an ancestor of the present family in 1665. The rooms in which these monarchs and princes slept still bear their names, and they were looked upon by me as far the most interesting apartments which the palace contains.

"How often have those woods of ancient oak and beech echoed to the joy inspiring horn, as it sounded from the court-yard of the castle at early dawn, and roused the royal Scot from his slumbers to pursue the fleet stag on the lofty hills and wild heaths of the neighbouring island. How have these leafy bowers reverberated the shrill neighings of eager coursers, the scream of falcons, the whoop and shout and laugh of jocund hunters, as the king, with a train of nobles and courtiers, descended those steps to mount their fiery steeds, and scour across the heathy plains of the forest! In the happy days of the gay Charles, how rung those halls to the voice of sportive jollity and gladness. The banquet, minstrelsy, and dance and song, enlivened the rosy-winged hours beneath these lofty roofs, and spoke the noble liberality of the generous and honoured host of the palace. What loud huzzas burst from the delighted populace that filled the court, and thronged around the gates from distant parts of the country, ascending in thunder above the highest battlements of Lulworth, as the smiling monarch mounted these flower-strewed steps, and entered the halls of feasting and hospitality. The cottages of the neighbouring peasants were hung with garlands, and on yonder village green the may-

pole was dressed in nodding sheaves of fragrant blossoms; here vigour, youth, and beauty mingled in the joyous dance to the sprightly sound of the viol and the pipe; shouts of 'Long live the King!' broke from every tongue; the pealing bells in yonder venerable tower ushered in the twilight with their music; the hearts of the glad peasantry were cheered with flaggons of ale; sports and manly exercises were exhibited by the rustic youths on the lawns; the voices of happy groups rang in the moonlight groves; and all was gaiety, laughter, and joy. Nearly the same rejoicings as in the days of Charles, the same splendid entertainments, though of much shorter duration, took place when our beloved and venerable sovereign, George III., visited this pleasant seat, and more than once partook of its owner's magnificent hospitality."

The scene of yesterday forcibly brought to our recollection these somewhat similar occurrences of the past; but how different were the English feelings of those who surrounded the towers of that castle yesterday, and the enthusiasm of those who once witnessed and hailed with heart-lifted shouts the arrival of our native princes. The fulness of excitement and interest to behold the exiled lineage of Hugh Capet, were no doubt as strongly brought into action as on former arrivals of royalty, for the late noble revolution in France has cast around those, who were some of the chief actors in that tremendous and glorious struggle which has been made for liberty, an irresistible charm of attraction.

At length, about six o'clock, the cortege, which, with the royal family, had been landed at Poole, arrived in front of the grand terrace. The royal arms had been defaced from the carriages, and the whole had evidently the appearance of a hasty flight from a field of battle.

The King was seated in an open carriage with the Dauphin and the young Duc de Bordeaux, a fine interesting boy. On the King's alighting from the carriage, he was met by Mr. Wild, the owner of the castle, and then ascended those steps, followed by the Dauphin and the young prince, which other kings had mounted before him, amid repeated shouts of welcome, deep and loud as those which echoed in thunder around the magnificent pillars of the Capitol, when Claudius Cæsar ascended on his knees its hundred steps, after his victorious return from the conquest of Bri-

tain. But no shouts arose from English lips for Charles; his reception was respectful silence. The populace stood as he ascended uncovered, an honour which the courtesy of English hearts could not refuse to royalty in exile, however merited his expatriation might be. He took off his hat, but appeared, as he gave a hasty glance at the people, to be dissatisfied with the coldness of his reception, but, considering his situation, far from being unhappy. He certainly did not look to have seen those years which are said to have passed over his head.\* How long he will remain at the palace of Lulworth, we do not know, but it certainly is a place well suited to an exiled monarch. Noble is the pile, and lovelily situated in its leafy solitudes. Here the degraded King may contemplate in retirement on the vicissitudes of all earthly grandeur and power; on the unstable foundation of thrones and empires; here he may devote his hours to the exercise of his religion, publicly or privately, there being two chapels for the catholic worship, one within and the other without the walls of the castle; here, on its extensive domains, he may enjoy the sports of the field, in fine weather, and in wet he may kill flies, like Domitian and the great Marlborough in his later days, or plot counter-revolutions and form schemes of absolute power, to destroy the chartered freedom of his country, and deluge her afresh with the blood of his people.

Romantic Lulworth! though the ancient sports and pastimes of thy peasantry in the days of Charles II. are all forgotten, though the flowers of summer no longer enwreath thy tall May-pole, which once stood on thy village green, though the viol and the tabor are heard no more in thy moonlight groves, yet still there was yesterday much joy and light-hearted mirth around thy village ale-house. There, over his glass, with a long pipe, Joe Barnes, the miller, poured forth the very soul of prosing on French politics. Edmund Rawles, the cobbler, was convinced Charles would be King again of France in less than nine months, and hoped he should get an interview with his majesty, and before long be made first shoe-botcher to his royal kingship in Paris. Barnard Slade, the little fat punchy tailor trusted he should now get all the French fashions before any man in England. Joe Coffin (an ominous name) lifted his

little piggish eyes, glistening with delight, as he puffed forth a long train of smoke, and broke a longer silence, exclaiming, "Oddsboblikins! what a mort o' bread these here mounseers will eat!"—"Ay," replied Farmer Parmiter, "and game too, I hope; I wish they may clear the estate of all the birds and hares on it. They have nearly ruined me." Then they all presently agreed that the new revolution in France was "a fine thing," a glorious "turn over," since they were likely to reap a harvest from it, as the king had brought with him "chests filled with money." Thus the fall of a king, and the change of an ancient royal line, was to them of no further moment than the advantages which each man could make of it in his own way.

England! since the days of the noble Athelstan, thou hast been a refuge to greatness in distress—a home to the royal exile—a shelter from the storms of revolution, the revengeful horrors of rebellion. When Charles the Simple, King of France, was dethroned and cast into prison, his queen fled hither with her young son Louis, where they received the kind protection of Athelstan, who, in 936, exerted himself so warmly in his interest, that he was restored to the throne of his fathers. Haco the Good, prince of Norway, remained at the Anglo-Saxon court from a boy till he was called to the throne of his father Harold, his subjects having, like the French of our day, dethroned his brother Eric, a cruel and fierce sea-king, surnamed "the Axe of Blood;" who, also, after his deposition, fled to this kingdom for refuge, where Athelstan did more for him than we imagine William IV. intends doing for Charles of France, for he gave him the kingdom of Northumberland. Alan, prince of Britagne, in the same reign, was educated as an exile in the English court, and afterwards restored to his ducal dominions by the generous-minded Athelstan.

There is no fear that Charles of France, should he remain in this kingdom, will share the cruel fate of poor Theodore, King of Corsica, who, through the intrigues of the French court, died miserably, to the disgrace of the age, in the King's Bench prison. Charles possesses in his retreat a princely fortune, and, if he is wise, he will give up the wild dreamings of ambition, and enjoy that fortune in happiness and content, amid the quiet and beautiful shades of Lulworth.

J. F. PENNIE,

*Rogvald Cottage, Aug. 24, 1830.*

\* "The Duchess de Berri, and the Duchesse d'Angoulême did not arrive till this morning."

THE POSTHUMOUS LETTERS OF  
HUGH DELMORE, ESQ.

## LETTER I.

*For the Olio.*

You will recollect my haughty impulse of the warm regret you expressed\* for the sorrows and trials of my weary and wayward pilgrimage of life; yet, at that moment, I could have leapt upon your neck, to relieve in tears the head-long tide of awakened recollections your words had conjured up; but pride, my besetting demon, arose in cold and sullen scorn to scare away the sacred and chastening emotion. Yet why should I weary you with an analysis of feelings your better regulated mind must condemn and despise? We parted. Have I forgotten you? No; my heart, long and wilfully estranged as it hath been from all the ties and observances that render existence a blessing, feels there is one which could still throb in responsive sympathy to its own "lavaflood" of passions and sorrows, and, it may be, of guilt; and the remembrance is as the bright *oasis*, where all around is gloom, despair and desolation.

I struggle with the blind infatuation of that long indulged and haughty spirit of reserve, and it prevails; yet I feel that the inevitable fiat of Heaven hath gone forth, and that my spirit, relieved from its earthly strugglings, will shortly be at rest: even then shall I not be censured (as you peruse these incoherent reminiscences) as one exulting in his own degeneracy, and triumphantly blazoning its details, heightened by the false colouring of a sickly imagination and perverted spirit?—Well, be it so. Alas! I am no mad-brained sentimentalist; I am not hurried away by the warmth of a fanciful imagination; I write not of scenes that *may* have occurred; I lay bare the secrets of a heart worn down by a sense of its own unworthiness. I picture the terrible doom that unworthiness hath entailed upon me, and I implore thee, my friend, not to go forth blind with confidence in thine own strength: we are ill qualified to detect the subtleties of our own hearts, and the tempter is ever on the watch to surprise us.

But I digress—let me at once enter upon my self-imposed task. My father, but no, (his beatified spirit hath, perhaps, mourned the aberrations of his

wayward child,) my father I remember not. At the period of his decease I was too young to estimate my irreparable loss, or to retain any lasting impression of his character. He had been an eminent West India merchant in Bristol; but some losses, and the declining health of his wife, had induced him to abandon an active life, and retire with a bare competency to a cottage he possessed in the neighbourhood of Bath.

My poor mother, a gentle and delicate woman, survived my birth but six months; nor had my father strength of mind to bear up against this domestic blow, and the reverses of his fortune; his health and spirits gradually declined; and, at the tender age of three years, I became an orphan.

I was bequeathed to the guardianship of a middle aged man of the world, a free-liver and a free-thinker, whose pleasures scarcely allowed him leisure to attend to his own, much less to the interests of his ward; with him was joined my maternal uncle, a man of cold and severe nature, who early perceived the germs of those pernicious feelings which have so much darkened and embittered my life, and who might have checked their growth, and—and—oh! the recollection is as a sword of fire cleaving my very heart!

Well, then, too soon this perverse wilfulness, this proud reliance on my own vain judgment, developed itself; perhaps, too, it was fostered by the mode in which I was educated. Early sent to a fashionable boarding-school, the pupils of which were, for the most part, of superior station in life to my own, my vain and ambitious nature took a decided bias from these associations; and a disposition to solitary musing, a proneness to indulge in those day-dreams commonly called *castle-building*, contributed fatally to unhinge my mind—to render me dissatisfied with my really enviable lot, and to engender feverish aspirations for that which cool reason whispered me was unattainable. I became a pensive, ever-craving, and restless being; unjust fate (I thought) had denied me that fortune to which I was entitled; and dreamy wishes and thirsty longings came upon me to seek in distant and more favouring climes that which had been withheld from me in my own—in a word, I became my own evil genius—my heart, traitor to itself, bodied forth splendid, but baseless, imaginings, which, bursting beneath the touch of truth, left me desponding and repining. Again would I

\* Alluding, probably, to our interview on the chain pier at Brighton.—J. U. B.

revel in my deceptive paradise, and again would its delusions vanish, and the same sinking of the spirit be upon me!

The worthy clergyman at the head of the school detected the condition of my mind; he felt compassion, (would it had been mingled with severity!) and mildly remonstrated with me on the folly, the culpability, of indulging such dangerous emotions: "In time," said he, "they will master every better feeling, and arouse passions, whose dominion will be tyrannic and overwhelming." How fatally prophetic have his words proved! but his monitory accents fell on a sterile and ungrateful soil—my ears drank in the sound, and the spirit for a moment dwelt upon my heart, and was—*forgotten*!

Endowed with an apt and facile comprehension, in my studies, I hastily skimmed the surface, but rarely plunged beyond it; my acquirements, therefore, were more shining than substantial; a wavering, and perhaps, at times, a brilliant light, but its beams were sickly, unsteady, and soon spent. My vacations were passed at my guardian's (Mr. —) Unshackled by the slightest constraint, I went whither I liked; thought, spoke, and acted at the suggestion of my boyish fancy, and having no society within doors, in long and solitary rambles I gave way more and more to my favourite visions, or, in the company of the servants, indulged that arrogant and contemptible pride, that aping of what I was not, which burnt so fiercely in me. I never was viciously inclined from mere hollowiness of heart; on the contrary, I have ever had a vivid perception and ardent love for that which is beautiful in precept and admirable in example; but, unhappily, the baneful encroachments of my ill-regulated feelings spread, little by little, till at length, every brighter and better thought became obscured; the voice of passion overcame the pleadings of reason, and all save evil slept!

My guardian (Mr. H—) was engaged in a very extensive commercial concern, and he had formed the generous resolution of admitting me as a partner therein, when I was of age sufficient to take upon me so important a charge. Accordingly, on my leaving Winchester, I was placed in his counting-house, that I might acquire the necessary practical knowledge.

Nothing could be more distasteful to me than this measure; sly, proud, and melancholy, my conspicuous, and, as I

then fancied, humiliating situation filled me with silent and bitter discontent; to be doomed to the slavery, the monotony of such an existence, seemed terrible. I sank into apathetic indifference—I became careless of my person, and uncourteous in my manners; my haughty and abrupt demeanour disgusted and offended the young men employed by Mr. H—, and, consequently, they avoided me as a morose and unsociable being. I performed, indeed, the duties allotted me, but I felt no interest in that I did; I had arrived at that state of morbid feeling in which the corporeal functions are discharged with mere instinctive regularity; but in which the mind, the heart, take, as it were, no part. It was terrible—but, abandoned to the diseased phantasies of my imagination, I was fast sinking into juvenile misanthropy! Mr. H— beheld what he justly deemed my sullen ingratitude; and a feeling of indifference, quickly ripened into dislike, took root in his mind. My uncle, too, never disposed even to regard the mere foibles of boyhood with an eye of consideration, openly and sternly reproached me, and bitterly observed that he already foresaw the doom I was so eagerly preparing for myself.

Daily I descended in the esteem of every one; this I felt, but my pride withheld me from attempting, by a change in my manners, to dissipate these unfavourable impressions. Many months passed, during which I must have been a constant eye-sore, and a disagreeable incumbrance to my worthy guardian, who, finding me wholly incorrigible, with the consent of my uncle, dissolved my engagement, and I removed to the house of the latter.

My uncle had a daughter, like myself, an only child; and he doated on her with a fondness amounting almost to weakness. It was scarcely possible to dwell beneath the same roof, in the familiarity of domestic intercourse; to be the daily witness of the kindness and goodness of her heart, and to dwell upon her thousand fascinations of mind and person, unmoved. I did not—I could not. I loved my cousin Jane, and—in a word, she did not behold me with indifference.

Our attachment could not long remain unobserved by so fond a parent as her father. He saw it; and though he would have esteemed half his fortune as naught, in comparison with his daughter's happiness, forbade her to think, even as a thing possible, that

Hugh Delmore could ever become her husband. His deportment to me had, hitherto, been invariably marked with cold civility, and even a *semblance* of cordiality; but it now became sullen, abrupt, and contemptuous. He rarely condescended to notice me, when we met at table, or otherwise; and never, as before, included me in his visits and excursions of pleasure;—it was evident that he wished his house well rid of his nephew. But it was this change in Jane that gave me the greatest pain. She avoided meeting me alone, and her manner and language were cold and formally polite, in place of the affectionate familiarity which had before marked her intercourse with me. Poor girl! she was acting a part that preyed upon her spirits acutely. She became pale and thoughtful, and her eyes lost their sparkling look of happiness and ease. In company, she was either sullenly mute, or wild and riotous in her conversation; and in the society of her companions, she now took no interest, but spent the greatest portion of her time in the solitude of her own chamber.

Such a state of things was intolerable; yet what was to be done?—The father, I knew, would be inexorably obdurate; and to expect that I could shake the daughter's bigotted ideas of the implicit deference due to a parent's commands, was almost equally hopeless. I determined to speak to her, and *attempt, at least*, to remove what appeared to me an extravagant and unnatural prejudice. Why should both herself and me be made wretched to gratify his capricious and unfeeling whims?

Chance, very shortly, afforded me the opportunity I sought. Business had called the father out; and entering the usual sitting room, I found my cousin alone, reading. I took a seat near her. The action a little discomposed her; she turned pale and red alternately; and at length laid down the book, and affected to converse on the ordinary topics of the day. Some time elapsed before I could summon confidence to open my business.

"Jane, Jane," said I, at last, "I cannot longer endure this freezing change, tell me;" and I would have taken her hand, but alarmed at the violence of my manner, she withdrew it hastily; "have I done ought to cause it?"

Poor Jane knew not what to say; she sat fidgeting and playing with the

leaves of her book, and after several abortive attempts, she stammered out, "Hugh, we have given way to feelings which are improper, which—*which*—"

"Which your father disapproves," I exclaimed, impetuously breaking in upon her hesitation; "and which his daughter now sees the impropriety of."

Jane regarded me with a look of gentle reproach; but I continued with passionate eagerness. "I had hoped that I had made some progress in your esteem;—let me be plain, *that you loved me*; exercise, then, the dictates of your heart, and say, will you suffer me to become the victim of his unjust hatred?"

Jane replied, "I cannot listen to such language spoken of my father; his decision was doubtless caused by prudence and anxiety for us both."

"Rather the overflowings of his antipathy to me," said I, bitterly.

"Hold, Hugh," exclaimed Jane, "this intemperance can avail us nothing. I will never thwart the will of my parent in such a matter; and if my regard be of any value, never hope to excite any feeling in my bosom but contempt and dislike, by uttering such language respecting him."

"But when the authority of a parent degenerates into tyranny, submission no longer becomes a duty."

Jane smiled mournfully. "I will deal honestly and plainly with you," said she; "my father disapproves of our attachment—*our attachment*, I say, for it is useless in me to deny a partiality of which I have no cause to be ashamed,—that his opposition is founded on reason, I am satisfied; time may, perhaps, remove those obstacles,—at any rate, I cannot, or will not, think of being aught to you, but a cousin and a friend, unsanctioned by him."

But it is useless to repeat the various pleas I urged—she was determined and peremptory in her resolution. I informed her that I was about to proceed to London to study the law—would she receive and answer my letters?—She should be happy (she said) to hear of my welfare; but, in our present situation, delicacy forbade such a correspondence, and her father would disapprove of it.

To London I came. You are aware of the temptations to which a young man, master of his own actions, and with money at his command, is exposed to in this great metropolis. My situation, too, was peculiarly unfortunate. My uncle, almost the only connexion I had in the world, had, in a manner,

driven me from his roof, and my early and deep seated affections were bestowed where they could not be requited. Thus, as it were alone in the world, thwarted in every point, my mind became more and more diseased, and in dissipation I sought relief from its moody and vain aspirations. The poisonous voice of detraction was not idle; my errors were magnified twenty fold; and my uncle, disposed to credit every report, however monstrous, to my disadvantage, believed all, and again forbade my cousin to bestow a thought on one so unworthy,—repeating to her all the exaggerated stories told of me.

I was of age, and my guardians summoned me into the country to adjust my affairs. When they were settled, my uncle coldly hoped I was satisfied, bade me adieu, and informed me, that neither himself or family could hold any further connection with a gambler and a profligate!

I returned to London, and then, in very truth, became the wild and irreclaimable wretch they had pictured me. Blacklegs and gamsters, demireps and profligates, like myself, were my alternate and constant companions. The gaming-table or the theatre, the tavern or the bagnio, the alternate scenes of my depravity and excess.

One morning returning to my residence at Kensington, from one of those accursed haunts of ruin emphatically denominated *he'ls*, my blood boiling with the double *stimulus* of wine and that dreadful species of excitement produced by the damnable occupation I had been engaged in; my eyes fairly burning in their sockets, and my dress in disorder; in passing through the Green Park, I met my cousin Jane and her father. They would have passed on without appearing to notice me, but, half mad with my losses, and the wine I had drank, I advanced fiercely to meet them. Bowing with an air of defiance to the father, I held out my hand to Jane, and in a voice discordant with drunkenness, asked her 'how she did?' Doubtless, terrified at my wild appearance, the poor girl shrank back and trembled excessively. Transported past all command of myself, I brutally exclaimed—"Curse you! and you, too, are like the rest of the world."

The father, in great rage, exclaimed, "You scoundrel! what do you mean by insulting my child?"

High words ensued,—he upbraided me as a dissolute and worthless libertine; and I retorted on him for his

shameful neglect of me, and his cruel conduct in the affair of his daughter. Poor Jane, pale and scarcely able to stand with terror and shame, alternately appealed to, and entreated both of us to forbear. A considerable number of people collected about us, till at last a friend of mine passing at the time, dragged me by main force from the disgraceful scene to a hackney-coach.

In the solitude of my own chamber, what a crowd of maddening thoughts arose, like avenging fiends, to torment me. One moment I upbraided my uncle and Jane; the next, I cursed my own depraved and passionate heart: one instant, I thought on self-murder; the very next, to amend my life, and become a benefit to the community I now disgraced. I was guilty of a thousand extravagancies. I ran about the room, stamped and shouted, then would I break into loud and frantic bursts of laughter, till, fairly wearied out, I sat down and wept.

Presently one brought me a letter. It was the hand-writing of Jane. I tore it open in transport, but its contents were daggers:—

"SIR—If hitherto, notwithstanding what hath been said, I still cherished a favourable opinion of you, the occurrences of this morning must banish every lingering doubt from my mind, I therefore trust that you will never again imagine that I entertain other feelings towards you but contempt and compassion. A person in the crowd told my father that he had seen you issue from a notorious gaming house, not a quarter of an hour before we had the misfortune to meet you; oh, let me entreat you to reflect on the inevitable ruin that must result from attending such places.

JANE ASHTON."

"HUGH DELMORE, ESQ."

A lingering hope—an idea that something might occur to soften the severity of her father, or death remove him, had clung to me till now;—this, too, was severed, and in the bitterness of my disappointment, I swore that I would forget her.—Thus I went on. With my associates, I was the gay, the jolly Delmore, the trump, the prince of good fellows—but mine was the hollow gaiety of hopelessness:—the reckless jollity of a heart struggling in noise and riot, to drown the terrible consciousness of its own infamy!

H. D.

## AN AQUATIC PASTORAL;

A TALE OF THE THAMES.

*By a Cockney.*

THE tide was fair and flowing,  
 All rippling gold and pearls,  
 And we, to Twickenham going,—  
 Engaged a boat from Searle's.

The waves beneath were clear,  
 And the sun was overhead;  
 'Twould have done you good to hear  
 All the drolleries we said.

We pulled away with glee,  
 Our wit was on the flow;  
 And, like happy herrings, we  
 Were enraptured with our row.

Thus o'er our little bark  
 No tempest seemed to wait;  
 For we meant to have a "lark,"  
 Though it were "at heaven's gate."

And thus we found, like Pucks,  
 The flowers that fancy culls;  
 And soon rivalled little ducks,  
 In feathering our skulls.

But when, with wearied wing,  
 At length we wished to land,  
 Methought that I could spring  
 From the skiff upon the strand.

So waves and wisdom spurning,  
 I stood upon the seat,  
 And my head was almost turning  
 When I thought upon my feat.

I looked upon the flood,  
 But the boat began to reel;  
 So I slipped—and in the mud  
 Lay embedded like an eel.

Some poles were near, defining  
 The boundaries of the stream;  
 And I struck—the sun was shining—  
 My head against a beam.

But a crowd soon drew about,  
 Attracted by the din;  
 So *doers* drew me out,  
 And then bore me to an inn.

To a girl who brought me brandy,  
 And laughed to see me shiver,  
 I said—"This house is handy  
 For tumbler in the river;

'They're often brought in here!'  
 "Oh! yes, sir; and with reason;  
 There's thousands in a year—  
 But *you're early in the season!*"

"This girl," thought I, "has stumbled  
 Upon the very thing;  
 For I never should have tumbled  
 But in a *backward spring!*" *M. Mag.*

## THE KENTISH FARMER:

AN ANECDOTE.

*For the Olio.**"Stand and deliver!"*

ALTHOUGH the hour was late, the  
 parlour of the Red Lion in the town of

——, in Kent, contained many farmers; and others, whose business had brought them to that day's market.—Market-day is the farmer's weekly holiday, and few neglect to enjoy themselves before they return to their homes. It is, with few exceptions, the only occurrence that relieves their somewhat monotonous life; no marvel then that the farmer is in bed an hour or two later upon these occasions. In the time of our fathers, the houses resorted to by the farmers of those days, were not unfrequently honoured by a visit from a foot-pad or a highwayman, who dropping in, pretended to be travellers; scrutinized the company well, took good care to observe whose pockets seemed bulky or heavy, and laid their plans accordingly to waylay their victim. But these knights of the post have now become almost extinct. Sir Richard Birnie stated, a short time since, that he had not heard of a mounted highwayman for these thirty years past. Whether this be owing to the decay of our national spirit or the "march" of honesty, I shall leave wiser heads to determine; but, certain it is, that highway robberies have become of rare occurrence. Even Hounslow Heath, the name of which was once dreadful to travellers, has lost its terrors, and wealthy nabobs and retired citizens may pass over that celebrated spot at all hours without danger. But to return to the Red Lion. There were about a dozen persons in the little parlour, all of them apparently well satisfied with the sales they had made that day, especially one, who pulling out a large canvass bag, displayed a large sum in gold and bank notes, the produce of a quantity of wheat which he had sold to a person in the town. The sight of the money attracted but little of the farmers' attention, but one man who sat in a corner of the room huddled up in a large grey coat, and wearing his hat over his eyes, observed it with evident satisfaction. To an observation from one of his friends, that it was imprudent to display so much money at such a time, the farmer replied, "Oh, don't busy yourselves about it, no *one* man shall take this from me, and it shall cause two some trouble."—The grey coated stranger smiled at this vaunt, but he was not observed by the company; and shortly after, the farmer having discharged his reckoning, bade his friends good night, and mounting his horse, trotted off down the road towards his home.



Our farmer was indeed, to use a country idiom, an "ugly customer" for a highwayman or a foot-pad. He was tall and powerful; in his youth he had been a very daring and successful smuggler, and was upon many occasions engaged in conflicts with the coast blockade men. He had, however, quitted that dangerous profession for some years, and retired to a small farm at about five miles distant from the town he was now leaving. His road lay through a lonely lane, and over a barren heath, the latter of which he soon reached without interruption. It was a dull and gloomy night,—the pale light of the new moon, which just appeared above the horizon, served to heighten the scene, and the wind swept howling along, and whisked the dry leaves across his path. He had scarcely got half over the heath, when he distinctly heard the approach of a horseman. Thinking it might be one of his friends, and not exactly liking the road he was travelling, our farmer drew bit, and waited the arrival of this person, who, in a few moments, came up and entered into conversation with him.

"You have a dull road to travel," said the stranger, "but such a man as you has little to fear. Your mare is a good one, and you would prove more than a match for many men."

"You are right," replied the farmer, "'twould prove a tough job, as you say, to rob me."

At this moment the stranger presented a pistol at his head, accompanying the action with these words—

"Oh, you repeat your boast do you? now out with the ready, or d—— me if I don't send a bullet through your head! You have only *one* man to deal with, but be quick, or I shall give you a lift to the other world in a crack of time."

The sight of a large horse-pistol within a foot of your head, is enough to appal the stoutest heart; but our farmer did not lose his presence of mind, though, to speak truth, he felt somewhat uneasy. He always rode with a heavy iron handled hunting whip, a thing as well adapted for splitting heads as for opening gates, and those who have lived in the country know full well the value of the latter property. This whip was now grasped tightly by the farmer at the extreme end; but, affecting the most perfect unconcern, he turned towards the highwayman with a smile.

"If you come," said he, "to show your courage by attacking me single-handed, why the devil bring a companion with you? What does that fellow do by your side?"

The highwayman turned his head in search of a third person, and, as he did so, the farmer brought his whip round with a tremendous swinging blow, which took a full effect upon the head of the ruffian, who fell from his horse as if he had been shot, and discharged the pistol in his fall. Fearing that some of the companions of the fallen highwayman were upon the road, the farmer did not dismount to see if his blow had proved fatal, but, spurring his mare, rode at full gallop back to the inn, and related his adventure to his friends, some of whom still sat over their cups. Several of them recollected the grey-coated stranger, and had observed that he called for his bill and departed immediately after our farmer had quitted the inn. They all proceeded immediately to the scene of the rencontre, but the thief had disappeared, and nothing was to be seen but the mark of his fall, and a pool of blood, which plainly indicated that the blow he had received was a terrible one.

This story has had many versions, but the reader may be assured of the truth of the one here given. The hero of the tale is still living as a tradesman in London, and there are many who can testify to the truth of it. E. M. A.

#### DRAMATIC SCRAPS.

*For the Olio.*

##### A DUTCH PLAY.

I had a description, says an old writer, of a Dutch play, given me by an English spectator. It was the story of Abraham sacrificing his son Isaac. But Abraham was armed with a *gun* instead of a sacrificing *knife*. The angel, to prevent the gun from firing, sprinkled some water on it. The ram in the brake, (which was represented with laurel boughs) was a plump fat Dutchman, with fair brow spread antlers on his head, fixed very artificially, and all the decorations were of a piece.

##### INDIAN PHILOSOPHERS AND ACTORS.

Acosta, the Spaniard, that wrote the history of the West Indies before Cortez, says, the Amantas, or Indian philosophers, were also poets, and invented comedies and tragedies, which were acted on their festivals before the king, the royal family, and the court; the actors being the noblemen and great

officers of the army. The subject of their tragedies were the victories and great actions of their ancestors. In their comedies, their household affairs and follies were noticed. The poets taught them what they had to say, not by writing, but by memory, for orthography was not known among the Indians till after the conquest.

#### THE AMERICAN DRAMA.

Lopez de Vega writes that, the Christian religion was propagated among the Americans by the theatre. Every part of gospel history is thrown into a play, and the Indians are the actors instructed by the Jesuits; one acts our Saviour, another St. Peter, a third Pilate, a fourth Judas, and so on. This they consider as the readiest way of instructing the vulgar Indians in the Christian religion, and to fix its sacred history in their minds.

#### SHAKSPEAREAN CLOWNS.

Marlow, in his preface to the *Jew of Malta*, writes that 'Mason and Taylor performed their parts with that excellence, that it was beyond conceiving.' And Baker, in his *Chronicles*, says of three eminent actors, 'Excellency in the meanest things deserves remembrance. Richard Burbidge,\* and Edward Allen,† two such actors, as no age must ever look to see the like; and to make their comedies complete, Richard Tarleton, for the clown's part, never had his match, nor never will have.' What this writer calls the clown's part, were such as Launcelot in the *Merchant of Venice*. Touchstone in *As you Like it*, the Fool in *King Lear*, and parts of the kind which required persons of infinite humour. THESPIS.

#### CHIMES.

BY HORACE GUILFORD.

(For the *Olio*)

I KNOW nothing that gives me more pleasure in returning to dear old England than the thought of hearing once more the music of its melodious belfries. In Scotland you have no such thing as chimes. By chimes, however, I do not mean the artificial measured air that toils wearily through the harsh grated steeple, that awkward as Hercules with Omphale's distaff, transfer the melodies of the polished piano-forte to the gigantic hammers of the granite

campanile. But I speak of that delicious music peculiar to the belfry, and which may be called its natural language, flowing in wild cadences from its embattled brow, like the untaught notes of the blackbird or the thrush—those swelling and exultant peals which few instruments can imitate at all, and of which those who *can*, make but a bungling copy. I speak of those sonorous harmonies, pealing every Sabbath over the lofty mansions of our cities, or echoing through the woody farms, broad meadows, and laughing brooks of our villages—that beloved and delightful descendant, rising and falling in varied repetitions amid the sunny vales of a summer's noon, or caught by fits amid the groans and gushes of a wintry night—that mighty diapason of the tower that strikes up its congratulatory hymn as the bridal train emerge from the venerable church porch, or mingles with the broad blaze and roaring blast that accompany the festal minstrelsy in the latticed halls of Christmas.

I mean that music that calls the decent peasant to praise the giver of his Sabbath's rest, that shakes out its jubilant chorus for the monarch's birth-day, or the chieftain's battle pomp, that thunders in tremendous symphony above the triumphal bonfire, and grows louder as the radiant coloured rockets illuminate the gigantic belfry-windows, where its great wheels, like necromancers, maintaining the glorious turmoil, swing incessantly to and fro. I mean that sound, wanting which, the *proudest* church in Scotland seems like a warrior without his battle-cry, and the *fairest* like a beauty with a discordant voice.

#### The Note Book.

BUONAPARTE'S STYLE OF PLAYING GAMES.

Every thing concurred to render our passage dreary and monotonous. The General had lost four aides-de-camps, Crosier, Sulkowsky, Julien, and Guibert; Caffarelli, Brueys, and many others, were no more. Our certain misfortunes, and the disquietudes of the future, alike threw their gloom over our hours. Nevertheless, though our apprehension was but too just, and intense the pre-occupation of Buonaparte's mind, there were yet times when we sought to unbend from anxiety, or, in familiar phrase, to kill time. Who would have believed it? Instead of cultivating the intellect by

\* His epitaph is 'Exit Burbidge.'

† The founder of Dulwich College, 1624.

learned discussions, we endeavoured to find in *cards* a resource from thought. Well! even in an amusement so frivolous, the character of our companion manifested its peculiar bias. In general, he disliked play; but, since play he must, preference was given to *Vingt et un*, because that game comes to a conclusion sooner than others. If, in describing his noble deeds of arms, he loved to embellish, to vaunt his fortune, so he did not disdain to aid his cards by sleight of hand; in one word, he cheated. He laughed heartily, too, at those little tricks, especially when they were not detected; and, sooth to say, we were already courtiers enough to flatter him in this petty ambition, by voluntarily shutting our eyes. But I ought also to be no less in haste to say, that he never took advantage of these little contrivances in play. When the party broke up, he restored his winnings, which he divided amongst us. The gain, as may be supposed, was no object; but fortune must give him, at the nick of time, an ace or ten, just as she owed him favourable weather on a day of battle; and if fortune failed in her duty, no one was to perceive. He played also at chess, but very rarely, because indifferently, and liked not being beaten at this game, which passes, one knows not well why, for a pretended imitation of the great game of war. At that, Buonaparte feared no one. I remember, at Mantua, his losing a game to General Beauvoir, reckoned one of the best players in Europe, who gave him odds. He was any thing but well pleased. He liked very well to play with me, however, because, though the superior, I was not so much so as to gain always. When successful, he would give over playing, in order to rest upon his laurels.

*Bourriene's Napoleon, Vol. I, Constable's Miscellany, Vol. 57.*

#### LAVATER.

Upon an occasion, the celebrated professor of physiognomy was presented with an excellent cast of Dr. Priestley, and at the same time with a portrait of the Lord Chancellor Thurlow, and his opinion asked of their natural dispositions. His answer was very remarkable, and we leave our readers to form a judgment of Lavater's discernment. On viewing the cast of Dr. Priestley, he said, "This is the resemblance of a man whose principles are unsteady, and who is ever pursuing some new idea." On viewing the portrait of the Chancellor, he exclaimed, "This man is born to rule in Heaven or in Hell!"

## Illustrations of History.

### PROGRESS OF ANATOMY.

The dissection of dead bodies, so necessary to the knowledge of anatomy, was at no very late period looked on as a sacrilege; and the Emperor, Charles V. ordered a consultation of the theologians of Salamanca, to determine whether, in point of conscience, a body might be dissected, in order to obtain a knowledge of its structure.

In the month of January, 1474, the physicians and surgeons of Paris represented to Louis XI. that "several persons of condition were afflicted with the stone, cholic, pains, and stitches in the side, that it would be very proper to inspect the parts where these disorders were engendered; that the greatest light they could receive would be from performing an operation on a living man, and therefore they begged that a franc-archer, condemned to be hanged for robbery, who was frequently afflicted with these complaints, should be delivered up to them."

Their petition was granted, and this operation, the first probably ever made for the stone, was publicly performed in St. Severin's church-yard.

After the operators had examined, and made the experiment, the bowels were replaced in the body, which was sewed up, and so well dressed, that in a fortnight's time he was cured, and was pardoned his crimes. It appears by the philosophical transactions for the year 1667, that the transfusion of blood, from which so great benefits were at that time expected, was tried on Anthony Maurex, a madman. The practice of inoculation was first tried on some criminals, who not only survived themselves, but have saved the lives of thousands; and it appears, that dissection of criminals, when alive, had been practised in the Western Empire, and perhaps earlier, by the Greek physicians.

## Fine Arts.

SCULPTURE—TAM O'SHANTER, SOUTER  
JOHNNY, THE LANDLORD AND LAND-  
LADY.

*Executed by James Thom.*

The Landlady and Tam grew gracious,  
The Souter tauld his queerest stories,  
The Landlord's laugh was ready chorus.

Delightful is the treat to drop out of the realms of St. James's and Old Bond Street, and enter the quiet room in which Mr. Thom's group are seated

In the enraptured pleasure of illustrating the tale of Tam O'Shanter. So much has been written and imaged in the streets in praise of two of these 'merry wags,' who first made their appearance in their propria personæ of sandstone, to the wonder and admiration of artists, critics, and exhibition amateurs, that we pass over their exquisite characteristics for the present, leaving them laughing out openly with their ale in still life, to say a few words of the 'Landlord and Landlady,' now added to the scene. Tam is now represented as holding the Landlady's shrewd countenance, spirit, and attitude, in rivetted attention to his humorous delivery and exposition of the "Tale." Her dress, anxiety, and taste, are in keeping with nature. She is spell-bound—nothing in common parlance would seduce her one inch from her seat; nor is he in haste to give his tongue one period of repose, so well pleasing are the relishes of his agreeable minutes. On the left side of the observer, next to 'Souter Johnny,' sits the 'Landlord' with a horn in his right hand, nearly spilling the liquor as he is operated on by irresistible feelings excited with the last rich conceit of the Souter, who, to take care of his ale till laughter has spent its last drop of joy, holds his thumb on the lid of the tankard, and curls in his lips with unbounded rapture, as he does his foot, accustomed to hold the lapstone.

The Landlord, no longer able to contain his excitation, throws himself back in aid of relieving his life victorious. His upper teeth are in full view, and he nearly slips from his chair to let his muscles stretch from all the quarters of his animated tenement of ten thousand nerves. His face remains in ecstasies, and the current of mirth that gushes in his heart's crimson vessels, cannot be equalled by any happy creature in the wide world's sphere.

Care, mad to see a man see happy.

W'en drown'd himsel among the nappy.

His bones are thickly lined with flesh, and this, even to his buckles, is clad in a coarse suit. His head, by the baldness on the os frontis, gives him a cast of years in the decline of life. The hair, howbeit, divided on each side yields even reverence, 'hope that maketh not ashamed.'

Considering that *stone* is the medium through which Mr. Thom has conveyed his mind from 'Burns to the public;' the conception, poetic effect, and execution, are in unison with the spirited affections of human nature and the best achievements of art.

## Customs of Various Countries.

### THE FEAST OF WILLOWS.

Four kinds of boughs or branches, in accordance with the command as they could be procured, were necessary to keep this feast. The willow and palm branch were almost essential. But if they could not be procured, others were substituted rather than the feast should be delayed. The palm branch, the myrtle and willow, were united into one bunch. When a man took them up to go forth with them, he blessed the Deity for the privilege. He carried the bunch in his right hand, and the pomecitron in his left, as they grew with their roots downward, and their tops waving in the air; but rather than not have the bunch perfect, he waited and diligently sought for the deficient till he completed his wishes. The palm branch might not be less than four hand-breadths in length; the myrtle and willow not less than three. The pomecitron might not be less than an egg, but as much larger as it could be procured. As this triune bunch was borne along, it was waved three times towards each way of the four winds, that the blessing might reach the quarters of the world. During this performance, the 118th psalm was read. It was allowed only to be carried during the day time. The first day of the seven of keeping the feast, was for waving branches; but in the sanctuary, every day. Whoever was bound to the law of the trumpet and of booths, was obliged to carry the palm branches; others were free. The child that knew how to wave it, was bound by the doctrine of the Scribes to carry the branch that it may be trained up in the commandments. Every day the bearers went about the altar once with the palm trees in their hands, and said, "Hosanna save now!" and "Hosanna prosper now!" And on the seventh day, they went about the altar seven times.

PYLADES.

### ANACRONTIANA.

#### SPLITTING THE VOTES.

In a late election at ———, an elector, that had outrun the constable, came to the poll to vote. 'I shall give one vote to X,— one vote to Y—,' said he,—'and another vote to me!' added a sheriff's officer, giving the astonished voter a *plumper* on the shoulder.

#### Literal Couplet in Ratcliff Highway.

Carepets Bett, pOrterin dun,  
ann Jobs pir-FarmD f-re ANyhOnE.

## Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, September 1.

*St. Lupus—High Water 9<sup>45</sup> Morning—Oh 50m After.*

Our saint, who was archbishop of Lens, and sometimes called St. Leu, was particularly distinguished by his benevolence and forgiveness of the greatest injuries. He died A. D. 620.

Sept. 1, 1715.—Died on this day, Louis XIV. The natural good sense of this monarch, combined with his sedateness, would have made him respectable, though not brilliant, in an inferior situation, and it may be said in alleviation of his faults, that never was man more exposed to moral perversion by a bad education, and the extravagant flattery of a whole people, who indulged their own vanity in deifying their monarch. During the reign of Louis, France made great advances, for which the country was no further indebted to him, than as he was a general encourager of every thing which could contribute to his own glory. One of his ablest panegyrist has summed up his character by saying, that, if he was not a great king, he was at least a great actor of royalty.

Thursday, September 2.

*St. Justus, Archbishop of Lyons, died A. D. 390.—Moon Eclipsed, 50m after 8 Even. Eclipse ends 96m after midnight. Digits eclipsed 20° 40' on the Moon's southern limb. Full Moon, 1h 58m Afternoon.*

Sept. 2, 1666.—**FIRE OF LONDON.**—This memorable event begun on a Sunday morning at one o'clock, and being impelled by strong winds, it raged with irresistible fury nearly four days and nights, nor was it entirely mastered till the fifth day after its commencement. Among the scarce prints possessed by the Society of Antiquaries, is one about 25 in. by 12 in., which appears to have been hastily engraved in a rude and scratchy style, for immediate publication after the fire. It was "printed and sold by W. Sherwin, at his shop in Barbican, next door to ye Green Dragon;" and has on it the following inscription and verses:—"The Picture of ye most famous City of London, as it appeared in ye night, in the height of its ruinous condition by fire, Sept. 2, 1666.

"In forty-one, London was very sick  
Of tumult and disorder; lunatlick,  
In sixty-five, (ye fatal years) this City  
Was plagued with tumours, and had few to pity.

In this prodigious years a burning fever  
Did seize our mother, & of breath bereave her.

She both in lechery (and flames) did burne;  
Her ashes lye in a neglected vrne.

Till that her sons do expiate her crime,  
By serving king and country in this time,  
Howere her scorched carcas don't despise;  
A Phoenix from her ashes will rise."

Friday, September 3.

*St. Mansuet, bish. of Toul, died A. D. 375.—Sun rises 17m after 5—sets 43m after 6.*

**BARTHOLEMEW FAIR.**—At a season like the present, when this scene of hubbub and confusion reigns in all its glory, it may not be out of place to introduce here a note of its origin, and of fairs in general. The metropolitan fair is held under a charter granted by Henry II. to the priory of St. Bartholemew, and confirmed by succeeding monarchs. This fair, Stowe says, was appointed to be kept yearly at Bartholemew-tide, for three days; to wit, the eve, the day, and the next morrow. It was no doubt originally intended chiefly as a fair of business, as the same historian says, the clothiers of England and drapers of London repaired to it, "and had their booths and standing within the church-yard of this priory, closed in with walls and gates, locked every night, and watched for safety of men's goods and wares." Fairs were first instituted by Romulus, who directed a kind of market should be held, under the superintendence of proper officers, for the purpose of traffic, as also of hearing the laws promulgated, upon every ninth day; hence they were called by the Romans *Nundinae*. About the eighth century, these kind of meetings assumed the name of Fairs, from their being held in places where the markets, or feasts of the dedication of churches, called *feriae*, were celebrated, in order that trade and pleasure might be made subservient to the cause of religion. These fairs, though probably introduced by the Romans, are not, however, noticed till the time of Alfred, who made some regulations concerning them in 886; at which period the Piepowder Courts were established; upon these occasions, booths were erected, and public shows exhibited; they were also attended by jugglers and buffoons.

Saturday, September 4.

*St. Ida, Widow. 4th Cent.—High Water 41m after 2 Morn—2m after 3 Evening.*

Sept. 4, 1657.—On this day the funeral of the brave Admiral Blake took place with great magnificence: he was interred at the Protector Cromwell's expence in Westminster Abbey, from which place his remains were removed by the order of Charles II. in 1661, and re-interred in the church-yard of St. Margaret.

Sunday, September 5.

THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

*Lessons for the Day—19 chapter Kings, b. 2, morn—23 chapter Kings, b. 2, Even.*

Sept. 5, 1548.—Expired Catherine Parr, wife to the amorous sovereign, Henry VIII., whom she was fortunate enough to survive. Catharine Parr was a prudent, amiable woman; and, though neither over-young, nor exquisitely handsome, she found means to gain more influence with her capricious mate than either of the young beauties who had preceded her.

Monday, September 6.

*St. Bees of Ireland, Vir.—Sun rises 23m after 5—sets 26m after 6*

Sept. 6, 1813.—A curious circumstance occurred this day, developing the longevity of trees. An oak, near Marmion, in Monmouthshire, fell, which, from the account given in Mr. Pennant's Tour, had been growing in the time of Owen Glendower.

Tuesday, September 7.

*St. Cloud, Confes. A. D. 560.—High Water 48m after 4 Morning—10m after 5 After.*

Sept. 7, 1709.—Born on this day, at Lichfield, the great levathan of literature, Dr Samuel Johnson. Had we space here, we should insert a poem by our friend Horace Gulliford, upon the Doctor's *WILLOW*, a relic often an object of curiosity to those who visit the natal place of this great genius. However, in our next it will appear.



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## Illustrated Article.

### THE UNEARTHLY WITNESS.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

SIR,—With regard to the story which has reached you of the late consternation caused at Castle Gower, by the return of William Tibbers from the grave, and the events following on that phenomenon, I am without doubt enabled to write you at great length. And if a man is allowed to take the evidence of his own senses, I am entitled to vouch for the truth of a part of my narrative.

You knew Mr. William Tibbers, at least I remember of your having met with him. He was a man of that specious cast, of that calm reasoning demeanour, that he had great influence with all the gentlemen of the county, and could have carried any public measure almost that he pleased among them, so purely disinterested did all his motives and arguments appear. He was employed by them all, as a factor, a valuator, a land-letter, and an umpire in all debates. And then such general

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satisfaction he gave in all cases. O, there was no man like old Willie Tibbers ! He was quite a public benefit to the country, and a credit to the class to which he belonged.

So far, so well. This was the opinion of the gentlemen concerning him, at least of all, save one or two, and their shakes of the head, and hems and haws, were quite drowned in the general buzz of approbation. But the sentiments of the common people relating to him differed widely from those of their superiors. They detested him ; accounting him a hollow-hearted deceitful person ; an extortioner, and one who stuck at no means, provided he could attain his own selfish purposes. They even accused him of some of the worst and most flagrant crimes heard of among men ; and I have heard them say they could prove them. This may, however, have originated in the violence of their prejudices ; but there is one thing I know, and there is no worse mark of a man—he was abhorred by his servants, and I do not think one of them would ever have staid a second season with

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him for double wages. Such was the man, of whose fate you are pleased to enquire, and of whose singular destinies I am now to give you an account.

When the good Sir John died, Mr. Tibbers was chosen by the relatives as acting trustee or factor, on the estate of which he got his will, for the young baronet was abroad in the army; and the rest of the trustees, knowing the late Sir John's embarrassments, cared not to trouble their heads much about it. And, in short, after an altercation of six or seven years, between the young laird and the old factor, the estate was declared bankrupt, and sold, and William Tibbers became the purchaser of the best part of it. The common people of our district made a terrible outcry about this; but the thing was not so extraordinary after all. It is rather a common occurrence for the factor to become the laird, and I know six or seven very prominent instances of it as having occurred in my own remembrance.

But the young baronet was neither to be holden nor bound. He came home in a great rage to expose the factor and get him hanged, and reverse all the sales of his father's property. As a prelude to this bold undertaking, he summoned a meeting of the friends and trustees of the family, before whom compared the calm and specious William Tibbers. But the fury, the extravagance, and the utter defiance contained in the young soldier's accusations, had no weight when laid in the balance against the calm and strong reasoning of Tibbers, who concluded every statement by regretting, with tears, that the case was so, but he made it plain to them that it could not be otherwise. The friends only smiled at the indignation of the young baronet; but acquitted, on every charge, their respected friend, Mr. Tibbers. This decision drove the young soldier beyond all bounds. He threatened his ruinator with the High Court of Justiciary, of which Tibbers highly approved. He threatened him with every sort of vengeance which it is possible for one to inflict on another; and, finally, with a flogging every day when they met, until he should render him up his just rights.

This last threat the soldier was not long in putting in execution, for no sooner had they left the court, than he began and gave him a good lashing with his hunting-whip, cursing him most potently all the while. Tibbers replied to all with a grin of despite, and these words, "O, how sweetly you shall re-

pent of this!" He flogged him afterwards at the market of our county town, and another time at church, or at least on the way from it; on both of which times Tibbers resisted unto blood, which was fine diversion for the soldier, and made him double his stripes.

The country gentlemen deprecated these outrages in unmeasured terms, and said it was a shame to see an old man maltreated in that manner, and that this young bully ought to be legally restrained, for it did not behove that he should be suffered to come among them and take the law into his own hand. Some of them ventured to expostulate with him, but he only sneered at them, and answered, that no body knew how he had been used but himself, and that the old villain had not got one third of what he intended for him as yet; but he hoped he would live to see him hanged, that would be some comfort.

The common people viewed the matter quite in a different light. They were grieved at the violence of the young baronet, who, for his father's sake, was their darling; but it was for his own safety alone that they feared, for they were sure that Tibbers was studying some secret and consummate vengeance upon him. He never in his life, they said, bore a grudge at any one whom he did not ruin; and yet the deed never appeared to proceed from him, and never had he got such cause of offence as from the young baronet. Their predictions were too soon fulfilled, though, in all probability, not in the way Tibbers premeditated. At this time an event happened, which seems to have changed the vantage ground of the parties in a very particular manner.

Here there is a great hole in the ballad, as the old singers were wont to say. My narrative must grow confused, because the real events are not known to me, nor, as far as I can gather, to mortal man. All that was certainly known, is as follows:—

The soldier, who had been watching his opportunity, nay, straining every nerve to discover something that would show the man in his true colours, now gained his purpose. He discovered him in some deadly crime, with full proof of its commission; of this there is no doubt. But what that crime was, or whether committed at that time or on a former day, I declare I know not.—Reports were various and contradictory. It was said, and believed, that the young

baronet got his cue from a man who had once been a servant with Tibbers, and that he followed it out with such persistency, as to watch his enemy night and day till he made the discovery he wanted. I have examined this man oftener than once, and though he admits that "he has a sayan guid guess" what the offence was with which the captain charged Tibbers, he will not so much as give a hint concerning it; but, on the contrary, always try to mislead from one thing to another. This then is the first great blank in the narrative, for I dare not even mention some of the reports that were current among the common people.

But one day, as Tibbers was standing among his harvest workers, the young baronet and Mr. Alexander McGill, a friend of his, and a relation of my own, came briskly up to him on foot. He, suspecting some new outrage, drew close to his work-people, and thus addressed his determined persecutor, "You had better refrain from any of your mad pranks to-day, spark; else, depend on it, I have those about me will chastise you."

"I don't regard these a pin," returned he; "but I am come to-day with a different intention—namely, to make you a full and final recompense for all the favours you have so liberally bestowed upon my late father and me."

"I have never done ought either to you or your father which the laws of my country will not support me in," said he; "and while I have the law on my side, I defy you, and will yet revisit all your outrages upon your head sevenfold."

"O, it is a noble thing the law of our country," exclaimed the soldier; "it is that which protects the innocent against the fangs of the oppressor, and bestows the due awards of justice on the villain and the wretch. And now to that blessed and infallible establishment I cheerfully resign you, old fellow. I have you on the hip now, and may honour blast my name if I do not follow up my advantage till I see you strapped like a worrying colley?"

The young baronet then, with a face of the most inveterate exultation, stepped forward, and in an under voice informed Mr. Tibbers of something, appealing to McGill as a witness. The old fellow drew himself up with a shiver that shook his whole frame; his countenance changed into the blue and pallid hue of death, his jaws fell down, and his whole frame became rigid, and there

he stood gazing on his accusers as if in the phrenzy of despair, until the malignant turned on his heel, and desired his humbled enemy to go to dinner with what stomach he had.

This scene was witnessed by twenty people, although none of them heard the accusation. Tibbers spoke not a word; his spirit shrunk within him like that of a man going to execution. He drew his cloak closer about him, and hasted home to his house, in which were none but his two daughters. When there, he threw himself upon the bed, and exclaimed, "O, girls, I am ruined! I am ruined! I am gone! gone! gone! I am ruined and undone for ever, and you are ruined and undone for ever! We must fly from our country this night, this very night, or hide our faces where they can never be seen again! O death, death! I dare not cross your dark threshold of my own accord! And yet I would hide me in the depths of the grave."

In this way he continued raving on till towards the evening, and, as the girls declared afterwards, would tell them nothing, save that they were all three undone. At night he sent express for his attorney, who had conducted all his legal business, knew his parents, and was suspected to be even a greater villain than himself. The two consulted together the whole night, counted over a great deal of money, and early the next morning set off for the county town. The young baronet and Mr. McGill followed some hours after, as Tibbers well knew they would, to deliver him up into the hands of justice. But he was before hand with them for that day, for when they arrived none of the functionaries were to be found, and nothing could be done.

Tibbers must now have been put to his last shift; for it was perceived, that when the two gentlemen went up to the sheriff's house, that Tibbers was watching them; and as they returned disappointed, he immediately made up to them and desired to speak with them. At first they looked at him with disdain, mixed with abhorrence, as men look upon a reptile; but on hearing what he said, they retired with him into an angle of the church which stands in the middle of the main street, where all the three stood debating for nearly an hour. There were hundreds of eyes saw this; for it was market-day, and all their motions were well remem-



bered afterwards. They were manifestly entering into some agreement, for it was noted that the fiery and impatient soldier, after turning several times on his heel, as if to go away, at length held out his hand to Tibbers, which the latter, after a good deal of hesitation, struck, as people do on concluding a bargain. They went through the same motion a second and a third time, and then it appeared that the agreement was settled, for all the three went away together towards the river, which runs not above two bow-shots from the spot where they were standing. They were seen to go all three into a boat by some people who were at that instant crossing the ferry to the market. The boat had a sail, and was managed by two seamen whom none of the party knew, and she immediately bore down the river before the wind.

I have been the more minute in those particulars, because they are the only ones known on which positive conjectures could be grounded. It was judged probable by those who witnessed the transaction, that, in order to get quit of the young man's insolence and upbraidings, Tibbers might have proffered him a good part of his father's estate again, in order to enjoy the rest in tranquillity. But then these people knew nothing of the hideous discovery made, and which it is quite manifest could not then, nor ever after, have been revealed. But what strengthened the people's conjecture most, was this. The sheriff was known to be that day down at the village on the quay, five miles below the town, taking evidence on some disputed goods, and the greyhounds and terriers of the law along with him; and it was thought that, in order to strike the iron while it was hot, the parties had gone down forthwith to have their agreement ratified.

They did not, however, call either on the sheriff or any of the writers, nor has the young baronet or his friend ever been more heard of, either alive or dead, unto this day. Their horses remained at the hotel, which created some alarm; but no person could perceive any danger to which the young gentlemen could have been exposed. At what time Tibbers returned to his own house, was not known; but it was nearly a week before he was discovered there, and then so frightfully altered was he in appearance, that scarcely any person could have recognized him for the same man. He had moreover, a number of wounds upon him. Strong suspicions were raised against him. The common people were

clamorous beyond measure; and the consequence was, that he was seized and examined, but nothing could be made out against him to warrant his commitment. In his declaration, he stated, that he had bribed the young man with almost every farthing he himself was worth, to go once more abroad, and not to return to Scotland again during his (Mr. Tibbers's) life, and that he had gone accordingly. He stated farther, that he had gone and seen him aboard before paying him the money, and that Alexander McGill was with him when he left him; whether he went abroad with him he could not tell; but they had plenty of money to carry them both to any part of the known world.

There was a plausibility in this statement, as there was in every statement that Tibbers made. Still it was far from being satisfactory to the friends of the young gentlemen. He could neither tell the name of the ship nor the name of the captain with whom they sailed, but pretended that they made choice of the vessel themselves; and he took no heed to either the ship or the master. A reward was offered for the discovery of the two boatmen. They were never discovered; and with this vague statement and suspicious detail of circumstances, people were obliged to rest satisfied for the present, presuming, that, in the common course of events, the darkest shades in which they were involved would be brought to light.

They never have as yet been disclosed by any of those common concatenations of circumstances which so often add infallibly to the truth. But the hand of the Almighty, whose eye neither either slumbers or sleeps, was manifestly extended to punish Wm. Tibbers, though for what crime or crimes I dare not infer. The man became a terror to himself and to all who beheld him; and certainly, if he was not haunted, as the people said, by a ghost, or some vengeful spirit, he was haunted by an evil conscience, whose persecutions were even more horrible to endure. There were two men hired to watch with him every night, and his cries during that season were often dreadful to hear. These men did sometimes speak of sayings that tended to criminate him, more ways than one; but the words of a person in that state of excitement, or rather derangement, no man can lay hold of. By day he was composed, and walked about by himself, and sometimes made a point of attending to his secular concerns. But wherever he showed his face, all were

struck with dumb amazement, an indefinable feeling of terror which words cannot describe. It was as if a cold tremor had seized on the vitals, and frozen up the genial currents of their souls. He was a Magur-missabub; an alien in the walks of humanity from whom the spirits of the living revolted, and the spirits of the dead attached themselves.

But one day it so happened that this man of horrors was missing, and could no where be found; nor could any one be found who had seen him, save a crazy old woman, named Bessy Rieves, and of her account the keepers could make nothing.

"Did you see aught of our master going this way, Bessy?"

"Ay, ay! the dead tells nae tales, or there wad be plenty o' news o' Willie Tibbers the day. There wad be a sister an' a daughter, a baronet and a young gentleman, an' a poor harmless gardener lad into the bargain; a' huddled out o' sight to hide the crimes o' ane! Ay, ay, the grave's a good silencer for tell-tales, an' a deposite for secrets that winna keep; but a voice may come frae the grave, an' a lesson frae the depths of the sea to teach the sinner his errors. I saw Willie Tibbers; an' I saw a' thae waitin' on him. He's in braw company the day! But he had better be in the lion's den, or on the mountains of the leopards. Ay, he had better hae been in the claws o' the teegar than in yon bonny company. The pains o' the body are naething, but it's an awfu' thing to hae the soul sawn asunder! Ye may gang up the hill, an' down the hill, ower the hill, an' roun' the hill, but ye'll never find the poor castaway that gate. Gang ye to M'Arrow's grave the night, and note the exact spot that the moon rises at; and when ye gang there ye will either find Willie Tibbers, or ane unco like him."

The men took no notice of this raving, but continued the search; and all the domestics and retainers of the family were soon scattered over the country, and sought till the next night, but found nothing. That night the words of daft Betty came to be discussed, and some of those present judged it worth while to take a note of the place, which they did. But M'Arrow's grave being on the top of the little hill behind the manse that bears his name, the rising of the moon was so distant, that they said Mr. Tibbers could not, without wings, have travelled to that spot. Yet, incredible as it may appear to you, nearly about that

spot was Tibbers's body found, but so distorted and bloated that but for the clothes no one could have recognized it. I request you to pay particular attention to this. About forty-six miles from his own house, in the county adjoining ours to the southward, and on the lands of Easter Tulloch, there was a body found, which was clothed in Mr. Tibbers's apparel from crown to toe; but farther than this, no man could depose, or even say that there was a likeness between the body found and the one lost. However, the body was taken home, and interred as the body of William Tibbers, and his two handsome daughters were declared joint heiresses of his property and great wealth.

The astonishment that now reigned among the country people was extreme, and the saying of old crazy Betty Rieves caused the most amazement of all; and it was averred, without a dissentient voice, that spirits had carried off Willie Tibbers through the air, and tortured him to death, and strange lights were reported to have been seen that day he was lost; but you may conceive how this amazement was magnified, when, immediately subsequent to these alarms, it was as confidently reported that the ghost of Tibbers walked, and had been seen and spoke with about his late habitation!

I never remember of any sensation like the one that prevailed in our district at that period. I had lived to see the war come to our doors, the chapel burnt, and our cattle driven off with impunity; but the consternation then was not half so great as at the period of which I am writing. I preached against it, I prayed publicly that the Almighty would moderate it; yet I thought that all this only made matters the worse. People actually left off their necessary labour, and gathered in crowds to gape, stare, talk, and listen about ghosts; and of murdered people returning from the grave and the bottom of the sea, to which they had been sunk with a hundred pounds weight of lead at every foot, to wreak the vengeance of God on a monster of humanity.

Matters now went all topsy-turvy at Castle-Gower together. The heir was lost—totally lost; for he had never joined his regiment, nor been heard of at any part; and the next heir of entail arrived from Lower Canada to take possession of the titles and emoluments of the estate. The latter of those was much reduced, for all the land had been

of late sold, except the entailed part, and that was considerably burdened. But now that Tibbers was out of the way, he had great hopes of reducing the late estate, and recovering the whole of the family property. Accordingly, an action was raised against the heirs of the late Mr. Tibbers, who defended, and the cause was tried in the High Court of Justiciary, among the records of which you will find it; for I do not know the particulars, and can only define the feelings that prevailed here.

Mr. Tibbers's two daughters had retired to Edinburgh, to escape the confusion and terror that prevailed at home. They were amiable girls, and as much beloved by the common people as their father was hated. On the other hand, the upstart, Sir Thomas, as he now called himself, was a low-bred, vulgar, and disagreeable person, and was as much hated by the gentry as the commoners; so that the feeling with us was wholly in favour of the two young ladies, and it is amazing what anxiety was manifested on their account. The people said they could not tell whether the defenders' late father had played false in his trusteeship or not. His employers had judged otherwise, and, at all events, the lovely and innocent young girls had no hand in his guilt, but had been tyrannized over all their lives. All parties, however, agreed in this, that if Johnie Gaskirk, who had acted as attorney for Mr. Tibbers all his lifetime, and knew of every transaction, stood as true to the cause of the daughters as he had always done to that of the father, they were invincible; but if he was bribed to take the other side, all was lost, and of this every one saw the danger; for the other party had been dangling with him and consulting him.

What side Johnie Gaskirk had resolved to take, will never be known. Probably the one that paid him best, had not an incident happened that turned the scale in favour of his old employer. I know nothing about law, or law terms, and the less, perhaps, the better. But the success of the plea turned eventually on the want of a duplicate of a disposition. The pursuers denied the possession of it, arguing, that the one produced by the counsel of the defenders was a forgery, and the latter could find no proof of its delivery. Three times there were cunning men dispatched all the way from Edinburgh to our county town,

145 miles, to consult Johnie Gaskirk, but neither of the parties were much the wiser.

One night, however, as Johnie was sitting alone in his office, with all the late Mr. Tibbers's papers before him, comparing dates, and taking notes, who should enter but Mr. Tibbers himself, and that in a guise which would have struck any man dead, save Johnie Gaskirk, who seems to have had nerves of steel. But be it considered that this frightful apparition opened the door of the office and came in like another man. It was dressed in the deceased's every day suit, the same in which the corpse had been found, but its features were what Johnie called, "unco gast!"

"Lord preserve us, Mr. Tibbers!" said Johnie.

"Amen! if you be honest," said the apparition, standing straight up with its back to the door, and its eyes turned on the floor.

"Honest, sir?" said Johnie Gaskirk, hesitating. "Ye ken the folks said that neither you nor I were very singular for honesty. But God be wi' us, Mr. Tibbers, we thought you had been dead, but it seems you have been only in hiding."

"Only in hiding," responded the figure.

"Ay, ay! Ye war aye a queer man a' your days, an' had queer gates," said Johnie. "But this is the strangest man-o-ver of a'. This alters the case very materially."

"Yes, in so far as that, if you dare to pursue your present plans, I'll hang you," said the apparition. "That duplicate—Dare you for your neck, for you never set your soul at a farthing's value, deny the subscribing and delivery of that paper in this office?"

"A man may be allowed to forget a thing, ye ken, sir," said Johnie. "And truly, though I think it natural that there should have been a duplicate, else the transaction wasna worth a doit; yet I canna say that I remember ought about it."

"You do, you dog. It was signed by you and James Anderson, now in Montrose, and given to Mr. Baillie, who now thinks proper to deny it, and who has likely put it out of the way. But your three oaths will prove its existence. If you shuffle and decline doing this, I will first hang you, and then produce the paper in court to the proper authorities."

Having said this, the stern and hag-

gard figure of William Tibbers withdrew, and left his little attorney in an indescribable state. He declared till his death that he was not frightened, believing it to be the real William Tibbers, but that he was awfully confused and stupid. When he learned, a few minutes thereafter, that the street door had never been opened nor unbolted, then did his flesh begin to creep, his hairs to stand on end, and he knew not what to think. The first idea that then struck him, was that the hideous figure was concealed in his own house, an inmate of whose vicinity he little approved.

(*To be continued.*)

### JOHNSON'S WILLOW IN STOW MEADOWS.

BY HORACE GUILFORD.

(*For the Olio*)

OLD Briareus of the meadows!  
What a homage hath been thine,  
Since thy hundred-handed shadows  
Chequer'd first the gold sunshine.  
In thy full meridian splendour,  
When the yellow girdled Spring  
Turn'd from thee her glances tender,  
None like thee were blossoming.  
Regal Summer then appearing,  
Look'd her leafy castles o'er;  
There were none such grandeur wearing,  
None such banner'd branches bore.  
Thee the bolt that rends asunder  
Nought ignoble, deign'd to deem  
Worth his weapon—thee the thunder  
Graced with shuddering regimen.  
When the hurricane was raging  
Through the forest leaf and bough,  
There were none so proudly waging  
Warfare with the fiend, as thou.  
Now,—tho' Heav'n no longer launches  
Flame on thine imperial crest;  
Though the blast disdains thy branches,  
Deadlier foes thy form invest!  
Age,—(thy heart of heart besieging)—  
Age, whose weapons never err,  
Left thee, Titan of the region,  
One colossal cylinder.  
Undermin'd and disappear'd,  
'Neath the tempest's wintry roar,  
The very owls had with thee quarrell'd,  
Well they deem'd thy day was o'er.  
Yet, old king! tho' age and weather  
Join'd to snatch thee from the sky,  
Even then of both together  
Thou did'st brave th' artillery.  
Still when virgin Spring around thee  
Choral breezes gently led,  
And with gilded tassels crown'd thee,  
Quickly green'd thy gracious head.  
And, when stately Summer glowing,  
Sought in thee her lordliest bower,  
Still thy thick boughs waved, bestowing  
Shelter from her paramour.  
Thus the gray-hair'd chieftain lonely  
Views his huge baronial hall,  
Where his tarnish'd banners only  
Make him wish the peaceful pall;

Where a thousand vassals waited,  
Scarcely ten his host obey,  
Drain'd his chests with treasure freighted,  
Spiders mock his armoury.

Yet if roused by bright achievement,  
How the wither'd warrior fires!  
How he breathes in his bereavement  
All the spirit of his sires!

To the winds his standard given,  
Floats in beauty once again;  
Plume and harness flash to Heaven,  
From his thinn'd but dauntless train.

Men behold with veneration  
His impoverish'd array,  
Triumphing o'er desolation,  
And intrepid in decay

### THE POSTHUMOUS LETTERS OF HUGH DELMORE, ESQ.

LETTER II.

(*For the Olio.*)

I should weary or disgust you, which is much the same thing, were I to dwell upon the events of the three succeeding years: you will easily believe that, at the end of this period, my moderate fortune was much impaired; while my visits to the gaming table became more and more frequent. At last that terrible night that was to decide my future destiny,—that sent me forth a wanderer, and I believe a maniac, over boundless seas and desert shores,—to broil beneath the sun of Africa—endure the torments of protracted hunger—to be a slave, and bow my head to the lash of the infidel; and, oh, misery! to abjure my blessed Saviour, to cast from me the promised hopes of a life eternal, and, to save this wretched clay from the executioner, to become another Judas—worse! to trample upon the blessed cross, and bow to the bloody and accursed crescent! This night came!—They plied me with large draughts of champagne, and they laughed at my scruples of caution and fear. I doubled with desperate enterprise each succeeding adventure, till I had set my all upon a cast,—and *all* was gone!

I uttered not a word; but, in the cool indifference of despair, walked from the accursed spot. It was a bright spring morning, but its bland, mild breeze seemed to blow on my fevered cheek, and to chill my scalding blood, even as the blasts of December. I wandered on towards Covent Garden, and entered a house open at that early hour. Around large tables sat groups of men and women: the wild laugh, the execration of blasphemy, and the clang of contention mingled in disgusting confusion. In the haggard features there I read profligacy, remorse, agony, and despair!—

but I sat down, and joined in their obscene and loathsome ribaldry, for I seemed to feel a strange pleasure in so horrible a communion!

The nights were now spent by me in the vilest debauchery, the day in sleeping away its stupifying effects. Reflection was intolerable, and until I had drowned it in half intoxication, I was sullen, peevish, and nervous. My appearance gradually became squalid and wretched, and my deportment bespoke the change in my circumstances. I shuffled hurriedly through the streets, dejected and downcast,—my hands constantly thrust into my pockets and my body bent almost double. The friends of my prosperity shunned me, or did I by chance meet them in the streets, they affected not to see me, or merely *honoured* me with a cold and contemptuous nod of recognition. One by one, my trinkets, next my books, and, at last, my wearing apparel went to supply the calls of nature, and to gratify the insatiable appetite I had acquired for ardent spirits. At length the crisis arrived! I had nothing remaining but the clothes upon my back, and some fourteen or sixteen shillings. Heedless whither, I wandered about the streets all the day through. I had lost all care, all command of myself; I ran against the foot passengers, and was rebuked or laughed at for my stupidity; a coach or cart nearly ran over me, and the driver swore at and lashed me with his long whip; but I heeded not their execrations nor did I feel their violence. Night at length overtook me, and I sat down on the bank of the Serpentine, in Hyde Park, gazing on its placid waters, rippling and flickering in the moonlight; but the calm beauty of the hour affected me not, nor did I heed the heavy dew that descended,—I sat all the night long in desperate, stolid insensibility.

A milkman, who had noticed me as he went to town with his milk, seeing me on his return in the same position—my arms folded upon my breast, and my head bent down upon my bosom—approached me, and in a tone of compassion asked why I sat there? I replied not, and he repeated his question, adding, as he placed his hand upon my shoulder, which was wet with the night dew, “You’ll catch your death of cold—do get up, God bless you!”—I rudely shook his hand from my person, and morosely bade him mind his own business.

“I thought I had,” replied the man, with a sentiment above his station;—

“I thought I had, in endeavouring to assist the unfortunate or the unhappy.”

I believe every feeling of humanity had at that moment deserted me, for I burst into a wild laugh, and springing on my feet ran from the good-hearted creature, with as much speed as my wearied and stiffened limbs would permit.

I was truly now what my uncle had often prophesied I should be—a penniless, houseless vagabond! Many, many a night have I wandered through the spacious streets of the metropolis, sinking with fatigue and famine; but there was not one among its million inhabitants to pity—to relieve me. In the day, I beheld on every side the riches and the comforts of life, but to *me* they were as the viands of Tantalus. I was another Cain—all shrunk from me,—a mark, a curse seemed clinging to me!

Oh, God! oh, God! could a youth, when about to embark on the broad ocean of life, with passions warm and unrestrained, but reflect on the utter ruin, the wreck of happiness and peace of mind, their unbridled indulgence will entail upon him—would he—dare he be their slave!

Sauntering listlessly through Oxford-street, I accidentally brushed rather roughly against the person of a lady, and on raising my languid and heavy eyes, as I mechanically muttered some words of apology, they encountered those of my cousin Jane. The recognition was mutual and instantaneous: she turned pale as marble, and grasping tightly the arm of a gentleman on whom she leant, quickened her pace, as if to avoid me. On my side, a sense of bitter shame and humiliation was mingled with some portion of resentment, that she, whom I thought would, at least, compassionate my situation, should thus unequivocally evince the contempt and abhorrence in which she held me. *She* was happy and virtuous,—surrounded by approving friends, and with all the blessings of life; while I, the companion of her youth, allied to her by blood, and once the beloved of her heart, was a squalid and penniless profligate,—an object only for the cold and pitiless finger of scorn to point at. I turned to look once again upon her still dear form—*still*, why death alone can sever that image from my heart; my love for her is portion of my being, and but with it can die,—she, too, was looking back; but was there scorn or indignation in

her sweet eyes?—no, no, they swam in tears, and I knew they were for me; yet I dared not, I could not approach her. I shrank abashed, like a fallen spirit from an angel of light; and as my unsteady footsteps bore me from her presence, burning tears forced themselves slowly from my eyes, and I felt a sensation of choking amounting to agony. While yet gasping for breath, a hand was laid gently on my shoulder, and a voice of kindness pronounced my name.

I looked up,—it was Jane's companion, a mild looking and elegant man, about three years my senior. Will you believe it, my friend, that softened as my spirit was by the preceding scene, my hateful pride returned in full tide at this interference. I could not bear that *he*, perhaps my fortunate successor in the affections of my cousin, should witness my degradation and destitution, and I haughtily uttered, "Sir?"

"Pardon me," continued he; and there was something so bland and conciliating in his manner, that my attention was irresistibly engaged; "but your cousin, Miss Ashton, requested that I would follow to—*to*," and very delicacy made him pause.

I thought not of my lost condition; the most extravagant and hopeless anticipations floated in my mind, and I impetuously exclaimed—"And did she then—" but glancing at my abject and emaciated figure, I groaned aloud, and burst into a passion of tears.

My companion said nothing, but motioning to a hackney-coach, handed me unresistingly into it, and took his seat by my side.

"Where shall I bid the man drive?" he asked with much delicacy.

"Where!" I repeated ghastly.

That word so uttered sufficed. He at once ordered the driver to proceed to a private, respectable tavern in the neighbourhood. I will not attempt to relate that which passed between us; sufficient, however, escaped him, in answer to my eager enquiries, to convince me of the situation in which he stood with relation to Jane. And could I accept from *his* hand, even as the minister of my angel cousin, assistance—*alms*—the thought was wormwood! Yet to hear her praises from *his* lips was a sad and soothing pleasure, for it seemed to rivet anew the connexion my vices had severed with a being so pure. And she pitied me—she had never forgotten one abandoned even by himself, and would now, at the risk of her inexora-

ble father's anger, stretch forth her generous hand to snatch me from the deep abyss I had dug for myself, and into which I had fallen. Tears—but they were holy ones, for my perverted and wayward spirit was, for a moment, softened—filled my eyes, and my dry feverish lips murmured a heart-felt benediction on her head.

Profiting by these favourable symptoms, Mr. — took my hand, and resumed the topic in terms at which the most jealous sensibility could not have taken alarm. "You have been unfortunate and indiscreet," said he, "but the lessons of adversity will be a beacon to you in future, and you have got warm friends."

"I know it, I feel it," I exclaimed.

"And you will be guided by them," said he, anxiously watching the fluctuation of my countenance.

Again the bitter idea of *charity* arose to my mind, and with it a firm determination to reject it from any, more especially from *their* hands. I arose from my seat, and, with a bursting heart and aching head, moved towards the door.

What succeeded from this moment until I found myself lying upon a bed in a neat apartment, and attended by a decent matron, I know not. A confused and hideous mass of ideas, like the chaotic images of a troubled dream, floated in my brain. I thought that I had passed the silent and awful boundary of the grave, and had entered the abodes of fallen spirits, and partaken in their tortures and their sufferings; then a bright and seraphic form arose, and stretching its gracious arms over me, the burning lake on which I writhed, and the legions of the damned, that chorused my frantic and blasphemous wailings, were exchanged for delicious shades, and the hymnings of pure and happy spirits.

I tried to raise myself on the pillow in vain; so weak and powerless had suffering and privation left me. My attendant observed the action, and turned her eyes upon me.

"Tell me," said I, "how came I hither—where am I?"

My words appeared somewhat to surprise and gratify her. She laid her hand upon my forehead, and replied, in accents of kindness, "There, keep yourself quiet, and all will be well yet."

The struggle of feelings excited by the accidental meeting with my cousin Jane, and the subsequent interview with

Mr. —, had been too great for my exhausted frame and crushed spirits. After staggering a pace or two from the tavern, I fell insensible to the pavement. Mr. — had compassionately watched and followed my footsteps, and he caused me to be lifted up and again conveyed into the house. I never enquired what explanation he gave to the people; for two months I had laid almost in a state of torpor, save occasionally when sullen fits of weeping, or muttered and unmeaning expressions escaped me.

Another and another weary month of bodily and mental suffering brought me to the threshold of death, yet without producing any wholesome and holy reformation in my spirit. On the contrary, I moodily persuaded myself that all I had and then suffered, had been occasioned by the unjust prejudices and abandonment of my natural protectors. I did not recollect, or take into account how wilfully I had abused and perverted the bounties with which a beneficent providence had endowed me, and I awaited in callous indifference the moment which would rid me of an existence hateful to myself, and a burden to others.

I saw Mr. — almost daily. He endeavoured, with unceasing perseverance, to arouse me from my desponding condition; yet, though I could not but respect his motives and his kindness, his very presence, by suggesting to my mind the woeful contrast in our situations, rather added to my mental disease.

Thus I hung, as it were, by a thread between life and death; when an unlooked-for incident occurred to give another and decided bias to my mind. This was the death of my guardian, (Mr. H—.) He had bequeathed me a legacy of £500, with a parental recommendation that I would profit by that I had endured, and endeavour to regain the station in life and the esteem of the good, which I had sacrificed by my past follies.

Mr. — was the bearer of these glad tidings. "I have rare news for you, Delmore," said he, as he entered my room in high spirits, and took his seat by my bed-side. I had long entreated him to prevail on my cousin Jane to visit me; "the sight of her—the pressure of her dear hand would do more to restore my health and strength, and nerve my mind to future exertions, than all the apothecary's drugs, or *your homilies*," I was wont to add, with an

attempt at pleasantry; but Mr. — would represent that such an interview would be highly distressing to her, and that her father, though he knew and sanctioned his visits, would be highly incensed did she attempt to see me.— Every pulse in my body then quickened with hope at his words; Jane or himself had at last overcome the scruples of the father, and I should see her. He then informed me of my fortunate "wind-fall," but of so little value did it appear, at the moment, in my eyes, that I peevishly exclaimed, "And is this all; I was in hopes the old man had allowed her to come to me at last."

When alone, however, another train of thoughts arose in my mind. Dissipation had lost its charms—London, and England itself, had become distasteful to me; and I would quit a country that had been the scene of my thousand mortifications and disgraces. I believe the idea of putting this new whim into execution, contributed mainly to my rapid renovation of health and spirits. India was the point to which my wishes were principally directed. In that "golden land" I should speedily acquire the treasure hoards, which would give me consideration with a world, I persuaded myself, I despised, or in it I should find a silent and unwept grave.

H. D.

MR. MARSDEN'S HISTORICAL PAINTING OF ST. PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA.

*For the Olio.*

"I would also hear the man myself."

HELD by a chain, the Roman soldier keeps,  
In robes of white and amber, sandal'd feet,  
Head bare, and bearded chin, one arm stretch'd forth,

Paul pleads before Agrippa. On his seat  
Of judgment throned, the king, in regal state,  
With giant limbs and manly attitude,  
And sumptuous pomp of splendid radiance,  
Permits the Apostle's eloquent defence.  
Beside his right hand, Festus stands intent;  
And, on his left, Bernice, richly robed,  
Sits with one arm and fingers raised, and one  
Reclined, the brilliant sceptre holds; her fair  
Soft looks express attention; round, beneath,  
And near, th' attendants, duteously employed,  
Await the issue. Scribes with scrolls convey  
The burning language Paul enforces. Straight  
Behind him sits, with fist upon his chin,  
An anxious list'ner. With her sportive babe,  
The mother. Luke, and convert Christians,  
wait.

In doubt, the Rabbis eager catch each sound,  
As 'twixt the aisles they thrust their bearded  
age;

Far through the marble avenues, groups rush,  
With diverse features, feelings, and employ;  
And, far beyond, on Syria's hilly coast,  
And Cæsarea's sites, the blue skies breathe  
Sweet beauty on the Heaven-raised temples;  
bright

The citadel of Straton shines;—intense  
Each eye, and bushing every lip remains,  
Whether of Heathen, Nazarine, or Jew  
“Almost persuaded.”—King Agrippa feels  
Himself,—“to be a Christian.” R.J.P.

### THE KING OF THE SPIDERS.

BY HORACE GUILFORD.

For the *Olio*.

The spider taketh hold with his hands, and  
is in kings' palaces. PROV. xxx.

I saw in a very old hedge-row, where  
a white rose tree burgeoned in a thou-  
sand silver stars from its deep-green  
bosom, a spider web framed with most  
wonderful art. A large platform, about  
eight inches square, extended in front  
of the portal: from its extremities, at  
regular intervals, long lines were drawn  
up to the sprigs above it, like the cords  
of a pavilion, and all meeting in a cen-  
tral spire or cupola at the height of  
about ten inches: this formed the court  
of the old tyrant's palace, at its ex-  
tremity. A circular or Norman porch  
led into a sort of cylindrical gallery,  
tapestried with a substance thick and  
white as cotton-wool; and beyond that  
lay the hall of the crookback. Couched  
at its further nook nestled a monstrous  
mottled spider, who started forth the  
instant I touched his gate, a hideous de-  
formity, that reminded me of the hag  
Hyparusan in the eastern tale of the  
“Enchanters.” Beyond this hall was  
a kind of postern doorway, the filaments  
of the cotton substance stretching thin  
and wide, and forming a communication  
with a back court, which extended into  
the penetralia of the hedge.

A brilliant morning sun was shining  
upon this Den of Dionysius; the vesti-  
bule was strewn with the carcasses of  
flies, &c., and the despot seemed, when  
I first perceived him, to be slumbering  
full-gorged, and to awake like a guilty  
thing, for whom the bright beam brought  
shame and disgust. What a long reign  
must this hoary tyrant have enjoyed!  
How many chances and perils must he  
have conquered or escaped! How many  
fortresses of his weaker brethren must  
he have stormed! What oceans of blood  
must he have waded through to his  
present detestable plumpness! What  
shrieks and groans of widow spideresses  
and orphaned spiderets must haunt his  
guilty slumbers!

Yet hath this insect Ali Pacha built  
his castle in a pleasant upland. Birds  
caroling, streams meandering, bright  
sweet flowers blossoming, and green  
woods rustling about him. But he

thinks only of the lusty blue-bottle, that  
cased in purple panoply, runs a tilt  
at the sunbeam before the monster's  
gate; or, if he looks forth on the lovely  
scene, it is only to view with jealous  
squint the rising fortress of some bro-  
ther bloodsucker, which he grimly des-  
tines for his own.

### LUNATIC LAVS.

“I must have music in my soul.”

I must have music in my soul,  
Though envious tongues deny it;  
I'm very certain I've a voice,  
And spite of fate I'll try it;  
I'll practice morning, noon, and night,  
I'll buy the best instruction,  
I will abjure all solid food,  
If singers live by suction.  
I'll hold a note—till you shall think  
That very like a miser,  
I never mean to change that note,  
But you shall find I'm wiser;  
For you may fix on any key,  
Then name the notes one dozen,  
My spendthrift chest shall soon pour forth  
The treasure you have chosen.  
At present up and down the scale  
I run with zeal unwearied,  
Nor deviate into an air  
Till minor points are carried;  
When morning dawns, my task begins,  
At midnight hour it endeth,  
(Except those *tasty* intervals  
That man in *eating* spendeth.)  
But genius and the world are foes!—  
I have a hateful neighbour,  
A scientific man, forsooth!  
I scorn his plodding labour!  
He sends me messages, and says,  
My noise distracts his study—  
My singing *noise*.—poor wretch, he knows  
Nought about taste—how should he?  
Two other neighbours—invalids,  
Who live on slops and dozing,  
Complain my singing wakes them up  
Just when their eyes are closing!  
I never sing till *five* o'clock,  
As if that could disturb them?  
I'll let my talents take their course,  
And scorn those who would curb them.  
One, (much too cold to estimate,  
My talents in their true sense,)  
Did—oh, it cuts me to the soul!—  
Indite me as a nuisance!  
I shook—but 'twas a vocal shake,  
Not one from terror springing,  
No judge could venture to assert  
I'm no great shakes at singing.  
Once came a crowd, a menial crowd,  
Crying, “There must be murder!  
We heard a female's horrid screams—  
Yes, whereabouts we heard her!”  
They climb'd the wall! they forced the door!  
The ragamuffin sort!—  
They found me sitting all alone,  
And singing rather forte!  
I'll sing the air that Sontag sings,  
Rode's air with variations,  
My throat shall be the thoroughfare  
For all the new inflations:  
All styles I'll master,—I'll outgrowl  
The Trombone when I go low!  
And when in *alt*, Velluti's self  
Shan't sing so high a solo! *New Mon.*



EXTRACTS FROM THE MS. OF A  
DECEASED NAVAL OFFICER.

WHEN the Camel was paid off, I changed the scene of my services for his Majesty's ship *Druid*, when she was commanded by the late Captain Joseph Ellison (*Jock*, as we used to call him). There were about twenty-six of us, nice lads as ever were mustered on a quarter-deck, full of life and mischief. We liked *Jock*, but he had not a very quiet life of it; a fortnight seldom passed without some piece of mischief bringing us all ranged in his cabin before him, when, after working himself up for battle, he generally began with, "Arn't you a parcel of damned rascals?" Sometimes we would dispute his position, when banishment to watch, and watch in the tops, was the result; or, after an argument, we would soften him down, and part good friends. At other times if our offence was rank, the "Arn't you a parcel of damned rascals?" was answered by "Yes, Sir." *Jock* could not stand this; after a grumbling turn or two, his cholera would go with,— "There now, there's good boys, go to your duty, and don't do so again."

In those days the Duke of Clarence was a Lieutenant in his Majesty's ship *Hebe*, which came into Falmouth while the *Druid* was there; many droll stories were abroad about Prince William Henry—but mum, I must hoist out my boat to sound. We sailed with the *Hebe* for Torbay, and I recollect we Mids had been for some time in deep disgrace. The *Druid* came up with, and slowly passed, the *Hebe*, to the high joy of *Jock*. Great was his ecstasy, and in my mind's eye I now see him, crushing his hat, and poking out his one arm (an old habit with him when pleased); it made us all "good boys," and restored us to quarter-deck and duty again. However, on getting to Torbay, farther mischief fell in our way, and we dropped into it; for which, on a Sunday morning while at anchor, the *Hebe* near, we were all, as a punishment, sent aloft, one at each yard, mastheads, booms, spritsail-yard, even royals, in fact every part where one could be placed. All was quiet for a time (*Jock* below) when by previous arrangement a stave of Rule Britannia was given by one, *piano*, then out burst a general chorus. In the midst of the consequent consternation, the Prince came on board, and whether from his jokes and manner of

treating it to *Jock*, I know not, but this "rebellious conduct" of the "damned rascals" passed off.

I cannot here omit mentioning another circumstance that occurred during his Royal Highness's visit on board. One of our foremast men had a female companion in the ship, vulgarly called a *sailor's wife*. This girl was in Admiral Rodney's ship at the same time with his Royal Highness, where she carried powder to one of the guns, in their action with Langara; and in the *Druid* she was known by the name of *Rodney*. She introduced herself to her old shipmate, and was recognized by his Royal Highness. But here let me take another look at the soundings before I make sail;—although I hear his Royal Highness enjoys a laugh when scenes of former days are mentioned, yet I may be in too humble a station to take that freedom; I therefore just quote the *Druid's Chronicle*, which stated, that "his Royal Highness being desirous of bestowing some marks of his bounty on *Rodney*, and his purse having taken the ground at *ebb-tide*, he had recourse to our second Lieut. Bryce for a guinea for the occasion." This was an unfortunate meeting for Rodney, as she sustained the loss of two teeth, which her friend Jack knocked out afterwards upon some quarrel, when she taunted him with having royal blood in her veins.

The Prince next had the command of the *Andromeda*, while the *Druid* was lying near her in the Sound. Our quarter-deck lads had the mizen-top sail, top-gallant sails, and royals, to handle on furling sails; I was one of the bunters of the mizen-top sail; and one day the Prince came on board just in time for "one toss more for his Royal Highness," to his great amusement, but *Jock's* great annoyance. The *Druid's Chronicle* also reported some smashing of windows, "*for the honour of his Royal Highness*," in the then called "Liberty Street," a part of the coast of Plymouth Dock his Royal Highness knew the soundings of as well as the best pilot among us. The *Chronicle* also said, that in those days there lived a certain Jew, called either Abraham Joseph, or Joseph Abraham, on the quay at Plymouth, who the Plymouthans said was a useful man to his Royal Highness; indeed report went so far as to say that he was the Prince's *Uncle*. But I only know that Moses had the King's arms over his shop, with "Slopseller to his Royal

"Highness Prince William Henry," done in gold letters. There were many other anecdotes of His Royal Highness in circulation at those times, but I will not go beyond the *Druid's Chronicle*.

I now call to mind other scenes of those days. Hostilities between the Mids of the Druid and the people of the Dock-yard, (the caulkers particularly) were perpetual; we never ceased annoying them; complaints were often made, but to no purpose. "How are ye, *Matey*?" was always our address to each other in their hearing, and you would see Mids with caulking tools, (always keeping a *long mallet shot* from them if possible,) imitating the caulkers, and resting between each stroke; others calling out, "Don't work so hard, Mr. —, you'll fatigue yourself;" in fact, every annoyance we could think of was resorted to. The poor devils used to say they "would sooner caulk Hell's gates, than the sides of the Druid." Among other subjects of amusement for us, was one of our own members, who, unfortunately for him, was the son of a tailor at Gosport. Had the young man been mild and unassuming, we might have let him alone, but he was proud, passionate, bandy-legged, and foolish; no dog ever led such a life; by humouring his vanity, we could coax him into a host of fun and folly. He had a strange oath to swear by, (a tailor's clearly) "D—n my Hell!"\* He was a fiddler, and as we usually danced on a summer's evening, by praising his dancing, we always procured his fiddling powers. The gentleman would often get on high ropes, when we resorted to other measures. Often when seated round our table, a *Mid* would walk in with a pair of scissors, and slips of paper over his shoulder, he would then begin to take measure of another, a dispute about snipping the measure was sure to follow, and Jack referred to for settling it. From use, he would bear it a little, but not long. Sometimes one opposite him at table (for it was necessary to keep a little distance) would say, "Jack, your father must by mistake have taken up some other person's measure, when he cut you out for a tailor;" we had an opening in the fore part of the berth through which the offender generally escaped. Even *Jock Ellison* would sometimes have his joke

with him. Jack was a little deaf, but could hear *Jock* in a whisper, if it was an invitation to dinner. Thus, if off deck in his watch, or from any other cause, *Jock* loudly ordered the tailor "to the mast head," it brought nothing but "Sir?"—when the captain would lower his voice—"Jack, will you dine with me to-day?"—"I shall think it an honour, Sir," was the immediate reply. Many a time have the Mids of the watch gone down, and contrived (notwithstanding his caution) to get at his jacket and trowsers, and sow them up, then attend his turning out; when his favourite oath would be handed round, as in great wrath he taxed us with the work; during which we vainly attempted to pacify him, by saying, "the clothes were made by his father's journeyman, who had left them so."—But these were slight annoyances to one he almost nightly experienced, indeed, at times, often repeated in the same night. The present Sir Charles Brisbane was his chief tormentor in this. The poor tailor slept for some time in the berth, with Brisbane as his next neighbour. Unhappily for Jack, he was a terrible *snorer*, and in consequence of the loud complaints, he had in an evil hour instructed his neighbour to take some method of waking him, when thus disturbing their peace. This was enough for mischief. When we have been walking or standing round the captain, in our watch, Brisbane, or some other, would exclaim—"By G—d, there's the tailor snoring!" This was a signal for a start below, when Brisbane would get hold of Jack's nose, (which by practice he knew where to hit on) and giving it a twist, swear "we heard him snoring upon deck, and all 'tween decks were grumbling." This, if the tailor had really been asleep, passed off with "Thank you, but you need not have pinched so hard." But when it happened Brisbane mistook his time, and Jack's eyes were not closed in sleep, a violent altercation would ensue; Jack would insist upon it he was wide awake!—"No, by G—d, Jack, you were fast asleep, and snoring like the devil!" And sometimes we would swear the tailor into the belief that he could not have been awake, or at least to doubt it, and so silence him. But if Jack's wrath so far overcame him that he persisted in his opinion, then Brisbane, in an apparent rage, would say, "You tailoring son of a —, what! this is all the thanks I get for the trouble I take

\* The place under a tailor's shopboard, where all the cuttings, &c. are thrown, is called the "Hell."

with you? you may find somebody else to wake you, or snore on and be d——d!" This of course was an excuse for one of us taking him under our protection, and treating him with another visitation as soon as ever his eyes were again closed. The poor fellow was at last obliged to be removed to mess with the gunner for a little peace, and eventually to leave the ship altogether.

We were once lying at Falmouth while a Dutch frigate was there; we got acquainted with the officers, and mixed much together. The Dutch captain was a hearty good sort of fellow. One night he was playing at billiards with a Falmouth gentleman, when some little dispute arose, and the latter used language the Dutchman was not disposed to put up with, but determined to give him fight; a challenge was given and a meeting took place. On the ground being measured, and the parties placed, the Falmouth man, (whom we had doubts of,) before the pistols were delivered, put on a pair of spectacles, and declared he could not see distinctly at the distance. "Then come nearer," said the Dutchman. The other walked up until they might have shook hands, adjusting his glasses and declaring he "could not depend upon his sight at a greater distance." "By Got! dat is goot," said the Dutchman; "you could hit the balls last night without your spectacles!" "That was by candlelight," said the other. "This is murder, by Go! I will not murder, but if you must stand so close, we will use de sword." "I am no swordsman," said the gentleman. Two of our officers being in attendance, began to smoke the thing, and interfered, to propose, "that as his opponent's vision was so much better by candlelight, they should meet at night in a room at the inn." "Dat will do," said Mynheer:—but that would not do for the other, and in the end they left the ground. Although the Falmouth gentleman escaped by this manoeuvre, yet on the story being circulated, he thought it advisable to have business from home for a time.

*Unit. Serv. Mag.*

## ROYAL PORTRAITS. No. 6.

*For the Olio.*

### RICHARD THE FIRST.

The two noblest traits in the character of this monarch were undaunted valour and generosity, qualities which counterbalance a multitude of faults.

It may be said by some, that an undutiful son cannot make a good king; but, amidst all his schemes to raise money for his mad expedition to Palestine, not one act of cruelty or extortion is alleged against Richard. That his temper was not vindictive, may be argued from his conduct to his unworthy and unnatural brother John, and of his magnanimity there are numerous anecdotes. At such a distance of time, it must be impossible to examine minutely the character of this monarch, or those of his predecessors; it is by their acts alone that we are enabled to draw conclusions, but from the little that can be gleaned from our histories, Richard was a prince who deserved the love of his subjects, not only for his courage, but for his more gentle qualities. Of his wit some anecdotes are told, of which the following is the most conspicuous:—A priest of Normandy once told him that he had three daughters. "How can that be?" said Richard, "seeing that I never knew of one."—"Yes," replied the priest, "you have three, and their names are Pride, Covetousness, and Lust." The monarch laughed heartily at this speech, and calling his courtiers around him, said, "I am told by this priest here that I have three daughters; now I desire that you will see how I would have them bestowed. To the Templars and Hospitalers I give Pride, to the White Monks Covetousness, and to the Clergy Lust." The manner of his death is well known. He fell by the hand of a cross-bowman, before the Castle of Chaluz in the year 1199, and nobly pardoned the man who had dealt him his death's wound.

That part of his will which relates to the disposal of his mortal remains is as singular as it is affecting. He desired that his bowels might be buried at Charan amongst his rebellious subjects the Poictovins; his heart at Rouen, to shew his sense of the loyalty and attachment of the citizens; and, touched with remorse for his unfilial conduct, he commanded that his body might be interred at the feet of his father at Font-Everard.

The person of this monarch was prepossessing. His complexion fair and clear, and his hair of a bright auburn. His frame was large and athletic, and his courage and prowess have been the theme of historians and poets. The "Lord of Oc and No" holds a conspicuous place in the songs of the provençal troubadours.

ALPHA.

### Customs of Various Countries.

#### MOORISH WOOING AND WEDDING.

Marriage amongst the Moors is brought about by the intervention of friends; no interview whatever can take place previously to the nuptials. The good or bad qualities of the lady are explained to the lover, and also her abilities and personal charms. Love, that rare ingredient in Moorish marriages, may sometimes be found subsequent, but cannot be known previously to matrimony.

On the evening of the wedding the lady is placed on horseback, in an enclosure which resembles a large paper lantern; in this way she is paraded through the streets to the house of the bridegroom, by the male friends of both parties. Rude music, the shouts of the rabble, and the firing of powder, assail the ears of the bride, whose union and introduction to her husband are coeval.

The validity of the marriage contract depends on the same proofs as those required by the Levitical law, but the lady may be returned for less material defects than their absence, or the husband is at liberty to take another wife if he please. It is to meet the difficulties arising from a total want of prior acquaintance between the parties, that the law of Mahomet allows a plurality of wives to those who can prove they are able to maintain them. Barrenness is a ground of divorce, as likewise a repugnant breath, for both of which causes women in Barbary are often repudiated. *Monthly Mag.*

### Anecdotes.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF LORD BYRON.

When Lord Byron was a member of the Managing (query, mis-managing?) Committee of Drury-lane Theatre, Bartley was speaking with him on the decay of the drama, and took occasion to urge his Lordship to write a tragedy for the stage: "I cannot," was the reply, "I don't know how to make the people go on and off in the scenes, and know not where to find a fit character." "Take your own," said Bartley, meaning in the honesty of his heart, one of his Laras or Childe Harolds. "Much obliged to you," was the reply—and exit in a huff. Byron thought he spoke literally of his own real character.

One night, in the opera, while he was in Italy, a gentleman appeared in one of the lower boxes, so like Lord Byron,

that he attracted a great deal of attention. I saw him myself, and was not convinced it was not him until I went close to the box to speak to him. I afterwards ascertained that the stranger belonged to the Stock Exchange.

On another occasion, during the queen's trial, it was reported that he had arrived from abroad, and was seen entering the House of Lords. A friend of mine mentioned the circumstance to him afterwards. "No!" said he, "that would have been too much, considering the state of matters between me and my own wife."

One evening Lord Byron was with a friend at a masquerade in the Argyll-rooms, a few nights after Skeffington's tragedy of *The Mysterious Bride* had been damned. His friend was dressed as a nun, who had endured depredation from the French in Portugal.—"What is she?" said Skeffington, who came up to his Lordship, pointing to the nun.—The reply was "The Mysterious Bride." *Galt's Life of Byron.*

#### A ROYAL ROPE-DANCER.

To such an excess did the Royal Family of France, before the Revolution, (1790), carry their love of sport and mountebankism, that the abdicated Charles X. when Comte d'Artois, actually took lessons for some time in rope-dancing, from Placido and the celebrated Little Devil. The dancing then of the ex-king was upon the rope; the chances lately were two to one but what he had figured at the end of a *corde volante*. Such is the mutability of human affairs.

#### EPIGRAM.

*On a case tried at Winchester, in which a Bricklayer, named VAIN, obtained a verdict of one farthing damages against a Carter, named WEAK, for slanderous words.*

In Hants, a case of defamation  
Was tried, 'twixt men in humble station,  
A bricklayer and carter:  
Plaintiff was Vain, as oft you see—  
Defendant Weak, as weak could be;  
Vain injured honour's martyr:  
For when 'twas o'er, the Judge recorded  
One farthing damages awarded  
To cleanse the opprobrious stain.  
Justice—most mighty when most meek—  
Thus proved defendant might be Weak,  
But plaintiff Weak and Vain.

#### EPITAPH IN THE CHURCH-YARD OF STOKK BY NAYLAND, SUFFOLK.

Here lie I by my dear Son,  
For by my Husband there is no room.

## THE OLIO.

### Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, September 8.

*St. Adrian, mar. A. D. 806.—High Water 33m after 5 Morning—56m after 5 After.*

*Sept. 8, 1741.*—A terrible storm did considerable damage on the river Thames, and many trees were torn up by the roots; at Newcastle great damage was done to the shipping; at Canterbury, by the fall of chimnies, and the untiling of houses, several parts of the city looked as if they had been bombarded; at Huntingdon, several windmills were overthrown, and in one the miller was killed; but St. Ives presented a scene of complete desolation, many houses being stripped, some thrown down, and the fine spire of the steeple totally demolished; a little boy, who had run into the church porch, and staid till it was full of stones, endeavoured to get out at a window in the side, and was carried away by the wind, and thus his life was miraculously preserved; at Biggleswade the storm did not last twenty minutes.

Thursday, September 9.

*St. Gorgonius, Dorotheus, &c. mar. A. D. 607.—Moon's Last Quarter, 58m after 1 Even.*

These saints were chamberlains to the Emperor Dioclesian. Dorotheus and Gorgonius, after suffering many cruel torments, were strangled; but Peter was hung up naked in the air, his body being inhumanly scourged and otherwise mutilated; after undergoing the most dreadful torture, he expired on a gridiron. The bodies of these martyrs were thrown into the sea.

*Sept. 9, 1798.*—On this day a memorable battle was fought on the shores of the Lake Lucerne, near the town of Standtz, between the Underwaldeners and the French; the Swiss, after performing prodigies of valour, took refuge in Standtz, which was carried by storm; the new constitution was at length accepted by all the Helvetic States, and Lucerne fixed upon as the seat of government. The city of Geneva was united to the French Republic, being formed into the capital of a department, under the name of the Department of the Lake of Lemán.

Friday, September 10.

*St. Salvius, bish. A. D. 590.—Sun rises 30m after 5—sets 39m after 6.*

*Sept. 10, 1746.*—Anniversary of the taking of Madras by the French, with ten ships and a land force. The English factory agreed to ransom the place for 4,100,000 pagodas, and to deliver up the Company's effects to the French, provided the town was evacuated the October following.

Saturday, September 11.

*St. Paphnutius, bish. A. D. 335.—High Water 36m after 8 Morning—17m after 9 After.*

*Sept. 11, 570.*—Upon this day the Mahometans celebrate the birth of their prophet Mahomet. The believers insist at the time a supernatural light overspread Syria; that the sacred fire of the Persians, which had remained burning a thousand years, was totally extinguished, and demons ceased to animate idols, and deliver oracles, &c. &c.

Sunday, September 12.

FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

*Lessons for the Day—5 chapter Jeremiah, morn—23 chapter Jeremiah, Even.*

*Sept. 12, 1786.*—Expired Griffith Jones, of Bolt Court, Fleet Street, a modest and amiable man, who deserves a respectable place among English writers, for having in conjunction with the late philanthropic John Newbery, first introduced the little gilt bound books for the amusement and instruction of children,

Monday, September 13.

*St. Maurillus, bish. 6th Cent.—High Water 19m after 11 Morn—50m after 11 After.*

*Sept. 13, 1515.*—Fought the celebrated battle of Marignano, near Milan, in Italy, one of the most furious and best contested engagements that is to be met with in the history of these latter ages. In this sanguinary conflict, which took place between the heroic Swiss and the French under Francis I., upwards of 20,000 men were slain on both sides; and the former, after losing all their bravest troops, were compelled to retire. Marechal Trivulcio, who had fought in 19 battles, declared that every engagement which he had seen was child's play to the action of Marignano. Francis, to show his high esteem for Chevalier Bayard, received knighthood from his hands soon after this engagement.

Tuesday, September 14.

*Holy Rood Day—Sun rises 38m after 5—sets 31m after 6.*

*Sept. 14, 1552.*—A dreadful storm happened on the evening of this day, at Charles Town, in South Carolina, which continued raging nearly the whole of the next day. The storm was so violent that it filled the harbour completely. All the vessels were driven on shore except the Hornet man-of-war, which weathered the gale. The wharfs and bridges were ruined; the stores damaged by the doors being burst open; and the town was overflowed, the tide rising above ten feet high. Nothing was to be seen but ruins of houses and wrecks, so that the inhabitants finding themselves in the midst of a tempestuous ocean, began to think of nothing but death. For thirty miles round Charles Town, there was scarcely a plantation that had not lost every dwelling upon it; the roads were filled with trees, so that travelling was rendered extremely difficult; and there was not a fence left standing in the town or country. The loss in timber was incredible; as also of cattle and provision.

# The Otto ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

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Saturday, Sept. 18, 1830.



See page 194.

## Illustrated Article.

### THE ASSASSINATION OF THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

*For the Otto.*

MUCH has been written upon this subject, but most of the accounts are meagre and unconnected. The following particulars collected from various sources, will, it is hoped, be read with interest. Buckingham was the profligate companion of the mean and dastardly James the First; a monarch with so little of the dignity of a king, that his very reign is a foul blot upon the page of our history. Without dwelling on the rise of the Duke, or the infamous course of his life during the reign of James, we come down to the year 1628, at which time Charles the First swayed the English sceptre.

Buckingham, having the countenance and protection of this monarch, conducted himself with great insolence towards the ancient nobility, over whose heads he had been raised by his former

master, and brought upon himself the hatred of the whole English nation. Parliament after parliament denounced this pernicious favourite; but the infatuated Charles still clung to his minion. The murder of a favourite of the Duke, one Dr. Lamb, a pretended conjuror, by the enraged mob, might have operated as a salutary warning to some monarchs; but Charles, incensed against the City of London, imprudently imposed a heavy fine of six thousand pounds upon the citizens. During the perpetration of the outrage upon the doctor, voices in the crowd were heard to say that his master should, ere long, be handled worse, and that they would mince his flesh. A few days after, a paper was pasted by some unknown hand upon a post in Coleman-street, bearing these words:—

“ Who rules the kingdom ?—The King.  
Who rules the King ?—The Duke.  
Who rules the Duke ?—The Devil !

“ Let the Duke look to it, for they intend shortly to use him worse than they did the Doctor; and if things be not

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shortly reformed, they will work a reformation themselves!"

Affairs were in this posture when the Duke went to Portsmouth; and while engaged in preparations for the expedition to Rochelle, fell beneath the knife of Felton, who had been a lieutenant in a company of foot under Sir John Ramsey. Various conflicting accounts are given, but the following bears the stamp of truth. It is taken from a folio volume, entitled, "Annals of the reigns of James I. and Charles I.," printed in the year 1681.

"And now again was a naval royal equipped for the relief of Rochel, under the Duke of Buckingham, who being at Portsmouth in order to his embarkation, and to the giving the necessary orders, he was on the 23rd of August in his own lodging, fitting himself to wait on the King; he hastily called for breakfast, his servants attended the sewer to bring in the meat, the Duke came down stairs from his upper chamber to eat in a lower parlour; turning in at the foot of the stairs with a narrow entry, and Sir Thomas Friar, one of his colonels, following him to the parlour door, stooping to take his leave, the Duke declining, embraced Friar with these words 'Honest Tom,' and so turning into the room, one John Felton at that instant, shadowed behind them, stabbed him to the heart with a back blow of a coutel-knife, which stuck in his body till the Duke dragged it out, and so enlarged the orifice that it streamed with the effusion of so much blood and spirit, that instantly he died, not able, it seems, to utter a syllable; and certainly no soul there present, for he fell backward into the parlour, and the assassinate fled."

Some accounts, however, say that the Duke upon receiving the stroke, exclaimed, "The villain has killed me!" and that Felton, in his hurry, lost his hat, and claimed it as his upon seeing it in the hand of a bystander; but the author before quoted says, "Felton having no power to fly far,"—and it seems he had no such intent,—"uncertain what to do, stepped aside into the kitchen; thither the uproar and search followed; some cried out, 'Where's the villain?' Felton, mistaking the words for 'Here's the villain,' suddenly started and said, 'I am he;'—upon which they seized him, and had some difficulty to preserve him from the fury of the soldiers, who feared that this disaster would cause the delay of the expedition. One Stamford, a follower of the Duke, valiantly made

many passes at him with his rapier after he had been seized and bound."

The news was soon carried to London, and a courtier was sent to see the slayer, who was, says our author, "a little, timber, meagre, ghastly, frightful-faced fellow, already clapped into a small century-house upon the guard, heavily laden with manacled irons, neither able to sit, nor to lie down, but to be crippled against the wall." The courtier, by representing himself as a friend, endeavoured to worm himself into Felton's confidence, but failed in his object.

The event was hailed with joy by all classes; thousands cheered Felton on his way to London, and an old woman, alluding to the greatness of Buckingham and the mean figure of his destroyer, cried out, 'God bless thee, little David!' His health was toasted by the Republicans. Alexander Gill, son of Dr. Gill, of St. Paul's school, was prosecuted by the Star-chamber, upon three charges, heavily fined, and condemned to lose his ears. One of the charges was, that he had said at Trinity College that the King was fitter for a shop or stall-keeper than to govern a kingdom; and "that the Duke was gone down to hell to see King James."

In answer to many questions that were put to him, Felton said, that "he had killed the Duke for the cause of God and his country." To which the questioner remarked, that "there was hope of his life, for the surgeons said so."—"It is impossible," said Felton; "I had the force of forty men assisted by him that guided my hand." He said that passing out at the postern-gate on Tower-hill, he espied the fatal knife with which he had effected his deadly purpose, in a cutler's glass case, and bought it for sixteen pence; it was the point end of a cuff blade, stuck into a cross haft, the whole length, handle and all, measuring scarcely twelve inches; that he followed the train to Portsmouth, and coming by a cross erected in the highway, he sharpened the point upon the stone, "believing it more proper in justice to advantage his designs, than for the idolatrous intent it was erect."

To the eternal disgrace of those who first started the question, it was left to be debated by the judges whether he should be racked. Lord Dorset waited himself upon the prisoner, and stated that it was his majesty's *pleasure* (what a word!) that he should be put to the torture; but Felton resolutely told him that he had no accomplices "If I be

put upon the rack," said he, "I will accuse you, my Lord Dorset, and none but yourself." This speech silenced the noble, who retired discomfited. Felton was condemned and hung at Tyburn. He died penitent, it is said, laying the guilt directly upon the Parliament's remonstrance.

He was a man of moody and melancholy habits, and had met with many disappointments, both as regards promotion and arrears of pay. There is little doubt that he was influenced by personal feelings to assassinate the Duke, who had probably neglected him. Be this as it may, he did his country a signal service by the act for which he suffered. That he was a man who could meet danger and death with a smile, may be argued from the fact that he once *cut off a piece of his finger*, and inclosed it in a challenge to a person who had offended him. Yet his love of truth and honour procured for him the nickname of "Honest Jack" among his acquaintance. It should be mentioned that the judges came to a determination that the assassin ought not to be put upon the rack, for that no such punishment was recognized by our law. Felton, after his condemnation, offered his hand to be cut off, but the court would not inflict that punishment upon him, although Charles intreated that he might suffer that horrible mutilation previous to his execution.

The Duke's body was brought to London, and lay in state for several days at York House; when it was interred in St. Edward's Chapel, at Westminster. He lived a life of profligacy and vice, and died regretted by none but the reptiles who pandered to his worst passions. The death of Charles by his own subjects rescued his name from the odium which would have attached to it, but his partiality to this pernicious favourite, in defiance of his peoples wishes, together with his vindictive feeling towards Felton, prove that he had little of the amiable or the merciful in his disposition. ALPHA.

#### THOU ART MINE.

*For the Olio.*

Thou art mine!—thou art mine!—nor the chilling frown

Of the heartless *this* can move:

Thou art mine, by the soul's responsive throb,

And the voice of deathless love;

Mine, by the warmest wish of youth;

Mine, by the glow of feeling;

Mine, by the whisper'd vows of truth,

Angels above were sealing;

Mine, by the ramble o'er the vale,

When the moonbeam's light was dancing;

Mine, by the stroll o'er hill and dale,

When the morning sun was glancing;

Mine, by the smile of hopeful hours,

By the tear from fancy flowing—

Thou art mine!—thou art mine!—by every thought

In the heart of honour glowing!

Thou art mine!—by the days of joy we've known,

When brighter skies were beaming;

Oh! the seeds which love has in sunshine sown

Will ripen, though rain be streaming.

Thou art mine!—by the dreams young hope once breath'd,

When heav'n seem'd down descending;

And faucy the blossoms of earth had wreath'd,

And with them its sweets was blending.

Mine, by the wayward web she wove,

Though that is long since broken,

For the wish more like to bind will prove,

When they're dead by whom 'twas spoken;

Mine, by the pleasures we both have drawn

From youth's deep well of pleasure;

Thou art mine!—by the past!—and by-gone joys

Are always a hallow'd treasure.

Thou art mine!—by the darker ties of grief,

Which are holier bands than they:

Thou art mine!—by the tears which rain relieve

When the kindly sun's away!

Mine, by the linking of sorrow's chain,

By the echoed sigh of sadness;

Ah! there's more of truth in the tearful eye,

Than in the gay laugh of gladness!

Thou art mine!—though fortune has sternly thrown

O'er love's retiring flower

Her blighting frowns; and though trouble's wave

Has dash'd o'er his sunny bower;

But what, though sorrow has sobered the tints

Of delight young love was shading?

The gentler rose will fragrant blow,

When the splendid tulip's fading!

Thou art mine!—thou art mine!—and a peaceful sky

Is beyond where the grave is yawning;

There will we wander, when trouble's gone by,

And the day of eternity's dawning.

R. JARMAN.

#### OVER DONE.—AN ANECDOTE.

*For the Olio.*

EVERY body in Cirencester has heard of old W—. His riches and his parsimony furnished a theme for every company. I remember hearing a story of this old hunk a short time ago, which may amuse some of the readers of the Olio. He had amassed considerable property, but, although in a condition to fare sumptuously every day, he contented himself with the coarsest food; his favourite plan, however, was to honour one of his tenants with an unexpected visit, and invite himself to dinner: sometimes he would take with him a scanty allowance of meat, and the good people found fuel to cook it, and the necessary adjuncts. A friend once made him a present of a couple of ducks. One of these was dispatched during the



week, but the other was reserved till the following Sunday, when W—trudged off to visit one of his tenants who lived about a mile from the town. He arrived just as the honest couple were about to proceed to church, and besought them to prepare for dinner the duck which he had brought with him. His request could not be refused; the duck was prepared for the spit, placed before the fire, and left in charge of their son, a lad of twelve. W—said he would accompany them to church, but previously pulled from his pocket a bottle of wine, which he placed on a table, bidding the boy not touch it, for it was *poison*.

Away they went, and the duck was left dangling before the fire. In a short time it began to hiss and blister, and assume a lovely brown hue, emitting a most delicious odour, most grateful and tempting to the urchin, in whose charge it was left. He "sighed and looked and looked again;" then touched it with his thumb and finger, which he afterwards licked with the grimace of a gourmand. The flavour was delicious, he fingered it again and again, and then procured a knife, with which he detached a piece of the breast, and eagerly ate it. Another slice was taken, and repeated. By this time the poor biped cut a most contemptible figure, for although the gaps in the breast had been browned over, they were not filled up. The boy when too late, perceived the horrible mutilation which he had inflicted on his charge, and trembled when he thought on the return of his parents. What was to be done?—In the midst of his deliberations he saw his father and mother with old W—returning. Despair seized him: he flew to the door—bolted it, and grasping the bottle, drew the cork, and swallowed half its contents, resolving to end his days at once, rather than encounter his enraged parents. His situation was at once ludicrous and painful. The strength of the wine and the dread of punishment, had their full effect upon him—he rolled on the ground in a frantic manner, never doubting that he had swallowed a deadly poison, and replied to the entreaties of those without by groans of distress. At length the father got in at the window, and with the aid of a horse-whip, brought the urchin to his senses; he then opened the door to his visitor, who saw with dismay the broken bottle on the floor, the boy in one corner, crying piteously, and the unfortunate duck still dangling before

the fire, but literally burnt to a cinder for want of turning. G. L. F.

## EPIGRAM.

## THE BEGGAR, THE COOK, AND THE IDIOT.

Led by the savoury fumes that steamed around,  
An eating shop a needy Beggar found;  
Long did his nose with opening valves inhale  
The rich luxuriance of the spicy gale—  
When Master Cook, indignant to behold  
A dinner made, and yet no viands sold,  
Exclaimed, "Good Sir, thy reckoning pritheee pay."

To this the sturdy beggar answered, "Nay."  
Blows follow words. At length a fool passed by;

And both agreed that he the cause should try.  
The new made Judge then made the Man of Rags,

Bring forth two half-pence from his leathern bags.

Betwixt two empty plates the pence he laid—  
The shaken pence a jingling murmur made—  
When thus the arbiter pronounced aloud  
This weighty sentence to the listening crowd,  
"On smell alone his meal the Beggar made—  
"With sound alone the Cook is amply paid."  
Fraser's Mag.

THE POSTHUMOUS LETTERS OF  
HUGH DELMORE, ESQ:

## LETTER III.

(For the Ollo)

[The restoration of Delmore to health and active habits appears to have been very rapid. Meanwhile, his mind was wholly occupied with his India voyage. I omit much that he had written on this subject, as well as the adjustment of his legacy with his guardian's executors. Again he appears to have made abortive attempts to see his cousin, Miss Ashton; and his mind, at the period of his departure from London, was, in consequence, more embittered against his uncle. He forms, through the interest principally of Mr. —, an engagement with a Captain Green, of the Glyceria, of 700 tons burden, and joins that ship as clerk at Gravesend, previous to her departure for Calcutta. Captain G.'s character is not sketched in the most engaging colours; but, making allowance for Delmore's state of mind, as well as his habits of uncontrolled freedom of thought and speech, the Captain was evidently, though possessed of great personal courage, and the skill and determination so essential to his situation and profession, an insolent, tyrannical, and overbearing despot to those beneath him. J. H. B.]

The captain was not on board; and scarcely had the vessel been underweigh a quarter of an hour, than (it becoming necessary to *tack*) the chief

mate, a sea ruffian of the old school, seeing me standing stupidly on the quarter deck, saluted me with a broad oath, and bid me pull off "my shore going rigging, and *turn to*."

Now his jargon was "Ebrew Greek" to me, and I looked, I dare say, more silly than ever, which the fellow noticing, continued, "D——, is the man mad?—there, lay hold of that mizen top-sail brace; a pound from you is as good as a pound from a better man." The portion of this elegant speech I did not comprehend, was explained by a grinning, tarry-faced, and bare-footed urchin, who held out to me a portion of a rope, at which himself, and two or three others of like *inviting* appearance, were tugging.

Indignant at the unworthy office thus assigned to me, I haughtily replied, "I did not come there to be his servant."

Harris (that was his name) laughed aloud at my unnaautical phraseology, but checking himself, and bending on me a savage scowl, he said, "And what d'ye think you *did* come here for, b—— ye?—to sit on your rump, and let the wind blow ye along?—but stay a bit till the skipper comes aboard, he'll bring ye to your bearings, my fine fellow." And irritated that his authority should be disregarded by a raw landsman, he again scowled maliciously upon me, and squirting a huge mass of chocolate saliva from his closed teeth, turned upon his heel.

I did not like this specimen of sea manners, but I comforted myself with the hope that Captain Green would, on his joining the ship, put things on their proper footing; and in a few hours, aided by a brisk and favouring breeze, the Glyceria came to anchor in the Downs.

I was certainly very green in the ways of the world, or I should never have thought of the ridiculous step I had adopted. After twenty-four years of age, after moving in the sphere of life I had done, to enter on board a free trader in the ambiguous situation of Captain's clerk, where the superior officers were remarkable only for their vulgarity, insolence, and poverty,—oh! I must have been blinder than madness itself. In the Downs the Captain joined the ship; but, detained by contrary winds, we laid nearly three days at anchor unable to proceed to sea.—There were a considerable number of passengers on board, and at the dinner hour I sat myself down at the cuddy table, as I had done previous to the

Captain's joining the ship. Peculiar courtesy was never a characteristic of this man, and immediately his eyes fell upon me, an angry frown darkened his features. After dinner he called me to him on the poop.

"Young man," said he, "we appear to misunderstand each other—I did not mean that *you* should mess at *my* table;" and he dwelt emphatically on the pronouns, pausing as if for my reply. Astonishment and mortified pride sealed my lips, and he proceeded, "You will mess with the steward, he'll take care you shall be comfortable—and harkee, Mr. Harris complains to me of your refusing to lend a hand about the ship—we must have no idlers here."

I had now recovered my speech, and indignantly exclaimed, "I certainly refused at his bidding to pull a rope with three or four dirty boys; I did not imagine that was to constitute a part of my duty."

A sneer of savage contempt curled the lip of Captain Green, and he said in his usual cold stern tone, "Well, well, we'll not dispute about that at present—don't let me see you in the cuddy again;" and he pursued his walk across the break of the poop. I waited till his return, and then resumed the subject.

"I shall not herd with your servants, Captain Green," said I, proudly, "I am not accustomed to such society."

"You should have thought of that before you joined the Glyceria, as it is you must submit to necessity, nothing will be required of you that is unreasonable."

"To judge from what I have already seen," said I, completely excited, "I should rather question that—you mean that I shall mess in the steerage during the voyage."

"Most certainly."

"Then, sir," said I, "I shall not proceed to sea in the ship; I have no occasion, nor will I submit to such a degradation."

He looked on me with surprise, and a peculiar and ominous smile gleamed across his features.

"You will not proceed to sea in the ship," said he slowly, and in a jeering tone, "and what explanation will you make to your friends for this notable proceeding?"

"That is my business," said I, warmly; "there is a Deal boat now alongside; her crew will, I dare say, put me ashore."

I was proceeding down the poop ladder, with the intention of getting up my chest, when he called after me in a voice of thunder. Our conversation had hitherto been carried on in so low a tone as to attract little or no attention, but this loud and angry exclamation drew all eyes upon us. He motioned me to follow him into his cabin.

"I know not what induced me to take such a useless lubber into my ship—I suppose," said he, sneeringly, "you thought you had only to come on board and enjoy yourself; I tell you what, young man, I am not much used to argufy with my servants—but go ashore, if you like."

It happened, however, that Captain Green had indispensable need of a person of my description; besides, I suspect there were motives I was not aware of, that would have rendered it impolitic in him to allow me to depart. He, however, as a last resource, put on a big look and exclaimed—

"D'y'e threaten me in my own ship, 'tis well you hav'nt signed articles, or damme, I'd give ye a taste of salt ell."

"This is nothing to the purpose," said I, "I therefore wish you good day, and a pleasant voyage."

"Then you are going," said he, half incredulously.

I bowed in token of assent, but said nothing.

He muttered an oath or two, but presently added aloud, "Well, I dont see that your messing with me will make much difference," and quitted the cabin.

Now I had seen quite enough in this short interview to convince me, that if I did gain my point, my situation would be the reverse of comfortable during the voyage. The captain was not a man to be thwarted with impunity, and I had penetration sufficient to gather from his significant scowl, as he went on deck, that he would find an opportunity at sea to evince his recollection of what had just past. I would, on this account, have persevered in my intention of going on shore, but I had no further grounds of complaint, or rather, I recollected none at the moment, and was obliged to submit to my fate. Shortly after daybreak on the following day, a favourable breeze springing up, the *Glyceria* got under weigh, and proceeded down the Channel. As soon as the Captain came on deck, he immediately looked about for me, and finding I was below, he dispatched the second mate after me.

"Ah, messmate," cried he, as soon

as I appeared, "what, skulking already!—for shame; come, come, make yourself smart: clap your weight upon those top-sail haliyards, and the yard will fly up like smoke."

I would readily have lent a hand, but the tone of mockery in which he spoke, and the laugh it raised at my expense galled me to the quick, and I walked away forward. He called after me, but a violent squall, accompanied by a change of wind, which almost laid the ship aback, just then drew all his attention, and for this time, I escaped further persecution.

As is usually the case with ships at the commencement of long voyages, we had been in much confusion, but now things getting a little in their places, I began to hope that I should find better sleeping accommodation than I had hitherto met with. I accordingly stated my grievances to the chief mate, telling him that I had swung my cot for several nights with the servants in the steerage. He heard me with a grin sort of gravity, and then asked me what I would have him do? I suggested that he might provide me a more suitable berth.

"Shall I turn the captain out of his cabin?" inquired he with a short laugh.

"I did not want that," said I, somewhat confounded.

"You didn't, eh? then get away, and don't bother me—sleep in the main-top, or the main-chains, if you like; or go to h—l, if it please ye better!"

A few days after we had been at sea, Green pointed out to me the duties he required at my hands. There was nothing particularly unreasonable in them, but from the manner in which he contrived they should be discharged, my office seemed little better than that of a menial. It was a portion of my duty to see the ship's provisions served out, and a boy was assigned me for that purpose; but after a day or two, he was taken from me, under pretence that he could not be spared. This is but a solitary instance of a series of unworthy and mean persecutions: when, therefore, both the captain and mate would have looked upon me with a more favourable eye, I haughtily turned my back upon them, for contempt was now added to the utter dislike I had conceived for the pair.

Meanwhile, I had become a great favourite with the crew, from the predilection I shewed for their calling; and they beheld with grim, though well-meant indignation (for Jack abhors tyranny)

the petty and vexatious conduct of Harris towards me. My society was sought by them, and they took infinite pains to initiate me into the more mechanical part of their profession. I was, indeed, pleased with their romantic and adventurous calling. I had witnessed, as yet, but few of those spirit-stirring scenes so familiar to the seaman, but from that little my mind had caught a decided bias, and I longed to dwell for ever amid tempests and strife and contention. The aspect, too, of every thing around me afforded ample new food for the indulgence of my sullen and sickly fancies. The huge ship, her lofty masts and immense sails; the crowds of busy men that hurried to and fro on her spacious decks, or clung aloft upon the dizzy yards; the broad expanse of "eternal waters," relieved by naught, save a like monotony of sky, were to me alternate objects of wonder, admiration and awe. In the still hour of midnight I would lean over the ship's side, watching the moon's beams flickering in the dark and fathomless sea; or marking the long line of snow-white foam she left behind her; and my heart beat with gloomy exultation, as I reflected that every league bore me further and further on my self-imposed, and, as I hoped, termless exile from my native land.

We sped on our voyage. We were within a few degrees of the equator, and the *saturnalia* invariably observed by the crews of East India ships was anticipated, and discussed in the fore-castle. From my intercourse with its inmates, I became acquainted with their intentions, and what victims were particularly marked out as the objects of the rather painful waggery of these eccentric sons of Neptune. For many a poor unconscious wight did I tremble, as I heard the whimsical, but unpleasant ordeal he had to undergo; and for one of the passengers, a young cadet, peculiarly disliked by the people, as well from his foppish and effeminate manners, as from an expression that once escaped him, more, I believe, from the agitation of the moment, than from any indifference he entertained for their *worthy fraternity*, I was fairly alarmed. The incident that created a feeling of hostility towards the lad was this. It chanced, in the second dog watch, that one of the crew was out on the bowsprit doing some little job. The ship was lying nearly before the wind with a faint breeze, the jib sheet swinging to and fro swept the poor fellow into the sea. Immediately there was an alarm throughout the ship of

"A man overboard! a man overboard!" Mr. White (at the time in his cabin) ran on deck, and, in the hurry of the moment, exclaimed, "Is it a man or a gentleman?" The seaman he addressed, a thorough soldier hater, thinking that by this question he meant to convey that had it been one of the crew only, it was a matter of trifling consequence, gruffly replied, "I suppose if it is only a sailor, he's of more service nor a lubberly soldier." Ever after poor Mr. White was hated by all hands,—at least by those who dwelt before the main-mast; and the occasion of crossing the Line was the opportunity they took of wreaking their revenge, for the imaginary insult their dignity had received.

The day "big with the fate" of White and the uninitiated at length arrived. Neptune and Amphitrite, in solemn state, attended by Tritons, the barber and his clerk, in dripping and fantastic procession, ascended the ship's side, and proceeded aft to the quarter deck. The list of the uninitiated was produced; the bath, the razor (an iron barrel hoop deeply notched), and the lather (a mixture of grease, tar and ship's filth) prepared; and, one by one, we were conducted blindfolded to the main deck.—Here, seated on a plank, placed cross-ways on a large wash-deck tub (still blindfolded), by way of preliminary, the *patient* was saluted with a deluge of sea water from Neptune's myrmidons, who stood ready with buckets for that purpose. The filthy lather was next applied over the whole face, and fortunate was he whose hair and shirt escaped a like defilement; Neptune, all the time, putting a variety of questions to the *shaved*, which (did he open his mouth to answer) was a signal for the active latherer to begrim lips and teeth with the nauseous contents of his brush. The razor was then brought into play, and, lastly, the plank being slipped from under the *victim*, he was plunged head over heels into the tub, while those who stood by dashed buckets of water upon him as he crawled, breathless and gasping, from the scene of action, to make room for the next.

Mr. White was the last that was produced. He had divested himself of his clothes, excepting his shirt, trowsers, and a silk handkerchief. Twenty pails of water were at once discharged on his head. So sudden a salute made him gasp mechanically for breath; and at the same moment the barber dashed his brush, heavy with tar *alone*, into his open mouth. The poor fellow of course

spit, or rather endeavoured to do so, for the tar obstinately adhered to his teeth and gums, and another copious shower descended upon him. His face, hair, and neck, were all besmeared with tar, and the skin in some places fairly torn away from his lips and cheeks, by the vigorous strokes of the barber's jagged razor. In vain the poor fellow interceded for mercy; immediately he opened his mouth, the brush, or a great lump of filth, was dashed into it, till, at length, he fainted, and the officers of the ship were obliged to interfere, and rescue him from his tormentors. The discipline he had undergone confined him to his cabin for several days; and when he did appear on deck, he cut a most grotesque though pitiable figure:—patches of tar still clinging to his flesh, his hair standing out from his head, matted into thick, stiff tails, and his chin rough and raw from the punishment he had suffered.

But a circumstance, singular enough, (for it was no less than the total wreck of the ship in a tremendous hurricane off the S.E. coast of Madagascar,) contributed to dispel, in a great degree, the feelings of hostility I entertained towards Captain Green; to form the basis of mutual esteem and confidence, and lay the foundation of a certain and honourable independence, but for my accursed self-will.

H. D.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF SWEDEN.

### HONESTY OF THE SWEDES.

The Swedes are proverbially honest, and are the strangest contradiction to all received opinions. The Swedes are drunkards, desperate drunkards, but they are all honest;—house-breakers, pickpockets, highwaymen, thieves of all sorts, are exotics, and belong not to the soil. You may leave your purse in the open carriage all night, and the next morning will find it untouched—you may leave any thing but spirits, and need be under no apprehensions for its security. I shall give here a short anecdote to confirm this statement, although it belongs not to this part of my wanderings.

In spite of my resolutions, so cautiously entered in the journal, I embarked on board a schooner at Stockholm to proceed to Petersburg. The morning was unusually foggy, and at times the rain fell as plentifully from the clouds as the tears did from the ladies' eyes

when our departure was known. The schooner was at anchor about four miles from the London Hotel, and, in pursuit of her, we did what people often do in the dark,—lost our way; the noise of divers workmen on our right directed us to the shore, and on the quay, where several ships were undergoing repairs, we disembarked ourselves and baggage, and turned the crew to bale the water out, the boat being a regular sieve. The fog clearing away suddenly, and having caught sight of the schooner, we re-embarked, as we thought, all our goods and chattels. The schooner was under-weigh when we got alongside, and, in handing the luggage on board, I missed my writing-case, in which case was all our earthly treasure—English sovereigns, besides the journal, and money to no small amount; this occasioned a *nota bene* in the memorandum-book, which stands thus—"N. B. never to have more money than we want." "Gustaff," roared my companion, "d—n your Swedish honesty, there is lost the national honour, and our money."—Gustaff, who was as calm as a cucumber, merely said, and with some point, too, "if the workmen are not *foreigners*, the case, is quite safe:" he returned with my companion to commence the search. The fog was still very thick, and the place not easily discernible, but, in rowing along shore, they heard a man calling out to every boat, "Have you lost a writing case?" and, on landing, received it back as it was left. My companion asked the man what he would have done with it, provided the owner had not been found; "I should have taken it, *of course*, to the police, as I know there is a great deal of money in it from the weight and the noise of the coin,"—which occurs to me to be the very reason which would have deprived me of it in this country. So much for Swedish honesty, which I believe to be unrivalled.

### SWEDISH TRAVELLING.

The curse of Swedish travelling is the million of gates which are found for the exclusion of cattle from one man's property to another's; this ceaseless annoyance is found from Helsingbourg to Stockholm; every mile or half mile a dead halt to open a gate, and thus the journey, which would otherwise be rapid, becomes a tedious lengthened route. At the inns, or rather houses of call, the law requires the landlord to have bread and porter always ready, and, with these exceptions, the traveller in vain asks for food; they seem to

care not if you enter or walk on ; here is no friendly welcome; no servant anxious to see you alight, knowing that it will bring grist to his mill ; no landlord roaring for the chambermaid ; and no officious boots unpacking the carriage before you have determined if to stay or proceed. No, in Sweden you may stand, as I have stood for hours, looking in vain towards the village for the approach of the cattle ; and when at last they do make their appearance, driven by a little urchin of about ten years old, you must use your own harness, you must harness the horses, and you, or your servant, must drive ; the little urchin gets behind the carriage, and is only of use to open the eternal gates. The interior of a Swedish inn has not much to recommend it, the sprinkling the floors with the tops of the young firs gives at first a very disagreeable perfume to the room ; for in Sweden, as in Russia, air is a rare article : in summer it is excluded because it is hot, and in winter because it is cold ; the consequence is, a nasty, fusty, close smell, only differing from that in the Black Hole at Calcutta, inasmuch as the fir-tops already mentioned give a slight perfume to the various close smells so often distinguished in small and heated apartments. The beds were excellent, as beds, but we found we were not the only inhabitants ; the bugs, the ferocious bugs, left our skins and our shapes in durability, and undulations like the back-bone of a pike.

### ROMAN ORIGINS, CUSTOMS AND LEGISLATIONS.

*For the Olio.*

#### ADVANTAGE OF MANY CHILDREN.

By the law called *Papia Poppæa*, the candidate who had the greatest number of children was to be deemed duly elected. In consequence of this law, it became the common practice of men who had no issue, but were determined, at all events, to secure their election, to adopt a competent number, and as soon as they obtained the government of provinces, to renounce their fictitious children. Though the fraud was afterwards repressed, it is still customary with all candidates, at least for parochial situations, first to set forth their claims as requiring particular preference on account of their large families, the greatest number being considered the strongest reasons for an eligible election.

#### GAMES.

The *Quinquennial Games* were established by Augustus, to perpetuate the glory of his victory at Actium. He built the city of Nicopolis, near the bay, and having enlarged an old temple of Apollo, adorned it with naval spoils, and dedicated it to Neptune and Mars.

#### LAW AGAINST ADULTERY.

The law against adultery was called *Lex Julia*, because Augustus, the author of it, had been adopted by Julius Cæsar. The wife who was found guilty forfeited half her effects, and was banished to an island. By the old law, as stated by Livy, the woman convicted of a crime was delivered over to her relations, to be punished in private. If there was nobody to whose custody she could be committed, she was punished in public.

#### HONOURS AND REWARDS.

It was the policy of the court to make all favours to the army issue immediately from the prince, as from the fountain of honours and rewards. Another rule was, to make new friends, by keeping men in expectation of preferment.

#### QUALIFICATIONS.

The qualification of a Roman knight was 400,000 sesterces ; that of a senator, in the time of the republic, 800,000, and under the emperors 12,000.

#### MAGICIANS.

The Chaldean magicians, and the professors of judicial astrology, willing to be deemed men of real science, called themselves mathematicians.

#### MORE MEJOURN.

The custom was to strip the criminal stark naked, and lash him to death, with his head fastened within a forked stake.

#### THE WATCHES.

The Romans divided the night into four watches. Each watch was on duty three hours, and then relieved by the next in turn. The third watch began about the modern twelve at night.

#### THE WICKED CAMP.

Drusus, after many signal victories in Germany, died there in the summer camp, which was for that reason called the *Wicked Camp*.

#### SEALING WINE BOTTLES.

The Romans were obliged to be always on their guard against the fraud and pilfering genius of their slaves. They locked up their valuable utensils with care, and affixed their seals to their bottles, to secure their wine from depredation. Cicero says, his mother was used to seal even the empty bottles, that the slaves, to favour their fraud,

might not pretend that their masters left a greater number of empty bottles. Horace praises the master who could with temper see the seal of his bottle broken by his slaves :—

*Et signo læso non insarire lagenæ.*

Persius represents a miser, anxious about his vapid wine, and smelling at the seal :—

*Et signum læso in rapida naso tetigisse lagenæ.*

The new married man gave a seal to his bride, to show that he committed the house affairs to her management.

### THE UNEARTHLY WITNESS.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.  
Concluded from p. 152.

THE ghost of Tibbers, or himself, continued frequently to be seen ; for, till this day, I cannot calculate with certainty whether it was the one or the other. I certainly would have judged it to have been an apparition, had it not been for the most extraordinary scene that ever was witnessed in this or any other country ; and of which I myself was an ear and eye witness, and even that was no decisive proof either ways. It was as follows :—

There were some official men sent from Edinburgh to take a precognition relating to facts before our sheriff, to save expences to the litigants. Fifty or sixty were summoned that day, but in fact the main evidence depended on the statement of Johnie Gaskirk, and it being that day quite the reverse of all his former statements, and decisive in behalf of the Misses Tibbers, the deputy advocate and the sheriff got both into a high fever at his inconsistency, and persisted in knowing from whence he had got this new light ; insomuch, that after a great deal of sharp recrimination, Johnie was obliged to tell them flatly that he had it from very good authority—from Mr. Tibbers himself ! They asked him if it was from his ghost : he said he could not tell ; he took it for himself at the time. He came into his office and conversed with him, and brought facts clearly to his remembrance.

The sheriff and his compeers laughed Johnie Gaskirk to scorn ; and the pursuers' counsel said they would have none of this dreamy evidence related at second-hand. If the said William Tibbers had any thing of that sort to communicate, he must come into court himself, or answer by his deputy from the other world. The sheriff acquiesced,

and granted rule, half out of spite at the equivocation of Johnie Gaskirk. The counsel wrote out the summons, of the words of which I have an indistinct recollection, weening them at the time a little blasphemous. The name was three times called in court by the proper officer, who then read out the summons aloud. " In the name of God and the King, we their liege subjects and lawful officers, warn, summon, and charge you, William Tibbers, to appear here in court, either in your own person or by proxy, to answer upon oath such questions as may be asked of you."

The man had scarce done bawling or the crowded assembly with laughing at the ludicrous nature of the summons, nor had a single remark been made, save one by Johnie Gaskirk, who was just saying to the sheriff, " Ods, sir, ye had better hae letten him alane. He was never muckle to lippen to a' his days, and he's less sae now than ever."

Ere this sentence was half said, Tibbers stepped into the witnesses' bench ! But such a sight may human eyes never again look on. No corpse risen from the vaults of a charnel house—no departed spirit returning from the valley of terrors, could present a form or a look so appalling. It is impossible to describe it. A shuddering howl of terror pealed through the house. The sheriff, who was well acquainted with Tibbers, flung himself from his seat, and on his hands and knees escaped by the private door, while the incorrigible Johnie Gaskirk called to him to stay and take the witness's evidence.

A scene now ensued, the recollection of which still makes my heart cold. The court-room of our old town-house is ample but ill lighted. It was built in days of old, for a counsel chamber to the kings of Scotland. The entry is dark and narrow, and from the middle of this entry a stair as dark and narrow leads to what is still termed the ladies' gallery. The house was crowded, and the moment the horrid figure made its appearance, the assembly made one simultaneous rush to gain the door. They were instantly heaped above each other to suffocation. Yells and cries of *murder* ! resounded from every quarter.—The rush from the stair quite overwhelmed those beneath, and trode them to death. Such scenes have been often witnessed, but never by me ; and when the ominous cause was taken into consideration, it was a most impressive and judgment-looking catastrophe. The one half of that numerous assembly were

wounded or maimed, many of them for life, and nine were killed outright, so that it was with us a season of lamentation, and mourning, and great wo!

From that hour forth, the apparition of William Tibbers was no more seen on earth, that ever I heard of. But it was the general impression that it was the devil who appeared that day in court, and wreaked such vengeance on the simple and credulous natives. William Tibbers was indeed a Samson to us, for at this his last appearance, he did us more evil than all the rest of his life. His daughters gained the property, but I cannot say they have enjoyed it. The old adage seems to be realized in their case, that "a narrow gathering gets aye a wide scattering," for their great wealth appears to be melting away like snow from the dike.\*

*Fraser's Mag.*

### Review of New Books.

*Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. X. The History of the Netherlands, by J. C. Grattan. pp. 358. Longman and Co.*

At a period like the present, when all eyes are turned towards Belgium, a readable history of a country that once cut so conspicuous a figure amongst the states of Europe, and has so often been the theatre of war and famine, is no unacceptable thing. Though the volume is not quite all that might be wished, it, nevertheless, contains a mass of really desirable information. Until the appearance of the present work, if our recollection serves us rightly, we possessed scarcely any other books upon the history of the Low Countries, than a ponderous folio, by Grimestone, and a translation of Cardinal Bentivoglio's book, both of which it would be more than a trial of temper to wade through. We are, therefore, greatly indebted to Mr. Grattan, for his history of this curious state.

A fairer sample of our author's labours cannot be found than the follow-

ing, which exhibits the great commercial wealth of the ancient Flemings.

"The whole of the provinces of the Netherlands being now (1555) for the first time united under one sovereign, such a junction marks the limits of a second epoch in their history. It would be a presumptuous and vain attempt to trace, in a compass so confined as ours, the various changes in manners and customs which arose in these countries during a period of one thousand years. The extended and profound remarks of many celebrated writers on the state of Europe from the decline of the Roman power to the epoch at which we are now arrived, must be referred to, to judge of the gradual progress of civilisation through the gloom of the dark ages, till the dawn of enlightenment which led to the grand system of European politics commenced during the reign of Charles V. The amazing increase of commerce was, above all other considerations, the cause of the growth of liberty in the Netherlands. The Reformation opened the minds of men to that intellectual freedom, without which political enfranchisement is a worthless privilege. The invention of printing opened a thousand channels to the flow of erudition and talent, and sent them out from the reservoirs of individual possession to fertilise the whole domain of human nature. War, which seems to be an instinct of man, and which particular instances of heroism often raise to the dignity of a passion, was reduced to a science, and made subservient to those great principles of policy in which society began to perceive its only chance of durable good. Manufactures attained a state of high perfection, and went on progressively with the growth of wealth and luxury. The opulence of the towns of Brabant and Flanders was without any previous example in the state of Europe. A merchant of Bruges took upon himself alone the security for the ransom of John the Fearless, taken at the battle of Nicopolis, amounting to 200,000 ducats. A provost of Valenciennes repaired to Paris at one of the great fairs periodically held there, and purchased on his own account every article that was for sale. At a repast given by one of the counts of Flanders to the Flemish magistrates, the seats they occupied were unfurnished with cushions. Those proud burghers folded their sumptuous cloaks and sat on them. After the feast they were retiring without retaining these important and costly articles of

\* The date of the above letter is 1749, and is supposed to have been written by the Rev. R. Walker, of the Episcopal communion, to a brother in office. If so, it must have been from some chapel in Morayshire, for undoubtedly Elgin must be the county town alluded to. The distance from Edinburgh. The ancient town house in the middle of the street, with the village and quay, five miles down the river. All these, with other coinciding circumstances, fully warrant such a supposition. The original letter is directed to The Rev. J— S—n—n, Carubbers Close, Edinburgh.



dress; and, on a courtier reminding them of their apparent neglect, the burgomaster of Bruges replied, 'We Flemings are not in the habit of carrying away the cushions after dinner!' The meetings of the different towns for the sports of archery were signalised by the most splendid display of dress and decoration. The archers were habited in silk, damask, and the finest linen, and carried chains of gold of the greatest weight and value. Luxury was at its height among women. The queen of Philip the Fair of France, on a visit to Bruges, exclaimed, with astonishment not unmixed with envy, 'I thought myself the only queen here; but I see six hundred others who appear more so than I.'

The remarkable escape of the patriotic and persecuted Hugo Grotius, sentenced to perpetual imprisonment for Arianism, is thus told.

"Among all the imprisoned Arminians who had the good fortune to elude the vigilance of their gaolers, the escape of Grotius is the most remarkable of all, both from his own celebrity as one of the first writers of his age in the most varied walks of literature, and from its peculiar circumstances, which only found a parallel in European history after the lapse of two centuries.

"Grotius was freely allowed during his close imprisonment all the relaxations of study. His friends supplied him with quantities of books, which were usually brought into the fortress in a trunk two feet two inches long which the governor regularly and carefully examined during the first year. But custom brought relaxation in the strictness of the prison rules; and the wife of the illustrious prisoner, his faithful and constant visitor, proposed the plan of his escape, to which he gave a ready, and, all hazards considered, a courageous assent. Shut up in this trunk for two hours, and with all the risk of suffocation, and of injury from the rude handling of the soldiers who carried it out of the fort, Grotius was brought clear off by the very agents of his persecutors, and safely delivered to the care of his devoted and discreet female servant, who knew the secret and kept it well. She attended the important consignment in the barge to the town of Gorcum; and after various risks of discovery, providentially escaped, Grotius at length found himself safe beyond the limits of his native land. His wife, whose torturing suspense may

be imagined the while, concealed the stratagem as long as it was possible to impose on the gaoler with the pardonable and praiseworthy fiction of her husband's illness and confinement to his bed. The government, outrageous at the result of the affair, at first proposed to hold this interesting prisoner in place of the prey they had lost, and to proceed criminally against her. But after a fortnight's confinement, she was restored to liberty, and the country saved from the disgrace of so ungenerous and cowardly a proceeding. Grotius repaired to Paris, where he was received in the most flattering manner, and distinguished by a pension of 1000 crowns, allowed by the king. He soon published his vindication—one of the most eloquent and unanswerable productions of its kind, in which those times of unjust accusations and illegal punishments were so fertile."

The character of Louis Buonaparte, who was made king of the Bavarian monarchy by his brother Napoleon, is summed up as follows.

"The character of Louis Buonaparte was gentle and amiable, his manners easy and affable. He entered on his new rank with the best intentions towards the country which he was sent to reign over; and though he felt acutely when the people refused him marks of respect and applause, which was frequently the case, his temper was not soured, and he conceived no resentment. He endeavoured to merit popularity; and though his power was scanty, his efforts were not wholly unsuccessful. He laboured to revive the ruined trade, which he knew to be the staple of Dutch prosperity; but the measures springing from this praiseworthy motive were totally opposed to the policy of Napoleon; and in proportion as Louis made friends and partisans among his subjects, he excited bitter enmity in his imperial brother. Louis was so averse from the continental system, or exclusion of British manufactures, that during his short reign every facility was given to his subjects to elude it, even in defiance of the orders conveyed to him from Paris through the medium of the French ambassador at the Hague. He imposed no restraints on public opinion, nor would he establish the odious system of espionage cherished by the French police; but he was fickle in his purposes, and prodigal in his expenses. The profuseness of his expenditure was very offensive to the Dutch notions of respectability in

matters of private finance, and injurious to the existing state of the public means. The tyranny of Napoleon became soon quite insupportable to him; so much so, that it is believed that had the ill-fated English expedition to Walcheren in 1809 succeeded, and the army advanced into the country, he would have declared war against France. After an ineffectual struggle of more than three years, he chose rather to abdicate his throne than retain it under the degrading conditions of pro-consulate subserfdom. This measure excited considerable regret, and much esteem for the man who preferred the retirement of private life to the meanness of regal slavery. But Louis left a galling memento of misplaced magnificence, in an increase of ninety millions of florins (about nine millions sterling) to the already oppressive amount of the national debt of the country."

An anecdote, developing the noble conduct of the Prince of Orange at Waterloo, is given at page 349.

"On occasion of one peculiarly desperate charge, the prince, hurried on by his ardour, was actually in the midst of the French, and was in the greatest danger; when a Belgian battalion rushed forward, and, after a fierce struggle, repulsed the enemy and disengaged the prince. In the impulse of his admiration and gratitude, he tore from his breast one of those decorations gained by his own conduct on some preceding occasion, and flung it among the battalion, calling out, 'Take it, take it, my lads! you have all earned it!' This decoration was immediately grappled for, and tied to the regimental standard, amidst loud shouts of 'Long live the prince!' and vows to defend the trophy, in the very utterance of which many a brave fellow received the stroke of death.

"A short time afterwards, and just half an hour before that terrible charge of the whole line, which decided the victory, the prince was struck by a musket-ball in the left shoulder. He was carried from the field, and conveyed that evening to Brussels, in the same cart with one of his wounded aids-de-camp, supported by another, and displaying throughout as much indifference to pain as he had previously shown contempt of danger."

With the above extracts we conclude our notice of this ably condensed narrative; and though it will not bear a comparison with the historical treatises of Sir Walter Scott and Sir J. Mackin-

tosh, which have preceded it, it is, nevertheless, entitled to much praise.

*The Whole Art of Dress, &c.* pp. 100.  
Effingham Wilson.

This book is expected to effect a complete reformation amongst both young and old. It contains rules for the selection of gentlemanly apparel, from the hat to the shoe-tie; with illustrative engravings of the most appropriate shapes for hats, cravats, coats, waistcoats, inexpressibles, and all the *et ceteras* of male costume. The author, while he deprecates foppery in dress, endeavours to convince his readers of the importance of a proper attention to costume. We have always been of opinion that a slovenly man is never to be depended upon, and we are convinced that he who is careless of his own appearance, must be not only careless of his own affairs, but also of those of others. A slovenly man is an eye-sore to all around him. We recommend the uninitiated to get a copy of "The Whole Art of Dress," without loss of time;—even the experienced may profit by an attentive perusal of this work.

*The Economy of the Teeth and Gums, &c.* By the author of "The Economy of the Hands and Feet," pp. 129.—  
Effingham Wilson.

This little work displays considerable knowledge and judgment. Having been sufferers from tooth-ache, we have been induced to try some of the author's receipts for that "hell o' a' diseases," as Burns emphatically terms it; and we have no hesitation in pronouncing them superior to any that we have yet met with. We particularly recommend to the attention of our readers those chapters which speak of the danger to be apprehended from the use of powerful acids and other corrosive liquids; they contain a salutary caution to all those who are afflicted with this horrible complaint.—This work is published at a price that renders it available to all classes.

*Anecdotes of the Second French Revolution.* Nos. 1, 2, 3 & 4. Strange.

This cheap and unpretending little history of events, which have surprised and astonished all Europe, must at this time be read with interest. It is neatly printed, and contains several engravings of the public edifices in Paris. The style is clear and concise, and the work, which we understand will be completed

in about twelve numbers, and form a volume, will contain an interesting account of the three memorable days, and of the causes which led to scenes so remarkable and so astounding. We strongly recommend these anecdotes to our readers, as mementos of facts worth preserving.

### The Note Book.

#### CHINESE ADVERTISEMENT.

It is the custom in China, on losing property, having children stolen, or apprentices running away, &c. to stick manuscript bills or advertisements against the walls. The following, stuck up a few days since, may be taken as a specimen:—

“Chang-chaou-lai, who issues this thanksgiving advertisement, lives outside the south gate, in Great Tranquillity Lane, where he has opened an incense-smoking-mosquito shop. On the evening of the 12th instant, two of his fellow workmen in the shop, Ne-ahung and Atik, employed a stupefying drug, which by its fumes sunk all the partners in a deep sleep, during which they robbed the shop of all the money, clothes, &c. which they could carry away. Next morning when the partners awoke, no trace was to be found of these two men. If any good people know where they are, and will give information, a thank's offering in flowery red paper of four dollars will be presented. If both the booty and the two men be seized, and delivered over at my little shop, then dollars will be presented. Decidedly I will not eat my words. This advertisement is true.—Ne-ahung is about 20 years of age, short stature, has a white face, and no beard. Atik, whose surname is not remembered, is upwards of 20 years of age, is tall, has a sallow face, and no beard. Reign of Taoukwang, 9th year, 9th moon, 3d day.”

*Canton Reg. Jan. 9.*

#### THE SABBATH.

It is very remarkable that the heathen nations, who are supposed to have but little knowledge of the law or history of Moses, account one day of the seven more sacred than the rest. Hesiod styles the seventh day “The illustrious light of the sun;” and Homer says, “Then came the seventh day, which is sacred and holy.” Almost all nations, too, who have any notion of religion, have appropriated one day in seven to the purposes of public devotion, though they have differed with regard to the parti-

cular day. The Jews perform their religious worship on a Saturday—the Christians on Sunday, and the Mahometans on a Friday, because the Hegira occurred on that day.

H.B.A.

### Fine Arts.

#### THE UDORAMA AND COSMORAMA.

The breath of Nature and the voice of Art.

What is the “Udorama?” inquireth one,—What is the “Cosmorama?” reiterateth another. Questions like these, which appertain, first, to the precise nature of the light and shade scenic; and, secondly, to the actual state of the structures of this world's magnificence,—can be answered satisfactorily, only, by ocular demonstration. We do not, however, despair of opening these leaves of art, though we are sure our readers will not be fully entertained without exercising their own perspective binocles. Preceding artists have made Leicester-square popular and almost classical. This spot is attractive at present by the two representations which arrest our attention, and to which we allude in the spirit of taste and admiration. It is no ordinary pleasure to visit the beauties of Switzerland without danger and expense, loss of time and of friends. Merely by quitting the pavement of Cockaigne, we are in view of the Valley of Grindelwald, with a Lake and Waterfall. In the surrounding scenery are seen a Chapel, Cottages, a Water-mill; and in the valley, the river from the Lake winds its fertilizing course. The mountains, with glaciers the extreme points, shed an awful grandeur on the more minute objects by the varied reflections of light and shade so silently playing to the dashing waters during the transitions of four-and-twenty hours—the brilliance of morn, the reflective beauty of calm noon, like peace in ecstasies of repose,—the cool aspect and grey chill of tranquil evening, with laughter lingering on the waves, and flickering, like friendships unwilling to depart, on the massive growth of sparred substances,—the contemplative night irradiated by moonshine—the evergreens completely at ease from hurricanes, and the hearts shut in affections within the little lighted heritages of wood and fragrancy,—the sheep sheltered on the right—the cattle grazing on the left—with the cosmoric edifices in view,—a long flight of steps inviting the mind upwardly to Saint Martin's Church, near which Italian peasants

are employed invoking the shrine of the Virgin Mary. The Triumphal Arch of Septimus Severus—the Campo Vaccino—the Colosseum—the Campanile Tower—the remains of an ancient aqueduct—the ancient Market Place, once the Roman Forum—the view of the Menai Bridge, North Wales, and Warwick Castle. In another aspect, also, are Cape Town, the Dutch Settlement, Table Mountain, the Lion's Rump Mountain, the town and country of the Cape from the house of the Signal Master to the Castle.

Being assured by the artists, Messrs. Meadows and Cooper, of the correctness of the several situations, placed with advantage for the true representations of the buildings; as well as the faithful delineation of the Swiss sceneries by Mr. Dalberg—the value is enhanced by the delightful exhibition of these miniatures which convey ideas of their gigantic and statured portraiture.

### The Naturalist.

#### SILVER FISH.

The fish so called is merely an accidental variety of the gold fish, which varies in colour from age, food, the kind of water in which they are bred, &c. the greater number being of a golden orange colour, many white, or silvery, and others of one or other of those colours, mixed with large patches of black; they also vary in the shape and size of the fins and tail, which last in some is disproportionately large, and divided into three long lobes. These beautiful fish, originally natives of China and Japan, were probably introduced into Portugal at an early period, after the people of that country had discovered the route to the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope, as they appear to be now completely naturalised, and abound in many of their streams, whence they are brought to us by trading vessels from Lisbon, St. Ubes, &c. in large earthen jars, and may be had at a very easy rate before they get into other hands. They have also been introduced and naturalised in the Mauritius by the French, where they now abound in fish-ponds and streams, and are served up at table with the other fresh water-fishes, to the brood of which they are thought to be very inimical, by destroying their spawn and young fry. The extreme elegance of the form of the golden carp, the splendour of their scaly covering, the ease and agility of their movements,

and the facility with which they are kept alive in very small vessels, place them amongst the most pleasing and desirable of our pets.

### Customs of Various Countries.

#### SUPERSTITIOUS CUSTOM.

In several parts of Suffolk the following singular practice is resorted to upon the master of a house dying where an apiary exists. No sooner has the domestic calamity taken place, than a messenger is dispatched to inform the busy inmates of the hive of the sorrowful event; this is done by tapping gently against their straw dwelling and saying, "Your master is dead!" A presentiment existing in the minds of their owners, if this custom remains unfulfilled, that the industrious little labourers will forsake the hive, never to return.

H.W.W.

### Anecdotalia

#### GEORGE III.

An Irish conjuror and ventriloquist, of the name of Ray, but who called himself "Le Sieur Ray," to blarney his countrymen, (though he spoke a brogue thick enough to have cut with a knife, as Bowles used to say,) sailed into port with us, and divided the market. He cleared more by one evening's exhibition than we by three—and won fifty pounds besides, by swimming over a river with a rope about his waist.

This was the impudent dog (the act evinced his origin) who, exhibiting before their late Majesties, refused to perform his grand deception till the Queen said *cockalorum*, in which he pretended the charm consisted. Her Majesty thought the word either difficult or indelicate, and declined; but the King was so bent upon the great astonishment, that he turned round to her good-naturedly, and said,—"Say *cockalorum*, Charlotte—say *cockalorum*."

Bernard's Retrospections.

#### QUIN.

Dining one day at a party in Bath, Quin uttered something which caused a general murmur of delight. A nobleman present, who was not illustrious for the brilliancy of his ideas, exclaimed, "What a pity, 'tis, Quin, my boy, that a clever fellow like you should be a player!" Quin fixed and flashed his eye upon the person, with this reply, "What would your Lordship have me be?—a Lord!"

*Id.*

## Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, September 15.

*Ember Week.—High Water 0h 43m Morning—1h 5m After.*

In the year there are four *Ember-weeks* set down in the almanacks: these quarterly seasons of devotion, which take place after the first Sunday in Lent, after the feast of Pentecost, after the 14th of September, and after the 13th of December, are of the greatest antiquity in the Church. By the Latin fathers they are called *Quatuor anni tempora*, or the four cardinal seasons of the year. Pope Calixtus, as early as the third Century, ordered three days at each of these periods to be observed to implore the blessing of the Almighty on the produce of the earth, by prayer and fasting. He likewise ordained that these four seasons should be devoted to the preparation of the clergy before their ordination, in close imitation of the Apostles (Acts, xiii. 3). At first these days were not uniformly observed by different churches at the same time; but the Council of Piacenza, A. D. 1095, settled them to be kept as above mentioned. It is enjoined by the 31st canon of the church, "that deacons and ministers be ordained, or made, but only on the Sundays immediately following these Ember-feasts." An ancient author, speaking of Ember-days, says, they are *days of ashes*, from the religious custom of eating nothing on those days till night, and then only a cake baked under the embers or ashes, which they called *Panem subcineritium*, or Ember-bread. Sir Henry Spelman observes that the true word is *Imber*, from the old Saxon *Imbren*, i.e. a circle: because the Ember-days go round the year as in a circle. The opinion of the learned Spelman is the one commonly received, from the circumstance of these fasts returning regularly every year in certain courses.

Thursday, September 16.

*St. Euphemia, Virgin mar. A. D. 307.—Sun rises 43m after 5—sets 17m after 6.*

Sept. 11, 1701.—Expired at St. Germain, near Paris, in France, James II., who had been King of England. Hume, in estimating the character of this wilful prince, states that he only wanted a due regard and affection to the religion and constitution of his country to have made an excellent monarch; but the obnoxious, tyrannical, and oppressive acts he committed lost him the affection of his subjects, and his throne.

Friday, September 17.

*St. Lambert.—New Moon, 28m after 2 Morn.*

At the time our saint held the see of Maestrecht, the greatest disorders prevailed in France; two brothers, by their violence and plunder of the church of Maestrecht, were become so unsupportable, that they were slain by certain relations of St. Lambert. Dodo, a kinsman of the two young men, sought revenge upon the holy bishop; a troop of enemies, entering his house, put to the sword all they met, and one of them throwing a javelin at him, slew him. This happened A. D. 709.

Sept. 17, 1827.—Expired the Rev. Robert Pollok, æt. 28, author of the splendid poem entitled "The Course of Time." He was on his way to Italy, the climate of which had been recommended to him for a consumptive complaint; but he was only able to reach Southampton, where, at the end of a few weeks, he prematurely closed a short but brilliant career.

Saturday, September 18.

*St. Methodius, b. of Tyre, A. D. 311.—High Water 34m after 2 Morning—49m after 2 After.*

Sept. 18, 1714.—Anniversary of the arrival (at Greenwich) of George I. from Hanover, to take possession of the British crown. In the Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole, we find the following character of the King:—"He united with the fittest qualifications to recommend a new dynasty, all the abilities requisite for its consolidation. Though of a grave and calm temper, he was easy, familiar, and even facetious in his hours of relaxation. Alternately indulgent and severe, according to circumstances, but constantly just, he never was more pleased than when he could indulge in that benignity which predominating in his heart, was naturally impressed on his countenance. Wise and steady in his regulations, he inflexibly pursued those plans which appeared the most equitable and consistent with the honour and dignity of the nation, as well as his own.

Sunday, September 19.

FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

*Lessons for the Day—35 chapter Jeremiah, morn—36 chapter Jeremiah, Even.*

*St. Januarius.*

When the persecution of Dioclesian broke out, our saint, who was bishop of Benevento, determined to visit the Christians who were imprisoned, in order to comfort and encourage them. He did not escape the notices of the inquisitive keepers, who gave information. He was immediately seized, and conducted to Puzzilli, loaded with irons, & beheaded near the town, in 305.

Monday, September 20.

*High Water 34m after 3 Morn—49m after 3 After.*

Sept. 20, 1808.—On the morning of this day, the late *Covent Garden Theatre* was destroyed by fire, together with several adjoining houses. But the destruction of the theatre itself formed but a small part of the calamity; an engine had been introduced within an avenue opening from the piazza, when the roof of the passage unfortunately falling in, involved all beneath in the burning ruins. By this dreadful accident 19 persons perished.

Tuesday, September 21.

*St. Matthew.—Sun rises 52m after 5—sets 7m after 6.*

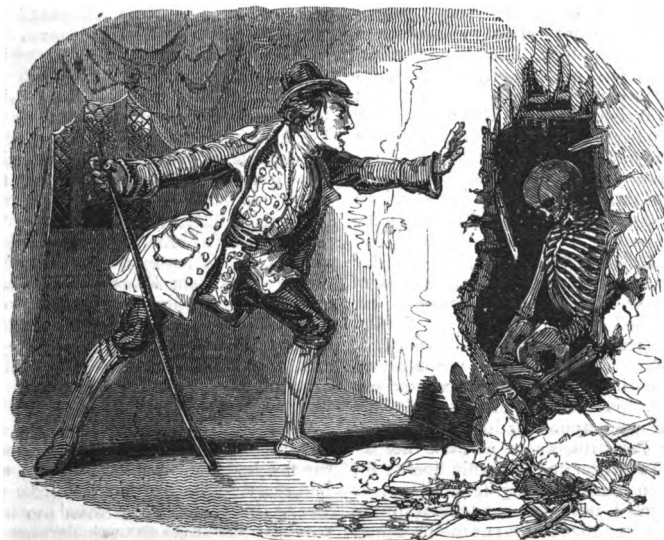
Sept. 21, 1756.—LONGEVITY.—Died at Kivier, a small village near Bridgnorth, Salop, one Robert Parr, æt. 124. He was great-grandson to old Thomas Parr, who was buried in Westminster Abbey, and had died in the reign of Charles II. The father of Robert was above 109 years old, the grandfather 113, and the great-grandfather, the said Thomas, lived to the great age of 152 years.

# The Olio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XIV.—Vol. VI.

Saturday, Sept. 25, 1880.



See page 214.

## Illustrated Article.

### THE SPECTRE OF GORMIRE HALL.

#### A YORKSHIRE LEGEND.

For the Olio.

"Oh, murder'd lady! as thy spirit stalks,  
With seen but silent step, the corridor,  
Cross not the innocent, unheeding eye  
Of stainless childhood. Let thy spectre come,  
In noonday terror, to that guilty man  
Who shed thy blood!—Appear  
As when thy dying accusations shook  
This silent hall, and scared thy murderous  
lord."

GORMIRE HALL was a secluded mansion, romantically situated on the border of the small and beautiful lake of Gormire, near Sutton, in Yorkshire, beneath the wildly magnificent chain of hills called Hambleton. Surpassingly enchanting in its scenery, the surrounding country was also rich in antiquarian and historical interest. Around were scattered the picturesque ruins of abbeys and castles, amidst well wooded and fertile lands, forming a relieving contrast to the sterility of the gigantic rocks and mountains which skirted the

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valley. The chief precipice on the Hambleton hills, called the "White Mare," had been broken by some convulsion of nature;\* and the mighty masses of detached rock which were hurled into the dell below, formed no uninteresting feature in the landscape, overgrown, as some of them were, with moss and ivy. From the furze-clad banks of the little lake the distant towers of York Minster were perceptible; and the intervening scene presented to the view a tract of country whose diversified objects could not fail to gratify the most fastidious eye.

But Gormire Hall was a dark spot on the bright panorama of this delightful valley. It had been deserted by its owner, save occasional visits, for the long space of twenty years, and left in charge of but a few domestics. It was a mansion built in the Elizabethan style; and though the prevailing feature of its architecture was heaviness, it

\* Said to have occurred at the precise time of the earthquake of Lisbon.—See Jefferson's "History and Antiquities of Thirsk."

evinced, in some parts of its construction, an approach to elegance, though partly obscured by the unpruned fruit-trees, and the encroaching weeds which had been suffered to vegetate upon its walls. The windows were enriched with stained glass, saved from the adjacent ruins of Hode Abbey; which gave a still more sombre appearance to its general contour. The once beautiful gardens and pleasure-grounds encircling it had been woefully neglected: the gravel-walks were hid with moss; the flower-beds had degenerated into a kitchen garden; the baths had been allowed to fall into decay, and the stream which supplied them to be choked with the autumnal refuse of the shrubbery.

Sir Ralph Myton, the wealthy master of this deserted domicile, was a man of fierce and tempestuous passions. He was allied to an old and noble family, descended from the Protector Cromwell. Smitten with the love of absenteeism, and doatingly fond of France and her follies, his manners and example had so far won upon his lovely wife, the Lady Priscilla, as to alienate her attachment from her romantic home; for it is too true, that any feeling may be inculcated, not even excepting a love of vice, when affection turns the preacher. She became possessed of as ardent a desire to reside in Paris as her husband; and accordingly their rural retreat in Yorkshire was abandoned for the more fashionable resort of corrupted France. During the first two or three years of their absence, Gormire Hall had the honour of an occasional visit from them, during the last of which the Lady Priscilla, as heretofore, accompanied Sir Ralph. They departed from the Hall, as was said, secretly in the night; but the circumstances of such departure, and its concomitants, remain for the sequel of this story to unravel.

The menials left in possession of Gormire Hall were, Dame Crutchley, the old housekeeper, who had spent the prime of her life in Sir Ralph's service; Sam Feast, a honest, active and kind-hearted youth, whose business was to superintend and manage the agricultural affairs connected immediately with the house; and Fawcett, who had been promoted by Sir Ralph from an unemployed bricklayer to be a mongrel kind of butler, gardener and groom, during the absence of the other domestics: three other servants completed the establishment at Gormire. The rich old steward, Swift, had a neat residence at

Felixkirk, a village two miles distant, and but seldom presented himself to the inmates of the Hall.

The shades of a sweet spring night had darkened the valley of Mowbray, and the inhabitants of the quiet village of Sutton had finished their weekly toil, and were many of them enjoying their Saturday night at Will Palliser's, the landlord of the Roebuck; a sign which for thirty years had borne the obliterating effects of storm and sunshine, which had so metamorphosed it, that it would have been difficult to pronounce whether the original figure had been intended for biped or quadruped; so that the house was better known by the landlord's name than by the sign. However, hearty old Will brewed most excellent ale; and his chimney corner was often occupied by Sam Feast and Fawcett, from Gormire Hall; and here they were ensconced on the present occasion, talking over the affairs of the week, and enlivening their potions of nut-brown by many a pleasant joke on their neighbours.

Time passed unusually fleet; and the merry company had nearly all dispersed; the fire had sunk low in the grate, and had received its last poking from the sleepy hostess, who yawned wearily over the stockings she was darning;—even old Will had ventured a silent hint to his at last only remaining company, Sam and Fawcett, to depart, by taking off his heavy shoes, preparatory to going up stairs to bed; still they lingered, and engaged in absorbing conversation, (which related to their master's absence and his lady's non-appearance,) kept aloof from the yawning host and his wife.

"I feel uncommonly low-spirited to-night," said Sam, breaking off their secret colloquy,—"fill us another tankard, Will."

This command was sulkily obeyed, and Sam filled his own and Fawcett's glass, and proposed, before going—"Success to Gormire Hall."

"With all my heart, lad," said Fawcett, smiling away the gloom which had overspread his countenance,—"Success to Gormire Hall, though it may tumble down for lack of inhabiting.—After all, Sam," continued he, apparently referring to some previous remark, "I think master has a good heart."

"Do ye?" replied Sam; "he may be something in your eye; but you know, Fawcett, you are a neat hand at *plastering a thing over*."

At this expression, which was in-

tended to have no particular reference further than a jocular allusion to Fawcett's former avocation, his visage gradually relinquished its accustomed ruddy hue, and changed to a deadly paleness; the perspiration started from his forehead, and supporting his head on his trembling hands, for a moment he gasped for breath.

"What ails, ye, Fawcett?" cried Sam, alarmed, and looking earnestly at him,—during which the thrifty hostess of the Roebuck was rummaging the cupboard for her mint-water bottle.

Fawcett rallied, and attempted to account for his emotion by the closeness of the room and the heat of the fire.

"Fire!" said Sam, "where is it?" casting his eyes, half sarcastically half seriously, to the few huddled embers which were expiring in the grate.

"No matter, Sam," said Fawcett,—  
"ask me no further questions."

"I will not," replied Sam, evidently affected by the earnestness of the appeal. "Come, let us be moving. Landlord, the reckoning."

Without clearing up the mystery, Fawcett prepared to depart; and was only reminded by Sam, before starting, that they had to call at his father's to tell his little sister Mary that she was to go and spend the following day with Dame Crutchley; Fawcett and Sam having agreed to accompany each other to Boltby Feast, or Wake, which commenced on Sunday, the following day; on which account the worthy folks at the Hall would be somewhat dull without them.

The two friends, after leaving their message at neighbour Feast's, walked silently home, Sam thoughtful, and Fawcett sullen. The following morning, however, beheld them in their bottle-green coats, buck-skin breeches, and silver buttoned waistcoats, with smiling faces, on their way to Boltby Wake, leaving Dame Crutchley to manage the affairs of Gormine Hall solus.

The eccentric but good old creature had given Seppy, a favourite lap-dog, his breakfast, fed her three cats, the raven, and the canaries, and made a can of caudle for the poor wife in labor at the village, when Mary Feast entered her apartment, with her lap full of buttercups which she had gathered in the meadows leading to the Hall.

"Good morrow, Mrs. Crutchley," said she, perking up her sweet little face to salute the old lady, with whom she was a great favourite.

"Good morrow, and bless you, my

child," responded the dame; "I am very much behind-hand this morning; but go, my dear, whilst I dress, and take a ramble over the rooms in the house; you will see much to please you: I'll be ready for you presently."

Mary Feast readily obeyed this invitation. As artless and as innocent a being as ten years ever matured, she was a beautiful and winning child. That indispensable accompaniment of beauty, health, had tinged her cheeks with a rosy red, and her rich and abundant hair hung in flaxen tresses from her forehead and adown her neck. But to the gazer on the sweet Mary Feast, it would have been a perplexing query whether beauty or simplicity was most predominant.

Across the marble floor of the ante-room, and up one of the broad flights of stairs of the Hall, bounded the lively Mary, anticipating the pleasure she would feel in inspecting the rooms and their furniture alone and without control. But so high and so numerous were the steps she ascended, that she had to rest herself more than once ere she reached their summit. Arrived at an inferior landing, she entered the suite of apartments to which it led. It was a delightful morning; the beams of the broad sun shot through the sickly vines and exuberant trees growing from the terraced gardens laid out on the roof of one of the wings, and investing the mullioned windows; the rays of light crept slowly around the rich and antique furniture; the flies were buzzing in the painted panes within, and the birds twittered in the fruit-trees without; yet, notwithstanding the cheerful aspect of nature, an involuntary seriousness took possession of Mary, and, as she looked round on the faded tapestry, the Gothic organ, the velvet-cushioned chairs, and glanced up to the flower-painted roof, whose loftiness still more impressed her, she stood gazing for a moment, then rushed out of the room, and closing the door after her, set up a loud laugh at the folly of her self-created fear. Continuing her route up the middle stairs, her progress was for a moment arrested by imagining that she heard a murmuring in one of the upper apartments, to which she was proceeding.

"Surely no one of quality is in the Hall," said she, "or the dame would never have sent me to ramble over it."

She had now gained the superior landing, from the extremities of which again two short and corresponding



stairs led to the upper rooms of the Hall; when suddenly she stopped, on hearing the shutting-to of a door at the top of the opposite staircase; and, looking up, she saw a lady in a brown silk dress, with embroidered short sleeves, splendid stomacher, hoop petticoat, and a kind of French head dress, advancing down the stair. Deeming it rudeness to retreat, and imagining the lady to be some visitant to the Hall, or, mayhap, Lady Priscilla herself (for she resembled the description Mary had heard of that lady from her mother), she retired into a corner, and as the figure passed her in crossing the landing, she dropt it a curtsy, to which it made no recognition or answer, but, with the same serene look, passed on, and disappeared up the stair contiguous to where Mary stood. So near did it approach to her, that she distinctly heard the rustling of its silken attire; and as it crossed the light streaming through the open door of a room midway on the spacious landing, she plainly saw the sparkling of the pearls in the lady's hair. Mary, transfixed for a moment with surprise, quickly retraced her steps to the house-keeper's room, and with breathless haste presented herself before Dame Crutchley.

"Why, Mrs. Crutchley, you should have told me there was a lady in the house; I might have gone into her room—really, I was quite begone!"

"A lady, child! nonsense, not a soul in the house besides yourself and me; for Patty and Sarah have both gone to church, and your brother Sam and Fawcett are at Boltby Feast; you mistake, Mary."

"Nay, for I both heard and saw her, and curtsied to her too, though she was too proud to take any notice of me."

The engaging little girl then gave a minute relation of the mysterious appearance; on hearing the particulars of which the Dame shook like a leaf, and staggered to her chair; Mary's description precisely tallied with the appearance of the Lady Priscilla, and this occurrence confirmed the suspicions which the housekeeper had long entertained regarding the fate of her respected mistress. That room from which the spectre emerged was strongly locked up, and Sir Ralph alone retained possession of the key. He was daily expected for the sixth time, during twenty years absence, at Gormire Hall; but then the Dame durst not ask him for the key, as he had more than once

expressed his wish that it should remain closed. Her memory reverted to the mysterious night when she last saw the Lady Priscilla; the suddenness of Sir Ralph's departure, and her own confirmed belief that he was unaccompanied by his lady. Horrible were the dark surmises which perturbed the gentle Dame in reflecting on the daylight apparition of her hated mistress. Many were the times which she paced up and down stairs, to and from the haunted room. The day elapsed in dulness and weariness; till at last came the evening, which brought home Sam and Fawcett from the wake. The former of which having dismissed his little sister with some gifts from the feast, enjoined her to make the best of her way to her father's ere it grew dark. Fawcett, with few words, retired to rest; and Sam Feast and Dame Crutchley were left alone, save the presence now and then of the bustling maids, who were preparing supper.

"How have you spent your day, Sam?" languidly inquired the house-keeper.

"Why, rather miserably," answered Sam, "for, somehow, I was in no heart to be jovial; and as for Fawcett, I know not what has come over him; he has scarcely spoken half-a-dozen words all day, and if we sat down for half an hour in a public house, he grew so stupid with thinking, that I had a task to move him. He has something or other on his mind that troubles him, I am sure."

"God preserve us!" ejaculated the Dame; "there has been foul play somewhere, my lady's spirit walks, and has been seen this morning by your sister Mary!"

"Heaven have mercy on us," said the youth, "she has been murdered."

"Hush!—the maids will overhear us;—as for that, it remains for God to point out."

The Dame having rehearsed the story, added her short but striking reasons for her belief in apparitions. She argued in her plain and simple manner, the plausibility of such a doctrine, founded, as she contended upon Scripture; placing the chief reliance of her creed on the expression of the Almighty, after the murder of Abel:—"The blood of Abel *crieth* unto me from the ground." And inferring from such declaration, that where justice remained unsatisfied, and murder unavenged, God permitted these unearthly visitings in order to mark the taking

away of human life with his special abhorrence, and to decry the agents of such crimes in the most appalling manner: the delivery of which sentiments were rendered more solemn by a reference to the ponderous and brazen-clasped bible of the reverend matron.

Sam, terribly impressed with the old lady's relation, bid her "good night," and sought his chamber. But sleep had forsworn his company for that night, and he tossed and turned from side to side in restless agony. He at last renounced the hopes of enviable repose, and gave up to his imagination the reins of thought. Weighing over every circumstance, he came to the decided conclusion that the Lady Priscilla had been murdered; that her body was concealed in the very room from whence his sister beheld the phantom issue; and joining to these deductions Fawcett's fright at the Roebuck, at the mention of the words "plastering over," he had little doubt that he had had a guilty participation in the deed.

He resolved that the secrets of the closed room should not escape him; and he anxiously waited for the beaming day, in order that his surmises might be either certified or refuted. Sir Ralph might return rather sooner than he was expected; and this daring project admitted of no delay. The policy to be adopted was secrecy; any mention of the design to Fawcett was to be especially guarded against, and it was most material that the superstitious Mrs. Crutchley and her two maids should be kept in total ignorance respecting it.

Monday arrived, and the few domestics attached to Gormire Hall were occupied in their respective departments; Fawcett was at work in the garden, Patty and Sarah were reciprocally engaged in the duties of the dairy, and Dame Crutchley was seriously busied in poring over some of the letters of the Lady Priscilla in her private sitting room, with Seppy asleep at her feet, and her cats purring on the sofa beside her; when Sam, after inspecting the different labourers, and providing himself with a short iron gavellock, stole over the grounds unperceived, crossed the shrubbery and its walks, and crept on his hands and knees to one of the windows in the servants' hall which he had previously left open, and, waiting a short time, in order to ensure his not being observed, effected his entrance. Ridding himself of his shoes, he proceeded with stealthy

fleetness up the principal stair, and soon gained the topmost landing.

The immense magnitude of the noble staircase, the gloominess and loftiness of the walls and ceiling, and the unbroken silence which reigned around, retarded, for a thoughtful moment, the steps of the intrepid and youthful peasant, and he stood in "speechless awe," with his eyes rivetted on the identical room, expatiating on the bloody secret which he was shortly to discover. A few more strides brought him to the very door, when, without any further preliminary, he applied the gavellock to an interstice, and with violent force inserted the pointed weapon for some depth between the door and its framing;—exerting his utmost strength as to a lever, he speedily forced the lock to give way, and in an instant was propelled by his exertion into the apartment.

It had originally been a bed-room; but had long been in disuse, and now presented the gloomy evidences of having been forsaken for some years. The windows were half enveloped in their thickly folded curtains; a few pictures were suspended on one side of the chamber, and tapestry lining the other, gave a patched-up and inconsistent appearance to the whole. Amongst the articles of ornamental furniture, was a bust of one of the noble family of Belaysse, of Coxwold, a deceased relative of the Lady Priscilla, which stood on a pedestal of Sienna marble, and which had apparently been moved out of its former situation, as it appeared prominently to occupy a station not originally assigned it,—a circumstance which will be by-and-by explained. Sam's next solicitude was to secure the door, which he did by dragging before it a massy or-molu table. This task completed, he commenced the search for that to ascertain the existence of which was his principal aim,—an aperture in the wall. The jocose words, "plastering over," which had given such a shock to Fawcett, determined him to scrutinize every inch of stone and mortar constituting the room, ere he would be satisfied of the existence of the Lady Priscilla, and the innocence of Fawcett. He next proceeded to remove the tapestry, as, from its adaptation to concealment, it gave rise to his suspicions. Having bared the wall, which was thickly painted, he pursued his inquiry, covered with dust from the displaced tapestry; but, after passing his hands over every portion of the even surface

in the wall, hoping in vain by that means to discover a closure, he resigned his task in almost utter hopelessness. Striking his clenched hand against the wall, in disappointment and chagrin, he felt it rebound; he struck, with greater force, a second blow, which convinced him, from the perceptible fluctuation, and the hollow sound produced by the concussion, that it was a recess in the wall, ingeniously covered over by laths and plaster, and painted of a colour with the rest of the structure.

Snatching up his gavelock, he soon ratified the conviction, by beating in the laths and mortar, which opposed but a slight resistance to the strokes of the sturdy peasant. Without stopping to explore the opening, which was yet but partially effected, he tore down the superficial covering to the floor, the dust and rubbish of which nearly suffocated him. Advancing, he encountered a curtain, which seemed to have been a rich cloth table cover, but which now hung in pitiful tatters within the recess, as if intended to veil something from the eye of any intruder. Tearing it down, Sam beheld the mouldering remains of a reclining skeleton!

Motionless with terror, he gazed for some time on the ghastly spectacle, when, assuming a kind of artificial courage, he ventured to abstract from the consuming fragments, attracted by the glistening, a splendid necklace, on the locket suspended from which was embossed the crest of Sir Ralph Myton. Continuing his researches amongst the ruins of the lath and mortar, he shovelled up with his feet a bricklayer's hammer, which, bringing to the light, he found to be marked with the letters J. F. burnt into the handle!

Here the enigma was solved;—in brief, the Lady Priscilla had been murdered, and Fawcett, the trembling Fawcett, had been accessory, if not to the murder, at least to its concealment! By what fatality he had left the hammer behind him, remains to be told, but in this recess, beyond question, had stood the bust and pedestal which struck the discoverer as being rather oddly placed. Having acquired possession of the necklace and hammer, and the time being considerably advanced, he piled the rubbish in a heap, and letting fall the tapestry over it, adjusting the carpet and furniture, and fastening the door by tying a piece of cord to the lock, and tacking it to a nail outside, he glided down stairs with the swiftness of the hunted hare, and in a few minutes more

was within sight of Fawcett, who was employed with his spade in the garden behind the house.

(To be continued.)

#### THE POET'S DREAM.

The poet sleeps in his attic rude,  
And visions over his brain are dancing—  
Now he sees, in frolic mood,  
The tiny fays of night advancing.

Round and round, in their careless glee,  
The clear blue lake they deftly skim,  
And oft in their wayward revelry,  
They point their ebony wands at him.

Now, to the measure of elfin lyre,  
And lute, they move in their reckless play;  
Or with wands erect, in gay attire,  
Feastly march on their star-lit way.

Hush'd are elfin lyre and lute—  
'Tis the thrilling bugle and rolling drum;  
A column of soldiers, proud and mute—  
Hither in bold array they come.

Fierce, they encounter the shadowy foe—  
He hears the roar and the din of war,  
The clarion-peal and the shriek of woe,  
And sees the lances gleaming far.

The poet arose at the break of day,  
With a firm and heroic air,  
And he framed a glowing and martial lay  
Of deeds that were done in the olden day;  
Of knights who their bold compeers did slay,  
Mid the cymbal's clash and the trumpet's bray,  
And were crown'd with palm-leaves there.

*The Legendary.*

#### ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF LOUIS, KING OF HOLLAND.

*Royal Condescension.*—Complaints having been made to the king, that his *chef de cuisine*, Monsieur Darras, neglected the royal table, his majesty, one day, when at breakfast, sent for him, and threatened to discharge him, if he did not pay more attention to his office. Darras, knowing he was protected by the *sommelier* (butler), ventured to remonstrate with his majesty, denying the charge, saying, "that he had been denounced by some enemy; but," added he, "whoever may have spoken ill of me, I have nothing to reproach myself with; and, since I do not merit your majesty's confidence, I beg respectfully to return *le tablier de mon service*. I will return to France, where, I am sure, my *merits* will be acknowledged." On saying which he bowed and retired; but immediately returned to the king's presence, *sans facon*, and with an air of *attendrissement*, presented on a salver the emblem of his office, a white apron, putting as much dignity in the action, as if he had been a minister returning his *porte-feuille*. The king did not take offence at this resignation, which, though frank, would have been

inconvenient, as cooks are not so easily replaced as ministers of state; he therefore smilingly, and with an air of solicitation, returned to the too sensible *chef* his badge. "Sire," replied the general of the ovens, "I can refuse your majesty nothing."

*Obstinate Dogs.*—His majesty had a favourite dog called *Tiel*, his constant companion in his travels. One day *Tiel*, though daily fed with the most dainty bits by his master, strayed into the kitchens. The *chef* and his *marmittons* strove who should offer the nicest *plats*; but *Tiel* preferred a bone to all these delicacies, which he discovered in the scullery. The aides endeavoured to wrest it from him, but he would swallow the bone, however, in spite of all the world; but rage made him imprudent, and the vile bone, which the most vulgar *barbel* would have rejected, stuck in his throat. What was to be done in such a case? In seeking to relieve the favourite, the firmer was the bone fixed in his gullet. Fortunately, one of the prefects of the palace was passing, in grand costume. They begged his excellency to come to *Tiel's* aid. The danger was pressing; the prefect, taking him in his arms, carried him to the king, who ordered *Giraud*, his first surgeon, to attend. The *leech*, fearing that some accident had befallen his majesty, fled to the presence like a Mercury: but when the *quadruped patient* was produced, he was not a little *blesse*, and refused to act. The king, indignant that the poor dog should be left to his sufferings, besides his orders being disobeyed, got into a violent passion, and ordered the doctor to retire. The chamberlain on service recollected that the king's dentist was in the palace. In an instant he was at the side of the patient, and with great dexterity removed the bone. Monsieur *Giraud* gradually lost favour, and was sent to Paris as first surgeon to the *Hôtel de Dieu*, where he died with the reputation of a man of talent in his profession, but a bad courtier.

#### PHILLIDA AND CORIDON.

By Nicholas Breton, 1606.

In the merry month of May,  
In a moor by break of day,  
Forth I walk'd by the woodside,  
When as May was in his pride:  
There I spied, all alone,  
Phillida and Corydon.  
Much ado there was, God wot;  
He would love and she would not.  
She said, "Never man was true."  
He said, "None was false to you."

He said, "He had loo'd her long;"  
She said, "Love should have no wrong."  
Coridon would kiss her then;  
She said, "Maids must kiss no men,  
Till they did for good and all."  
Then she made the shepherd call  
All the heavens to witness truth;  
Never loved a truer youth.  
This with many a pretty oath,  
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,  
Such as silly shepherds use  
When they will not love abuse,  
Love which had been long deluded,  
Was with kisses sweet concluded:  
And Phillida, with garlands gay,  
Was made the Lady of the May.

#### THE POSTHUMOUS LETTERS OF HUGH DELMORE, ESQ.

##### LETTER IV.

(For the *Olio*)

WE rounded the Cape of Good Hope under the malefic influence of a strong S. E. gale, somewhat similar, I take it, to that which the sturdy Dutch *schipper*, so blasphemously presumed to brave. No spectre bark and phantom crew arose, however, "to freeze our expectant blood, or blench the cheek with horror," though the legend did not lack supporters, and sturdy ones, too, among our crew; some old seamen going so far, even, as to declare that they had seen "with their own eyes," the restless and ominous vision. Be this as it may, *certainly*, the iron bound, vast, and savage aspect of the coast at the southern extremity of Africa, the tremendous sea, and almost ever raging gales that prevail off it, render it a fitting scene for so wild and picturesque a fiction.

At length, we passed these enchanted waters, and once again stood to the northward. Light and baffling airs, accompanied by a short, tumbling sea, and a dull and heavy murkiness, succeeded to the clear, exhilarating aspect the atmosphere and heavens had presented during the storm; and we laid for days, as it were, the sport of the mocking elements. We prayed for wind; but east, west, north, and south,—in every direction alike, nature seemed enwrapped in sullen, threatening repose, as though gathering all her angry energies to overwhelm us. The sun had descended, surrounded by a mass of dense vapours; his last rays gloomily tinging the western waves with a hue, as of molten brass; and short, gusty squalls ushered in a heavy and starless night. Warned by these threatening appearances, all the small sails had been handed, the top-sails double reefed, and the main-course

hauled up. Thus the weather continued till about half-an-hour past midnight; when suddenly, the water, about half-a-mile to leeward of us, became convulsed in a manner I can only compare to the boiling and bubbling of an immense furnace, (being at the time on deck), with a peculiar and dismal whistling of the wind, and two or three successive and vivid flashes of lightning. Harris's experienced eye immediately perceived, and knew the meaning of this phenomenon. Hastily ordering the man at the wheel to shift the helm, he snatched up a speaking trumpet, and in a voice that rang with startling effect in the death-like silence that prevailed throughout the ship, commanded the watch to "*let fly every thing.*" Promptly as he was obeyed, the blast anticipated the efforts of the people. I have witnessed many convulsions of wind and sea, yet I recollect none so positively awful as the effect of this squall. It was not that prolonged gale which may be, in some measure, guarded against, by its equal and steady violence; but it came like the angry flight of ten thousand demons, changing with each shriek-like blast, now from the West, then shifting to the South, the S. W. round again to the West. All this time, the ship tossed furiously and frantically amid the whirlpool of waters, totally unmanageable, as (if the comparison may be tolerated) indued with vitality and phrenzy. The first guest had taken her on her lee-quarter, and shaking her up in the wind, she quivered and moaned in every timber; and, as this died away, another succeeded, which, filling the sails, urged her furiously through the waves for a moment; but, unable to resist its violence, every stitch of canvass burst from the belt ropes in shattered fragments, carrying away the fore top-gallant-mast and jib-boom, with a crashing, compared with which the elemental clamour was but as the wailing of a terrified infant.

Passengers and seamen had rushed upon deck in confusion and dismay. So unexpected and instantaneous had been the bursting of the squall; so changeable and terrific its violence, that all were perplexed how to act; and they hurried here and there, or gazed upon its devastating effects, in unnerved and stupid silence. Meanwhile, rocked to and fro, a mere log upon the waves, the ship washed in the water, forward, abaft, and on each side, (for it is impossible to distinguish

weather from lee, when the wind was every minute chopping about,) and it poured down the hatchways, which in our panic we had omitted to batten down to the gun deck, in vast quantities. Captain Green perceived that the weight of such continued bodies of water would, unless speedily checked, overwhelm the ship; and with accents, which poured through the dense atmosphere, and the raving storm, like a warning voice from another world, he exclaimed, "the hatchways—the hatchways—will ye see the ship smothered by the water!" His words acted as an electric shock; the hatches were secured, and the wreck of the fore-top-gallant mast, jib-boom, and tattered sails, cleared away. But as the morning advanced, the hurricane waxed more and more furious, and the ship shook like a disjointed thing, making so much water, that the united exertions of both pumps could scarcely keep it under. The top-gallant mast had already been sent down, and the topmasts lowered to relieve her, but with so little effect, that just before daybreak, it was deemed necessary to cut away the main-mast. Slowly and sullenly dawned the morning—a poetical imagination might have compared the frowning and misty clouds that seemed almost to touch the maddened and boiling waves, to a pall spread over our fathomless and inevitable grave. I do not suppose that such a fancy occurred to the minds of our poor tars, but I *do* know that others equally gloomy did, for their spirits and energies now failed them. Some retired apart, sullen, silent, and gloomy, others loudly bewailed their situation, or frantically rushed to the spirit-room to drown all thought, and to lose all power of exertion in desperate intoxication; while the few, whom the arguments and entreaties of the officers still kept at the pumps, worked with little spirit, because all hope had deserted them.

Noon, evening, and night again,—and no change in the gloomy aspect of the elements. How we managed to keep our miserable bark afloat, is, to this day, a miracle to me; but by day-break of the second morning, it was evident that she was fast settling in the water. I cannot, and I will not attempt to describe the scenes of frantic and disgusting intoxication our decks presented during this period; or the base cowardice of the wretches (for they deserve not the name of sea-

men) who had thus given way to their vilest propensities in the hour of danger, when it was found necessary to abandon the ship, and have recourse to the only two boats left us,—the launch and a large cutter. Of this number was the mate (Harris). Much addicted, at all times, to strong liquors, he had indulged this horrible appetite during the hurricane to such extent, that his passions had become inflamed to a degree little short of insanity.—Captain Green, to do him justice, had evinced great presence of mind, decision, and coolness; and on the second morning (the quarter-deck then being ankle deep in water, and the gale still at its height) addressed the passengers, and those of the crew who had stood by him, and their duty. He represented to us, (I, dear B——, was of the number) what indeed, was but too apparent, the sinking condition of the ship; adding that though, in taking to the boats, we exposed ourselves to a peril scarcely less imminent; yet *they might* live through the hurricane, and reach the east coast of Madagascar, or the Isle of France, from both which places we could not be far distant.

His favourable anticipations were exactly conformable to our own wishes; and we all simultaneously expressed our approbation thereof, and our determination to be guided entirely by him. But getting the boats afloat was a work of no little time and danger; and before we had accomplished this, and deposited in them a few articles of provision, the whole of the ship, from the quarter-deck, aft, had settled down, forming a wide and powerful vortex, of which the vessel herself was the centre. Our numbers amounted to nearly ninety; and though our boats were of considerable magnitude, it seemed a miracle if, being so laden, they lived in such a sea and gale. I have no wish to eulogise myself, but, certainly, Captain Green expressed himself as much gratified by my efforts and coolness,—*coolness, and Hugh Delmore*—what a conjunction!—as he was disgusted with Harris's "shameful and beastly conduct;" and, as he stepped into the launch, of which he took the direction, he warmly pressed my hand, observing, "to you, Delmore, and Mr. Amber, (the second mate) I confide the safety of these men—nothing on your parts, will, I am well aware, be wanting to secure it."

With infinite difficulty (the boat being twice all but swamped) we pass-

ed the influence of the tremendous whirlpool our devoted ship formed around her as she sank, and hoisted a small sail, rather to keep her head to the sea, than from any hope that it would speedily drive us into a hospitable harbour. The detestable Harris was with us. Stupified, as usual, with liquor, he had appeared to notice or contemplate nothing, save the mere mechanical instinct of self-preservation: but now, lifting his savage and blood-shot eyes towards the wreck, he exclaimed with a horrid oath: "What, desert the ship with all that treasure on board?—by G—d, boys, we'll have a chest if we die for it!" So saying, he endeavoured to snatch the boat's tiller from the man who held it.

Alarmed at this frantic action, Amber seized his arm, and in a voice of hasty remonstrance, entreated him to be quiet. "And why?" shouted the ruffian, "I'm your officer, and you shall obey me—give me the tiller, fellow," he went on, "I'll put the boat about in a jiffy."—The allusion to the treasure had excited the cupidity of others, as worthless and drunk as himself, and they appeared inclined to second his phrenzied purpose; when Amber, plucking a pistol from his breast, clapped it to the mate's head, swearing that did he presume to move a limb, or utter a syllable, either should be his death warrant.—This close neighbourhood of a loaded pistol had the desired effect; the scoundrel muttered an oath or two, folded his brawny arms across his chest, drooped his head, and snored aloud.

We suspected we were about sixty leagues to the S. S. E. of the Mauritius, to which island, it had been resolved upon, that both boats should make the best of their way, should they unluckily lose each other in the night, or otherwise. Our's (the cutter) contained no less than thirty individuals, or rather, that number were packed into her; to support whom, we were provided with two small casks of water, containing together near upon sixteen gallons, the same quantity of rum, sixty or eighty lbs. of bread, and some pieces of salt beef. All the day through we kept on the same course as the launch; the sea momentarily breaking over us, so that it required incessant exertion to bale out the water from the boat.—Towards evening, the wind and sea abated, and a strong southerly breeze enabled us to set more sail. Each of us took a dram of spirits; and, deeming the hurricane broken, composed

ourselves as well as we could for the night. The launch shewed a light for a guide; and thus matters remained until about two hours before dawn. Then the wind died away into a dismal moaning; and the sea heaved and rocked, yet not a single ripple broke into foam. With daylight, the gale again burst forth, though it now came steadily from the South; the first blast carrying away the boat's mast, and sweeping four of our wretched number into the inexorable waves. We saw the launch close upon us, and she appeared to fare as ill as ourselves. In the course of the day, however, she disappeared; and her probable fate increased the apprehensions as to our own. The sea water had so thoroughly saturated the bread, that it was too nauseous even for our famished stomachs, and we cast it aside in disgust. Shivering, wet, and abandoned by hope, the men, at first, murmured at Amber's firm refusal to their repeated demands for liquor, and at length endeavoured to possess themselves of the casks containing it by force. Aware of the fatal consequences that would probably result from such an indulgence, this noble young man (and he deserves the epithet) calling upon a few, on whom he could yet depend, to assist him, started the contents of one cask into the sea, while he declared his determination to defend with his life the remainder for their urgent and necessary wants. Harris would have offered some sulky resistance, but Amber's significant appeal to his pistols silenced him;—we had no more murmuring on this head, or if there had been, it was inaudible, and therefore harmless.

On the sixth morning the sun arose with hope inspiring cheerfulness, and a mild easterly breeze just agitated the broad bosom of the deep. Twelve of our number had perished, and so utterly prostrate were the energies of the survivors, that they clung to the wretched planks, callously indifferent as to their fate. Sail, or oar, or compass, we had none, or had we, so wild and irregular had been our course during the gale, that we knew not where we were, save amid the wide extended deserts of the Indian ocean, or in what direction to steer. But as the sun went down, Amber, who had been anxiously on the watch all the day through, touched my arm convulsively, exclaiming, in a hurried whisper, "Look over the quarter, Delmore, is it not a sail?"

My stagnant blood rushed in torrents

through my veins at his words. I strained my eager eyes, in the hopes of catching the wished for object—alas! nothing could I see but the blue vault of heaven above, and the false and smiling sea beneath, its extreme verge dotted by a few light and feathery clouds. Amber saw the disappointed and dejected expression of my features, and he repeated, louder and more vehemently, "I tell you it is; I see it now, plainer and plainer!" Harris caught the expression and its import. He eagerly enquired, "Where, where?" To speak truth, the fellow was an admirable seaman, and had a hawk's eye to discover and make out any visible object: he now glanced round the horizon; and the result of his observation was communicated in a manner peculiarly characteristic of the man. He slapped his hand on his thigh, and with a tremendous oath, muttered, "If that's not a sail, I'm no man!"

And now the tumult of dread and apprehension, lest the stranger should not observe, and come to our rescue, was almost as agonizing as our previous sufferings. One, two, three hours passed, and still she remained a speck on the verge of the horizon. We tore away a portion of the boat's planks, and fastening them rudely together, spread thereon a tattered fragment of the sail; but this poor substitute seemed to mock our eager wishes—distant, distant, hopeless, hopeless appeared our chance of succour!

At length she became more and more distinct—we made out her masts—her hull rose upon the water—she saw us—she made sail towards us!

Before nightfall, we were picked up by the schooner *Flor del Mar*, dispatched from the Isle of France to seek us. The launch, with the Captain and his people, had reached that place on the third day after abandoning the wreck.

H. D.

### Snatches from Oblivion.

Out of the old fields cometh the new corn.

SIR E. COKE.

[As we have given, in another part of our number, a specimen of the airy and elegant Lyric Effusions of Nicholas Breton, a writer of no inconsiderable capability, and an ornament of the Elizabethan age, we cannot refrain from introducing a spice of his rare and exceedingly humorous prose works, trusting that they will prove far from unacceptable. The portraits chosen by us are from the black side of our author's book, which bears the quaint title of "*The Good and The Badde, or Descriptions of the Worthies and Unworthies of the Age*, London, 1616, 4to.

## THE USURER.

An usurer is a figure of misery, who hath made himself a slave to his money; his eye is closed from pity, and his hand from charity, his ear from compassion, and his heart from pity; while he lives he is the hate of a Christian, and when he dies he goes with horror to perdition; his study is sparing, and his care is getting; his fear is wanting, and his death is losing; his diet is either fasting, or poor fare, his clothing the hangman's wardrobe, his house the receptacle for thievery, and his music the chinking of his money: he is a kind of canker that, with the teeth of interest, eats the heart of the poor, and a venomous fly, that sucks out the blood of any flesh that he lights on. In sum, he is a servant of dross, a slave to misery, an agent for hell, and a devil in the world.

## A BEGGAR.

A beggar is the child of idleness, whose life is a resolution of ease; his travel is most on the highways, and his rendezvous is commonly in an alehouse: his study is to counterfeit impotency, and his practice to couzen simplicity of charity; the juice of the malt is the liquor of his life, and at bed and board a louse is his companion: he fears no such enemy as a constable, and being acquainted with the stocks, must visit them as he goes by them: he is a drone that feeds upon the labour of the bee, and unhappily begotten, that is born for no goodness; his staff and his scrip are his walking furniture, and what he lacks in meat he will have out in drink: he is a kind of caterpillar that spoils much good fruit, and an unprofitable creature to live in a commonwealth: he is seldom handsome, and often noisome; always troublesome, and never welcome: he prays for all, and preys upon all; begins with blessing, but ends with cursing: if he have a licence, he shews it with a grace,—but if he have none, he is submissive to the ground: sometimes he is a thief, but always a rogue, and in the nature of his profession the shame of humanity. In sum, he is commonly begot in a bush, born in a barn, lives in a highway, and dies in a ditch.

## Illustrations of History.

THE IRISH HARP.  
For the Olio.

Regarding this emblem of *ould* Ireland, Bishop Nicolson states, in his Irish Historical Library, that coins were struck in 1210, in the reign of

King John, with the King's head in a triangle, which he supposed represented a harp. Another author versed in the history of coins, says from this triangle, perhaps, proceeded the arms of Ireland. The first harp figured on coins was on those of our eighth Harry, and it has been continued ever since. Mr. Vallancy writes in the preface to his Irish Grammar, "Apollo Grian or Beal was the principal god of the Irish, and from the harp being sacred to him, we may discern why that instrument is the armorial insignia of Ireland." Sir James Ware, speaking of the music of the Irish, says, "Nor can I upon this occasion forbear to mention, that the arms peculiar to Ireland, or which have for some ages at least been attributed to it, are a harp." Drayton, the author of *Poly-Olbion*, speaks of it thus:—

The Irish I admire,  
And still cleave to that lyre,  
As our musicke's mother;  
And thinke, till I expire,  
Appollo's such another.

From this it seems as if in the poet's time some tradition had been, that the Irish were formerly famous for their music; which might have given rise to the arms.

R. J.

## Receipts of New Books.

*The Economy of the Hands, Feet, and Toes.* By an old Army Surgeon. Pp. 130. Efighnam Wilson.

WE are informed that the whole of the first edition of this little work was sold in the course of a few weeks. The present impression has been carefully revised and corrected, and now contains a number of useful receipts for the cure of those annoyances to the pedestrian,—corns and bunions, as well as all cutaneous eruptions. The very low price at which it is published prevents our extracting a few of the recipes, many of which we can vouch for; but we cannot refrain from taking the following particulars, which show the author to be a man of some learning and research. It precedes the rules for the treatment of the hands.

## "CURIOUS PARTICULARS RELATIVE TO THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF GLOVES.

"Gloves have obtained by some a very early origin, from the supposition that they are mentioned in the 109th Psalm, where the royal prophet declares, he will cast his 'shoe over Edom.' They go still higher, imagining them to be used in the time of the Judges, (Ruth, iv. 7) where it is said, it was the custom



for a man to take off his shoe, and to give it to his neighbour as a token of redeeming or exchanging any thing. We are informed that the word in the two texts, which is usually translated shoe, is by the Chaldee Paraphrast in the latter, rendered glove.

"Casaubon is of opinion that gloves were worn by the Chaldeans, because the word here mentioned is in the Talmud Lexicon explained 'the clothing of the hand.' But it must be confessed that all these are mere conjectures, and that the Chaldean Paraphrast has taken an unwarrantable liberty with the version.

"Let us then be content to commence the origin of gloves with Xenophon, who gives a clear and distinct account of them. Speaking of the manners of the Persians, he gives as a proof of their effeminacy—that, not satisfied with covering their head and their feet, they also guarded their hands against the cold with thick gloves. Homer, speaking of Laertes at work in his garden, represents him with 'gloves on his hands, to secure them from the thorns.' Varro, an ancient writer, is an evidence in favour of their antiquity among the Romans. In lib. ii. cap. 35, de Re Rustica, he says, that olives gathered by the naked hand, are preferable to those gathered with gloves. Athenæus speaks of a celebrated glutton, who came to table with gloves on his hands, that he might be able to handle and eat the meat while hot, and devour more than the rest of the company: knives and forks, of course, at that time were not invented.

"These authorities go to prove that the ancients were not strangers to gloves, though, perhaps, their use might not be so common as among us. When the ancient severity of manners declined, the use of gloves prevailed among the Romans, but not without some opposition from the philosophers. Musonius, a philosopher, who lived at the close of the first century of christianity, among other invectives against the corruptions of the age, says, 'it is a shame that persons in perfect health should clothe their hands and feet with soft hairy coverings.' Their convenience, however, soon made their use general. Pliny the younger informs us, in his account of his uncle's journey to Vesuvius, that his secretary sat by him, ready to write down whatever occurred remarkable; and that he had gloves on his hands, that the coldness of the weather might not impede his business. In

the beginning of the ninth century, the use of gloves was become so universal, that even the church thought a regulation in that part of dress necessary. In the reign of Louis le Debonnaire, the Council of Aix ordered that the monks should only wear gloves made of sheepskin. That time has made alterations in the form of this, as in all other apparel, appears from the old pictures and monuments.

"Independent of covering the hand, gloves have been employed on several great and solemn occasions; as in the ceremony of investitures, in bestowing lands, or in conferring dignities.

"Giving possession by the delivery of a glove, prevailed in several parts of Christendom in later ages. In the year 1002, the bishops of Paderborn and Moncerco were put into possession of their sees by receiving a glove. This was thought so essential a part of the episcopal habit, that some Abbots in France, presuming to wear gloves, the council of Poitiers interposed in the affair, and forbade them the use of them on the same footing with rings and sandals, as being peculiar to bishops.

"Monsieur Favon observes, that the custom of blessing gloves at the coronation of the kings of France, which still subsists, is a relic of the eastern practice of investiture by the glove. A remarkable instance of this ceremony is recorded in the German history. The unfortunate Conraddin was deprived of his crown and his life by the usurper Mainpoy. When having ascended the scaffold, the injured prince lamented his hard fate, he asserted his right to the crown, and, as a token of investiture, threw his glove among the crowd, begging it might be conveyed to some of his relations, who should revenge his death. It was taken up by a knight, who brought it to Peter, king of Arragon, who was afterwards crowned at Palermo. As the delivery of gloves was once a part of the ceremony of giving possession, so the depriving a person of them was a mark of divesting him of his office, and of degrading him. Andrew Herkley, earl of Carlisle, was, in the reign of Edward the Second, impeached of holding a correspondence with the Scots, and condemned to die as a traitor. Walsingham, relating other circumstances of his degradation, says, 'his spurs were cut off with a hatchet, and his gloves and shoes were taken off,' &c.

"Another use of gloves was in a duel, on which occasion he who threw one

down was thereby understood to give defiance, and he who took it up to accept the challenge.

"The use of single combats, at first designed only for a trial of innocence, like the ordeal of fire and water, was in succeeding ages practised for deciding right and property. Challenging by the glove was continued down to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, as appears from an account given by Spelman, of a duel appointed to be fought in Tothill-fields, in 1571. The dispute was concerning some lands in the county of Kent. The plaintiff appeared in court, and demanded a single combat. One of them threw down his glove, which the other immediately took up, carried it off upon the point of his sword, and the day of fighting was appointed, but the matter was adjusted in an amicable manner by the queen's judicious interference.

"Though such combats are now no longer in use, we have one ceremony still remaining among us in which the challenge is given by a glove, viz., at the coronations of the kings of England; upon which occasion his majesty's champion, completely armed and well mounted, enters Westminster Hall, and proclaims that if any man shall deny the prince's title to the crown, he is ready to maintain and defend it by single combat. After this declaration, he throws down his glove, or gauntlet, as a token of defiance.

"The custom of challenging by the glove is still in use in some parts of the world. It is common in Germany, on receiving an affront, to send a glove to the offending party as a challenge to a duel.

"Gloves were also used in hawking. In former times princes, and other great men, took so much pleasure in carrying the hawk in their hand, that some of them have chosen to be represented in this attitude. There is a monument of Philip the First, of France, still remaining, in which he is represented at length, on his tomb, holding a glove in his hand.

"Mr. Chambers says, that formerly judges were forbidden to wear gloves on the bench. No reason is assigned for this prohibition. Our judges lie under no such restraint, for both they and the rest of the court make no difficulty of receiving gloves from the sheriffs, whenever the session or assize concludes without any one receiving sentence of death, which is called a maiden assize. This custom is of great antiquity. The

same curious antiquarian has also preserved a very singular anecdote concerning gloves. He informs us that it is not safe, at present, to enter the stables of princes without pulling off the gloves. He does not indeed tell us in what the danger consists. A friend from Germany explains the matter. He says, it is an ancient established custom in that country, that whoever enters the stables of a prince, or great man, with his gloves on his hands, is obliged to forfeit them, or redeem them by a fee to the servants. The same custom is observed in some places at the death of the stag; in which case, the gloves, if not taken off, are redeemed by money given to the huntsmen and keepers. This is practised in France; and Louis XVI. never failed to pull off one of his gloves on that occasion. The reason of this ceremony is not known.

"We meet with this term in our old records, by which is meant, money given to servants to buy gloves. This, no doubt, gave rise to the saying of "giving a pair of gloves," to signify making a present for some favour or service.

"To the honour of the glove, it has more than once been admitted as a term of the tenure, or holding lands. One Bortran, who came over with William the Conqueror, held the manor of Farnham Royal by the service of providing a glove for the king's right hand on the day of his coronation, and supporting the same hand that day while the king held the royal sceptre. In the year 1177, Simon de Mertin gave a grant of his lands in consideration of fifteen shillings, one pair of white gloves at Easter, and one pound of cinnamon.

#### "EXTRAORDINARY PRICE GIVEN FOR GLOVES.

"At the sale of the Earl of Arran's goods, April 6th, 1759, the gloves given by Henry VIII. to Sir Anthony Denny, were sold for £38 17s. 9d.; those given by James I. to his son, Edward Denny, for £22 4s.; the mittens given by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Edward Denny's lady, £25 4s.; all which were bought for Sir Thomas Denny, of Ireland, who was descended in a direct line from the great Sir Anthony Denny, one of the executors of the will of Henry VIII."

#### The Note Book.

##### WOOLSACKS.

From time immemorial down to the present day, the twelve judges in the House of Lords sit on woolsacks, co-

vered with crimson cloth, to remind the legislature, that in all their deliberations it is their most prominent duty to have an especial regard to the prosperity of manufactures, of which wool forms the most essential branch;—and not only does every historical account concur in the importance of this commodity, but it has also been kept in remembrance by many old proverbial sayings to the like import, among which may be particularly noticed the very common one, “that London Bridge was built upon woollsacks,”—that is, the expence of the fabric, which was intrusted with the care of “Peter,” the minister of St. Mary, Colechurch, about the end of the 12th century, was defrayed by an impost, expressly laid for the purpose, upon the wool brought to the metropolis.

H.B.A.

#### BRUNSWICK.

The present Duke of Brunswick, Charles-Frederick, was born in October 1804, and under the guardianship of our recently deceased monarch, succeeded his father on the 16th of July, 1815. He took possession of his inheritance in October, 1823, and two years afterwards ceded the principality of Oels in Silesia to his brother William. He is descended from the House of Este, by the marriage of the Margrave of Este with Cuniza, heiress of the house of Guelph; on which occasion he transferred his residence to Germany. His duchy before the cessation of Oels, contained a population of 336,609 souls; it is at this moment computed at 250,000. The chief towns are Brunswick, 36,200 inhabitants; Wolfenbuttel, 7810; and Helmstadt, 5400. Classed according to their religious tenets, the Duchy of Brunswick contains 239,300 Lutherans, 2300 Catholics, 1200 of the Reformed Church, and 1200 Jews; it has one Lyceum, (high church or university), two seminaries for teachers, four Gymnasias, 63 civic schools, and 369 national, or rural schools. Its revenues amount to £218,000 per annum; its expenditure to £215,000; and its Public Debt to £320,000. Of the military force, one half of whom are usually on furlough, the numbers are 2432. During the minority of Charles, our late sovereign George IV. conferred a constitution on his subjects. This took place on the 19th of January, 1820, and it gave the assembly of the states the right of approving or refusing the taxes and organic laws proposed by the government. The casting of this constitution into the “tub of passive obe-

dience,” and the substitution of “my will for your law,” has been the occasion of the duke’s second flight from the roof of his forefathers. The cabinet consists of two ministers, Bulow and Munchausen, and four councillors, who can counsel but not vote,—Messrs. Wachholm, Henneberg, Bosse, and Fricke. The ducal coat of arms has thirteen quarterings. *Athenæum.*

#### WATCHES.

The precise period when watches were first used is not known; the earliest on record were invented at Nuremburgh by Peter Hell, in the year 1490, and were called “Nuremburgh Eggs,” on account of their oval form; and most of the ancient watches, in the different collections of our antiquaries, are of such figure. In 1500, George Purbach, a mathematician of Vienna, possessed a watch that described seconds, which he applied to the purpose of taking astronomical observations, so that they must then have arrived at great perfection. A watch, supposed to have belonged to Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, who reigned from 1305 to 1328, was said to have been dug up at Bruce Castle not many years since.—The Emperor Charles the Fifth is stated to have had several watches, with which he was accustomed, after his abdication, to amuse himself by trying to keep them all in an exact agreement of time; but modern authors state that they were only small table clocks. H.B.A.

#### JULY A REVOLUTIONARY MONTH.

On the 9th of this month, in the year 1386, the despotism exercised over Switzerland by the House of Austria was wrecked on the field of Sempach. On the 26th of July, 1581, the Confederation of the Low Countries promulgated an edict by which they renounced their allegiance to Philip II. On the 11th of July, 1690, James II. lost the battle of the Boyne, which for ever excluded both himself and his posterity from the throne of Great Britain. On the 4th of July, 1776, the Congress of the United States declared their country independent of the English crown. On the 14th of July, 1789, the flag of liberty waved over the Bastille. And on the 25th of July, 1830, Charles X. of France, signed the death-warrant of his dynasty.

#### CORONATIONS.

King Henry II. and King John, were each crowned three times; Henry III. twice; and Henry VI. was crowned once in France and once in England.

## CURIOUS SEAL.

At Middle Raisin, a village in Lincolnshire, is a free grammar school, founded in the reign of Edward VI. The common seal, still used by the trustees of this foundation, exhibits a man exercising the birch upon a sensitive part of a suppliant youth, while other scholars are shewn at their forms. The motto—" *Qui parcit virgam odio filium, 1552.*" He who spares the rod hates the child.

H.B.A.

## Customs of Various Countries.

## SCOTTISH CEREMONIES.

The following customs (observes Sir Walter Scott, in his new work on Demonology and Witchcraft,) still linger in the south of Scotland. The bride, when she enters the house of her husband, is lifted over the threshold, and to step on it, or over it, voluntarily, is reckoned a bad omen. This custom was universal in Rome, where it was observed as keeping in memory the rape of the Sabinæ, and that it was by a show of violence towards the females, that the object of peopling the city was attained. On the same occasion, a sweet cake, baked for the purpose, is broken above the head of the bride; which is also a rite of classic antiquity.

In like manner, the Scottish, even of the better rank, avoid contracting marriage in the month of May, which genial season of flowers and breezes might, in other respects, appear so peculiarly favourable for that purpose. It was specially objected to the marriage of Mary with the profligate Earl of Bothwell, that the union was formed within this interdicted month. This prejudice was so rooted among the Scots, that, in 1684, a set of enthusiasts, called Gibbites, proposed to renounce it, among a long list of stated festivals, fast days, popish relics, not forgetting the profane names of the days of the week, names of the months, and all sorts of idle and silly practices which their tender consciences took an exception to. This objection to solemnize marriage in the merry month of May, however fit a season for courtship, is also borrowed from the Roman pagans, which, had these fanatics been aware of it, would have been an additional reason for their anathema against the practice. The ancients have given us as a maxim, that it is only bad women who marry in that month.

The custom of saying, 'God bless you,' when a person in company sneezes, is, in like manner, derived from sternu-

tation being considered as a crisis of the plague at Athens, and the hope that, when it was attained, the patient had a chance of recovery.

## Anecdotaliana.

## A TAR'S EXPEDIENT.

Bernard, in his "Retrospections of the Stage," relates the following characteristic anecdote of a son of Neptune. "Sir John Jervis's crew had been paid off at Plymouth, and the ship put in dock; but immediately after, he received an order from the Admiralty to refit for sea. Walking one day in the neighbourhood of Plymouth, he encountered Jack with a lass under his arm, and a large dog running before him with a watch round his neck. Jack saluted his Commander, and made Poll and the dog do the same. Sir John then asked him if he would go to sea with him again, stating the orders he had received. Jack inquired the period Sir John was given to refit. "Only a fortnight," was the answer. "That's unfortunate," said Jack, "for I've been kalkylating, your Honour, that with Poll, and the dog, and the watch, my money will jist last me a month; howsomever I can do this e'er, your honour—(aside)—I can keep two marms, two dogs, and two watches; and then I shall have unloaded the shiners in a fortnight, sure enough!"—This was "devotion to his Majesty's service," with a vengeance.

## GREAT EATERS.

Theodoret relates, that a woman of Syria was in the habit of eating thirty fowls a-day, without being satisfied. A person named Phagon, in the presence of the Emperor Aurelian, is said to have devoured a boar, a sheep, and a pig. The Emperor Claudius Albinus ate, one morning at breakfast, 500 figs, 100 peaches, ten melons, 100 becaficos, 40 oysters, and a large quantity of raisins. The Emperor Maximian became so fat in consequence of excessive eating, that his wife's bracelets only served him for his rings.

## ON THE MARRIAGE OF MR. — WITH MISS BURN.

When love from restraint shall unsettle the head,  
St. Paul has decreed it is better to wed;  
As much as to say, would you quench your desire,

Take a leap from the frying pan into the fire:  
The bridegroom this paradox tries in its turn;  
First, he burns to be married, then marries to Burn.

H. B. A.

## Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, September 22.

*St. Maurice and his Companions, mar. A.D. 286.*

Our saint was a general officer of the Theban legion, which consisted of about 6600 men, who were all well armed; but they had learned to give to God what is God's, and to Cæsar what is Cæsar's. Maximian, having commanded them in vain to sacrifice to the idols, ordered his whole army to surround them; they suffered themselves to be butchered like innocent lambs, not opening their mouths but to encourage one another.

*Sept. 22, 1830.*—Expired at Rome, Frederic Gmelin, a celebrated engraver. This artist, who has been called the German Woollett, was a native of Badenweiler, near Basle. He is well known on the continent by his beautiful landscapes, and by the fine plates that illustrate the late splendid edition of Annibal Caro's translation of the Eneid, undertaken at the expense of her grace the Duchess of Devonshire.

Thursday, September 23.

*St. Adamnan of Ireland, abbot, d. A.D. 708.—Sun rises 56m after 5—sets 3m after 6.*

*Walnuts*—About this period of the year this delicious fruit, which dates its origin from the warm vales of Persia, is in general plentiful, and with sweet wine is a delicious and favourite desert. Anciently, many curious ceremonies were practised with nuts and walnuts, and the latter were commonly strewed at the Roman weddings, especially in all the avenues leading to the nuptial apartment, and before the feet of the bride on her way to the altar. This ceremony, says Dr. Hunter, was to show that the bridegroom had left off all boyish amusements. To this nuptial sport allusions are frequently made by the poets; we find it mentioned by Catullus, who speaks of it thus:

Let the air with Hymen ring!  
Hymen, lo Hymen, sing!  
Soon the nuts will now be sung;  
Soon the wanton verses sung;  
Soon the bridegroom will be told  
Of the tricks he play'd of old.

Merrick, that delightful poet of our own country, also introduces the custom in one of his pieces,

"Now bar the door, the bridegroom puts  
The eager boys to gather nuts."

And the author of *Sylvia* says, in Germany, "whenever they fell a tree which is decayed, they always plant a young one near it, and 'twixt Hanau and Franckfort, no young farmer whatsoever is permitted to marry a wife, till he bring proof that he has planted a stated number of walnut-trees," and the law is inviolably preserved to this day, for extraordinary benefits which this tree affords the inhabitants.

Friday, September 24.

*St. Rusticus, b. of Avergne, d. 5 1/2 Cen.—High Water 50m aft 5 Morning—14m aft 6 After.*

*Sept. 24, 1650.*—The Princess Elizabeth, second daughter of Charles I., was interred on this day in a vault near the communion table in the church of Newport, Isle of Wight. This unfortunate lady, after her royal father's death, was confined in Carisbrook Castle, under the custody of one Mildmay, where, pining away with grief and melancholy, she expired at the premature age of 15 years. The coffin and urn containing her remains were accidentally discovered October 24, 1793, in a very perfect state, by some persons engaged in examining the ground to fix on a proper spot whereon to build a vault for the interment of a brother of the Earl of Delaware. On the coffin-lid was inscribed "Elizabeth, second daughter of the late King Charles, deceased Sept. 8, 1650."

Saturday, September 25.

*St. Firmin, mar. 3rd Cent.—Moon's First Quar, 52m after 6 Morn.*

Our saint is recorded to have received the crown of martyrdom at Amiens, where he was bishop.

*Sept. 25, 1066.*—An invasion of England in different parts took place on this day, during the reign of Harold II.; by his brother, in the southern parts, and by the Norwegian, Harfager, in Yorkshire. Harold met the combined army near Stamford Bridge, since called Battle Bridge, where the royal army (in spite of the amazing prowess of a Norwegian, who defended a pass against the English army unmoved by force or promises, until slain by a spear from beneath the bridge on which he stood,) gained a victory so complete, that Harfager, and his brother Tostig were both slain. The brave Harold had no leisure to enjoy his triumph for obtaining one of the greatest victories recorded in history, for the next day William the Norman landed at Pevensey, in Sussex, with 60,000 men, and seventeen days after, at the fight of Hastings, Harold lost his kingdom and his life.

Sunday, September 26.

SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

*Lessons for the Day—2 chapter Ezekiel, morn—13 chapter Ezekiel, Even.*

According to the old style, this is Holy-wood-day. The Holy-wood was an image of our Saviour on the cross, placed upon a loft made for that purpose over the passage out of the church into the chancel. At Boxley Abbey, in Kent, there was a miraculous crucifix called the *Rood of Grace*, which was one of the most famous impostures contrived by the Romish priests to pick the pockets of the superstitious multitude. By the help of secret springs it could roll the eyes, move the lips, and turn the head, at the approach of its credulous and deluded votaries. When monasteries were dissolved, this juggling crucifix was publicly exposed to the derision of the populace, and afterwards broken to pieces by Hilsey, Bishop of Rochester, at Saint Paul's Cross.

Monday, September 27.

*Sun rises 4m after 6—sets 55m after 5.*

*Sept. 27, 1730.*—Expired at his Rectory, the Rev. Laurence Eusden, a poet of considerable merit; he was the author of several of the papers in the Spectator, and in 1718 he was preferred to the laureateship.

# The Otto ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XV.—Vol. VI.

Saturday, October 2, 1830.



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## ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE.

### Tales of the Tapestry :

BY HORACE GUILFORD.

For the Otto.

### THE BABINGTONS.

A TALE OF CHADSTOW.

She had taken care to conceal her elegant shape, by fastening a large lump on her left shoulder, as if she had been crooked; her beautiful auburn hair was covered with a large coarse cap; and she had anointed her face and hands, in imitation of the gipsies, with juice of walnut husks.

*Popular Tales of the Germans.*

PAUL BABINGTON, or, as he was more generally designated, the Black Priest of Chadstow, was unquestionably one of the handsomest men of his time. In vain did the sable Benedictine garb enfold his noble form with coarse and unsightly drapery; his majestic height, for he was upwards of six feet, his broad square shoulders, his brawny chest, his thick and towering neck, spoke him framed in the most mascu-

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line proportion of man; and the fine contour of his animated, though somewhat full features, his bold and large eye, aquiline nose, and exquisitely formed mouth, whose red lips loved to display a clustering and splendid set of teeth, gave him every external grace that the eye delights to dwell upon; while his bushy sable beard, carefully trimmed, and his curly tonsure of the same hue, cherished to the utmost point that monastic rules allowed, or, to say truth, indulged rather *beyond* it, wreathed like a coronet his high, white forehead, testifying, in no slight degree, the opinion which the worthy monk entertained of his own personal attractions; and, to complete all, the clear brown of his cheeks, mantling with a rich healthy red, that told more of daily exercise in the field than of nightly vigil in the cell, fully testified the reputation he enjoyed of being an uncommonly fine-looking man.

Many a fair lip had been heard to sigh that "a good knight was spoiled when Paul Babington was doomed to wield the rosary and crucifix, instead of

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the sword and shield;" many a languishing eye longed to see those bold temples crested with the helmet, that were veiled with the cowl; many a white bosom heaved to think how gallantly that lusty form would have borne itself in the tournament, that moved so stately in the mass; and many a beauty that bent before him in confession, would have given her heart to have seen him at *her* feet as she knelt at *his*,—the red-windowed aisle, with its carved vault, exchanged for the broad green and flowery meadow, with its flags and pavilions, white, red, yellow, and blue, and the high and sculptured confessional transformed into the gay canopied throne, where the queen of the festival dispensed the chivalric wreath. Yet Father Paul, at the period of our tale, was not a *young* man; he had seen more than forty summers, and it cannot be denied that a certain degree of obesity had begun to amplify his robust form. But there was an inextinguishable freshness of spirit about him, an open fearlessness of demeanour, a versatility of talent, a flow of conversational powers, and a fund of those nameless attractions which make you *love* a man before you *know* him, that, placing him on a par with, if not *above*, the glittering youth of his day, certainly detracted in no slight degree from the solemn and impressive attributes with which his sacerdotal character would otherwise have invested him.

Truth to tell, Paul Babington was never intended by nature for the priestly functions. His genius, undaunted and excursive in its range, disdained the prescribed formalities in which his profession ordained him to move; of science he had paced through all the paths, but most loved her *forbidden* track. And then, no Troubadour could chaunt a virelay or romaunt with such effect as his deep and manly tones produced. In every athletic exercise he was distinguished among his competitors; and in the noble science of Venery\* he was confessed by all to be unrivalled. None knew so well how to rein a steed, or train a hound. The falcon ever took the surest flight from his large-handed glove, and the raven loved the day when, with brawny arms naked to the shoulder, he applied himself to the task of breaking the hart, for which the noble authoress of "The Book of St. Albans" gives such unblushing directions. The Abbess Juliana herself could not have pictured a finer hart of

grease, a more picturesque forest, a huger oak-tree with forked branches, a more satisfied corbyn with his bone, or a more faithful disciple of her rules, than were seen in the sports of the Black Priest of Chadstow. Every rustic amusement, also, flourished most freely when under his auspices. The May-pole, the well-flowering, the quoits, the bat and ball, all found in Father Paul not only a ready assistant, but a main spring. Nor were these his only flights from the prison of conventual rule; in the recently terminated wars of York and Lancaster, Paul Babington had fought under the Red Rose with such distinction, that, had it not been for the powerful interest of his brother Sir Oliver Babington, at King Edward's court, he would have experienced an eternal divorce both from his clerical duties and his laical pastimes. As it was, he was subjected to heavy penances by his superior, the Lord Prior of the Benedictines at Coventry, although the discipline that there mortified his flesh in more ways than one, is said to have produced anything than the effect of reconciling the worthy priest to holy church.

From that period, report stained him (timorously, it is true, and only by slight tints, but no less stained him,) with the imputation of Lollardism; and the delight he occasionally took in studies to which the ignorance of the period affixed the term of sorcery, was another vantage ground which his open and fearless temper afforded to his enemies. However, to use an expressive Scottish phrase, he "jowked and let the jaw rin by." The rank, riches and respectability of his brother, Sir Oliver, who was most tenderly attached to him, invested the priest of Chadstow with great immunities; while the unsettled state of the kingdom (the death of Henry and the final flight of Margaret having but recently taken place), together with the general laxity of the clergy at this period, and their entire exemption from civil authority, conveyed to them by Edward,\* who was earnestly solicitous of their support, left Father Paul pretty much to the undisturbed pursuit of his inclinations. Not that we are to suppose him a vicious or depraved character,—far otherwise—he was idolized by the small circle of poor who were under his care, no less than he was courted by the young and gay of his own station, nor was he less careful in administering to the wants of the one, than he was

\* The hunting of wild animals.

\* See Henry's Eng. vol. x. p. 34.

indispensable in promoting the enjoyments of the other. The chief point in his character which most threatened him was his persevering attachment to the exiled house of Lancaster,—an attachment which no arguments of his brother, who had espoused the opposite cause, (a circumstance very common in those times), could induce him for one moment to relinquish, even in thought.

Our tale opens about that period when the bootless retreat of Edward from the Continent, whither he had led one of the finest armies that had ever crossed the Channel, excited general discontent. An expedition, the result of many negotiations, of long and expensive preparations, which threatened Louis XI. with the loss of his crown and the dismemberment of his kingdom, had become fruitless and even highly disadvantageous to England; for the caged † conference on the bridge of Peguini had dissolved the most formidable confederacy that ever was organized against France, and given the crowned Fox such an insight into the councils of his foes, that they could never afterwards afford him the least disturbance. The popular mind was accordingly in a high ferment. Yorkists and Lancastrians not only began to lose their party spirit, but also frequent unions were set on foot between the two factions, the objects of which referred pretty plainly to the young Earl Henry of Richmond, then a refugee at the ducal court of Brittany.

Edward could not be long ignorant of this, accordingly history, while she records his attempts to get the Earl and his uncle into his hands, does not hesitate to ascribe to him intentions as sanguinary as his proceedings were hypocritical. As if this were not sufficient, treason stole into the very court itself, and dissensions in the royal family, of the most complicated nature, for a time both defied King Edward's sagacity to detect and his power to punish them.

Sir Oliver Babington, a brave and high-minded, but at the same time a violent and imprudent man, had felt heavily the existing discontents. Surrounded by every thing that could make life enviable, one might imagine that the Knight of Curborough had small reason to embroil himself in the wild and veering politics of the period. He was blessed with a fair and virtuous wife, the personal friend of Queen Elisabeth, when only the Lady Grey of Groby.—His only child, a son, the flower of his contemporaries, was betrothed—and

(rare event) betrothed with mutual love, nourished from childhood—to Barbara Somerville, heiress of the ancient house of Whichnover, who had been Sir Oliver's ward, and was recently arrived at age, and consequently was now mistress of the venerable mansion and extensive estates of her ancestors. But in spite of all this, Sir Oliver shewed himself disgusted with the late measures. He had been one of the leaders in the French expedition, had remonstrated most strongly against the compromise and retreat; and after pointing out, in the most forcible terms, the deceitful policy of Louis, he retired, in sullen acquiescence with his sovereign's mandate,

"For majesty might never yet endure  
The moody frontier of a servant brow,

to the towered halls of Curborough, one of his seats in Staffordshire.

In this remote and forested retreat, he had been received with no small delight by his brother Paul, who dwelt by the ancient and neighbouring church of Chadstow. Their intercourse was now renewed in more cordiality than had subsisted between them for some time, and much important and perilous matter was agitated between them, the result of which our story will unfold.

It was a windy moonlight midnight, on St. Mark's eve, 1476, when the porch of the old village church of Chadstow contained three watchers. Most readers know the superstitions attached of old to the vigil of Saint Mark too well, to need explanation here. The cemetery, surrounded by majestic trees, lay shadowed or brightened by the fitful planet, as the clouds, whirled by the gusts that groaned among the leafless branches, veiled the broad town in stormy darkness, or sheeted the landscape in troubled lustre. The huge elms and maples rocked and howled in the blast. The resounding aisles boomed from buttress to pinnacle, with its violence. The long rows of lancet windows clattered, and their lozenged panes, superb in painted story, now stood pale and dull in the muffled sky, and then, as the moon emerged, darted a many-coloured refulgence on the sculptured altar—tombs and variously attired effigies, with armorial blazons, that marked the Babingtons, and the Biddulfs of other days. The weathercocks gleamed and vanished like spirits on the summit of the massy edifice, and the broad dial on the Campanile, displayed and hid its brazen figures, like some illuminated book, opened or closed at the bidding of the necromancer.

† See Ph. Comines, l. 4, c. 10.



But the interior of the porch stood impassive in its deep-ribbed gloom, the utmost reach of the moonbeams only disclosing a gleamy robe, or a pallid cheek, as the intermitted light struggled through its narrow and deeply moulded arch.

The owl was heard from the hill behind; and the lake that rolled for nearly half a mile up to the very walls of the Minster-Close, sent with a roar its windy waves against the barrier, which protected the Chester road, falling in hissing streams (only heard when the wind paused) over the motionless wheel of the adjacent mill. On a sudden a form was seen to enter the church-yard, it paused at the porch, and the light being then deeply obscured, passed into the church. Its entrance was marked by a suppressed scream from one of the watchers, she fell back in a swoon, and the imperious clangor of the clock bell, which, swelling and fleeting away in the blast, tolled with anxious pauses the twelve strokes of midnight, alone recalled the others from attending to their companion. At that moment another maiden, whose fair hair gleamed for a moment from beneath the worn muffler that enfolded it, started up with apparent terror as a second figure passed the porch, habited in armour with his visor up. This maiden's terror made her utter loud cries, which, if they testified less deeply seated grief than her companion, nevertheless, conjured up immediately a third apparition, who was entering the porch when the aroused terrors of the fair watchers arrested his step, and the next moment the deep tones of the Black Priest of Chadstow issued from the cowl of this last intruder.

"Nay, then, an I had known it were to end thus, the silly fowl should have abided their peril at home. Why, what a coil is here!" he continued, "doth not Barbara Somerville know her old friend and tutor, and can she not spare somewhat of her marvellous courage and prudence to her damsel who seems so greatly to lack those virtues? Thus my wise plans ever serve me. And here is my lady too, sunk down in mortal terror! Thou art but a fool after all Paul Babington, to think that woman's fortitude or discretion might be trusted. And yet bating a few hasty words, all may be right still."

As the monk spoke, the two figures advanced from St. Catherine's chapel

in the northern aisle, one of whom bearing a lamp from the shrine, thus angrily addressed him—

"What's here? and how is it, brother, that a set of screaming women are suffered to break in upon our conference; is it thus, mad Priest, that thou keepest tryste?"

The speaker was a man of commanding stature, whose crimson hood attached to a rich robe of sables, disclosed a piercing eye, and locks and beard a *sable silvered*. The priest did not immediately answer, but the armed figure who had taken the lamp from Sir Oliver, (for it was no other) and had busied himself about the swooning lady, addressed with assumed softness the angry knight.

"Speak not so harshly, Sir Oliver, it is some dame of quality; and this lady who bends over her so anxiously, is, doubtless, of consideration! judge for thyself however, since I, a stranger so long to English fashions, may scarcely venture to pronounce on those of high degree, who thus venture on a peasant girl's frolic."

As he spoke, Sir Oliver had roused the fainting lady in his arms, and with a voice of anger and astonishment, exclaimed—

"By St. Katherine! 'tis Joscelyne herself! what fiend hath moved her to embark in such a freak?"

"Freak as it was, good guardian," said the soft accents of the Lady Barbara, half weeping with terror, and half laughing with the excitement her buoyant spirit so dearly loved, "Freak as it was, blame not thy lady; let thy wrath rather fall upon me, whose thoughtless mood induced her to this folly!—Or rather," she said, turning angrily on Paul, "let it alight on thy reverend brother, who encouraged only to terrify and betray us!"

Sir Oliver scarce heeded the maiden, for, holding his still senseless lady in his arms, he alternately addressed the fondest language to her, and broken upbraidings to those around him. But, when Lady Babington's kindling colour and unclosing eye relieved his first fears, he was on the eve of resigning her to Barbara's care, and turning away in cold displeasure, when Joscelyne beholding her husband, sprang at once to his neck with a cry of joy.

"The saints be praised! it was then no phantom! But, oh my beloved!—wherefore didst thou trifle with thy foolish Joscelyne?"

"Ought I not rather," replied the

knight gravely, yet tenderly, "ought I not rather to ask Joscelyne why she hath thus trifled with herself? Ought I not to ask whether it becomes the state of the Lady Babington to be seen like some village crone leading young maidens to tamper with unhallowed practices? And thou, Barbara, of Whichnover! how is it that thou hast thus left my house, thus outraged my hospitable cares, for the purpose of indulging these unmaidenly pranks?—As for thine attendant here, she shall know whether I have not the power to punish her impudence."

The damsel alluded to, dressed in the coarsest menial attire, drew back in terror at the knight's speech, and muffling her gray cloak more closely around her, seemed about to consult her safety by immediate flight, when Barbara clasping her arm, and drawing herself up with dignity, replied—

"No one will dare, not even Sir Oliver Babington, will dare to lay hand on my own tire-woman, whose sole offence was her duteous obedience to my commands. He, I repeat, ought to feel thine indignation, who at yesterday's confession imposed upon us a penance our curiosity too readily allowed, to watch one hour in the porch at midnight."

"Yes!" interposed Lady Babington, "he it was who induced us to come to Chadstow, knowing our foolish notions respecting the Vigil of St. Mark, and stabled near his cell are the steeds that brought us hither."

"Saints and fiends," roared the incensed Babington, "what mischief Paul hast thou been brewing?—is thy wild and reckless demeanour the cloak of darker evil than the outrage it offers to thy church? Am I to hold thee an alien from my affections as thou hast too often been a recreant to mine house? Speak ere I forget that our arms have embraced in the same mother's bosom?"

The Black Priest with the utmost composure, his folded arms wrapping his vesture close round his noble figure, and his open features fully illuminated by the lamp, slowly and kindly replied—

"Will my brother implicitly trust to one who, however he might appear an alien to his house, hath never given cause that his affection should be doubted, and whose poor judgment hath, ere this, been found serviceable; will he permit Sir Gilbert Vaucier here to escort these ladies to the Pool House, to

the care of the widow Dyott, where they are looked for at this hour? And," he added significantly, "will Barbara Somerville acquiesce in the wishes of one who never counselled but for her good, and follow the guidance of Sir Gilbert?"

All the party gazed at the Black Priest in unfeigned astonishment, but the last mentioned personage burst forth.

"To the Pool House? and why not to their own mansion? why not to Curborough?"

"Alas! Sir Gilbert," replied Father Paul, "had my means of intelligence been more prompt, you would have learned that Curborough Hall is at this moment a most unfitting abode for ladies. A king's messenger is now in the house, his armed followers in the adjacent hamlet! You perceive as well as I, how dangerous the knowledge of this would have been to the excited mind of our friend and brother here." And then while the others stood in blank dismay, the priest took Sir Oliver aside. After a short parley, the knight returned to them and said—"Go, my lady! our brother counsels well, to-morrow all will be explained. Vaucier escort them to the Pool House and then return,—we await you in St. Chad's cell."

The priest then whistled, and a man in the dress of a lay brother, (the storm having now subsided) brought round the steeds. The Lady Babington and her companions were soon on the road by the lake's side, scarcely in less astonishment than Vaucier; and after having accompanied them to the mansion, whose lighted windows, open door, blazing hearth, and especially the welcome of dame Eleanor Dyott, proclaimed the monk's assertion correct—he retraced his steps to the cell of Chadstow.

*(To be continued.)*

#### THE PARTING.—TO M. H.

*For the Olio.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VECTIS POETICE."

"'Twas more than death to part with thee!"

O'er dying summer's yellow bed  
The weeping Autumn droop'd her head;  
The sun was hid in storm and cloud;  
The mountains wore a misty shroud;  
Which veil'd the woods; the drizzling show'r  
Had drench'd the church's mossy tower;  
And fitful wind, and driving rain,  
Beat on the painted window's pane;  
And swiftly down the flooded vale  
The blighted leaves were seen to fall:  
'Till came the eve, with starry eye,  
And drew the curtains of the sky,

As broke the moon's revealing beam  
 On winding walk and willow'd stream;  
 Then, where the chesnut's branches spread,  
 I listen'd, Mary, for thy tread;  
 There tried to smile my thoughts away—  
 We met to part, but not for aye—  
 Yet, lightly as I strove to speak,  
 My heart was full, my words were weak.  
 I could not tell thee all my fears,  
 My sorrow was too sad for tears.  
 I thought my arms no more might twine  
 Around that sylph-like form of thine—  
 That mine no more might be the bliss  
 To steal, from coyest lips, a kiss!  
 How on thy path my eyes were bent,  
 As slowly 'neath the trees I went;  
 And long I look'd, 'till into shade  
 I saw thy fairy figure fade:  
 Then Mem'ry, in her grieving strain,  
 Told o'er the happy past again,—  
 When wand'ring with thee by that wall  
 Which skirts the ruin'd castle's hall,  
 How words with feelings weakly strove  
 To paint the passion of my love;  
 As swept the curfew's nightly knell  
 O'er, moonlit wood and dewy dell—  
 The sainted well midst willows tall—  
 The foaming river's rush and fall;  
 And o'er the scene a torpor spread,  
 Deep as the slumber of the dead—  
 The mood of nature, Mary, when  
 I loiter'd with thee through the glen,  
 And gently chid thy fluttering fear,  
 And softly won thy willing ear:  
 Whilst hope foretold that happier time—  
 The theme of many a plaintive rhyme—  
 When after all the storm was past  
 Which toss'd my vessel in its blast,  
 A gentler breeze should bear to shore,  
 And all my tears and toils be o'er;  
 Exchanging sorrow's ruffled sea  
 For life and love, and more—for thee!

Deem not those happy moments fled—  
 Forgotten, Mary,—like the dead:  
 Though past that dark and clouded day  
 Which rudely hid my roughen'd way;  
 Though fate each worldly wound hath heal'd,  
 And fancy every promise seal'd;  
 Though joy succeeds to hopeless sighs,  
 And laughter looks from tearful eyes;  
 Though flow'rets grow where grew but weeds,  
 And words are sweetly changed to deeds;  
 Yet, by the bliss thy presence gives,  
 The mem'ry of each trial lives;  
 And grateful now the past I view  
 Beneath a sky of kinder hue;  
 And backward cast a gladden'd glance  
 On love's despair and fortune's chance,—  
 As Spring's sweet buds and Summer's bloom  
 Contrast with weary Winter's gloom.

O, love, that doth with life increase,  
 Thy Eden calm of halcyon peace,—  
 Without its smile I would not give  
 The least of all my joys to live!

### THE SEARCHERS.

(For the Ollio.)

Is it the Undertaker, Betty?  
 No, ma'am, the Searchers!

READER! hast thou ever noticed two little wizened old women, clad in the gone-by fashion of humble life, creeping side by side with stealthy pace and quiet passage? Look at the house in which they enter with a deathly knock, rarely or never sitting down, or from which

they go:—the shutters are closed, the blinds are down, death is within—they are the "Searchers."

Reader!—knowest thou, these women have an office to perform, by examining every dead body as soon as the breath leaves it for ever, and the spirit returns to "Him that gave it;" to ascertain the cause of death's visit, and report it in a little book, called the "dead book,"—not for doomsday reference, but to insert the disease and regulate the schedule in the Bills of Mortality; and satisfy their minds that the corpse has not died by violent hands. Whether it arises from their daily intercourse with countenances reflecting the breathless images of sleep, or that the temperate habits which are acquired by years of service, good characters and long residence in the parish, these Searchers wear a placid submissiveness, a shrinking quietude, an ominous shadow of departure to others, themselves remaining as if the highly favoured inquisitors of skeleton power, acknowledged by the King of Terrors as the chosen agents of his will, passing his subjects out of time into his kingdom of worms and corruption; for, wherever death has been, the Searchers, like spectral shadows, follow his visit. The death-bell is sounded, and the Sexton, another agent in all human dissolution and depository, gives them the clue where to find the corpse yet scarcely cold, surrounded by weeping relatives, separated for a season in hope of immortal union when the mortal coil is thrown aside, and incorruption survives. Many and many a well-known parochial face, that once assisted the Searchers into the situation, and smiled on their regulated conduct appropriately deported,—many and many a dissolute, fractious, haughty, learned, honest and various person in the district, the Searchers are called in to see—to sigh farewell! and yield them to the concealment of the coffin lid. Their customary fee for the inspection is a shilling each, or half-a-crown the two.—The Searchers are, to appearance and practice too, out of the common reach of those attacks to which their more vivacious and mercurial kindred are liable. The wheezing asthma, like the forge-bellows, or the creaking gate, lasts on; a touch of the dropsy is not a tap sufficient for dissolution, and the chronic affections are faithful to the end. These Searchers have the privilege of longevity and they do not abuse it. They appear to come out of church-yard habitments—they live near it. Their furniture

partakes not of the pomp of state, nor are their vestments shrouded with white crimped analogies. Their ways are not past "searching out," nor do they "search in vain."

Reader!—if thou have resolution enough to sit down in their quiet room, and if thou can venture to take a thimbleful of tea and a nostrilful of high-dried, thou wilt hear histories of thousands, mouldering in the dust, and learn more of human character, vanity and vexation, than the house of feasting teaches. The Searchers are experienced in the shifts and subterfuges of "opportunity abusers." They can tell of the rise and fall,—they remember the births, christenings, marriages and burials, of some of the best and worst of the parish.—Their society, in the way of business, is not courted; they are mortality perambulatores, not insensible of the prerogatives of little tattle and grave gossip, windingsheets and "setting the countenance." If they are not associable members in society, so as to rise in the scale of popularity, they are invaluable out of it; and however pride puff up itself, they will have the "last look,"—till they, in turn, will be looked upon by the successors to their professional sisterhood.

P.

*Alarming Intelligence—Revolution in the Dictionary—one GALT at the head of it.\**

God preserve us!—there's nothing now safe from assault;—

Thrones toppling around, churches brought to the hammer;  
And accounts have just reach'd us that one Mr. Galt

Has declared open war against English and Grammar!

He had long been suspected of some such design,  
And the better his wicked intents to arrive at,  
Had lately 'mong C—lb—n's troops of the line  
(The penny-a-line men) enlisted as private.

There school'd, with a rabble of words at command,

Scotch, English, and slang, in promiscuous alliance,

He, at length, against Syntax has taken his stand,

And sets all the Nine Parts of Speech at defiance.

Next advices, no doubt, further facts will afford:—

In the mean time the danger most imminent grows,

He has taken the Life of one eminent Lord,  
And who he'll next murder the Lord only knows.

*Wednesday Evening.*

Since our last, matters, luckily, look more serene:—

Tho' the rebel, 'tis stated, to aid his defection,

\* The Times.

Has seized a great Powder—no—Puff Magazine,  
And the explosions are dreadful in every direction.

What his meaning exactly is, nobody knows,  
As he talks (in a strain of intense boheration,)

Of lyrical "ichor,"\* "gelatinous" prose,†  
And a mixture called "amber immortalization."‡

Now he raves of a bard, he once happened to meet,

Seated high "among rattlings" and "churming" a sonnet;§

Now talk of a Mystery, wrapp'd in a sheet,  
With a halo (by way of a night-cap) upon it||

We shudder in tracing these terrible lines;—  
Something bad they must mean, though we can't make it out:—

For, whate'er may be guess'd of Galt's secret designs,  
That they're all *Anti-English* no Christian can doubt.

REMARKS OF A READER.

*For the Olio.*

*Melmoth, by the Rev. R. C. Maturin.*

The foundation on which this supernatural romance is built, is as remarkable as the tale itself. Maturin, in his preface, states that the hint for *Melmoth the Wanderer* was suggested by a passage in one of his sermons:—"At this moment, is there one of us present, however we may have departed from the Lord, disobeyed his will, and disregarded his word—is there one of us who would, at this moment, accept all that man could bestow or earth afford, to resign the hope of his salvation?—No, there is not one,—not such a fool on earth, were the enemy of mankind to traverse it with the offer!"—On this idea our reverend author has produced a work evincing the highest powers of imagination and luxuriandy of language. Being the "creature of fancy," his characters are of his own creation—are beings of another world; but they frequently fail in producing the effect he evidently intends—they want individuality—one language, one sentiment is spoken by all. Boldly he steps within the magic circle; but he has not sufficient *bye-play*, or tact, in the arrangement of his materials. He is lavish of his powers; he spurns authority and precedents; he always aims at some-

\* "That dark diseased ichor which colour'd his effusions."—*Galt's Life of Byron*.

† "That gelatinous character of their effusions."—*id.*

‡ "The poetical embalmment, or rather amber immortalization."—*id.*

§ "Sitting amidst the shrouds and rattlings, churming an inarticulate melody."—*id.*

|| "He was a mystery in a winding sheet, crowned with a halo."—*id.*

thing original, horrid or startling,—an affection which is not, perhaps, always the characteristic of genius. But a beauteous wildness of thought—a richness of imagery—a felicity of expression, pervade the tale; he has striven, and somewhat successfully,

“To give to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name!”

Some of his scenes are worked up with great dramatic skill; the manner in which the Wanderer “shuffles off this mortal coil” is thrillingly portrayed, though there is an indescribable something wanted to complete the catastrophe. His language is usually too diffuse. Whenever he has an idea that pleases him, he works it almost threadbare—the reader is told every thing. This minuteness of detail running through several pages, causes the attention to flag, and generally produces listlessness. The language of a fiction should be like the back-ground of a picture, merely introduced to give general effect to the piece. The Episode of the Spaniard's Tale wants condensation, to render it agreeable. Circumstances are introduced on the *tapis* in no degree connected with the plot: this extraneous matter would induce many to throw aside the volume with disgust. The other Episodes are beautiful and forcible productions, though there is much clumsiness displayed in their introduction. The character of Isidora demands a brief notice. This fascinating being, guiltless, spotless, and dreaming the world pure and innocent as herself, for she had never experienced

“The malice of its frown, the treachery of its smile,”

is happily conceived in the true spirit of poesy, and proves that our author was intimately acquainted with the bewitching cords of love. She becomes the wife of the Tempter, and thereby seals her doom. How awfully terrific is her marriage described! with breathless attention do we wait for the issue of the event. The death of Father Olavida is also finely managed. In conclusion, it may be remarked, that could Maturin have restrained the exuberance of his genius, and have checked his passion for distorted pictures of human nature, he might rank deservedly among the first fiction writers of our times,—few possess a greater range of thought; a greater command of language.

H. INCE.

#### FROM THE FRENCH.

If “In mine inn I took mine ease,”  
With power to call for what I please,  
No landlord's score impending.  
Bacchus! to thee, by night and day,  
I'd undivided homage pay  
In goblets never ending.

But such delights are all too dear  
For those who live of duns in fear,  
Dan Cupid's more inviting;  
The god, who gives a liberal tick,  
Is he to whom I'll closely stick,  
And ever more delight in. *New Mon.*

#### TRADITION OF THE NORSEMEN.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.\*

THE Norsemen were the more prone to superstitions, because it was a favourite fancy of theirs that, in many instances, the change from life to death altered the temper of the human spirit from benignant to malevolent; or perhaps, that when the soul left the body, its departure was occasionally supplied by a wicked demon, who took the opportunity to enter and occupy its late habitation.

Upon such a supposition the wild fiction that follows is probably grounded; which, extravagant as it is, possesses something striking to the imagination. Saxo Grammaticus tells us of the fame of two Norse princes or chiefs, who had formed what was called a brotherhood in arms, implying not only the firmest friendship and constant support during the adventures which they should undertake in life, but binding them by a solemn compact, that after the death of either, the survivor should descend alive into the sepulchre of his brother-in-arms, and consent to be buried along with him. The task of fulfilling this dreadful compact fell upon Asmund, his companion Assueit, having been slain in battle. The tomb was formed after the ancient northern custom in what was called the age of hills,—that is, when it was usual to bury persons of distinguished merit or rank on some conspicuous spot, which was crowned with a mound. With this purpose a deep narrow vault was constructed, to be the apartment of the future tomb over which the sepulchral heap was to be piled. Here they deposited arms, trophies, poured forth, perhaps the blood of victims, introduced into the tomb the war-horses of the champions, and when these rites had been duly paid, the body of Assueit was placed in the dark and narrow house, while his faithful brother-in-arms en-

tered and sat down by the corpse, without a word or look which testified regret or unwillingness to fulfil his fearful engagement. The soldiers who had witnessed this singular interment of the dead and living, rolled a huge stone to the mouth of the tomb, and piled so much earth and stones above the spot as made a mound visible from a great distance, and then, with loud lamentation for the loss of such undaunted leaders, they dispersed themselves like a flock which has lost its shepherd.

Years passed away after years, and a century had elapsed, ere a noble Swedish rover, bound upon some high adventure, and supported by a gallant band of followers, arrived in the valley which took its name from the tomb of the brethren-in-arms. The story was told to the strangers, whose leader determined on opening the sepulchre, partly because, as already hinted, it was reckoned an heroic action to brave the anger of departed heroes by violating their tombs; partly to attain the arms and swords of proof with which the deceased had done their great actions. He set his soldiers to work, and soon removed the earth and stones from one side of the mound, and laid bare the entrance. But the stoutest of the rovers started back when, instead of the silence of a tomb, they heard within horrid cries, the clash of swords, the clang of armour, and all the noise of a mortal combat between two furious champions. A young warrior was let down into the profound tomb by a cord, which was drawn up shortly after, in hopes of news from beneath. But when the adventurer descended, some one threw him from the cord, and took his place in the noose. When the rope was pulled up, the soldiers, instead of their companion, beheld Asmund, the survivor of the brethren-in-arms. He rushed into the open air, his sword drawn in his hand, his armour half torn from his body, the left side of his face almost scratched off, as by the talons of some wild beast. He had no sooner appeared in the light of day, than, with the improvisatory poetic talent, which these champions often united with heroic strength and bravery, he poured forth a string of verses containing the history of his hundred years' conflict within the tomb. It seems that no sooner was the sepulchre closed than the corpse of the slain Assueit arose from the ground, inspired by some ravenous goule, and having first torn to pieces

and devoured the horses which had been entombed with them, threw himself upon the companion who had just given him such a sign of devoted friendship, in order to treat him in the same manner. The hero, no way discountenanced by the horrors of his situation, took to his arms, and defended himself manfully against Assueit, or rather against the evil demon who tenanted that champion's body. In this manner the living brother waged a preternatural combat, which had endured during a whole century, when Asmund, at last obtaining the victory, prostrated his enemy, and by driving, as he boasted, a stake through his body, had finally reduced him to the state of quiet becoming a tenant of the tomb. Having chanted the triumphant account of his contest and victory, this mangled conqueror fell dead before them. The body of Assueit was taken out of the tomb, burnt, and the ashes dispersed to heaven; whilst that of the victor, now lifeless, and without a companion, was deposited there, so that it was hoped his slumbers might remain undisturbed. The precautions taken against Assueit's reviving a second time, remind us of those adopted in the Greek islands, and in the Turkish provinces, against the Vampire. It affords also a derivation of the ancient English law in case of suicide, when a stake was driven through the body, originally to keep it secure in the tomb.

#### THE SPECTRE OF GORMIRE HALL.

A YORKSHIRE LEGEND.

Concluded from p. 214.

*For the Ollio.*

THE breeze of heaven swept over the shivering trees, and cooled the burning cheek of Sam Feast, who at that instant would not have exchanged feelings with Fawcett for the possession of a universe; and he could scarcely refrain from expressing aloud his gratitude to the Almighty for having kept him thus far untainted by depravity and unstained by crime. Fawcett, lifting up his head, beheld him.

"You seem in a fiery hurry, Sam; what is the matter? Has Sir Ralph got home?"

"No; nor when he does do I think he will ever go back, or the gallows will be cheated! Know ye that, Fawcett?" said he, throwing down the discovered hammer.

Fawcett dropped the spade from his hands, gazed wildly on the remembered tool, then, with an expression of bewil-

derment, fell on his knees, and ejaculated, in a tone of heart-broken repentance, "Yes, I do, Sam, I do!—it was mine! But I am no murderer, else I could not have lived; for, having assisted to cloak that bloody act, my guilt is more than I can well bear! Take me where you please! punish me as I deserve—any torture will be happiness to what I have suffered!"

"Fawcett!" exclaimed Sam, "how came ye to let the devil entrap you in such a hellish snare?"

"It were too long and too hideous a tale to tell the whole. It was following a gloomy day on which I had been repairing a dismal vault in Bagby church, that I was called at midnight from my quiet pillow,—quiet to me no more,—awoke from pleasant dreams, never to dream again but of that deed,—and hurried into the presence of Sir Ralph. Holding a loaded pistol to my head, he pointed to a space in the wall, which he ordered me to cross with laths, and plaster over. I obeyed, and sending for my tools, in the presence of Sir Ralph and that accursed French valet of his, I proceeded with my task; but before I had finished, the fear which was upon me, knowing well, Sam, that I was nailing up the body of the Lady Priscilla, caused me to drop my hammer into the opening, when Sir Ralph immediately sent for another. After finishing, I was sworn to secrecy on the Bible. Long before daybreak, Sir Ralph and the valet set off for France, pretending to take my lady with them. God forgive them!—she had taken a longer journey. The place was afterwards painted, and the room locked up. I received gold for my share in the business; but I ask ye, Sam, how has that wealth been obtained which prevents a man, through fear, from mingling with his neighbours? This is the first peaceful moment I have enjoyed for seventeen years. I know your generosity, Feast; forgive me, and aid my escape; for the officers of justice will soon be at my heels!"

"I pity you," said Sam; "but this is no time to talk about it—quick, secure your money—take the fleetest horse in the stable, and fly for your life; and may God pardon you, Fawcett!—Farewell, for we shall never meet again."

Fawcett, after a paroxysm of passionate tears, obeyed this advice; and in little more than an hour, Sam heard the last sound of his horse's hoofs, as he left Gormire Hall for ever. Secresy was the watchword to be observed at

the hall; and so completely unconscious were the household of the discovery made by Feast, and of the flight of Fawcett, (some specious excuse being made for the latter,) that every thing went on as usual. There was a little extra bustle and preparation, to be sure, owing to Sir Ralph being expected the following night. A letter had been received, which directed that the boat should be in readiness on the opposite side of the lake during the night; for Sir Ralph, who travelled by post, had a decided aversion to the circuitous route by the old carriage-way, which lay through the village—the attentions of the watchful gossips of Sutton being what he was most anxiously wishful to dispense with.

It was a charming night; the moon had been up three hours, and held her queenly progress through the vaulted blue which arched the towering and terrific precipice of the White Mare, enveloping in shadow Garbutt Wood and Gormire Hall. Distantly were seen the conical form of Hode Hill, capped with the pale moonlight; the steep and hoary rocks of Rowston Scour; and the dim perspective of the far-stretching and woody Vale of Mowbray; intermediately a glimpse of the hamlet of Sutton caught the eye, seated below the ling-clad banks of the lake, whose undulating waves broke gently on its marly shores. On the mountainous side of the prospect, the heathy hills of Hambleton stretched their furzy sides, forming a noble amphitheatre, the top of which seemed to aspire to the stars; beneath these, in the barren solitude, mouldered the rude relics of Hode Abbey, a ruin strikingly coinciding with the wild sublimity of this part of the country.

Sam had been commanded by Sir Ralph's letter to have the gamekeeper, Tom Kirk, who resided at the village, with him in the boat; but he deemed it better for the development of his plot, to wait alone, intending to confront Sir Ralph with his discovery—a design which was forestalled by accident. He had waited nearly four hours, and was admiring the beautiful scenery which surrounded him, and meditating on his approaching meeting with Sir Ralph, when he heard the rattling of the wheels of a post-chaise slowly descending the main road, which was cut through the diverging rock; the vehicle halted at a few paces from him; Sir Ralph and his valet speedily alighted, and meeting Sam, cordially saluted him; the former inquiring most affably after the

health of the personages, and the news at the hall; a conversation in which Sam bemoaned himself with extreme caution, carefully abstaining from any remark which might have been construed as allusory to the dreadful deed.

"How is it, Feast," quoth Sir Ralph, "that Kirk is not with you?"

"He is very poorly, Sir Ralph, and I thought it a pity to bring him, especially as I could manage with myself."

Assisted by the wily Dumont, Sam stowed away the luggage in the boat: as they rowed across the rippling lake, the moonbeams fell on the moustachioed face and braided figure of Sir Ralph, and Sam was enabled to take a full view of his wretched master. Guilt and remorse had whitened his hair, and blanched the sanguine hue of his cheek, which wore a haggard paleness. Dumont assumed a more cheerful look, and chatted to Sam about the picturesque scenery, astounding the ears of the unclassical villager by quoting Homer's exquisite picture of moonlight; and so far did his accomplished manner of recitation and his behaviour win upon the rustic's feelings, that he was more than half inclined to alter his opinion of Dumont. Sir Ralph uttered not a syllable; and by this time the little boat was moored on the north side of the lake, within a stone's throw of the hall. After having aroused the other servants to assist him, Sam returned to the boat, and began to disembark the luggage. Whilst in the act of stooping, against Sir Ralph, the bracelet found with the remains of the Lady Priscilla fell out of his waistcoat-pocket, and dropped at the feet of her vengeful husband. His attention was immediately arrested, and whilst Sam was searching for it in another direction, Sir Ralph picked it up; the light of the moon falling full on the ornament, he immediately recognized it.

"What have ye here, Feast?—a bracelet?—ay, and a valuable one too, apparently," glancing at Dumont; "how came ye by this, man?"

"I will tell you, Sir Ralph, when we get to the house," said the undaunted young man, "it is all in good time yet."

The truth flashed upon Sir Ralph—the gathering storm had now broke, and his frowning and fiery eyes met the fearless gaze of Sam; while the former exclaimed, "Perhaps we both may never reach the house again.—But, however, let us make the essay—come on."

Sam, leaving Dumont with the boat, followed his master, from whose scowling looks he inferred that violence was intended, and therefore kept his eye upon him; but, the subtle murderer, in spite of his servant's caution, wrested the secret from him, with the added information, that no one at present, except himself, was acquainted with it.

This was enough. They were just in the middle of a sedgy hollow leading from the boat, from which Dumont watched their movements, with a loaded pistol in his hand, when Sir Ralph, stepping back, made a sudden effort to draw his sword, but was timely prevented by Feast, who immediately closed with his treacherous master; but his weight overbalancing that of his antagonist, Sam fell tremendously, with Sir Ralph upon him. The cowardly Dumont was now on the alert to distinguish between them, for the shadow of the wood was on the scene of combat, and rendered them difficult of recognition. Sir Ralph rising first, was mistaken by Dumont for Feast; with this impression he fired, and the fatal ball pierced the breast of Sir Ralph, who, with dreadful imprecations, made another attempt to extricate his sword, but staggered and fell. Sam's efforts were now directed towards the securing of Dumont, but he might as well have essayed to track the viewless course of the wind; for, loaded with valuables, he had fled towards the hiding recesses of the rocky mountains, intending to proceed from thence, in disguise, to the eastern coast, and so ship for France.

The life-blood of Sir Ralph Myton was flowing fast, as he was promptly borne, by his domestics, to the hall. After laying him on an easy couch, and administering to him some stimulants, his speech returned, and he cried out vehemently, in reference to a surgeon having been sent for from the neighbouring town of Thirsk—

"Cursed fools! I will have no help! Death is what I have long desired—I should not fear it, for I have died a thousand deaths—but what is to become of my miserable soul? Feast," clasping the hand of Sam, "I murdered your mistress! I will tell you why, that you may take warning. The curse of gambling allured me, and I preferred rioting in that den of devils, Paris, to residing at home, where, amidst my contented peasantry, and surrounded by a virtuous family, with a once good name, I might have lived and died happy."



Whilst at Paris, a villain—curses on his head!—seduced the ear and affections of my wife. The blasting fever of jealousy laid hold upon me; and, prompted by that fiend Dumont, I returned home with her, and, at midnight, in this very house, the scene of many a blessed hour in her society, I murdered her!—Fawcett knows the rest—I hid her body in the wall, because I feared to trust it to the tell-tale earth. But I go to my account: I feel I shall not be long here. Feast, I should like to have the curate from Felixkirk, to give me the sacrament—but no—it is too late! Take a lesson from my end—and—” Here the paralyzing stroke of death was upon the wretched man, and, turning convulsively on the bed, with horror and agony blended in his countenance, he breathed his last.

Gormire Hall has vanished; but its deserted site, the wild and sublime scenery, and the legend of the Spectre of Gormire Hall, still remain, as fearful mementoes to the neighbouring nobility of the EVILS OF ABSENTEEISM.

G. Y. H.—N.

### Londoniana.

#### ST. DUNSTAN'S (IN THE WEST) CHURCH.

The demolition of this ancient fabric is rapidly proceeding with, and before many weeks have elapsed it will be entirely rased. The period when the Church of St. Dunstan, Fleet-street, was built appears to be unknown; yet it must be of a very ancient date, for Stow informs us of the burial there of Thomas Duke, the builder of Saint Catherine's Chapel, as early as the year 1421. It was anciently a rectory, in the patronage of the convent of Westminster. Richard de Barking, the Abbot, in 1237, granted the advowson to King Henry III. which continued in the Crown till 1362; it was afterwards in the gift of the Bishop of London till 1386, when Robert de Bragbrooke granted it to the Abbot and Convent of Premonstratenses, of Alnwick, Northumberland, where the patronage remained till their suppression. King Edward VI. granted it to the Lord Dudley; but both the rectory and advowson were afterwards granted to Sir Richard Sackville, till alienated to George Rivers in 1625: it is now in the gift of Richard Taylor, Esq. Saint Dunstan's Church escaped the fire of London in 1666, which ended very near it on the north side of Fleet-street, and at no great distance from it on the south.

Perhaps no religious edifice in London is so much sought for by the curious as St. Dunstan's,—not so much on account of its architectural beauty, as for the celebrity it has attained by the two wooden figures placed on a pediment in the south side of the church, near the west end. These figures, which were set up in the year 1671, represent two wild men, armed with knotty clubs, with which they alternately indicate the hours and quarters by striking a bell with their substantial weapons. As they are very visible in the street, they are, says Hatton, in his view of London, “more admired by the populace on Sundays, than the most elegant preacher from the pulpit within.” For the sake of religion, we hope this is not the case, especially as some of the brightest members of our church have been preachers here; we need only name Dr. Donne, the celebrated Richard Baxter, and the pious author of the *Life, Walk, and Triumph of Faith*. On the 1st of April a piece of waggery is often practised upon the unwary, which involves in it this sacred edifice; it is no other than sending persons with cheques drawn upon Messrs. Thumper of Fleet-street, meaning the wooden heroes of clock-striking notoriety.

### The Note Book.

#### MAHOMEDAN FANTASIES.

For the Oilio.

*Seven Members of Prostration.*—The adoration which the Mahomedans make when they pray, prostrating themselves, and touching the earth with their foreheads, is what the Greeks call *proskuneosis*, when seven of the members of the human frame touch the ground, viz.—the feet, hands, knees, and the head.

*Origin of Angels and Genii.*—They hold that the angels and genii were all made out of an exceeding hot fire.

*God's Enemy.*—This epithet is given to the devil, he that was stoned and driven out of Paradise. When he is spoken of, it is with a curse, to be preserved from the ‘vanquished Satan.’ This expression is before every chapter in the Alcoran.

*Three essential points of Faith and Practice.*—They affirm that all things animate and inanimate, the mountains, rocks, seas, rivers, trees, plants, herbs, &c., perpetually serve and worship God after their manner, corresponding with the often quoted phrase, ‘Sermons in stones, &c. and good in every thing.’

*Prayer*, they say, leads half way to heaven; *fasting* carries them to heaven's-gate; and *alms* gains admittance. In Fielding's 'Journey from this World to the next,' these individual virtues are satirically illustrated for the benefit of those of the three professions, who, before they travel to that bourne whence none return, might avert the course by prayer, fasting, and alms. Sentiments worthy of a more discerning and intellectual people.

*The sharp-edged Bridge and unavoidable Passage.*—This imaginary bridge is represented sharper than a razor, narrower than a hair, and exceeding slippery. Sinners miscarry through want of resolution, strength, and agility, being terrified with the horrors of it, over which it is believed to have extended; whereas the good, armed with courage and innocence, succeed happily. Monsieur Chardin, in his voyage to Persia, observes, 'that the apprehension of this passage has a mighty influence over the morals of the Mahomedans.' JOIDA.

#### THE DRUIDS.

The superstitious veneration which the Druids had for the mistletoe, oak, and serpent, caused those of the Druidical college of Autun to bear on their banner—a field argent with a serpent thereon, ornamented with a sprig of mistletoe and acorns vert. They probably, says Saintfoix, assumed the serpent from the virtues they attributed to its egg. The symbol of the chief Druids was keys.

#### JESUITS.

From the papers lately made public at their establishment at Montrouge, it appears that they have five assistories, 39 provinces, 24 professed houses, 669 colleges, 60 noviciates, 176 seminaries, 335 residences, and 223 missions. These include the whole of their institutions in Europe, Africa, and America. Their numbers amount to 22,787, of which 11,000 are priests.

#### PRELATES GOING TO PARLIAMENT.

Before the building of Westminster-bridge, the Archbishop of Canterbury had the right of ferry over the Thames at this spot, and the bishops used to go from their palaces in Southwark, the Strand, and Lambeth, to the House of Lords every night, in their state-barges, rowed by their protected watermen, in state liveries of blue and white. Archbishop Wake, in the reign of George II.

was the last prelate that retained the aquatic pageantry, and would not substitute a carriage for a barge. His grace's wig once blew off in a gale of wind, which created anxiety in the bench of bishops. Dr. Ratcliff begged him to give up "the cold barge;" but his grace declared that he would keep to the good old times, and so he did, to the day of his death.

#### TORBAY.

This celebrated bay, the Totonesium Littus of the Romans, has been the theatre of many great events in English history. Here it was, as we are told, Vespasian landed, when he invaded Britain in the reign of Claudius, A.D. 49. But the most celebrated is the landing of William, Prince of Orange, afterwards William III. at Brixham, on the 5th of Nov. 1688. On his accession to the throne, he created his Admiral, Arthur Herbert, Baron Torbay and Earl of Torrington; but the titles became extinct at the death of the earl.—Mr. Dunstanville, a merchant, who made a tour through the South-Hams about forty years ago, relates the following anecdote of William's landing, as told him by an aged native of Brixham, who was a child when this great event happened:—As it was low water, and the pier not being then in existence, the Prince was brought on shore on the shoulders of a sailor; but before he put foot on the landing-place (which was covered with spectators,) he exclaimed with a loud voice, "Welcome or not?" He was immediately answered with the shouts of the multitude, and cries of "Welcome! welcome!"

### Illustrations of History.

#### TOURNAMENTS.

##### *For the Ollo.*

These spectacles were brought into England in 959, by King Edgar; and in the following century were established all over France; from France they spread into other countries.—They went by the name of Ludi Galico, or French Games, because Geoffi de Prenilli (who died in 1066) published a code of laws by which they were regulated, and those regulations were settled by the king and nobility in their assemblies. Some authors assign to him the first introduction of them into France. The name Tournament came from the combats of the sword, axe, and dagger, because in the action the

champions turned| themselves continually round, whereas jousts passed in a straight line.

Henry III. in the twenty-ninth year of his reign, 1245, by a mandate forbade tournaments within five miles of Cambridge, because they interfered too much with the studies of the scholars, who delighted more in attending a tournament, than in the acquirement of knowledge.

R. J.

### Customs of Various Countries.

#### INDIAN WAR FEASTS.

The Menis-se-no We-koon-de-win, or war feast, is generally celebrated by the tribes of North American Indians before starting, or on the way towards an enemy's country. Two, four, eight, or twelve men, may be called, but by no means an odd number. The whole animal, whether deer, bear, or moose, or whatever it may be, is cooked, and they are expected to eat it all; and, if it is in their power, they have a large bowl of bear's grease standing by, which they drink in place of water. Notwithstanding that a man who fails to eat all his portion is liable to the ridicule of his more gormandizing companions, it frequently happens that some of them are compelled to make a present of tobacco to their entertainer and beg him to permit that they may not eat all he has given them. In this case, and when there is no one of the company willing to eat it for him, some one is called from without. In every part of this feast, when it is made after the warriors leave home, they take care that *no bone of the animal eaten shall be broken*; but after stripping the flesh from them, they are carefully tied up, and hung upon a tree. The reason they assign for preserving, in this feast, the bones of the victim unbroken, is, that thus they may signify to the Great Spirit their desire to return home to their own country, with their bones uninjured.

*Tanner's Narrative.*

#### SUPERSTITIONS OF OUR OWN COUNTRY.

In many parishes of Scotland, there was suffered to exist a certain portion of land, called the *gudeman's croft*, which was never ploughed or cultivated, but suffered to remain waste, like the TEMENOS of a pagan temple. Though it was not expressly avowed, no one doubted that the goodman's croft was set apart for some evil being; in fact, that it was the portion of the arch-fiend

himself, whom our ancestors distinguished by a name, which, while it was generally understood, could not, it was supposed be offensive to the stern inhabitant of the regions of despair. This was so general a custom, that the church published an ordinance against it as an impious and blasphemous usage.

This singular custom sunk before the efforts of the clergy in the seventeenth century; but there must still be many alive, who in childhood have been taught to look with wonder on knolls and patches of ground left uncultivated, because, whenever a ploughshare entered the soil, the elementary spirits were supposed to testify their displeasure by storm and thunder. Within our own memory, many such places, sanctioned to barrenness by some favourite popular superstition, existed, both in Wales and Ireland, as well as in Scotland; but the high price of agricultural produce during the late war, renders it doubtful if a veneration for grey-bearded superstition has suffered any one of them to remain undescrated. For the same reason, the mounts called *Sith Bhruaith* were respected, and it was deemed unlawful and dangerous to cut wood, dig earth and stones, or otherwise disturb them.

*Fam. Lib. No. XVI.*

### Anecdotalia.

#### BENSLEY AND HIS WIG.

When Bensley came on one evening for his first soliloquy in *Richard*, a nail at the wing caught the tail of his majestic wig, and dismounting his hat, suspended the former in the air. An Irish gallery know how to laugh, even in a tragedy. Bensley caught his hat as it fell by a feather, and replacing it on his nob, 'shorn of its beams,' advanced to the front, and commenced his soliloquy, amidst a volley of importunities to resume his wig.—("Mr. Bensley, my darling, put on your jasey—bad luck to your politics—will you suffer a wig (whig) to be hung?" &c.)—The tragedian, however, considering that such an act would have compromised, in some measure, his dukely dignity, continued his meditations in despite of their advice, and stalked off at the conclusion, as he had stalked on. An underling then made his appearance, and released his captured hair, with which he exited in pursuit of *Richard*, to as loud a demonstration of approval as *Richard* himself.

*Bernard's Retrospec.*

## THISTLEWOOD.

(For the *Olio*)

It is, perhaps, not generally known, that the notorious Thistlewood received his education at the respectable private seminary kept by the Rev. — Addison, (better known as Parson Addison), at Thirsk, Yorkshire; where the turbulent democrat distinguished himself as ringleader in the numerous affrays of the scholars with the boys of that town. If an orchard were to be pillaged, the owner, though uniting the watchfulness of Argus to the strength of Hercules, was sure to be outwitted by young Thistlewood. Of the terrible castigations given by him to sundry juvenile offenders, there are living witnesses. Once, and once only, an ill-treated urchin had the courage to complain to the "Parson" of Thistlewood's assaults,—for which the hero was *horsed*, and soundly whipped. But, woe to the informant! So cruel a thrashing did Thistlewood administer to him, that he was necessitated to keep the house for some days after. An idiot, known by the cognomen of "Charley Topping," was the unceasing butt of young Thistlewood's merciless freaks. On one occasion he persuaded the poor fellow to go as far as Ripon, eleven miles distant, to see a *new moon and stars*, which they had got, differing in shape and material from those at Thirsk! —It is also related of Charley, that, another time, having found a shilling, which an unprincipled fellow afterwards endeavoured to extort from him, he put to him the sapient question,— "Had the shilling you lost, a *hole* through it?"—"Yes," was the reply. "Then," says Charley, "*this is n't it*, because this has n't a hole through it."

## SADLER'S WELLS.

The water of Sadler's Wells, before the Reformation, was celebrated for its extraordinary virtues; it was therefore counted sacred and called Holy-well. The priests belonging to the priory of Clerkenwell often attended there, and made the people believe that the rare quality of the water proceeded from the efficacy of their prayers; but at the Reformation the well was forbidden to be resorted to, and covered in accordingly, upon the supposition that the frequenting of it was altogether superstitious; and so by degrees it grew out of remembrance, and was wholly lost, until a gentleman named Sadler, who had lately built a new music house on the spot, and being surveyor of the highways, had employed

some men to dig gravel in his garden, in the midst whereof they found, beneath an arch of stone, the once-famed water. This discovery was made about the year 1623. After Sadler's decease, one Francis Forcer, a composer and musician, became possessor of the well and music-room; he was succeeded by his son, who first exhibited there the diversion of rope-dancing and tumbling, which was then performed abroad, in the garden.

C. H. B. G.

## NORTHCOTE.

In a copy of proof illustrations to "Northcote's Fables," we have seen the following inscription, in the masculine and bold character of the author's handwriting, who at a very advanced age traces a MS. in such a style as would do credit to the best schoolmaster yet abroad:—

To Mr. BEHNES, Sculptor,  
From his friend, JAMES NORTHCOTE.  
Behnes and Death for ever are at strife;  
Death turns the life to clay, he, clay to life.

## SHOOTING SEASON.

"What have you shot to-day?" said a cockney at the waterside to a coal-heaver. "Why, twenty chaldrons of coals, to be sure!" said the black diamond vender.

The first sermon preached after the marriage of a noble officer in Wiltshire by his chaplain, was upon the following text:—"When a man taketh a wife, he shall not go out to war, neither shall he be charged with any business, but he shall be free at home one year, and shall cheer up his wife which he hath taken."—Deuter. xxiv. 5.

## CONUNDRUMS.

Why is the land which the sea washes away like a false accusation?—Because it is ground-less.

Why is a laundress like a person making her way to a smith's shop?—Because she is going to iron. Z.

## A BLUNT SHAVER.

(VIDE WINDOW SEVEN DIALS.)

Halt, bearded pard! behold! come in!  
I'll trim your lips, or smooth your chin:  
I takes the Sunday Papers in;  
I nose the fashions to a pin:—  
Bring in your head for snip, or shave,  
A penny's all the *blunt* I craves.

## TO A GENTLEMAN WHO LOST HIS WATCH.

Fret not, my friend, or peevish say  
Your fate is worse than common;  
For gold takes wings and flies away,  
And Time will stay for no man.

H. B. A.

## Diary and Chronology.

Tuesday, Sept. 28.

*St. Eustochium, v. d. A. D. 419. — High Water 33m after 10 Morn—59m after 10 Aftern.*  
 Sept. 28, 1837.—Died C. G. Kiesewetter, the celebrated violinist. This clever artist was the first person who introduced into England the beautiful compositions of Mayseider. Of Kiesewetter it has been observed, that he was on the violin what Munden was in comedy: like him, he could either raise a smile by his comic skips, and eccentric *roulemens*, or move the heart by his touches of exquisite feeling.

Wednesday, September 29.

*St. Michael, —Sun rises 5m after 6—sets 51m after 5.*

**MICHAELMAS DAY.**—This festival is celebrated in commemoration of St. Michael and all the order of angels. It is called the *Dedication of St. Michael*, from a church being dedicated to him on this day, on Mount Garganus. *Michaelmas Day*, says Brady, is one of the regular periods of settling rents, &c. throughout England, but it is no longer peculiar for that hospitality which we are taught to believe formerly existed, when the landlords used to entertain their tenants in their great halls upon *GESE*, then only kept by persons of opulence, and, of course, considered as a peculiar feast, as was before the case at *Martinmas*, which was the old regular quarterly day. There is a current, but erroneous tale, assigning to Queen Elizabeth the introduction of this custom of the day:—Being on her way to Tilbury Fort, on the 29th of September, 1588, she is alleged to have dined with Sir Neville Umfreville, at his seat near that place, off a goose, which the knight, knowing her taste for high seasoned dishes, had provided. She drank a *half-pint bumper of Burgundy* to the destruction of the Spanish Armada: soon after she received the joyful tidings that her wishes had been fulfilled;—that, being delighted with the event, she commemorated the day annually by having a goose for dinner, and that consequently, the court adopted the like practice, which soon became general throughout the kingdom. But the custom is of much older date, and equally observed on the continent as in England, though by the opulent alone, who could sustain the expense; and among other testimonies of its having been a very long established luxury, may be adduced a well-known wish expressed by Christians, King of Denmark, who reigned from 1551 to 1492, "that he hoped to see the time when not only *nobles* but good *burghers* through this land should feed on a *FAT* goose every St. Martin's Day."

Thursday, September 30.

*St. Gregory, Apostle of Armenia, 4th Cent.—High Water 0h 3m Morn—0h 30m After.*

Sept. 30, 1822.—Expired Ludwig Heinrich Christian, a painter, actor, and dramatic writer of considerable repute in Germany. Painting was his earliest pursuit, and that to which he was more particularly attached. Yet a passion for theatrical amusements, and the hope of finding the stage a more lucrative profession, induced him to become an actor. As a dramatic writer, his compositions, although not numerous, were successful.

Friday, October 1.

*St. Wasmul, Confessor, d. A. D. 651.—Sun rises 12m after 6—sets 47m after 5.*

Oct. 1, 1795.—Died at Dishley, in Leicestershire, on the spot where he first drew breath, Robert Bakewell, the most successful farmer and improver of horses and cattle that England ever knew. Many anecdotes are related of his remarkable humanity to animals of every kind. He constantly deprecated the atrocious barbarities practised by butchers and drovers of cattle, showing, by examples on his own farm, the most pleasing instances of docility in the animals under his care. This extraordinary man was certainly much more deserving of the gratitude of his country than the warrior who slays his thousands, or the statesman who drains the treasures, and subverts the liberties of a nation.

Saturday, October 2.

*St. Leodegarius, bish. and mar.—Full Moon, 57m after 7 Morn.*

Oct. 2, 1263.—On this day, Haco, King of Norway, who came into the Firth of Clyde with a powerful armament, and made a descent at Largs, in Ayrshire, was encountered by Alexander III. and signally defeated. This disgrace to his arms so affected him, that he died soon after in Orkney, where he retreated soon after his overthrow by the Scottish King.

Sunday, October 3.

SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

*Lessons for the Day—14 chapter Eszekiel, morn—19 chapter Eszekiel, Even.*

*St. Dionysius the Areopagite.*

Our saint, who was a member of the senate of the Areopagus at Athens, was converted by St. Paul, who ordained him Bishop of Athens as early as the year 51. The Greeks tell us in their *Menologies*, that St. Dionysius was burnt for his faith.

Monday, October 4.

*St. Edwin, King and mar. 633.—High Water 12m after 3 Morning—35m after 3 Afternoon*

Oct. 4, 1821.—Expired to-day John Rennie, the justly celebrated civil engineer. Mr. R., in his earliest youth, discovered a taste for mechanics, and commenced life as a mill-wright, but fortunately soon afterwards connected himself with the late Mr. Watt, the inventor of the steam-engine. On the death of Mr. Smeaton, Mr. Rennie succeeded him in many public works, and was soon at the head of his profession. He had now sufficient scope for the exertion of his talents; nor did he neglect the opportunity of acquiring fame as well as emolument. The London and East India Docks, the harbours of Portsmouth, Plymouth, Liverpool, Leith, &c., the Bell Rock Light-house, the Quay at Woolwich, above all, the Waterloo Bridge, are indisputable proofs of his genius, and will perpetuate his name.

# The Olio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

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See page 245.

## Illustrated Article.

### THE BROKEN HEART.

(From the Diary of a late Physician.)

THERE was a large and gay party assembled one evening, in the memorable month of June, 1815, at a house in the remote western suburbs of London. Throngs of handsome and well-dressed women—a large retinue of the leading men about town—the dazzling light of chandeliers blazing like three suns overhead—the charms of music and dancing—together with that tone of excitement then pervading society at large, owing to our successful continental campaigns, which maddened England into almost daily annunciations of victory;—all these circumstances, I say, combined to supply spirit to every party. In fact, England was almost turned upside down with universal feting! Mrs. —, the lady whose party I have just been mentioning, was in ecstasy at the eclat with which the whole was going off, and charmed with the buoyant animation

with which all seemed inclined to contribute their quota to the evening's amusement. A young lady of some personal attractions, most amiable manners, and great accomplishments—particularly musical—had been repeatedly solicited to sit down to the piano, for the purpose of favouring the company with the favourite Scottish air, "*The Banks of Allan Water*." For a long time, however, she steadfastly resisted their importunities, on the plea of low spirits. There was evidently an air of deep pensiveness, if not melancholy, about her, which ought to have corroborated the truth of the plea she urged. She did not seem to gather excitement with the rest; and rather endured, than shared, the gaieties of the evening. Of course, the young folks around her of her own sex whispered their suspicions that she was in love; and, in point of fact, it was well known by several present, that Miss — was engaged to a young officer who had earned considerable distinction in the Peninsular campaign, and to whom she was to be united on his return from the continent. It need

not therefore be wondered at, that a thought of the various casualties to which a soldier's life is exposed—especially a bold and brave young soldier, such as her intended had proved himself—and the possibility, if not probability, that he might, alas! never

“Return to claim his blushing bride,”

—but be left behind among the glorious throng of the fallen—sufficed to overcast her mind with gloomy anxieties and apprehensions. It was, indeed, owing solely to the affectionate importunities of her relatives, that she was prevailed on to be seen in society at all. Had her own inclinations been consulted, she would have sought solitude, where she might, with weeping and trembling, commend her hopes to the hands of Him “who seeth in secret,” and “whose are the issues” of battle. As, however, Miss ——’s rich contralto voice, and skilful powers of accompaniment, were much talked of, the company would listen to no excuses or apologies; so the poor girl was absolutely *baited* into sitting down to the piano, when she ran over a few melancholy chords with an air of reluctance and displacency. Her sympathies were soon excited by the fine tones—the tumultuous melody—of the keys she touched—and she struck into the soft and soothing symphony of “The Banks of Allan Water.” The breathless silence of the bystanders—for nearly all the company was thronged around—was at length broken by her voice, stealing, “like faint blue gushing streams,” on the delighted ears of her auditors, as she commenced singing that exquisite little ballad, with the most touching pathos and simplicity. She had just commenced the verse,

“For his bride a soldier sought her,  
And a winning tongue had he!”

when, to the surprise of every body around her, she suddenly ceased playing and singing, without removing her hands from the instrument, and gazed steadfastly forward with a vacant air, while the colour faded from her cheeks, and left them pale as the lily. She continued thus for some moments, to the alarm and astonishment of the company—motionless, and apparently unconscious of any one’s presence. Her elder sister, much agitated, stepped towards her, placed her hand on her shoulder, endeavoured gently to rouse her, and said hurriedly, “Anne, Anne! What now is the matter?” Miss —— made no answer; but a few moments after,

without moving her eyes, suddenly burst into a piercing shriek! Consternation seized all present.

“Sister—sister!—Dear Anne, are you ill?” again enquired her trembling sister, endeavouring to rouse her, but in vain. Miss —— did not seem either to see or hear her. Her eyes still gazed fixedly forward, till they seemed gradually to expand, as it were, with an expression of glassy horror. All present seemed utterly confounded, and afraid to interfere with her. Whispers were heard, “She’s ill—in a fit—run for some water. Good God, how strange—what a piercing shriek,” &c. &c. At length Miss ——’s lips moved. She began to mutter inaudibly; but by and bye those immediately near her could distinguish the words, “There!—there they are—with their lanterns. Oh! they are looking out for the *d-e-a-d*. They turn over the heaps. Ah!—now—no!—that little hill of slain—see, see!—they are turning them over, one by one—There!—*THERE HE IS!*—Oh, horror! horror! horror!—*RIGHT THROUGH THE HEART!*” and with a long shuddering groan, she fell senseless into the arms of her horror-struck sister. Of course all were in confusion and dismay—not a face present, but was blanched with agitation and affright on hearing the extraordinary words she uttered. With true delicacy and propriety of feeling, all those whose carriages had happened to have already arrived, instantly took their departure, to prevent their presence embarrassing or interfering with the family, who were already sufficiently bewildered. The room was soon thinned of all, except those who were immediately engaged in rendering their services to the young lady; and a servant was instantly despatched, with a horse, for me. On my arrival, I found her in bed, (still at the house where the party was given, which was that of the young lady’s sister-in-law.) She had fallen into a succession of swoons ever since she had been carried up from the drawing-room, and was perfectly senseless when I entered the bedchamber where she lay. She had not spoken a syllable since uttering the singular words just related; and her whole frame was cold and rigid—in fact, she seemed to have received some strong shock, which had altogether paralysed her. By the use, however, of strong stimulants, we succeeded in at length restoring her to something like consciousness, but I think it would have been better for her—judging from the event

—never to have woken again from forgetfulness. She opened her eyes under the influence of the searching stimulants we applied, and stared vacantly for an instant on those standing round her bedside. Her countenance, of an ashy hue, was damp with clammy perspiration, and she lay perfectly motionless, except when her frame undulated with long deep-drawn sighs.

"Oh, wretched, wretched, wretched girl!" she murmured at length—"why have I lived till now? Why did you not suffer me to expire? He called me to join him—I was going—and you will not let me—but I must go—yes, yes."

"Anne—dearest!—why do you talk so? Charles is not gone—he will return soon—he will indeed!"—sobbed her sister.

"Oh, never, never! You could not see what I saw, Jane,"—she shuddered—"Oh, it was frightful! How they tumbled about the heaps of the dead!—how they stripped—oh, horror, horror!"

"My dear Miss —, you are dreaming—raving—indeed you are," said I, holding her hand in mine—"Come, come—you must not give way to such gloomy, such nervous fancies—you must not indeed. You are frightening your friends to no purpose."

"What do you mean?" she replied, looking me suddenly full in the face. "I tell you it is true! Ah me, Charles is dead—I know it—I saw him! *Shot right through the heart.* They were stripping him, when—" And heaving three or four short convulsive sobs, she again swooned. Mrs. —, the lady of the house, (the sister-in-law of Miss —, as I think I have mentioned) could endure the distressing scene no longer, and was carried out of the room, fainting, in the arms of her husband. With great difficulty, we succeeded in restoring Miss — once more to consciousness; but the frequency and duration of her relapses began seriously to alarm me. The spirit, being brought so often to the brink, might at last suddenly flit off into eternity, without any one's being aware of it. I, of course, did all that my professional knowledge and experience suggested; and, after expressing my readiness to remain all night in the house, in the event of any sudden alteration in Miss —, for the worse, I took my departure, promising to call very early in the morning. Before leaving, Mr. — had acquainted me with all the particulars above related;

and, as I rode home, I could not help feeling the liveliest curiosity, mingled with the most intense sympathy for the unfortunate sufferer, to see whether the corroborating event would stamp the present as one of those extraordinary occurrences, which occasionally "come o'er us like a summer-cloud," astonishing and perplexing every one.

The next morning, about nine o'clock, I was again at Miss —'s bedside.—She was nearly in the same state as that in which I had left her the preceding evening—only feebler, and almost continually stupefied. She seemed, as it were, stunned with some severe but visible stroke. She said scarcely any thing, but often uttered a low, moaning, indistinct sound, and whispered at intervals, "Yes—shortly, Charles, shortly—to-morrow." There was no rousing her by conversation; she noticed no one, and would answer no questions. I suggested the propriety of calling in additional medical assistance; and, in the evening, met two eminent brother physicians in consultation at her bedside. We came to the conclusion that she was sinking rapidly, and, that, unless some miracle intervened to restore her energies, she would continue with us but a very little longer. After my brother physicians had left, I returned to the sick chamber, and sat by Miss —'s bedside for more than an hour. My feelings were much agitated at witnessing her singular and affecting situation. There was such a sweet and sorrowful expression about her pallid features, deepening, occasionally, into such hopelessness of heart-broken anguish, as no one could contemplate without deep emotion. There was, besides, something mysterious and awing—something of what in Scotland is called *second-sight*—in the circumstances which had occasioned her illness.

"Gone—gone!" she murmured, with closed eyes, while I was sitting and gazing in silence on her, "gone—and in glory! Ah, I shall see the young conqueror—I shall! How he will love me!—Ah, I recollect," she continued, after a long interval, "it was the 'Banks of Allan Water' these cruel people made me sing, and my heart breaking the while! What was the verse I was singing when I saw?"—she shuddered—"oh!—this—

'For his bride a soldier sought her,  
And a winning tongue had he—  
On the banks of Allan Water,  
None so gay as she.  
But the summer grief had brought her,  
And her soldier—false was he!—



Oh, no, no, never—Charles—my poor murdered Charles—never.” She groaned, and spoke no more that night. She continued utterly deaf to all that was said in the way of sympathy or remonstrance; and, if her lips moved at all, it was only to utter faintly some such words as, “Oh, let me—let me leave in peace!” During the two next days, she continued drooping rapidly. The only circumstance about her demeanour particularly noticed, was, that she once moved her hands for a moment over the counterpane, as though she were playing the piano—a sudden flush overspread her features—her eyes stared, as though she were startled by the appearance of some phantom or other, and she gasped, “There, there!” after which she relapsed into her former state of stupor.

How will it be credited, that on the fourth morning of Miss ——’s illness, a letter was received from Paris by her family, with a black seal, and franked by the noble colonel of the regiment in which Charles —— had served, communicating the melancholy intelligence that the young Captain had fallen towards the close of the battle of Waterloo; for while in the act of charging at the head of his corps, a French cavalry officer shot him with his pistol *right through the heart*! The whole family, with all their acquaintance, were unutterably shocked at the news—almost petrified with amazement at the strange corroboration of Miss ——’s prediction. How to communicate it to the poor sufferer was now a serious question, or whether to communicate it at all at present? The family at last, considering that it would be unjustifiable in them any longer to withhold the intelligence, intrusted the painful duty to me. I therefore repaired to her bedside alone, in the evening of the day on which the letter had been received; that evening was the last of her life! I sat down in my usual place beside her, and her pulse, countenance, breathing, cold extremities—together with the fact, that she had taken no nourishment whatever since she had been laid on the bed—convinced me that the poor girl’s sufferings were soon to terminate. I was at a loss for a length of time how to break the oppressive silence. Observing, however, her fading eyes fixed on me, I determined, as it were accidentally, to attract them to the fatal letter which I then held in my hand. After a while she observed it; her eye suddenly settled on the ample coronetted seal,

and the sight operated something like an electric shock.

She seemed struggling to speak, but in vain. I now wished to Heaven I had never agreed to undertake the duty which had been imposed upon me. I opened the letter, and looking steadfastly at her, said, in as soothing tones as my agitation could command, “My dear girl—now, don’t be alarmed, or I shall not tell you what I am going to tell you.” She trembled, and her sensibilities seemed suddenly restored; for her eye assumed an expression of alarmed intelligence, and her lips moved about like those of a person who feels them parched with agitation, and endeavours to moisten them. “This letter has been received to-day from Paris,” I continued, “it is from Colonel Lord ——, and brings word that—that—that—” I felt suddenly choked, and could not bring out the words.

“That my Charles is DEAD—I know it. Did I not tell you so?” said Miss ——, interrupting me, with as clear and distinct a tone of voice as she ever had in her life. I felt confounded.—Had the unexpected operation of the news I brought been able to dissolve the spell which had withered her mental energies, and afford promise of her restoration to health?

Has the reader ever watched a candle which is flickering and expiring at its socket, suddenly shoot up into an instantaneous brilliance, and then be utterly extinguished? I soon saw it was thus with poor Miss ——. All the expiring energies of her soul were suddenly collected to receive the corroboration of her vision—if such it may be called—and then she would,

“Like a lily drooping,  
Bow her head and die.”

To return: She begged me, in a faltering voice, to read her all the letter.—She listened with closed eyes, and made no remark when I had concluded.—After a long pause, I exclaimed, “God be praised, my dear Miss——, that you have been able to receive this dreadful news so firmly.”

“Doctor, tell me, have you no medicine that could make me weep?—Oh, give it, give it me, it would relieve me; for I feel a mountain on my breast—it is pressing me,” replied she feebly, uttering the words at long intervals.—Pressing her hand in mine, I begged her to be calm, and the oppression would soon disappear.

“Oh—oh—oh—that I could weep, Doctor.” She whispered something

else, but inaudibly. I put my ear close to her mouth, and distinguished something like the words—"I am—I am—call her—hush—" accompanied with a faint, fluttering, gurgling sound. Alas, I too well understood it! With much trepidation I ordered the nurse to summon the family into the room instantly. Her sister Jane was the first that entered, her eyes swollen with weeping, and seemingly half suffocated with the effort to conceal her emotions.

"Oh, my darling, precious, precious sister Anne!" she sobbed, and knelt down at the bedside, flinging her arms round her sister's neck, kissing the gentle sufferer's cheeks and mouth.

"Anne! — love! — darling! — Don't you know me?" She groaned, kissing her forehead repeatedly. Could I help weeping? All who had entered were standing around the bed, sobbing, and in tears. I kept my fingers at the wrist of the dying sufferer; but could not feel whether or not the pulse beat, which, however, I attributed to my own agitation.

"Speak—speak—my darling Anne! speak to me, I am your poor sister Jane!" sobbed the agonizing girl, continuing fondly kissing her sister's cold lips and forehead. She suddenly started, exclaimed "Oh, God, *she's dead!*" and sunk instantly senseless on the floor. Alas, alas, it was too true—my sweet and broken-hearted patient was no more.

*Blackwood's Mag.*

#### BALLAD A LA BAYLY.

I HAVE not laughed nor smiled for years,  
Since first I learnt to know,  
That smiles are channels for our tears,  
That very watery woe—  
That odd compound of sodas, salts,  
Which forms the home-made rain,  
With which we mourn our friends or faults,  
Our penury or pain.

Age steals on all—dolls, dustmen, dukes,  
Rakes, men who say their prayers,  
And men who keep their youthful looks  
The longest—even on players!  
Grimaldi's star too soon has set;—  
That satellite, his son,  
May round his orbit pirouette,  
But not reflect his fun.

Dick Jones, as frisky as a fly,  
Mercutio of the day,  
(Time writes his truths too legibly;)  
May yet grow grave and grey.  
Poor Liston's a wet-Baptist grown,  
Some say he has been dipped;  
Joe Munden's laugh is now a groan,  
And even Harley's hypped.

Yes—five-and-twenty years will make  
A change in mortal things;  
I've seen it some strange freedoms take  
With very decent kings.

A quarter-century, when o'er,  
Appears by no means recent;  
It made a saint of naughty Moore,  
And Broad-Grin Colman decent.

Ye nine-and-twenty years! I could  
Apostrophize your flight  
In strains would make great Matthew Wood  
Put out his little light.  
But ye are gone—and where's the use  
Of metrical regret?  
Or tears, to render my dry muse  
Uncomfortably wet?

The pump which now at Aldgate stands  
Had the same handle *then*:  
'Tis handled now by other hands,  
Another race of men!  
Phil. Potts was then a serving-lad,  
A big-boy sort of man;—  
"The boy is father to the dad!"—  
He's now a publican!

Jack Skrimshaw kept his horse and chaise,  
And rolled in port and pelf;  
Now Jack, in these degenerate days,  
Can barely keep himself!  
Wilks, Wilkins, Wilkinson, and Wicks,  
Brown, Buggins, Biggs, and Bate,  
Hogg, Huggins, Higgins, Higgs, and Hicks,  
Are all in the same state!

There's Thrift, who lent his thousands out,  
And dined on two pointers,  
Now phaetonizes town about  
With two black-spotted ponies;  
And Grasp, who ground the poor to dust,  
Hard-hearted as a target,  
Has left Bread-Ward his marble bust,  
And feeds the world at Margate!

The Dobbses, who then cut a dash,  
And led the *ton* of Aldgate,  
Grew out of vogue when out of cash,  
And sank to Norton-Falgate;  
The Hobbses, once in Dobbs's case,  
Proud when a Dobbs would lighten  
The darkness of their dwelling-place,  
Now cut them dead at Brighton.

Thus runs the world, thus ran the world,  
And thus it still shall run,  
Till into atoms it is hurled,  
And quenched are moon and sun!  
Who shall recount the ups and downs,  
The laughter and the tears,  
The kicks and cuffs, the smiles and frowns,  
Of five-and-twenty years! *Month. Mag.*

#### APHORISMS ON MAN.

*By the late William Haslitt.*

SERVILITY is a sort of bastard envy. We heap our whole stock of involuntary adulation on a single prominent figure, to have an excuse for withdrawing our notice from all other claims (perhaps juster and more galling ones), and in the hope of sharing a part of the applause as train-bearers.

ADMIRATION is catching by a certain sympathy. The vain admire the vain; the morose are pleased with the morose; nay, the selfish and cunning are charmed with the tricks and meanness of which they are witnesses, and may be in turn the dupes.

VANITY is no proof of conceit. A vain man often accepts of praise as a cheap substitute for his own good opinion. He

may think more highly of another, though he would be wounded to the quick if his own circle thought so. He knows the worthlessness and hollowness of the flattery to which he is accustomed, but his ear is tickled with the sound; and the effeminate in this way can no more live without the incense of applause, than the effeminate in another can live without perfumes or any other customary indulgence of the senses. Such people would rather have the applause of fools than the approbation of the wise. It is a low and shallow ambition.

It is a sort of gratuitous error in high life, that the poor are naturally thieves and beggars, just as the latter conceive that the rich are naturally proud and hard-hearted. Give a man who is starving a thousand a-year, and he will be no longer under a temptation to get himself hanged by stealing a leg of mutton for his dinner; he may still spend it in gaming, drinking, and the other vices of a gentleman, and not in *charity*, about which he before made such an outcry.

Do not confer benefits in the expectation of meeting with gratitude; and do not cease to confer them because you find those whom you have served ungrateful. Do what you think fit and right to please yourself; the generosity is not the less real, because it does not meet with a correspondent return. A man should study to get through the world as he gets through St. Giles's—with as little annoyance and interruption as possible from the shabbiness around him.

*Common-place* advisers and men of the world, are always pestering you to conform to their maxims and modes, just like the *barkers* in Monmouth-street, who stop the passengers by entreating them to turn in and *refit* at their second-hand repositories.

The word *gentility* is constantly in the mouths of vulgar people; as quacks and pretenders are always talking of *genius*. Those who possess any real excellence, think and say the least about it.

TASTE is often envy in disguise: it turns into the art of reducing excellence within the smallest possible compass, or of finding out the *minimum* of pleasure. Some people admire only what is new and fashionable—the work of the day, of some popular author—the last and frothiest bubble that glitters on the surface of fashion. All the rest is gone by, “in the deep bosom of the

ocean buried;” to allude to it is Gothic, to insist upon it odious. We have only to wait a week to be relieved of the hot-pressed page, of the vignette-title; and in the interim can look with sovereign contempt on the wide range of science, learning, art, and on those musty old writers who lived before the present age of novels. Peace be with their *manes*? There are others, on the contrary, to whom all the modern publications are anathema, a by-word—they get rid of this idle literature “at one fell swoop”—disqualify the present race from all pretensions whatever, get into a corner with an obscure writer, and devour the cobwebs and the page together, and pick out in the quaintest production, the quaintest passages, the merest *choke-pear*, which they think nobody can swallow but themselves.

*Old Monthly.*

## THE BABINGTONS.

A TALE OF CHADSTOW.

*For the Olio.*

Concluded from p. 239.

During Sir Gilbert's absence, a small matted apartment, adjoining the north-west angle of the church, received the brothers. A cheerful fire of brushwood and logs bickered on the hearth. The table was covered with manuscripts—the brilliant colours of whose half-finished illuminations were nearly hidden by dog whistles, Milan hawk bells, jesses, a hunting horn richly embossed, compasses, quadrants, old pedigrees, hawking gloves, carved drinking bowls, and a ruddy flask of Bourdeaux, all mingled somewhat incongruously with articles of sacerdotal attire. Arblasts and boar-spears hung on the gleaming walls, where, also, a shirt of link-mail, and a huge two-handed sword, did not shame to show themselves. A beaufet, half-open, disclosed some costly carved vases and other articles of silver, and the whole apartment would have puzzled a stranger to decide whether it belonged to a poet, an epicure, a forest-ranger, or, as it really did, to a Benedictine monk. Two stag-hounds, of magnificent size and Lancashire breed, whose long heads, large ears, straight hams, and well-trussed thighs, might have delighted the most fastidious sportsman of the day, started from their slumbers by the hearth, shook their dun hides, and in a moment had their enormous white paws on the arms of their master.

“Down Thunder! down Countess!”

exclaimed Paul, as the huge animals gambolled round the room, transferring their caresses from the priest to his brother, while a large merloun stretched her long wings, and screaming aloud, shook her bells at the sound of his voice.

Paul now busily removed some of the incumbrances from the loaded table, and heaping it with a large venison pasty and other viands, at the same time adding another billet to the hearth, invited Sir Oliver to sit down, who, after mechanically complying, burst forth.

"The Lady Anne Plantagenet missing!—the kingdom in a hue and cry,—and the privacy of my own house invaded! Why then, Paul, did you not tell me this sooner!—what hath it to do with this foolish vigil!—and why have you kept the secret from Vaucler!"

"Because I knew not whether I might less safely trust thine impetuous openness than his dark dissimulation! Secret it hath ceased to be;—at least, to-morrow will proclaim it; and thy question should be *not why* I have concealed it from Sir Gilbert, but *why he* hath not imparted it to thee. My life for it, he knows more of it than either of us!"

"Vaucler! why he is only fresh from Calais. With a just indignation at the dishonour Edward hath inflicted on the nation, he hath hastened hither in the strictest incognito, and dreads discovery more than death."

"My brother! Vaucler is not to be trusted; he is an edge-tool with which I would not care to play, did I not know him to be in my power. If I appear to join him, it is more to exert the influence *that knowledge* gives me, to prevent his doing *mischief* to our cause, than from my hope of his doing it any *good*."

"But is he not bound by every tie to the cause for which his patron the great Warwick embarked, and lost both fortune and life? Doth he not know that my attachment to the Nevilles hath drawn on me the hatred of the Woodville party at court?"

"Oliver, he is thy wife's kinsman; judge thou whether he shares thy love to the Nevilles, or thy disgrace with the Woodvilles. Well he knows that there is a higher malcontent than thou,—*George of Clarence*,—who would rather lay his own head beneath Edward's fauldstool than mount his *throne*, if Vaucler were to help him there! Can his highness, think you, forget the day when the ungrateful adventurer planted the guns of Calais against them, caus-

ing the Duchess Isabella to fall in labour on shipboard! The main hope I see in him," added Paul, with a sarcastic smile, "is his solemn oath to be faithful to Edward against all the world—an oath which the Judas that dwells in his heart will never let him keep."

"But he hath brought us *missives* from the court of Brittany with the privy sign of Richmond himself!"

"Ay, and if report belie him not, the trusty Vaucler had well nigh brought Richmond in person! But, it seems, a misgiving seized his highness of Brittany, who, as the Earl and his uncle Pembroke were embarking, recovered them from Sir Gilbert's hands, and placed them in sanctuary."

"Brother, brother, you will ruin yourself with your suspicions!"

"And you, brother, will ruin us both by your incaution!"

Here a pause ensued, which was broken by Sir Oliver—

"Why, then, admit him to our councils, or why not let the dungeons of Curborough secure us from him at once, if he be the gigantic traitor your discourse implies!"

"To have excluded him from our councils, I would gladly have given my life; but to plunge him in the dungeon of a house already suspected, would scarce be wise. Traitor by turns to Edward and to Margaret, he hath already been; but those treasons, while they impair his credit, may strengthen us. Let us *use*, but not trust him further than we may. At all events, our confidence is of his own seeking, and, though he be even worse than I suspect, I have that will make the fox repent having intruded into the hound kennel!"

With these words the priest opened by a spring a secret recess, and produced papers which he placed in Sir Oliver's hand. They contained overtures, made by Sir Gilbert during Warwick's late insurrection, to surrender Calais on condition of his receiving the hand of Lady Anne Neville, then on the eve of espousal with Prince Edward of Lancaster.

"These audacious proposals were placed in my hands," said the priest, "by the gallant Warwick himself as I knelt by him in the fatal field of Barnet. But hush!—I hear his horse's tramp!" And in a few moments, a knock at the door of an outer apartment announced the Governor of Calais.

But before he mingles in our dramatic personæ, it may be as well to admit

the reader for a moment behind the scene, and to state that Sir Gilbert Vaulcer, (one of the most accomplished traitors of a period when treason was a science), had quitted Calais at the request of King Edward, who was now little better than a suspicious tyrant, and who was anxious to employ the governor's Machiavelian talents in frustrating the numerous plots which already began to manifest themselves among his discontented subjects. In fixing on Sir Oliver Babington, whose wife was Vaulcer's cousin-German, that arch-plotter had no other motives than those which a sordid cupidity of self-aggrandisement might be supposed to suggest. The knight's impetuous disposition seemed to offer a fair quarry for his pursuit. He had commenced a correspondence with him from Calais; and, ere the sagacious Priest of Chadstow was made aware of its extent, or could ascertain its object, Sir Oliver had committed to the traitor's keeping the dangerous discontents that were breeding in his bosom, and was more than half entangled in those snares, which Paul perceived would tax all his own circumspection, if not to loosen, at least to prevent their being closed round his brother to his destruction.

Vaulcer, however, had soon a more definite motive for his conduct. The hatred between him and the young Duke of Clarence has already been alluded to, and almost the first tidings which he encountered when he reached Edward's court (then at Coventry), were those of the mysterious disappearance of the hapless Lady Anne Plantagenet.\* This extraordinary event had for some time been anxiously confined to the precincts of the court, but Edward's suspicion, fomented by the Duke of Gloucester, pointed in secret to George of Clarence. Between this prince and the King, the wound of his recent revolt had been scarcely skimmed over, and various discontents smouldering in the breast of the unstable Clarence, had more than once blazed out into angry recrimination between the brothers. Sir Gilbert took his measures accordingly, and with great professions of his gratitude to Edward, which he swore was in his heart superior to every consideration of kindred, he avowed his knowledge of Sir Oliver's close intimacy with Duke George, to whom his son was a bosom friend, adding that the dangerous nemomancer and Lollard, the Priest of

Chadstow, was even then instigating them to treasonable measures. Vaulcer then persuaded the king to dispatch a secret commission to Curborough, where the family then resided, to satisfy his grace whether the fugitive princess were there, or, at all events, to possess themselves of the knight's papers. Sir Gilbert himself undertook to lull all suspicion, by proceeding to join the Black Priest at Chadstow, and by dispatching missives to Sir Oliver, which would withdraw him from Curborough on the night when the commission was to arrive.

*(To be continued.)*

### THE POSTHUMOUS LETTERS OF HUGH DELMORE, ESQ.

LETTER V.  
*For the Olio.*

I shall not pause to describe the magnificent scenery of the Isle of France, or its attractions and drawbacks; but content myself with observing that every inhabitant of Port Louis, gentle or simple, black, white and mulatto, vied with each other in hospitable and compassionate offices to our unlucky crew. Meanwhile, the captain (who, certainly, was not a man whom circumstances, however adverse, could depress) took every necessary step to secure the insurance effected on the wrecked ship and cargo, while he began to look about for fresh occupation for himself and crew. A small coasting brig, of about 120 tons burden, was hired by him; and in this wretched, crazy and scarcely seaworthy *tub*, we proceeded towards Calcutta. It was with feelings of no trifling pleasure that I beheld the long extended and superb buildings of this "city of palaces" burst upon the view, as our lumbering vessel lazily rounded the last bight of land between Garden Reach and the town.

Capt. Green, who now found me of too much importance to his own interests to be treated slightly) took me with him to the house of a French merchant, his broker; where we both took up our residence.

"We cannot remain here for three or four months doing nothing," said the captain to me one morning (for he now adopted no measure without first, in his blunt way, consulting me); "the men, too, something must be done for them."—But trade happened then to be in a very depressed state; besides, it was the season of the year, the commencement of the south-west monsoon, when

\* See Henry, Hist. Eng. Vol. ix. p. 223.

the Calcutta merchants export as little as possible; and the probability, which Capt. Green so much deprecated, of our remaining some time in the country, seemed likely to be realized, when information arrived that the colony of the Cape of Good Hope was in a deplorable condition from the failure of the crops, and set the Bengal speculators on the *qui vive* to make the most of it.

A commercial house offered at once to freight a vessel with grain, if Captain Green would provide one; and a ship being soon after advertised for sale, the captain made proposals, and eventually purchased her. The reputation of the *Reliance* was in no great odour, which in some degree accounted for the extraordinary low sum for which she was purchased. She was, however, docked, and underwent a complete overhauling. After being thoroughly repaired and newly coppered, she proceeded to take in her cargo. The people who had escaped from the wreck joined her, and her crew was filled up by strangers.

Another and a fearful visitation came upon us:—the fatal and epidemic cholera. The effects of this disease are appallingly rapid. Its victims are often, in the morning, in the possession of sound health and spirits, by noon a loathsome corse, and an hour after sunset beneath the silent earth! Our people dropped off rapidly,—the superstitious nature of Captain Green shrank from the melancholy task of night after night following the unfortunate seamen to the grave, and the sad duty devolved on me.

A gloomy despondence came over the spirits of the survivors; their energies became paralysed, they looked upon themselves as saved from one to fall the victims of another and more inevitable calamity. A portion of this feeling extended to me—and as each night I saw the earth close over the mortal remains of my shipmates, I felt a sad and quiet presentiment that my turn was not far distant. At length, the disease attacked Harris. This man, since the wreck, had given way to the vilest species of intoxication. His naturally savage disposition became inflamed to absolute ferocity; he was the terror and abhorrence of the crew, over whom he exercised the most despotic tyranny. He knew my feelings towards him, and therefore I was much surprised, on going on board one morning, at being informed that Mr. Harris had been attacked a little after the preceding midnight by the fatal symptoms,

and had frequently and anxiously enquired “if I had come on board?”

Prompted by curiosity as well as compassion, for I must have been callous-hearted indeed, to have recollected our animosities at such a moment, I immediately entered his cabin.

Extended on the deck, his head a little elevated by a pillow, laid the unhappy man. A shudder of horror ran through my frame when I caught the wandering and lurid glare of his eyes. The long meagre limbs, covered merely by a pair of light calico trowsers, were now extended in listless exhaustion, and anon writhed in agony, as the spasms came and departed. The swarthy hue and sullen scowl had given place to a lead-like and heavy tint, and an expression of shrinking and unutterable horror. He immediately recognized me, and a sudden pang convulsed his features: he turned his face away; but when he looked up, a strange calmness had succeeded to that sudden emotion.

Though I had said nothing, he had read my feelings in my looks, and said in a tone of calm bitterness:—“I see you shrink from me—ruffian as I have been—but I deserve it—I deserve it.”

Inexpressibly shocked at his condition, and apparent inward misery, I would have denied any such feelings, but he interrupted me, and waving his hand with an impatient gesture, he proceeded in a voice in which pride yet struggled with the awful conviction of his danger:—“I deserve little at your hands, Mr. Purser—I have injured, insulted—grossly insulted you.”

“Nay, nay, Mr. Harris,” said I soothingly, “you attach more importance to our little disagreements than they deserve.”

“You are good, very good,” said he, grasping my hand tightly,—“there is not one soul in the ship but yourself on whom I can depend for the fulfilment of my last wish. Amber and the captain, both will soon forget me and mine;”—and the big tears unwillingly forced themselves from his rigid eyes, and rolled slowly down his face.

“Tell me,” said I, “in what I can best serve you?”

“I will,” said Harris. “My poor wife—yes, seared as my heart is, Mr. Purser, I yet love, yet tremble for her—you know what pay is due to me: will you see justice done to her,—my clothes, too, and effects?”

“Nay, Harris,” said I, interrupting him in my turn, “you look only on the

black side of the picture; you will yet recover, and be happy in your re-union."

He shook his head sadly, and earnestly went on—"Will you?" and he paused, fixing his eyes anxiously on me.

"I will:—be satisfied," said I.

"I am—I am," said he, emphatically.

A pause of some duration ensued: presently the lips of Harris moved, and his voice increased from a scarcely audible murmur, to accents, distinct indeed, but breathed, rather than spoken, in a subdued inward tone: "Yes, yes, the fatal vice has grown on me," and he pressed his hand to his forehead,—"to have sunk to this vile, this degraded state." He turned towards me, and with ghastly quickness proceeded—"Purser, avoid intemperance as you would the plague; let me warn you—the horrid propensity will creep upon you, until it gains so fatal an ascendancy, that honour, reason

—But, psha!" added he, in a tone of appalling merriment—"it soothes a man in his wretchedness—drowns bitter thought in the waters of Lethe—it is at once his bane and antidote."

"This is horrible," said I, with a feeling I could not controul.

"I know—I know," said he, hurriedly, "and it is fit our conference should end,—you will remember?"

"As there is a power above," said I, "I will faithfully acquit myself of my promise, should there be occasion."

"Enough, enough," said he, "accept my heartfelt gratitude—my regret for my unworthy treatment of you—ah! I see you forgive me. May heaven prosper your undertakings," he shook my hand warmly,—"and now," said he, in a decided tone, "leave me."

I felt that it was best to comply, and, fixing on him a look of friendly compassion, I silently left the cabin.

Harris died the same day. I have at least the satisfaction of having done one good deed. I sought his widow on my return to London, rendered her a faithful account of my stewardship, and by my exertions procured her a trifling, but permanent, stipend, from a charitable institution, established for the relief of the widows and orphans of merchant seamen.

Harris was the last victim to the cholera, which disappeared as suddenly as it had visited us, and in due time the *Reliance* was ready for sea.

"You will sail in a day, I suppose," I observed to the captain, when the preparations for our departure were completed.

"Monday, please God," said he, rubbing his hands.

"Ah, well! I wish you a pleasant voyage," said I, quietly.

Green looked at me with a face expressive of the utmost astonishment.

"It is best," said I, "that I should be at once explicit, 'I cannot forget, Capt. Green, the mortifications I was subjected to in the *Glyceria* and am therefore unwilling to expose myself to a repetition. I have an offer from a house here, and here I shall remain.'"

"Surely," said Green, "surely you do not intend to leave me at this juncture, you cannot—"

"Nay, Sir," said I, "I am under no engagement to you; I am master of my own actions, and shall act as I deem most conducive to my interests."

"But what am I to do in London?" said the Captain in unfeigned alarm.

"The insurance—the papers—"

"That Sir, will be your business," I replied, inwardly triumphing at thus humbling my late tyrant. "I shall no longer submit to be treated, too, with contumely and insult."

He caught eagerly at my words. "You shall have any pay in moderation;" then in as insinuating a tone as his harsh voice was capable of being modulated to, he added, "you will be but second to me in the ship."

"And swing alongside the servants," said I, resentfully—"no, no—"

A flush of anger deepened the bronze of his cheek, but he stifled it, "you are over harsh—mutual prejudice blinded us—"

"But I was the only sufferer."

"You interrupt me," said he harshly, "we now understand each other."

I smiled meaningly; evidently annoyed, he proceeded, "you shall have a cabin, all that you can desire; I expect from you in return but your own legitimate duties."

"In that respect I never failed," said I, quietly.

It had never been my serious intention to leave him, and I had obtained all I desired. I therefore advanced no further objections. A mate, in the room of Harris, was provided, and we proceeded to sea in the month of July, the very height of the South West Monsoon. We had been out but three or four days when we discovered that the ship was in a very leaky condition. Our new mate too, conducted himself in so unseamanlike and shameful a manner, that Captain Green was obliged to deprive him of his command.

H. D.

### Notices of New Books.

*Italy; a Poem. By Samuel Rogers.*  
London: Cadell, Jennings, &c.

This volume is all fascination and beauty, almost every page contains a charm that might be dwelt on for hours. There is scarcely a scene possessing the least interest from north to south of this luxurious, smiling soil, but what is vividly portrayed, either by the poet's genius or the painter's skill: whether it be the tottering ruins of former pride, the superstitions of a lascivious people, or the burning cone in noxious vapours wrapt, here all is pictured with glowing truth. Indeed, so numerous are the beauties of the work, that we find it quite an impossibility to attempt in our brief space any thing like a description of them, or the splendid efforts of Stothard and Turner, which adorn our author's labours: we must, therefore, rest content by giving a few random extracts. The following interesting narrative has pleased us much, it exhibits the evil that has often attended a conviction on circumstantial evidence.

#### MARCOLINI.

It was midnight; the great clock had struck, and was still echoing through every porch and gallery in the quarter of St. Mark, when a young citizen, wrapt in his cloak, was hastening home under it from an interview with his mistress. His step was light, for his heart was so. Her parents had just consented to their marriage; and the very day was named. "Lovely Giulietta!" he cried, "and shall I then call thee mine at last? Who was ever so blest as thy Marcolini?" But as he spoke, he stopped; for something glittered on the pavement before him. It was a scabbard of rich workmanship; and the discovery, what was it but an earnest of good fortune?—"Rest thou there!" he cried, thrusting it gaily into his belt. "If another claims thee not, thou hast changed masters!" and on he went as before, humming the burden of a song which he and his Giulietta had been singing together. But how little we know what the next minute will bring forth! He turned by the Church of St. Geminiano, and in three steps met the watch. A murder had just been committed. The Senator Renaldi had been found dead at his door, the dagger left in his heart; and the unfortunate Marcolini was dragged away for examination. The place, the time, every thing served to excite, to justify suspicion; and no

sooner had he entered the guardhouse than a damning witness appeared against him. The bravo in his flight had thrown away his scabbard; and, smeared with blood—with blood not yet dry, it was now in the belt of Marcolini. Its Patrician ornaments struck every eye; and when the fatal dagger was produced and compared with it, not a doubt of his guilt remained. Still there is in the innocent an energy, a composure,—an energy when they speak, a composure when they are silent, to which none can be altogether insensible; and the judge delayed for some time to pronounce the sentence, though he was a near relation of the dead. At length however it came; and Marcolini lost his life, Giulietta her reason.

Not many years afterwards the truth revealed itself, the real criminal in his last moments confessing the crime; and hence the custom in Venice, a custom that long prevailed, for a cryer to cry out in the Court before a sentence was passed, "Ricordatevi del povero Marcolini!"\*

Great indeed was the lamentation throughout the city; and the judge, dying, directed that thenceforth and for ever a mass should be sung every night in a chapel of the Ducal Church for his own soul and the soul of Marcolini and the souls of all who had suffered by an unjust judgment: Some land on the Brenta was left by him for the purpose: and still is the mass sung in the chapel; still every night, when the great square is illuminating and the casinos are filling fast with the gay and the dissipated, a bell is rung as for a service, and a ray of light seen to issue from a small gothic window that looks towards the place of execution,—the place where on a scaffold Marcolini breathed his last.

Beneath a view of Rome of surpassing beauty, shewing the Bridge, the Castle of St. Angelo, and St. Peter's, is the subjoined description of

#### THE ROMAN PONTIFFS.

Those ancient men, what were they, who  
achieved  
A way beyond the greatest conquerors;  
Setting their feet upon the necks of kings,  
And, thro' the world subduing, chaining down,  
The free, immortal spirit? Were they not  
Mighty magicians? Their's a wondrous spell,  
Where true and false were with infernal art  
Close interwoven; where together met  
Blessings and curses, threats and promises;  
And, with the terrors of Futurity  
Mingled whate'er enchants and fascinates,

\* Remember poor Marcolini.



Music and painting, sculpture, rhetoric,  
 And dazzling light, and darkness visible,  
 And architectural pomp, such as none else!  
 What in his day the SYRACUSAN sought,  
 Another world to plant his engines on,  
 They had; and, having it, like gods, not men,  
 Moved this world at their pleasure. Ere they  
 came,  
 Their shadows, stretching far and wide, were  
 known;  
 And two, that looked beyond the visible sphere,  
 Gave notice of their coming—he who saw  
 The Apocalypse; and he of elder time,  
 Who in an awful vision of the night  
 Saw the Four Kingdoms. Distant as they  
 were,  
 Those holy men, well might they faint with  
 fear!

The once ancient and superb capital of  
 the Genoese republic is thus described.

#### GENOA.

This house was ANDREA DORIA'S.\* Here he  
 lived;  
 And here at eve relaxing, when ashore,  
 Held many a pleasant, many a grave discourse,  
 With them that sought him, walking to and fro,  
 As on his deck. 'Tis less in length and breadth  
 Than many a cabin in a ship of war;  
 But 'tis of marble, and at once inspires  
 The reverence due to ancient dignity.  
 He left it for a better; and 'tis now  
 A house of trade, the meanest merchandize  
 Cumbering its floors. Yet, fallen as it is  
 'Tis still the noblest dwelling—even in GENOA!  
 And hadst thou, ANDREA, lived there to the  
 last,  
 Thou hadst done well; for there is that with-  
 out,  
 That in the wall, which monarchs could not  
 give,  
 Nor thou take with thee, that which says aloud,  
 It was thy country's gift to her deliverer.  
 'Tis in the heart of GENOA (he who comes  
 Must come on foot) and in a place stir;  
 Men on their daily business, early and late  
 Thronging thy very threshold. But when there,  
 Thou wert among thy fellow-citizens,  
 Thy children, for they hailed thee as their  
 sire,  
 And on a spot thou must have loved, for there,  
 Calling them round, thou gavest them more  
 than life,  
 Giving what, lost, makes life not worth the  
 keeping.  
 There thou didst do, indeed, an act divine;  
 Nor couldst thou leave thy door, or enter in,  
 Without a blessing on thee.

Thou art now  
 Again among them. Thy brave mariners,  
 They who had fought so often by thy side,  
 Staining the mountain-billows, bore thee back,  
 And thou art sleeping in thy funeral-chambers.

\* The Piazza Doria, or, as it is now called, the Piazza di San Matteo, insignificant as it may be thought, is the most interesting place in Genoa. It was there that Doria assembled the people, when he gave them their liberty, (Signorili Vita Doria); and on one side of it is the church he lies buried in, and on the other, a house, originally of very small dimensions, with this inscription, "S. C. Andrea de Auria Patriæ Liberatori Munus Publicum." The streets of Old Genoa, like those of Venice, were constructed only for foot passengers.

† Alluding to the palace which he built afterwards, and in which he twice entertained the Emperor Charles V. It is the most magnificent edifice on the Bay of Genoa.

Thine was a glorious course; but couldst  
 thou there,  
 Clad in thy cere-cloth—in that silent vault  
 Where thou art gathered to thy ancestors—  
 Open thy secret heart and tell us all,  
 Then should we hear thee with a sigh confess—  
 A sigh how heavy—that thy happiest hours  
 Were passed before these sacred walls were  
 left,  
 Before the ocean-wave thy wealth reflected,  
 And pomp and power drew envy, stirring up  
 The ambitious man; that in a perilous hour  
 Fell from the plank.†

The story of an avaricious patriot is  
 told as follows:—

#### MARCO GRIFFONI.

Marco Griffoni was the last of an  
 ancient family of royal merchants; and  
 the richest citizen in Genoa, perhaps in  
 Europe. His parents dying while yet  
 he lay in the cradle, his wealth had ac-  
 cumulated from the year of his birth;  
 and so noble a use did he make of it  
 when he arrived at manhood, that where-  
 ever he went, he was followed by the  
 blessings of the people. He would often  
 say, "I hold it only in trust for others;"  
 but Genoa was then at her old amuse-  
 ment, and the work grew on his hands.  
 Strong as he was, the evil he had to  
 struggle with was stronger than he. His  
 cheerfulness, his alacrity left him; and,  
 having lifted up his voice for peace, he  
 withdrew at once from the sphere of  
 life he had moved in—to become, as it  
 were, another man.

From that time, and for full fifty  
 years, he was seen sitting, like one of  
 the founders of his house, at his desk  
 among his money-bags, in a narrow  
 street near the Porto Franco; and he,  
 who in a famine had filled the granaries  
 of the state, sending to Sicily and even  
 to Egypt, now lived only as for his  
 heirs, though there were none to in-  
 herit; giving no longer to any, but  
 lending to all—to the rich on their  
 bonds and the poor on their pledges;  
 lending at the highest rate and exacting  
 with the utmost rigour. No longer re-  
 lieving the miserable, he sought only to  
 enrich himself by their misery; and  
 there he sat in his gown of frieze, till  
 every finger was pointed at him in  
 passing and every tongue exclaimed,  
 "There sits the miser!"

But in that character, and amidst all  
 that obloquy, he was still the same as  
 ever, still acting to the best of his judg-  
 ment for the good of his fellow-citizens;  
 and when the measure of their calamities  
 was full, when peace had come, but

† Fiesco.

† For an account of the conspiracy of Fiesco, see Robertson's History of the Emperor Charles the Fifth.

had come to no purpose, and the lesson, as he flattered himself, was graven deep in their minds, then) but not till then, though his hair had long grown grey, he threw off the mask and gave up all he had, to annihilate at a blow his great and cruel adversaries, those taxes which, when excessive, break the hearts of the people; a glorious achievement for an individual, though a bloodless one, and such as only can be conceived possible in a small community like theirs.

Alas, how little did he know of human nature! How little had he reflected on the ruling passion of his countrymen, so injurious to others and at length so fatal to themselves! Almost instantly they grew arrogant and quarrelsome; almost instantly they were in arms again; and, before the statue was up that had been voted to his memory, every tax, if we may believe the historian, was laid on as before, to awaken vain regrets and wise resolutions.

With the above selection we take leave of this unique performance, which, in our estimation, is worthy of the best place in the first library in the kingdom.

*Tales of other Days, by J. Y. A.; with Illustrations by George Cruikshank.* Effingham Wilson.

As these tales made their bow to the public in our pages, it behoves us to be silent on their merits; although we feel convinced that the most partial critic would acquit us of egotism if we were to bestow upon them the warmest approval. We have a fact to make known, and we should be wanting in justice to our talented young contributor if we did not now mention it; which is, that the numbers of our work wherein this collection first appeared have been and are still so anxiously sought for, that we have been compelled to reprint them over and over again; a circumstance that speaks volumes in their praise. We believe and it seems pretty generally the opinion of our contemporaries, that they are correct and vivid pictures of society and manners in the dark ages, both abroad and at home.

The illustrations of the *Tales of other Days* are worthy of them, and of the reputation of that adroit penciller George Cruikshank, and though we cannot estimate *all* the present designs before those which accompanied the narratives in our pages, we, nevertheless, think most highly of the engravings, they are admirably conceived and in

execution not a jot behind the spirit and chasteness of the design. In fact there are but few volumes produced with so much attention to neatness and elegance; and not many so admirably suited for a Christmas Present.

#### ROYAL PORTRAITS.—No. 6.

(For the *Olio*.)

JOHN.

If we may credit the accounts of our chief historians, this king was one of the most despicable tyrants that ever filled a throne; for, unlike many celebrated despots, he added to his other bad qualities those of meanness and cowardice. It would be a task of great difficulty to describe the state of this kingdom whilst under his sway. Craft, fraud, and impiety, flourished like rank weeds around his throne, and spread over a land that might, under another king, have been powerful and happy. That John had few qualities that could recommend him either as a man or a monarch, is evident, for not an act of generosity is recorded of him; on the contrary, many heinous crimes are laid to his charge. It should not, however, be forgotten that the historians of that time were of that party which held him in abhorrence. His impiety and profligacy rendered him odious to the clergy, who have handed him down to posterity as a monster of crime—a hollow faithless friend, an unnatural brother and the murderer of his nephew Arthur. With respect to the death of this prince, it should be said that nothing positively is known, and at this distance of time the whole affair must necessarily be wrapt in impenetrable mystery. Speculation has been as busy upon this event as upon the death of the king himself. An absurd story is told of John being poisoned by a monk, who brought him a cup of wine into which he had put the venom of a toad; but it is quite clear that his death was occasioned by grief and vexation, added to the fatigue of a long and tiresome march in a time of distraction and danger. Baker says, that when the physician opened his body, he found no signs of poison.\* Caxton appears

\* I have a copy of Baker's Chronicle, and against this passage there is written in the margin, in the hand-writing of the seventeenth century, the following note—"Query, whether he knew all the signs of poison; for it is probable yet but few signs of poison did appear, he dying in a short time. I heard Mr. Thomas Forthe, our lecturer here at Chesterfield, say that he having occasion to ride that way,

to have been the first who laid hold of the tradition that he was poisoned.

Of this king's ingratitude and baseless history has not been silent; of his impiety many extraordinary anecdotes are given, from among which I select the following as the most conspicuous.

Shortly after his being reconciled to the Pope, some troops of his were defeated in France, upon which he was heard to exclaim, that "nothing had prospered with him since he had made his peace with God and the Pope."—We are told that in the midst of his trouble he sent over two knights as ambassadors to the Emperor of Morocco, offering him his kingdom if he would come and assist him against his enemies; and promising, moreover, to embrace the Mahomedan religion, if fortune should declare in his favour. Yet, nevertheless, he was one of the three kings who bore the coffin of Hugh Bishop of Lincoln, a celebrated prelate of that time,† whom he had repeatedly visited whilst lying sick. He founded many religious houses, among which were those at Winchester, Farrington, Hales Owen, and the New Forest.

His figure was of the middle size, and somewhat corpulent; his countenance stern and forbidding. A very faithful old Chronicler, who appears to have considered his character attentively, thus sums it up. "He won more of his enemies by surprizes than by battles, which shews he had more of lightning in him than thunder. He was never so true of his word as when he threatened, because he meant always as cruelly as he spake, not always as graciously. He was neither fit for prosperity nor adversity; for prosperity made him insolent, and adversity dejected. He neither came to the crown by justice, nor held it with honour, nor left it in peace."

He died on the 19th of October in the year 1216, and his body, wrapped in a monk's habit, was interred under the west window of the abbey church, where this abbey stood, and met with an ancient gentleman who told him he knew, when he was a boy, an old man who had been barber to ye last abbot, and was wont to take him with him, and tell him stories of the abbey, and he said this barber had shown the place where ye monk took up the toad by a pond side close by the house, and showed him the room where it was reported yt he mixed the poison of the toad with the wine which was a low room within the gate, (for the King alighted not off his horse) and into which, after the King had drunk, he returned and died."

† Matthew Paris tells us that this prelate, who left behind him many excellent works, was famous for the miracles wrought during his lifetime, and after his death. He was a man of great learning and piety.

high altar in the church of Worcester. In this king's reign the common council of the city of London was first ordained; he also gave to the citizens the privilege of electing a mayor and sheriffs annually, offices which had heretofore continued for life. ALPHA.

### The Note Book.

#### HEDGE PRIESTS.

It is curious to observe, that in every state of society, some sort of ghostly consolation is provided for the members of the community, though assembled for purposes diametrically opposite to religion. A gang of beggars have their *Patrico*, and the banditti of the Apennines have among them persons acting as monks and priests, by whom they are confessed, and who perform mass before them. Unquestionably, such reverend persons, in such a society, must accommodate their manners and their morals to the community in which they live; and if they can occasionally obtain a degree of reverence for their supposed spiritual gifts, are, on most occasions, loaded with unmerciful ridicule, as possessing a character inconsistent with all around them.

Hence the fighting parson in the old play of Sir John Oldcastle, and the famous friar of Robin Hood's band. Nor were such characters ideal. There exists a monition of the Bishop of Durham against irregular churchmen of this class, who associated themselves with Border robbers, and desecrated the holiest offices of the priestly function, by celebrating them for the benefit of thieves, robbers, and murderers, amongst ruins, and in caverns of the earth, without regard to canonical form, and with torn and dirty attire, and maimed rites, altogether improper for the occasion.

*Scott's Notes to Ivanhoe.*

#### NEWSPAPER IMPROVEMENT.

A paragraph in a Scottish newspaper, in some fierce controversy about roasting coffee, gives a capital conception for the improvement of newspapers:—

"Let a boiler be well filled with a due proportion of high pressure puffs, poems, paragraphs, parliamentary speeches, politics, intrigues, despatches, deaths, births, marriages, disasters at sea, &c.; these being well stirred together, after the manner of the witches in Macbeth, as soon as the steam is up, a crane is turned with much dexterity and ingenuity on a pipe like the water-conductor of a fire-engine, when, squirt,

out flies high-pressure type by the thousand yards, which, being skilfully directed first against one sheet, then against another, a whole publication comes spouting to light in no time."

#### POWERS OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINES.

On the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, we are told as many as ten engines were entered for the *run*. Five, however, only started, and in the course of the trial the contest was limited to three. The premium was awarded to the engine called the Rocket, belonging to Mr. Stephenson, the son of the engineer of the rail-road; but it was more on account of its performance being in conformity with the technical conditions of the trial, than for any superiority of principle or execution, that the prize was granted to its owner. As far as we can form an opinion on the subject, the "Novelty" engine of Messrs. Braithwaite and Ericson was the most admirable performer of the whole. The weight of this engine, fully equipped, was three tons, ten hundred and ninety pounds. The Rocket weighed five tons, sixteen hundred weight; and the Sans Pareil six tons, one hundred weight. The cost of fuel per mile, was: the Sans Pareil twopence, Rocket threepence, Novelty one farthing. The rate of speed was as follows:—

	With a load equivalent to 3 times the weight of the engine.	With a carriage & passengers
Sans Pareil	12½ per hour	
Rocket	12½	24
Novelty	20½	32

It will be seen that the powers of the Novelty engine are quite marvellous, inasmuch as what we should have formerly called the principle of power of draught being in the rates of weight, is literally reversed in this instance, the Novelty being capable of drawing a burthen equal to that which could be drawn by a competitor twice its weight. It is, therefore, the best example of the triumph of that grand improvement in the employment of steam power, which will make our day one of the most remarkable in the remarkable history of the steam engine.

#### Monthly Rev.

On Friday evening, the 1st instant, between 10 and 11, P.M. the very unusual phenomenon of a lunar rainbow was visible for about twenty minutes; it formed a very beautiful pale arch, and gradually faded away.

#### Anecdotes.

##### FRANCESCO SFORSA.

His father, when at work in the field, was accosted by some soldiers, and asked if he would enlist. "Let me throw my mattock on that oak," he replied, "and, if it remains there, I will." It remained there; and the peasant, regarding it as a sign, enlisted. He became soldier, general, prince; and his grandson, in the palace at Milan, said to Paulus Jovius, "You behold these guards and this grandeur. I owe everything to the branch of an oak, the branch that held my grandfather's mattock."

##### ECCENTRIC CHARITY.

More notoriety has been given, (says Galt, in his *Life of Byron*) to an instance of lavish liberality of his Lordship at Venice, than the case deserved, though it was unquestionably prompted by a charitable impulse. The house of a shoemaker, near his Lordship's residence, in St. Samuel, was burnt to the ground, with all it contained, by which the proprietor was reduced to indigence. Byron not only caused a new but a superior house to be erected, and also presented the sufferer with a sum of money equal in value to the whole of his stock in trade and furniture. I should endanger my reputation for impartiality if I did not, as a fair set-off to this, also mention that it is said he bought, for five hundred crowns, a baker's wife. There might be charity in this, too.

##### SOMPNER.

Many ancient English authors, in their works, mention the *Somner*\* or Sompner. The duty of this officer, who belonged to the ecclesiastical court, was to summon delinquents to appear there; he is now called an apparitor. If we believe Chaucer's description of the one, in the prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, intended as a portraiture of all, they were something worse than neglectful in the performance of their duties.

##### GOVERNMENT SECURITY.

"Why plate all your shutters, and make your bars broader?  
What new whim is this, is it fear or caprice?"  
"Tis the former, I own; for I do it in order  
With better effect to keep out—the Police."

##### AN EPIGRAM.

"Honest Harry's alive!"—"How do you know it?" says Ned.  
"O, I'm perfectly sure—for Dick said he was dead."  
G. K.

\* Summoner.

## Diary and Chronology.

### Tuesday, October 5.

*Sun rises 19m after 6—sets 40m after 5.*

October 5, 1821.—Expired at Shiraz, æt. 35, J. Claudius Rich, late resident of the East India Company at Bagdad, to which office he was raised before he had completed his seventeenth year, in consequence of his uncommon literary attainments and great merit. His Memoirs of Ancient Babylon display great historical erudition.

### Wednesday, October 6.

*High Water 41m after 4 Morn—4m after 5 Aftern.*

October 6, 1644.—On this day, during the Civil-war, (it being Sunday) there happened a dreadful fire in Oxford; it began in a small house on the south side of Thames Street, leading from the North Gate to the High Bridge. It was occasioned by a foot-soldier's roasting a pig which he had stolen, and destroyed many houses.

### Thursday, October 7.

*St. Osith, Virgin, 870.—Sun rises 23m after 6—sets 36m after 5.*

October 7, 1571.—To-day was fought the great naval battle of Lepanto, between the Venetians and Turks at Lepanto, in Livadia, Turkey in Europe; when the latter were utterly defeated with the loss of 30,000 men. The former were commanded by Don John of Austria, one of the greatest captains of the age. He was the illegitimate son of the Emperor Charles V., and was born at Ratisbon in 1547. He was made Governor of the Low Countries in 1577; and, after gaining many battles, and taking several towns, he died in his tent near Namur, in 1578.

### Friday, October 8.

*St. Keyne, Virgin.—Moon's last Quarter, 32m after 10 Aftern.*

Our saint was daughter to Braghan, Prince of South Wales, who left his name to Brecknockshire. The inhabitants of South Wales called her by distinction The Virgin. She dwelt continually in an obscure wood in Somersetshire, where, according to tradition, she turned many serpents into stones, still to be found in a very odd serpentine shape in that country.

October 8, 1744.—Lost on this day, in the Race of Alderney, a strait between that island and the French coast, Admiral Balchen, in the Victory, man-of-war, of 110 guns, and 1100 men. The king settled £500 per annum on the admiral's widow. Dr. Young, in his Night Thoughts, alludes to the unhappy loss of this brave officer in the following lines:—

Ocean! thou dreadful and tumultuous home  
Of dangers, at eternal war with man!  
Death's capital, where most he domineers,  
With all his chosen terrors frowning round,  
And lately feasted high on Alblon's coast.

*Night 8th, Line 170.*

Nearly on the same spot that proved fatal to the gallant admiral, was drowned the son of Henry the First, with above a hundred and forty young noblemen of the principal families in England and Normandy. The king, on hearing of the calamity, fainted away, and never was seen to smile from that moment to the day of his death.

### Saturday, October 9.

*St. Gaislan, Abbot, 681.—High Water 14m after 1 Morn—46m after 1 After.*

October 9, 1826.—Died at Margate, Michael Kelly, the vocalist and composer. Mr. Kelly was for many years the musical director and first singer at Drury Lane Theatre; he composed the music to nearly seventy dramatic pieces, besides Italian and English songs, duets, trios, &c., many of which are still favourites with the musical world.

### Sunday, October 10.

EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

*Lessons for the Day—20 chapter Ezekiel, morn—24 chapter Ezekiel, Even.*

*St. Francis Borgia, Confessor, 1575.*

October 10, 1791.—Expired the accomplished German lyric poet, C. F. D. Schubart. This author, who excelled in every branch of study, by an imprudent course of life, ruined his fortunes. He was alternately a private tutor, an organist, a lecturer, a newspaper writer, and sometimes nothing at all, his unsettled habits seldom letting him follow any capacity for a long time together. His rashness made him many enemies, among which were the clergy, who at last accomplished his ruin. Banished from Augsburg, he fled to Ulm, where for raising a false report of the Empress Maria's death, he was sent by the Duke of Wirtemberg to the fortress of Asperg a prisoner, without any form of trial, for ten years, which period he languished out in extreme misery. At length, in the year 1797, he was set at liberty, and the Duke of Wirtemberg, whose arbitrary mandate had destroyed his health and peace of mind, made him poet to the theatre. Three years after his liberation he died. The most celebrated of his works are *Die Deutsche Chronik*, a political pamphlet, and his lyric poems.

### Monday, October 11.

*St. Gummas, Confessor, A.D. 774.—High Water 43m aft 9 Morning—22m aft 10 Afternoon*

October 11, 1705.—An anniversary of the death of Monsieur Amontons, a native of Normandy, and the reputed inventor of the telegraph, an instrument by which information may be almost instantaneously conveyed to a considerable distance. In modern times, the utility of telegraphic signals was first suggested by the Marquis of Worcester, in his Century of Inventions, published in 1663, but was not practically carried into effect till the year 1793, when the French government, at the recommendation of Citizen Chappe, erected telegraphs in various parts of France. The Admiralty telegraph, the first of the kind in England, was erected in 1796.

# The Ohio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XVII.—Vol. VI.

Saturday, October 16, 1880.



See page 259

## Illustrated Article.

### CHEROCKEE\* :

AN AMERICAN TRADITION.

By John Galt, Esq.

At the time when the French and English were striving for the ascendancy in North America, immense forests covered the bases of the Allegany mountains, stretching along the shores of Lake Champlain, far and wide. They were the resort of a fierce tribe of Indians, who took every opportunity of showing their just hate to the invaders of their country. One of these named Cherokee, was alike noted for the cunning with which he devised plots for the destruction of his enemies, and for the courage and cruelty with which he carried them into execution.

On the other side of these mountains was a small settlement of whites, which might be said to be an island in the woods, as it was surrounded for many

leagues by forests impenetrable to all but the Indians, who knew their hidden paths. There was, it is true, a track across the mountains frequented by the settlers, but it was impassable at certain seasons of the year, when the swamps were swollen by heavy rains in the autumn, and the snow by melting on the mountains in the spring.

On the evening of a sultry summer's day, Amidab Heckels and Noah Howard were seen immersing from the woods, upon the cleared lands of the settlement, beguiling their dreary way by light conversation.

"Those dark clouds," said Amidab, "which are gathering round the tops of the mountains, threaten us with a storm."

The person addressed was a tall and very powerful man, who carried on his shoulder a rifle, the usual weapon of the few who dared to travel the forest, then full of dangers, both from wild beasts and still more savage men.

"Yes," was the answer, uttered in a low and solemn tone, as if in unison with the gloomy and almost unearthly silence which reigned around.

\* From Fraser's Mag.  
VOL. VI. R

"You seem infected with the silence," said Amidab.

"Be quiet, and let us hasten on," was the almost sullen reply, "it is still five good miles to the end of our journey, and the storm is coming on apace;"—thus saying, they hastened forward.

After some time, the attention of Amidab was drawn to his companion by an exclamation of surprise, which suddenly escaped him at the sight of the dead body of a settler, who appeared to have been recently slain and scalped. His friend inquired what startled him, and Noah Howard silently pointed to the bleeding corpse. Amidab started back, but presently recovering himself, innocently asked what they should do with the body.

"Boy," said the other sharply, "let him lie where he is, we have no time to look after such things, even were we so inclined; we should not be able to dig a foot deep before the storm will be upon us;" so saying, he significantly pointed to the gathering clouds; "and then we would, most likely ourselves, need some one to do the same office for us." His companion did not attempt another reply, and they again hastened on, for wide and heavy drops began to fall, and they heard frequent peals of distant thunder, which every moment, seemed approaching nearer and nearer;—at last the rain came down in torrents, and the thunder pealed over their heads in deafening claps, while the lightning seemed to run along the ground. Amidab, the younger, could not suppress his exclamations of alarm, while his friend took no notice of his terror, but hurried on more eagerly.

The storm continued to increase, and a new and scarce less dangerous cause of fear broke upon them. They suddenly heard the whistling of a ball, followed by the sharp crack of a rifle. Noah Howard said, as he cocked his piece: "That shot came from a skilful hand, considering the doubtful light which now surrounds us." His companion followed his example, and both in silent expectation awaited some noise which might indicate where their enemy was concealed. Presently a terrific flash of lightning showed to the elder a dark form leaning against a neighbouring tree, taking cool aim at his friend; but before he had time to finish his deadly purpose, a flash issued from the muzzle of Noah's rifle, followed by a piercing cry from the Indian; for the ball had broken his right arm, and his gun fell from his shoulder and lay on the ground.

Amidab Heckels instantly started in pursuit of the wounded Indian, but was immediately arrested by the cry of Noah, who said, as he picked up and examined the fallen piece, "I have seen this before, and if I mistake not, in the hands of Cherokee."

"I think," said Amidab, "you were formerly at peace with each other, what has happened to make you such deadly enemies?"

"It is a long story, and I cannot tell it now, but when we reach shelter your curiosity shall be gratified; at present we have something else to do than either to be telling or listening to past events. The Indians will soon be upon us again, and then we may give up all hopes of seeing the sun rise. Every one knows the revengeful and unrelenting nature of the chief I have wounded, but even were he not so inclined, his tribe would not allow the head of their nation to be injured with impunity; our only safety lies in the speed with which we quit this place."

Cherokee, as he fled wounded, hastened to the rendezvous of his tribe, vowing eternal revenge on the hand which had wounded him. He immediately summoned his followers, and, after much consultation, it was unanimously resolved to attack the settlement, and annihilate the inhabitants.

When the two travellers reached the little fort that protected their village, and had satisfied the cravings of hunger, Amidab Heckels reminded Noah Howard of his promise to relate the history of his acquaintance with Cherokee, and his story was to the following effect:—

"I am, as you know, a Virginian by birth. I was early deprived of my parents by an incursion of the Indians, and I was, while yet a boy, carried by them far back into the woods. It is unnecessary to say, that this was a party of the tribe of which Cherokee is now chief. I was brought up along with him: he had an elder brother, to whom he was greatly attached, and this brother had, it seems, taken a fancy to me, but whom I could not bring myself to like; at last he perceived my evident aversion, and with the true spirit of an Indian, he sought to repay it, with interest. By resorting to every possible way to annoy and to render me miserable, he at last became so intolerable that my dislike ripened to hatred. One day, when we were out on a hunting party, he unfortunately provoked me beyond all endurance, and, being in-

flamed with anger, and not knowing what I did, I plunged my knife into his heart; I repented the instant the deed was done—but it was too late, and as I knew that the vengeance of the tribe would require my blood as an atonement to his angry spirit, I instantly fled; but, being forgetful of every thing but my danger, I rushed headlong into the midst of another party, who, seeing my agitation, inquired the cause, and also why my clothes were bloody. At this moment the cries of the Indians in pursuit of me, made them suspect something wrong; upon which they surrounded and seized me. The hunting party was immediately broken up, and I was led back, bound, to be judged by the father of the unfortunate youth who had fallen beneath my knife; I well knew the punishment that awaited me, and was therefore ready to accept the first opportunity of escape, to frustrate the cruel intents of my enemies. I was brought before the old man, as I expected, and condemned to be shot the next day, at noon. In the mean time, I was bound with my back against a tree, and guarded by six warriors, who kept their watch over me by turns. The life of one of these men I had once saved, at the hazard of my own—a favour which he had never forgotten, and which he had often sought to repay. He therefore, when it was his turn to watch, came softly to me and silently set me free; then whispering me to follow him, (after he had armed me,) we fled together, journeying with the greatest haste all night, by the most unfrequented path. About noon the next day, the time at which my death was to have taken place, we fell in with another party of Indians—enemies to the tribe we were flying from; they instantly knew us by our paint, and fired on us, which we returned with more deadly aim, for two of the nearest fell, never to rise again. They then set on us, with fearful yells, hurling their tomahawks, one of which struck dead my companion, and another severely wounded me. Our victors immediately rushed on us to take our scalps, but perceiving that I was alive, and a white man, with which nation they were at that time friends, they gave me to the care of their squaws; by the art and medicines of whom I soon recovered from the effects of my wound. You were at that time about four years old, and had, like myself, been carried away. You know the rest.”

About a month after Noah had related this tale, the village was alarmed by

the reports of fire-arms, and the war-whoops of the Indians. Noah and Amidab instantly started to their feet, and seized their weapons, suspecting the attack was from Cherokee, and their fears were soon confirmed by the appearance of that chief, at the head of a band of his followers.

While the main body of Indians were burning the houses on all sides, and massacring their owners, the friends rushed out, and firing their rifles, two of the enemy dropped. In the meantime the settlers were not idle, they defended themselves as long as they could at the doors of their flaming habitations, till at last they fell overwhelmed, and driven into the burning ruins. The two friends in the mean time closed with their foes, and each in succession had overthrown his enemy. Noah then grappled with Cherokee, and both the settlers and the Indians stopped their own strife, as if by mutual consent, to abide the issue of the deadly struggle. In the end, Noah having succeeded in plunging his knife into the bosom of the chief, laid him in seeming death; the battle now raged anew; but the Indians, who had prospered before, quickly felt the loss of Cherokee, and, being beaten on all sides, fled into the woods.

The battle was now succeeded for some time by a still calm, as is generally the case, and Amidab walked alone over the now forsaken field of contest. The moon was just rising from behind the clouds, radiant with glory, but often hiding herself, as if ashamed of the deeds of the men whom she was obliged to light. Amidab was thus ruminating as he trode over the field which, with his friend, he had contributed so largely to gain, and was returning from his lonely walk, when he heard a slight groan coming from the body of an Indian; at first he paid no attention to it, thinking it was a gloomy thought stealing over his imagination; but hearing it repeated in a lower tone, he hurried to the spot; where, to his amazement, he beheld Cherokee still weltering in his blood. He raised him up and looked in his now pallid face, which had the appearance of actual death, so much was he affected by the loss of blood and by his wound; but it still retained his peculiar look of cunning and revenge, for both of which qualities he was so much noted. Amidab laid him down gently, and immediately hastened to seek assistance, and found his friend Noah trying to comfort the weeping widows of the murdered settlers.



The instant he told what he had seen, all that were present, except Noah and Amidab, cried out with yells which might have done honour to Indians themselves, that now they would have revenge on their enemy; and it was with the greatest difficulty that they were pacified and persuaded to assist in the recovery of the wounded man.

Four or five then took a plank, and having placed Cherockee upon it, proceeded to a friend's house; as soon as the settlers had done this, they departed, not being able to endure the sight of their enemy. After they were gone, Noah and his friend tried to revive the unfortunate man, who had fainted on being removed, in which after much trouble they succeeded. The instant he opened his eyes they fell on the countenance of Noah, whom after some time he seemed to recognize, for a scowl of defiance appeared to cloud his countenance; but their attention to him mitigated the ire with which he was inflamed, and in the end, as he slowly recovered, he gave them the following account of what had taken place subsequent to the escape of Noah after his condemnation by the father of the Indian youth whom he had slain.

"Next morning as soon as it was known that you had escaped, there was a great uproar, and parties were sent out in all directions, but no traces of you were to be seen; at last one party came to a place which seemed to have been recently a field of battle, as two dead bodies of Indians were on the ground, and another which had been scalped, all of which were brought to our encampment; the one without the scalp was after some time recognized as the man who had let you escape, at least so we thought, for we now remember the obligations he was under to you for having saved his life, and how long he had pined to repay it. We also knew by this that you had fallen in with a party of our enemies, and that either you had been taken prisoner or escaped, leaving your companion dead on the field. Some of us then went out to seek for you. After some years (we had then buried the hatchet with some neighbouring tribes) we met a trading party of our countrymen, who promised to pay us for some skins we had with us; but, unfortunately, having drunk too much spirits, we knew not what we did, which they taking advantage of, carried away all our skins, and nearly killed us; upon which I and my people swore eternal hatred against

all whites. We have now prosecuted our just revenge for a long time; but you have saved my life, and I will for your sakes make no more attacks on this settlement. I will likewise break my oath of vengeance against you for the death of my brother."

*To be continued.*

#### THE SPIRIT OF LOVE.

*For the Olio.*

The Spirit of Love is still on earth,  
Though rarely seen by mortal eyes,  
For lightly, alas! they hold his worth,  
And the boy, indignant seeks disguise.  
Full many essay to lure him on,  
With gold and jewels "rich and rare,"  
And when they deem the spirit won,  
'Tis avarice only greets them there.

Oh, Spirit of Love! thou claim'st alone  
The fervent worship of the heart,  
And all the treasures which are thine own,  
Thou givest, bounteous as thou art.  
The wanderer o'er misfortune's waste,  
How dearer soe'er his lot may be,  
Will find it still with beauties graced,  
Sweet Spirit of Love, if cheered by thee.

Dear Spirit of Love! to thee I owe  
The all of happiness I have known,  
And the wings of my soul shall never know  
A resting-place but near thy throne.  
I'll never crown me with fame's cold wreath,  
Nor with fortune's glittering diadem,  
But contentment's wayside rose's breath,  
And the myrtle of love, oh! give me them.  
GIORGIONE.

#### RAMBLING THOUGHTS OF THE PASTORAL.

*For the Olio.*

Happy the man who all his days does pass  
In the paternal cottage of his race.—FENTON.

The love of pastoral pleasures was a favourite theme with the Greek and Latin poets; philosophers, emperors and orators deigned to spend their sweetest leisure in retirement. Homer, Virgil, Spencer, Shakspeare, Chaucer, Milton, and most of the succeeding poets, followed in the rational delight of pastoral pleasures. Dr. Johnson, who disliked every thing rural, in his "Lives of the Poets," endeavoured, however, to chill the charm shed over the face of external nature by severe criticism, and nipped the bud of aspiring poetasters, then barely existing. But the Doctor was not infallible; what he wrote was, perhaps, his opinion enforced by his argumentative taste. That the translator of Homer was a lover of the rural, not only by the manner of his adopting the language of the translation, but his own pastorals. Many of Dryden's pieces also, leaving aside his translations, partake of their chief beauty by reason

of their connection with the simply natural and innocent pleasures of rural scenery and pastoral effect. The Fairy Queen possesses fine touches of a similar kind. Shakspeare displays the same love, whether it be in a sonnet or a comedy. In Chaucer's "Romaunt"—the "Flower and Leaf, or the Lady in the Arbour"—his "Dremes"—and other pieces, will be found his best efforts shewn in the love of describing nature without suburban thralldom. Milton, who rose with epic majesty, penned minor poems, and illustrated "Comus" with language which is allusive of the simpler tendencies. Shenstone was another of the picturesque fancied beings. Lord Lytleton, Prior, Allan Ramsay, Cowley, Thomson, Phillips—in short, almost all of the materials for a poet's mind to expatiate on and dwell in, appeared even necessary; and the same stream of feeling ran through the fertile productions of enduring soils to the Lake School of Poetry, in which Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge and Scott have identified their talent.

The subject would engross too much space, to bring in aid of the proof the general and numerous quotations that might be available to the theme; but why are they necessary, since they are familiar with almost all readers? Libraries are now so numerous, so accessible and cheaply formed, that children, of all growths, are apt in knowledge, and will hereafter, it is to be presumed, themselves become illustrious specimens for reference. The errors, or beauties, of the Lake School were manifestly excitable; and criticism, with no lack of talent, surveyed the progress, cutting right and left. Gifford's modern "Dunciad" succeeded to Pope's; thousands of the small fry were netted; Leigh Hunt, Keats, Shelley and Byron rose in arms—Campbell, Montgomery and Cottle. Others of various note disputed points, essentials and non-essentials, as to the constituent parts required in poetic composition. The "Pleasures of Hope" were admired by some, the Sonnets by Bowles praised by many, and the "Wanderer in Switzerland" extolled by others,—poems which the authors have not excelled by any of their later efforts. Fire, however, is requisite in all poetry; nor is water less so.—Milk having been mixed with the latter element, the "milk-and-water school" was endeavoured to be brought into fashion, when Byron surmounted it by his energy: even "Moore's Melodies" yielded, and were more limited to pianas

and harps and boarding-school misses, with "love in their eyes."

Meantime, a controversy was passing between the then persecuted editor of the Examiner and a writer in Blackwood. This gave rise to what is called the "Cockney School." Now, whatever affectation is manifested by citizens for pastoral poetry, it is tolerably certain that more good poetry has been written within the sound of Bow bell, and a telescopic view of St. Paul's, than farther off. Poetry is not sent to London like Birmingham ware, nor generated like nails from the iron works, but rather the effect of reflection on causes from which the poet is separated. The sweetness of the object, when deprived of its embrace, begets treble endearment by the social happiness fancy creates, divested of actual harm. Chatterton's muse was inspired in a city—Cowper's in the Temple. Many of our dramatic writers too, amid rolls of parchment and engrossing hands. Bloomfield's earliest essays were written, like Lackington's, in a bulk. The best Spanish writers produced their works in cells. Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" was concocted and his "Holy War" fought in Bedford jail. It is sufficient that a poet has once seen nature in external beauty and deformity; with an eye to this, and a knowledge of the passions of the human heart, he is an alchemist. He appropriates his descriptions and weaves them curiously in his narratives. With a fine imagination, he employs every suitable material, and delights, while he surprises, his reader, who may have thought the same, but never properly communicated it.

I observed, that *water* is not less a part of true poetry than *fire*. What a sublime subject does the ocean present, either in the terrible majesty of a storm, or the calm waving depths of repose! Behold the sea!—How vast, yet how lovely, are the transitions which the moving grandeur of the volumed waters occasion, when a ship, yea, a fleet, passes in their liquid furrows, with well poised depth and upward sails convoyed by winds in beautiful celerity. But to feel what is pastoral effect, the mind must leave the shores of the mighty waters, and sail down the rivers; the banks of these will soon convey what portion of simple and unaffected nature can inspire.

"The billows of life are suppress;  
Its tumults, its toils disappear;  
To relinquish the storms that are past,  
And the sunshine of beauty that's near."

The waters spoken of in holy writ—accompanied by echoes,†—some emanating from cataracts, are, in proportion as they are seen, heard, felt and understood, very beautiful,—

Where fancy, ever wing'd for change,  
Delights to sport, delights to range:  
There Liberty!  
Sweet goddess of the hills, be thine.

But, after all, the "brook" is the real seat of the pastoral. This little stream like quicksilver quivering through the meadows, or if seen afar, which seems a narrow and crooked polished blue space, interwoven between the green produce of the ground—is quite sure of attracting the poet's eye and inspiring his genius.

"The busy bees with a soft murmur'ing strain  
Invite to gentle sleep the lab'ring swain;  
While, from the neighb'ring rock, with rural  
songs,  
The pruner's voice the pleasing dream pro-  
longs."

The brook is a profitable study; for the idea that its waves are employed in the grinding of corn for the poor and preserving life to all, that the willows which droop over its surface, and the rushes which rise from its bed, are useful in the world. To the vulgar eye, weeds and fossils are noisome and cumbrous; to the botanist and geologist, they are treasures surpassing knowledge. The deities of the foliage and the genii of the brook are constantly directing the mind "from nature up to nature's God."

A great deal of nonsense was, in past times, imagined by those who made verses on human and animal happiness—not entering into the real feelings of those who formed the pastoral. Crooks, doric and every other kind of reeds and pipes—shepherds, shepherdesses—(of course) bleating ewes and white woolled lambs, like dancing specks on the verdure—cracked bells—beechen shades submitted to wanton zephyrs—Colins sitting on styles—Floras making garlands—nymphs crowned with flowery wreaths—swains, not to say a word about the soddened shoes which swept myriads of spangled dew-drops aside by crossing the lawns, uplands and

bladed pastures—with daybreak ditties of sylvan point. These hackneyed fancies attributed to the pastorals were pictured in the scenes, without inquiring into the state of the heart. Content, retirement, reflection, humility, peace, love and ecstasy were scarcely thought of in their essence, but, like the clothes worn by use, fitted for circumstances; and fashion, out of this sphere, moded itself into it, by the means which the great had of imitating their humbler individuals, whose very business of life it has been to appear in their natural characters.

Wise through time and narrative with age;  
In summer time like grasshoppers rejoice.  
A bloodless race. *Vide Itiad.*

The use of pastoral life, perhaps, lost sight of,—the moral of which should be to warn the devotees of unguarded, or invincible passion, against the danger of jealousy, revenge, madness and despair; to observe, that the lamb in its unarrayed innocence is dragged away by the hand of the butcher; that the bird singing the melodies of glorious nature, is driven out of the air by the fowler; and the fish, floating in gold and silver hues in the cadent eddies, fluctuated by the quick clouds passing along like breath over steel, is drawn out of existence by the wary angler. The poet, painter, musician, and the contemplative, have it in their power, however, to realize all the charming ingredients which make the pastoral real:—Health, exercise, energy, feeling—in its best character and operation—truth in its never varying principle—virtue in all its susceptibilities of passive and active utility. Above all, partaking of the social affections, truly implying and imparting the first-born principle, that it is not good for man to be alone! Hence pastoral life is nothing without the occasional, if not always, presence of the feminine sex.

Never weary of the pipe  
Of Tityrus, assembling, as he sang,  
The rustic throng beneath his fav'rite  
beech. *Task.*

† Dr. Plot, in his *Natural History of Oxfordshire*, says, that the famous echo, in Woodstock Park, returned seventeen syllables in the daytime, when the wind was a little stirring; and twenty in the night time, for then the air being denser, the vibrations became slower, and so a repetition of more syllables was heard. And Dr. Harris, in his *Technical Dictionary*, assures us, that there is a much finer echo from the north side of Stepney Church, in Sussex, which, in the night time would repeat these twenty-one syllables:—

Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri  
Jussit, et erectos.

That there ever was unalloyed felicity, even in the most untutored ages, yet remains to be proved; for the first son killed his brother. But if Klopstock's Messiah, Hervey's Meditations, and expletive Pastorals are consulted, it will appear no *flowery* invention is wanting to compensate for the thorns. Yet, much is available. Pride is brought down to a proper standard, by a contemplation of earth, air, sky, fire and

water.† Beauty is outvied—flattery is abashed—power regulated—Hagar's wish is realized, and Virgil's spirit invites in exclaiming,

O, leave the noisy town, O come and see  
Our country cots, and live content with me!

As pastorals are more designed for couples and families, so other modes of enjoyment are derivable from the imitative plan of swarms of bees—to live in colonies—become interested in the affairs of towsmen, and engage with each other as citizens of the world and rulers of the empire. Hence armies, quarrels, battles, bloodshed, death—fire, famine and slaughter, like ghosts, or the fabled phoenix issuing out of the ashes of the injured and lamented. PASTOR.

#### LUNATIC LAYS.

‘Adieu my Moustachios! farewell to my Tip.’

Adieu my moustachios! farewell to my tip!  
Lost, lost is the pride of my chin and my lip!  
His Majesty wills it, like Sampson I'm cropt,  
And the killing career of Adonis is stopt!  
The razors are ruthless! my honours they nip!  
Adieu my moustachios! farewell to my tip!

Alas! what avails the loud clank of my spurs,  
What signify tassels, and feathers, and furs!  
The padding above that the waist may look  
slim!

The trowsers compress'd to exhibit the limb!  
My form I no longer exulting equip—  
Adieu my moustachios! farewell to my tip!

I know they deride a Commander who stoops  
To cull foreign fashions to deck British troops;  
But surely the *biggest* look rather more big  
In moustachios and tip—like a Judge in his wig!  
I know I look *small* with my sword on my hip,—  
Adieu my moustachios! farewell to my tip!

When Laura last saw me, she own'd that the world  
Contain'd no moustachios so charmingly  
curl'd;

She thought my head *foreign*, and unlike the  
skull

Of the money-bag, mercantile fellow, John  
Bull:

But now she will call me “contemptible rip!”  
—Adieu my moustachios! farewell to my tip!

I went to the levee both pensive and pale—  
I felt like a puppy-dog robb'd of his tail!

The Duke eyed me coldly when notice I  
craved,

—Ah! would he had seen me before I was  
shaved!

And as I kiss'd hands, I'm afraid I let slip,  
“Adieu my moustachios! farewell to my tip!”

Oh, at a mess dinner, how graceful to dip  
My napkin, and wipe off the *mess* from my lip!  
The hair that grew on it was steep'd in each  
dish,

And nourish'd by gravy—soup—sauces of fish—  
They are gone—and my claret I pensively sip,  
Adieu my moustachios! farewell to my tip!

They were red—and I dyed them—and now at  
the stain

Which remains on the *skin* I scrub daily—in  
vain!

† Fire and water were interdicted from those  
condemned to exile or banishment, by the laws  
of Roman punishments.

The hair is shaved off, but a *something* is seen  
Which I *fear* may be thought to look rather  
unclean.

I *hope* it don't look like a chimney-sweep's  
lip—

Adieu my moustachios! farewell to my tip!

My principal reason, I frankly confess,  
For being a soldier *at all*,—was the dress;  
The line on my lip, and the dot on my chin,  
Became me—the change is a horrid take in—  
I might just as well now have gone on board  
ship.

Adieu my moustachios! farewell to my tip!

I know that they deem it unmanly to weep,  
So into half pay I'll despondingly creep!  
The star of my beauty is lost in eclipse!  
I'll sit in seclusion and sigh for *hair-tips*!  
The tears down my nose now incessantly drip.  
Adieu my moustachios! farewell to my tip!

New Monthly.

#### THE BLUE-BOTTLE.

(For the *Olio*)

Whiz! whiz! buzz! buzz! buzz!—  
confound that blue-bottle! there he is  
again at my ear buzzing and humming  
with most gratuitous vehemence. Reader,  
hast thou ever been annoyed by  
one of these impudent insects, while  
devouring a new novel, or penning an  
epistle to those you love best? These  
“varmint” live but to annoy our species,  
and yet who but a cook or a  
butcher's boy would abridge their short  
and merry life! There he is again,  
bouncing against the window panes,  
now whisking round the room, and then  
out and among the woodbine at my  
study window. Sometimes he alights  
upon my book—rubs his legs over his  
head, cuts a caper and off again. Your  
house flies are the very *canaille* of insects—strong, impudent and intrusive;  
and your blue-bottle is a bully of the  
first order. Behold his large full eye,  
which rolls with a leer of conceit and  
self-satisfaction. Then his “nether  
man,” or *pekind*, as the Germans say  
when they speak a little English, cased  
in a covering of a hue brighter than the  
most exquisite plush or velveteen. Who  
so smart as the blue-bottle. At break-  
fast he makes his appearance, and pries  
into every thing. First he descends into  
the sugarbasin—then surveys and tastes  
the butter—revels in the fragrant va-  
pour of the coffee, which, however, the  
heat dares him to touch. Incensed at  
this, he thrusts his besugared snout into  
my muffin; and, after glutting himself  
with a thousand other delicacies, flies  
off and dances a saraband on the win-  
dow pane.

This poor insect has many enemies.  
First, the swallows and martens, who,  
attracted by his inviting hum, snap at  
him as he flies along, and remorselessly

crush his body with their hard beaks ere they swallow him. Then there is the cook, who impudently calls him the "blow-fly," and vows vengeance against his clan for depositing their larvæ amongst the choice morsels of her larder. The butcher's boy, too, unlike Sterne's negro girl, armed with his terrific flap, literally annihilates him in the midst of his delights. Yet the blue-bottle has "a merry life o'nt," and seldom dies a lingering death—an end more terrible than all others—unless his wings should have suffered from some disaster.

Behold him amongst a troop of house flies! How he capers and buzzes, as if to shew his strength to the male members of the coterie, and his agility and grace to the females. Now he bounces and pirouettes to the imminent danger of his brother insects, who at length, disgusted with his vanity, set upon him, and hunt him out of their society. He flies off with a buzz of indignation, and in his blind rage entangles himself in the net of the spider, whose cunning work, the toil of hours, he demolishes in a moment, and frightens the tyrant himself. At first the spider thinks his victim is already within his clutch, and he rushes out to batten on its devoted carcass, but retires precipitately when he discovers this Vandal insect kicking and plunging in his beautiful trellis work. Talk of a bull in a china shop, indeed! the most apt illustration of complete destruction would be a blue-bottle in the newly constructed web of a spider.

Yet, like all debauchees, the blue-bottle pays the penalty in his old age of the excesses of his youth. His eyes become dim; his once shining coat loses its firmness and elasticity, and looks shrivelled and wizened. He flies into the flame of the candle and singes his wings, until at last he cuts a most pitiable figure; when some humane creature—perhaps the cat—"puts him out of his misery!"

Such is the life and death of the blue-bottle!—Farewell, "merrie insect," enjoy thyself while thou mayest, for winter and its chilling blasts will banish both thee and thy revels for ever!

ALPHA.

#### THE POSTHUMOUS LETTERS OF HUGH DELMORE, ESQ.

##### LETTER VI. THE MUTINY.

*For the Olio.*

It would seem that my first voyage was destined to be marked with every

variety of vicissitude and danger, as if to exhibit in the strongest light the madness and the folly of my early excesses; at the same time, to be a punishment and a lesson for the future. But to proceed. We had made but a poor exchange in our new mate (Bingham) for the unfortunate Harris. The latter, bating his rough manners, and fatal propensity, was "every inch" a seaman; the other, an idle, useless, and noisy pretender. His incompetency very soon became so apparent, and his utter indifference to his duty so flagrant, that Captain Green (as I have previously hinted) deprived him of his command, substituting Amber in his stead. Still, with a degree of consideration rather unusual in him, the captain tacitly permitted him to occupy his cabin and seat at the cuddy table: but I suppose the silent civility which every one observed towards him, became distasteful, or perhaps he felt the merited reproach it conveyed; certainly, after a day or two, he withdrew himself entirely therefrom, and sought society among the seamen forward,—lounging idly on the forecastle, smoking, or in watching the labours of his more active shipmates, the fellow now passed his time; unheeded, except by an occasional random observation from the captain, expressive of his disgust or contempt. Meanwhile, whether from a spirit of revenge, or the mere instinct of mischief, he was busily employed in sowing the seeds of discontent and mutiny among the seamen.

It is true, the trials of the people were not a few. The weather, at this season of the year, is uniformly gloomy and tempestuous, accompanied by a troubled sea, and almost incessant rain, while the sun appears entirely to have withdrawn his inspiring presence, or struggles through the misty vapours that surround him with a sad, subdued, and wavering radiance. Added to this, the ship was leaky, the wind directly in our teeth, and blowing, as it constantly did, half a gale, what little way we made on one tack, we lost on the other; so that, varying the scene from the "stormy Cape," to the "blue seas of Ind," the destiny of the "Flying Dutchman" appeared likely to find a rival in—not the "Flying," for speed certainly was not among the few good qualities of our "barky,"—the old Reliance, of Calcutta. With these *rather* disagreeable concomitants, there is little wonder that our people became, at first, dispirited, next dissatisfied, and, last of all, openly

murmured at the obstinacy of their commander in keeping at sea.

Still the duty of the ship was, in some measure, performed, though the fostering germs of the mischief were fast growing to a head. The captain had long detected the condition of the men's minds; but he preserved a profound silence thereon, and a stern determination to proceed, at all hazards, on his perilous voyage. One gloomy night, as our labouring and suffering ship struggled against the adverse wind and sea, under close reefed topsails, he as usual pursued his short careless walk across the break of the poop, now and then glancing upon the binnacle, or watching the gathering of the frequent squalls which in their bursting, cast a deeper gloom over the gloomy face of the elements. Pausing in his walk, he threw his eyes aloft upon the shaking topsails, and then addressing the man at the wheel, he angrily exclaimed,

"What's the fellow about?—d'ye want to throw the ship aback? Mind your course—you're three points away now."

It chanced that this worthy had, somehow, secured to himself an extra portion of grog, and thus primed with *Dutch courage*, in addition to his own discontent, he surlily replied,

"How the h—l can a man keep her head one way, with the wind shifting every minute, and the sea striking her off?"

The fellow had trod upon a mine. Green turned quickly round, and shouting, in a voice of thunder, "Silence!" struck him so violent a blow with the back of his hand in the breast, that it laid him sprawling upon the deck. The man sprang upon his feet, and grasping his clasp knife, ran at the captain, doubtlessly with the intention of inflicting a deadly wound; but Terrasso, a Portuguese, (whom we had shipped in Calcutta, and now acted as second mate), perceiving the movement, threw himself, with an apostrophe to his favourite saint, between him and the seaman; and, lifting his hand to ward off the blow, the knife cut it slightly down the palm and in the fleshy part of his arm. These incidents were but the work of a minute, yet this sufficed to bring together a number of the seamen, and they stood clustered by the starboard gangway, with menacing looks, yet each one hesitating to be the first to venture on the quarter-deck to take his shipmate's part. But the captain himself put an end to their in-

decision, by shouting to the boatswain, to "*turn the hands up.*" Silently, sullenly, and promptly all gathered on the quarter-deck. There Green addressed them, with an odd mixture of calmness, irony, and anger. He briefly observed that he had long noticed their discontent—that he felt for their fatigues and privations,—but he had a duty to perform, and perform it he would at all hazards. "For this fellow," said he, pointing to the man who had occasioned the stir, "I take it he must be drunk, or he had never presumed so far. Boatswain, clap him in irons—a few hours to his own thoughts will be of benefit to him. Now go forward, men," he pursued, waving his hand; "recollect what I have said, and, be sure, I'll stand or fall by it!"

He had been listened to in silence, but as he turned away, two or three, more resolute than the rest, murmured, "And we're all to go to h—l to please him."—"I wish the crazy old *hooker* had been at the bottom of Pharaoh's sea before I saw her:"—with divers similar exclamations, and a few of a more threatening nature.

Captain Green turned quickly about. "Who complains?—who has ought to say?—let them come forward like men, not sneakingly growl behind a man's back what they dare not utter to his face." His cold grey eye ran over the group, with a searching regard; but all were now silently stealing forward.

Some sort of *eclaircissement* having thus taken place, matters gradually came to an issue; and an event, in which my unlucky self was intimately concerned, brought about the *dénouement*. Our salt provisions chanced to be none of the best, and two or three successive casks had proved worse than bad—they were vile—seemingly the remains of some unfortunate bullocks, who had been cut off by a rapid and *thorough* consumption. The poor tars grumbled and swore; and after puzzling their heads for an explanation of so untoward an event, ingeniously agreed among themselves that I (the purser) had been entrusted with an adequate sum to victual the ship with wholesome provisions, in the lieu of which I had *honestly* pocketed half the cash, and with the remainder provided them with viands fit only for the dog kennel. My position, too, with the captain, the close and friendly intimacy that now existed between us, was woefully tortured to my disfavour. Even among those with whom I had formerly been so popular,

—my shipmates in the wrecked Glyceria—I was a proud, upstart, “know-nothing lubber,” *more fitter* to handle a *swab* in the *wait*, than “top the officer” on the quarter-deck; (Jack rates every thing according to his own standard of excellence.)

As I was not quite so formidable a personage as the *skipper*, I very soon heard of this strange accusation, and in no measured terms. The ship’s steward had complained to me of the unpleasantness and difficulty he nightly experienced in serving out the provisions to the people; and requested that I would endeavour to satisfy them. I knew I might as well have bid the obstinate monsoon be still, and give place to more favouring gales, and with as much effect, as to attempt to appease and satisfy with words some fifty or sixty hungry, exasperated, and all but exhausted men—English seamen, too, the most untractable and unreasonable of all God’s creatures;—but the next evening I accompanied him to the scene of action.

Twelve or fifteen seamen had already surrounded the *harnessed* casks, awaiting the coming of the steward; among them a young fellow we had shipped at Calcutta, who by the flippant and ready exercise of a variety of *cramp* phrases, imperturbable impudence, and a certain swaggering off-hand demeanour, had acquired not a little influence among the people—he was, in fact, the “orator Hunt” of our band of sea-malcontents and would-be reformers. This *important* personage, seeing me coming along the main-deck with the steward, put on a face of mock-respect, and with a bustling air bid his fellows stand back—“Here’s the *pusser*,” said he, screwing up his features with a demure air; “he’s just finished his wine, and now he’s going to see you taken care of, ye *vile varmint*.” A laugh followed this sally, which, of course I did not hear. But the *bone*, or rather *bones*, of contention, very speedily set the steward and his customers by the ears; and I interfered, demanding the occasion of the dispute.

“The *occasion*,” echoed an athletic seaman, holding forth to my view a piece of beef, or rather a collection of bones, held together by a lean and unwholesome looking covering of lean and grisly fat,—“look at *that*—that’s the occasion;” here he introduced a curse which consigned my eyes to the lowest depths of perdition; “is such *carrin* as that fit for *Christins* and hard-working men?”

“It is very bad,” said I, mildly, “but there is no better in the ship: immediately we reach the Cape I will take care that you shall have good and wholesome meat.”

“*When we reach the Cape!*” shouted the fellow with rising choler, “and *when* will that be?—somewhere about the day of judgment, I guess. Here we’ve been knocking about in this cursed bay near upon five weeks already, and are as far on our way as when we started.”

Another took up the cudgels: it was a rascally shame to keep men at sea in a crazy old hulk, when the best ship that ever came off the stocks could do nothing against such weather. “And to be starved, or eat that which an English dog would turn up his nose at,” chimed in a third.

“But what can I do?” I appealed; “the captain is the only master here.”

“Ay,” sneered the first speaker, “and a rare servant he has got in you—to pocket his money, and feed his poor sailors on this;” and again he held up the skinny piece of beef immediately before my eyes. Somewhat alarmed, I demanded his meaning. “That you’re a d—n pitiful rascal,” rejoined the fellow, who had worked himself into a decided passion; “and if you had what you deserved, we should pitch you overboard.” As he spoke, he thrust the meat, reeking with brine, full in my face, and, half-blinded with the salt moisture, I staggered back a pace or two under the bow of the long-boat.

My steady friend Amber had noticed the altercation from the poop, and he rushed forward to the spot, where the excited people were now busily engaged in throwing the meat overboard from the *harnessed* cask with loud shouts of triumph, and execrations upon the heads, hearts, and eyes of their officers, in which, (be certain, dear B——) I was not forgotten.—Grasping the throat of Hughes with a violence, the continuation of which must have been certain strangulation; this spirited fellow demanded, in accents broken into disjointed exclamations by vehemence and passion—“Rascal, dog! how dare you insult Mr. Delmore?” and casting the fellow from him, he fell with violence on his back. But the storm had now burst forth too furiously to be easily allayed, and several shouted, “Are we to be used like dogs and brutes?—overboard with them!” and poor Amber and I had the next moment been “food for the fishes,”

but for the timely arrival of the captain, two or three of the petty officers, and some gentlemen passengers. The former endeavoured in vain to make himself heard; his voice and gestures were treated with open derision; and a fellow, seeing the cook's grease bucket standing near him, seized up a handful of the stinking filth, and threw it full at his face. By timely bobbing his head, Captain Green avoided the unsavoury and uncourteous salutation, but the red spot immediately rose to his brow. He snatched up a handspike that rested against a gun, and, had the blow been as truly levelled as it was powerfully dealt, the *adventurous* dabbler in grease\* had paid with his life for his insolent temerity; as it was, it alighted upon his arm, which it fractured in two places. Hereat, the men with a furious cry, made a simultaneous rush at the captain, whom they bore down, beat and stamped upon. This was done with lightning quickness; but as he laid on the deck, struggling with the ruffians, he loudly and undauntedly exclaimed: "Give me my pistols—Amber, Terrasso, Delmore!" Immediately we extricated him from his perilous situation; and, perhaps, a little startled at the boldness of their proceedings, the men drew back. By this time, the main-deck and waist on the starboard side was entirely filled by every soul in the ship—the anxious, the infuriated, and timid. The captain leant against a gun carriage; his usually dark and embrowned features now frightfully pale and ghastly distorted with passion and mortified pride. "Tis well," said he, in a thrilling tone, and with a sneer, the bitterness of which strangely accorded with the expression of his countenance, "now I know, and will keep no measures with ye. Boatswain, lay those men in irons," (and he pointed to three or four of the most active of the mutineers, and among them my gaunt opponent Hughes.) The boatswain hesitated. Thirty determined fellows confronted him, with no very encouraging aspect. Captain Green continued in a louder key, "Do *you*, too, hesitate; obey me, I say," and he cocked a loaded pistol which he held in his hand; for by this time we had been supplied with arms from abaft.

*To be continued.*

\* I do not know whether my poor friend here meant to perpetrate a pun; but an air of gloomy levity appears to me to pervade the whole of this narrative, strangely inconsistent with his character.

J. H. B.

## THE BABINGTONS.

A TALE OF CHADSTOW.

*For the Olio.*

Continued from p. 248.

In all this we have seen how he was foiled by Father Paul, whose connection with Coventry, and known adherence to the Lancastrian cause, procured him information from the inmost penetralia of that divided court. Thus the priest had the means of removing the important papers from Curborough, and of seeing the ladies, with their attendants, ushered under the sanction of Sir Oliver himself, into a safe asylum for the night, without giving him such an insight into matters as might urge the fiery knight to break prematurely with Vaucler.

He entered the cell,—a tall man in complete armour, a reason for which he gave in the unsettled state of the country, and, as he unhelmed, his sharp but not unhandsome visage, with aquiline nose, and small black eye, were disclosed by the mingled fire and lamplight. His whole features, however, were discomposed, forming a portentous contrast to the suppressed tone (almost sinking into a hiss,) with which he greeted the brothers, and requested some insight into the strange circumstances he had just witnessed. Sir Oliver looked dubiously at him, as if he knew not whether at once to proceed to some desperate act, or to reject the suspicions the priest had infused into him; but Paul, with an inimitable mixture of simplicity and effrontery, after quieting the angry growls of Thunder and Countess, replied,

"Ha! then thou knewest not, Sir Governor, to their full limit, the unhappy suspicions to which we loyal Lancastrians"—(he laid strong emphasis on the word)—"are exposed, otherwise thou mightest haply have deemed that even thy close disguise would scarce have made the broad meadows and woods of merry England so safe as the towered ramparts and rolling seas of Calais."

Vaucler's eyes glittered as though they would have scorched the priest's very soul; but the steady glance that encountered *his*, made him quail, and Paul continued,—

"Yet may Lancastrians well rejoice at the tidings that the young Princess Dowager of Wales hath fled the court, even though their houses are invaded from hall to bower by the emissaries of the suspicious Edward."



Sir Gilbert assumed to admiration a look of astonishment, and, after some incoherent exclamations, paused awhile and said,

"Then is Richard of Gloucester the cause of this insult to Curborough!—None other would have dared to impeach Sir Oliver Babington. As for me, I am safe—these woody retreats, and the numerous and powerful friends who are even now organizing the overthrow of the voluptuous Edward, are bulwarks I can surely trust. I purpose a speedy return, however, to Calais, where the garrison is entirely devoted to me; and our plans once organised, Brittany, nay, France himself, will combine to make our cause triumphant. I only grieved that the sacred privacy of Curborough should be invaded."

"Chafe not thyself on that score," replied the monk; "nor thou, brother, look so angrily on those walls, which for this night must be thy lodging;—nor start, as if Curborough needed thy single sword to its defence; well do I know that the secrecy of this expedition will secure thine house from violence."

"I fear not for Curborough," said Sir Oliver, then first breaking silence, "but the papers——"

"Are all safely bestowed," rejoined the monk, keeping his eye fixed on Vaucler, who almost writhed beneath it.

"Then, indeed, I may defy them," said the knight, with kindling spirits, "as for the flight of Lady Anne, what hath it to do with the honour of mine house! So help me St. Katherine, as I know not ought of the errant damsel! I trust a knight may be dissatisfied with a mercenary sovereign without incurring the imputation of a kidnapper!"

Here the knight filled a goblet of claret, and passing it to Vaucler, proposed "Success to the gallant Earl of Oxford and our allies in Cornwall; and now brother, we will ask no better counsellor than thy grape of Bourdeaux for to-night. With the dawn we will return to Curborough, and see what welcome these unbidden visitants have found in the absence of its lord!"

Here we must pass from the cell at Chadstow to the spacious mansion of Pool-house, situated about the middle of the straggling street, or rather village, extending along the borders of the large sheet of water already mentioned, and leading to the church of Chadstow. The fair refugees had been hospitably received by the widow of Master Richard Dyott, a gentleman of no mean name in those parts, and after partaking of some

refreshments, mingled with anxious surmises as to the cause of their present situation, repaired to their chambers. Barbara Somerville had requested that her woman might occupy the same apartment with herself, which was situated in a lofty square turret with balcony and bartizan, rising high over the gables and chimnies of the house. The night soon passed, and when the first tints of dawn began to streak the sky, the air was tranquil and even mild, every vestige of the late tempest having disappeared.

At this hour a female figure, whose clustering tresses had escaped from beneath a thick kerchief, was seen seated in the massy and spacious balcony, her arm supporting her cheek on its carved balustrade, her whole attitude and appearance denoting the utmost dejection, while her eye wandered over the lordly mansions of the Lombard merchants in the adjacent street, or turned mechanically to the spires, woods, and waters of the city, though it was evident her inward gaze marked them not. The camp of night was breaking up, the heavens still hung with sable pall, except where the east uncurtained a realm of calm but gorgeous coloured light, chequered from the sober gray and pallid white to the bright green and orange-tinted red. The city herself, thus over-canopied, stood like some princess of fairy lore awakening from enchanted sleep; her massy towers, superbly black, were relieved to their very pinnacles against the kindling sky, or stood huddled in the gloom like a congregation of misty phantoms; the lake lay white and livid in its terraced borders of garden and orchard; the trees swayed heavily to the sighs of the receding night-gusts, while in the shadowed streets, a solitary footfall, as though the awakening city whispered, was occasionally heard from some early straggler, who turned up his face from the darkness in which his feet stumbled, to the fiery pageantry which began to streak the sky. The female at length broke out into this half-whispered soliloquy—

"Was ever lady so distressed as I! the murder of my princely lord,—the detested addresses of Gloucester,—and the scarcely less loathed friendship of his brother, which I choose as the least evil, are not enough, it seems, for that wretched she who might once have looked to the throne of England. This horrible Vaucler! to avoid whom I would fly to the very arms of Richard himself—this Vaucler, who dared to in-

sult me with his love—he, too, comes to persecute me! If that villain once get me within his grasp, adieu hope, happiness, honour!—but no! the widow of Edward, and the Princess—(let them deny my title as they may) the Princess of Wales hath a resource against that!”

The unhappy lady shuddered as she spoke the last sentence with raised tones, when a manly but subdued voice was heard from below—

“Now St. Chad be praised! This is more than I hoped!”

The princess looked down into the still dusky court, but her eyes, dazzled by the eastern glare, only served her to discover a muffled form of unusual height.

“Descend, lady,” he continued, “to the lattice in the hall; we may not parley here.”

“And who art thou that thus stealst upon the sorrows which have driven me from a fevered couch to breathe them in the ear of heaven?”

“One who never intruded on the unhappy, if he could not administer counsel,” responded the deep tones of Father Paul.

The princess immediately quitted the balcony, and with noiseless steps passing through the chamber where Barbara lay in profound repose, descended the large and gloomy staircase into the hall, and found the priest already at the lattice.

“Listen, lady, for I may not tarry! They you wot of have departed from Chadstow! For Curborough and its inmates there is nothing immediately to dread; but tell the Lady of Whichnover that noon must not find you in or near Litchfield—leave me to assign some cause for your departure, and speed to the hilly towers of the Somervilles. Once there, you may be safe; but from this snake Vaucier, both you and we have that to dread which will demand all your wisdom to avert.” With these words the priest disappeared in the distant glooms of the street.

The day was fully advanced ere the Lady Babington and she of Whichnover arose from heavy slumbers. The Lady Anne, habited as a servant, while attiring, in her assumed character, the beautiful Barbara, betrayed so much agitation, that she hastily asked “what new alarm had occurred?”

“Alas, lady,” said the Princess, “why—why did you venture with me to Curborough?”

“Because,” replied Barbara, with a compassionate respect very different

from her usual frank and buoyant manner, “because the signal services of Sir Oliver to the king, and my lady’s close connection with the court, seemed to render it the last place where your refuge would be suspected.”

“But our hosts themselves—”

“Do not dream that your highness is other than you appear—a humble menial. The purport of this strange mission to Curborough is as much a mystery to myself!”

“Alas, lady, where that dreadful Vaucier shows his face, what can it forbode but evil to my safety?”—here the hapless Princess gave way to a passion of tears.

“Oh, Mark, Mark!” exclaimed Barbara, in great distress, “my faithful, my beloved! wherefore dost thou tarry at court!—alas me! thou canst not see our peril!”

“I have this morning,” said the princess, “conversed with Father Paul; he talks (as well he may) of peril from Sir Gilbert Vaucier: in short, lady, as soon as courtesy will permit, we must leave Litchfield.”

“It will be wisely done, even though suspicion may be incurred. To Whichnover Vaucier will not dare to come. See that the horses await us eastward of the great pool: the bye-roads will secure us from notice, and if my father’s towers and walls be not high enough, nor the moat wide enough, they shall at least have all the advantage of my numerous armed vassals, and the poor skill of one who knows how to defend, in the halls of her ancestors, her whom Mark Babington hath committed to the keeping of a Somerville!”

“And Lady Babington?”

“She must not know of our departure, that is, if, without her privacy, we can make the necessary acknowledgment to the Dame Dyott for her hospitality. And now, dear lady, I leave you—be cautious in the arrangements—put back your thick tresses, and renew those stains on your cheek and brow. I will join you by the lane leading south from St. Chad’s.”

*(To be continued.)*

LETTER READING.

Huet, bishop of Avranches, in his writings, has the following remark:—“I never read letters in the evening, before going to bed, or in the afternoon, before dinner. Letters generally contain more bad news than good; and in reading them, we call up subjects of inquietude, which disturb our repasts and our repose.”

## The Note Book.

## A HINDU MIRACLE.

The following miraculous tale is related in the Delhi *Ukbar*:—At Gotah, a Brahmin murdered a child (of four years of age) of one of the inhabitants of that place, for the sake of jewels which were on the child's body; the father accidentally found the murderer in the act of killing the child, but as he was of Brahmin caste, was permitted to fly from the city. The wretched father, after burying the child, came home, and did not even mention the subject to his wife. A few hours after, two mendicants came to his house, and asked something to eat; food was accordingly prepared and set before them. They then asked the man where his child was; to which he did not give a direct reply, but the hermits refused to eat any thing unless given to them by the hands of that child: the conversation ran so high, that it attracted the attention of the good wife; she upbraided her husband for not complying with the Fakeers' request, when he told her to go and bring the child, if she can find him. She accordingly went out, calling loud the child by name, when the two sages desired the husband not to sit there, but to go and look after his wife. The man did so, and to his great joy, found the mother returning home with the child. They then hastened towards the house; but found no trace of the two Fakeers, who disappeared on the man's leaving the house. They however fell upon their knees, and praised God for the mercy which was shown to them.

*Asiatic Jour.*

RECIPE FOR COMPOSING A MODERN  
LOVE-LETTER.

Take five hundred protestations, half as many vows, three thousand lies, fifty pounds weight of deceit, an equal quantity of nonsense, and treble the whole of flattery; mix all these ingredients up together, and add thereto half a scruple of sincerity, sweetening it often with some or all of the following phrases,—Angel, Goddess, Charmer, Honey, and the like. When it is flavoured to your taste, take as much of it as you think proper, fold it up in gilt paper, seal it with the impression of a flaming heart full of wounds; let it be carefully delivered, and it is irresistible. Probatum est sæpissime.

G. K.

## Notices of New Books.

*History of Dover and of Dover Castle.*  
By W. Batchelor. 12mo. Dover.

It has often been a matter of regret to us, that none of our eminent publishers have commenced a series of local histories, framed in such a manner that each, like the tributary streams of the ocean, would furnish its portion to the enlargement and illustration of general history. The success of such a work admits of scarcely a doubt. It would be received by the general reader as an important addition to our national literature. Antiquarian detail involving us in the very vortex of controversy, usually characterizes local histories. Free from such a fault is the present unassuming volume; and could each town or county boast of a compendium equal to the one before us, the proposed addition to our intellectual amusement would be unnecessary. On commencing our editorial labours, we had determined to commit works of this kind to the review of the provincial press; but, desiring to pay honour where honour is due, we cannot with any degree of propriety *shelve* the present epitome, bearing, as it does, the impress on every page of indefatigable zeal, industry and research. Dover, with its stately fortress, "proudly rising pile on pile," with its meandering stream, its romantic scenery, its Albion Hills, claims in a peculiar manner the attention of the historian, antiquarian and general traveller; nor can the eye of the artist view, without the highest gratification, "This noble wreck, in ruinous perfection."

Our early writers emphatically term this feudal fortalice "*Clavis et Repagulum totius regni*." It is reported when the Dauphin of France, during the imbecile reign of John, invaded the kingdom, that the French monarch inquired where his son was, and on being answered at Stamford—"What!" said he, "has he not taken Dover Castle?" The reply was in the negative. "Then by the arm of St. James," exclaimed the king, "my son has not a foot in England."

Our author, as may be supposed, devotes a considerable portion of his pages to this period. He has arranged his matter chronologically and given a good index—thus affording every facility for reference. As a specimen of his general style, we select the following passage, which throws some light upon an interesting page in English history.

"Suffolk Tower, one of the Saxon portions of the Castle," says our author,

"was formerly a recess in the wall, until it was converted into a stately mansion, by Edward the Fourth, for his brother-in-law, the Duke of Suffolk.—It was the father of this duke who, being accused of treason, and endeavouring to depart the kingdom, was beheaded, by a common seaman, in Dover roads.—After a sham trial, they obliged him to lay his head over the side of the vessel, and, with a rusty sword, severed it from his body, which was afterwards brought on shore, and laid on the sand. Report says that his head was placed on a pole near it. The body was taken to the collegiate church of Wingfield, in Suffolk, and interred in the chancel, but it appears to have remained uncertain what became of the head. Some few years since, in sinking ground for a cellar, near the Antwerp Inn, a head was found, enclosed in a stone receptacle. As this ground formerly belonged to Saint Martin's\* church, it was conjectured that this was the duke's head, and that it was buried here."

The Castle, although proudly arrogating to itself the epithet impregnable, was, we find, taken by a handful of men, during the struggles in the time of Charles I. The event is narrated as follows:—

"In the year 1642, on the 21st of August, the castle was surprised and taken, and wrested from its lawful sovereign, by a merchant of Dover, whose name was Blake. He, with only ten of his townsmen, all determined republicans, adventured to scale the lofty cliff fronting the sea, where no danger could be apprehended by the garrison. About midnight they began the daring enterprise, each armed with a loaded musket, and furnished with ropes and scaling ladders; while some of their companions lay in ambush at the castle gates. On reaching the summit of the cliff, they proceeded to the walls of the Saxon fortress, which they also scaled without discovery, and secured the guard. The porters refused to deliver up the keys; but a threat of instant death obtained compliance, and the gates were thrown open. These latter operations alarmed the garrison. Surrounding darkness concealed the number of their oppo-

nents; and finding the gates open, they suspected treachery, or that a considerable force had taken possession of the castle. Under these apprehensions they either surrendered, or fled with precipitation from the fortress, and the barriers were closed after them. The Earl of Warwick was then at Canterbury, to whom Blake dispatched an account of his success, and an armed force was sent to his assistance. Thus secured, the parliamentarians kept possession of it during the remainder of that unhappy contest.—The loyalists of Kent, lamenting the loss of this fortress, raised forces to assemble on Barham downs, and they marched to the coast under the command of the Colonels Hatton and Hammond. After reducing the castles of Sandown, Deal and Walmer, and making themselves masters of the forts and bulwarks in the neighbourhood, they cast up works on the north-west side of Dover castle. Here they could level their cannon directly against the walls, and 500 balls were fired without doing any material injury. Col. Rich was sent by the parliament, with a superior force, to raise the siege, and the loyalists were obliged to retire with precipitation, and to leave their stores and artillery behind them."

With the above extracts we close our remarks upon this interesting work, and purpose occasionally enriching our columns with a stray leaf from its pages. We observe by the preface that the volume is merely the precursor of a larger performance. Mr. B. seems well fitted to the task, and we trust his labours will prove satisfactory.

### Anecdotes.

#### BEAR AND BIRDS.

Mr. Bear being at a public dinner, at Hammersmith, two gentlemen of the name of Bird being in the company, after the cloth was removed, Mr. Bear, who was a good singer, was called on to oblige the company with a song: he immediately arose, and said, "Gentlemen, your conduct on this occasion is so highly improper, that I cannot help noticing it."—"For why!" said the gentlemen. "That you should call on a Bear to sing, when you have two Birds in the company."

#### ON ONE THRICE A WIDOWER.

Youth, manhood, age, have wants you must confess,  
Three wives I've had, and could n't do with less;  
The first for love, the second for her purse,  
The third my heart elected for a nurse.

\* It has been since discovered that this ground belonged to St. Peter's Church, instead of St. Martin's. The Duke was beheaded by Nicholas Towers in the year 1450. The skull, when found, was nearly perfect, the jaws and teeth being entire; but after it had been exposed a short time to the air it crumbled to dust. The chalk receptacle was afterwards deposited in the wall.

## Diary and Chronology.

Tuesday, October 12.

*Sun rises 33m after 6—sets 36m after 5.*

October 12, 1832.—Expired William Angus, a landscape engraver of much ability; he was a pupil of the late William Walker, who was eminent for his productions in that line. One of his principal works is his collection of "Views of the Seats of the Nobility and Gentry."

Wednesday, October 13.

*Translation of K. Edward the Confessor.—High Water 11h 59m Morn.—0h 0m Aftern.*

This virtuous monarch was the youngest son of King Ethelred, but as all his elder brothers were either dead, or had fled away, he succeeded to the crown of England in the year 1042. He collected all the most useful laws made by the Saxon and Danish kings. The additional title of Confessor was probably given him by the Pope for settling what was then called *Rome Scot*, but now better known by the name of Peter's Pence.

Thursday, October 14.

*St. Donatus, Bishop and Confessor. d. A.D. 319.—Sun rises 37m after 6—sets 32m after 5.*

October 14, 1804.—On this day was fought the severe battle of Jena, when the Prussian army, consisting of 150,000 men, were attacked and defeated by the French at Auerstadt; the loss of the Prussians in this conflict is recorded to have been in killed and wounded upwards of 20,000; and between 30 and 40,000 were made prisoners. The Duke of Brunswick received a mortal wound in this conflict.

Friday, October 15.

*St. Hospitius, Anchorite, A.D. 560.*

October 15, 1402.—Anniversary of the death of the ancient English poet, John Gower, to whom a high place is usually assigned in the poetical history of our country: he is supposed to have been born before Chaucer, though he survived him only two years. Leland informs us, that Gower was of the Knightly Order, (an opinion confirmed by Sir John Fortescue), and born in Yorkshire; and that he was a lawyer by profession, and laboured much in poetry, and was the first polisher of his own country language, which, before his time, lay uncultivated, and almost quite rude; he wrote many things in English, not only in verse, but also in prose, which were read with pleasure by the learned men even in his time. He flourished in the reign of Richard II., to whom he dedicated his works, and when he was blind, he presented to him his song in Praise of Peace. We are led to believe that our poet was both wealthy and munificent, for history records that he contributed largely to the rebuilding of the conventual church of St. Mary Overie, in Southwark, where his very curious tomb still remains. Chaucer, his friend, esteemed his judgment so highly, that he used to submit his labours to him for correction, and in estimating the character of his acquaintance, calls him "*the moral Gower*," an epithet he was deserving of, for in his works abound good sense and benevolent precepts, impressively enforced and illustrated by a variety of learning.

Saturday, October 16.

*St. Mummolin, Bishop of Noyon, d. A.D. 665.—New Moon, 31m after 7 Morn.*

October 16, 1546.—Died at Arnheim, of a wound received at the battle of Zutphen, the gallant Sir Philip Sidney. This amiable young man had been equally the delight of Elizabeth's court and army, as his person and endowments were only equalled by his valour and humanity. After his thigh-bone had been shattered by a musket-shot, in the agony of his wound he called for water. Some was brought to him, but, as he was lifting it to his lips, the ghastly looks of a dying soldier struck his eye. "Take this," said he, holding the water to him, "thy necessity is yet greater than mine." He died with the resignation of a saint; and so general was the grief for his loss, that it was deemed a sin to appear gaily apparelled at court for several months after. Elizabeth lamented his death, and the Scottish James wrote an epitaph for him: his remains were interred in St. Paul's Cathedral with great funeral pomp. Lord Brook, speaking of Sidney, the patron of the unfortunate author of the *Faerie Queen*, says of him, "that his end was not writing, even while he wrote; nor his knowledge moulded for tables or schools; but both his wit and understanding bent upon his heart to make himself and others, not in words or opinion, but in life and action, good and great."

Sunday, October 17.

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

*Lesson for the Day—3 chapter Daniel, morning—6 chapter Daniel, Even.*

*St. Anstrudis, Virgin Abbess of Laon, A.D. 688.*

Our saint was daughter to Hilduin Boso and St. Salaberna, who founded the abbey of St. John the Baptist at Laon, which, in 1221, was given to, and is still retained by, the Benedictine monks. In the same town are several other great abbeys.

October 17, 941.—Died at Gloucester, without issue, after a reign of fifteen years, the Saxon monarch, King Athelstan, (grandson of Alfred the Great), beloved by his subjects, and dreaded by the foes of England. A translation of the Bible into the Saxon tongue, performed under his patronage, does honor to his love of literature, while his regard for commerce may be presumed from a generous law whereby a merchant, who has performed two long voyages, is allowed rank as athane or noble. This wise prince received many marks of esteem from various European princes, and particularly from Harold King of Norway, who sent him "a splendid vessel with sails of purple silk, a gilt stern, and rows of glittering shields around her deck."

Monday, October 18.

*St. Luke.—High Water 45m after 2 Morning—0m after 3 Afternoon.*

The evangelist was born at Antioch, in Syria, a place celebrated for the study of the liberal arts. The notion that he was a painter has long been discountenanced. Dr. Lardner thinks that he might have been by profession a physician, as the expression, "beloved physician," Col. iv, seems to intimate. St. Luke died at the great age of 84 years, A.D. 63.

# The Otto ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

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## Illustrated Article.

### THE CORSICAN FATHER.

WHEN you turn from Porto Vecchio toward the interior of the island of Corsica, the ground suddenly rises, and after winding for about three leagues by intricate paths, blocked at intervals by immense crags, and intersected by ravines, you find yourself on the border of the extensive *maquis*, which frequently serves for the abode of herdsmen, and a retreat for offenders against the law. To spare himself the labour of manuring his land, the Corsican peasant burns down a tract of forest, quite unconcerned whether the flames extend further than is precisely necessary ; come what will, he can always reckon upon an abundant harvest, after he has sown this spot fertilized by the ashes of the trees. When the ears are got in—for nobody thinks of collecting the straw—young shoots spring up from the roots of the trees left in the ground and spared by the fire, and form thick bushes, which

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in a few years attain the height of seven or eight feet. This species of thicket, composed of different kinds of trees and shrubs, intertwined with each other as chance directs, is called *maquis*. It is only with axe in hand that you can clear a way through it ; and there are *maquis* so intricate that even the mufions (wild sheep,) themselves cannot penetrate them.

The man who has murdered another need only retire to the *maquis* of Porto Vecchio : provided with a good gun, powder, and ball, he may there live in quiet and security ; only let him not forget to take with him a brown, hooded cloak (*ruppa*) which serves both for covering and mattress. The herdsmen sell him milk and cheese, and he has nothing to fear from the officers of justice or the relatives of the deceased, unless when he is perhaps obliged to repair to the town for a fresh supply of ammunition.

About half a league from this *maquis* was situated the dwelling of Mateo Falcone. He was a wealthy man for

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that country, who lived genteelly, that is to say, idly, on the produce of his cattle, which the herdsmen, a sort of *nomads*, drove from place to place to pasture in the mountains. I saw him two years after the event which I am about to relate: his age could not then have exceeded fifty. Let the reader figure to himself a short but robust man, with curling coal-black hair, an aquiline nose, thin lips, large sparkling eyes, and a skin resembling brown leather. His dexterity in shooting was regarded as extraordinary, even in a country where there are so many excellent marksmen. Thus Mateo never fired at a mufion with shot, but would hit the animal at pleasure, either in the head or shoulder, with ball, at the distance of one hundred and twenty paces. At night he used his weapons with the same certainty as in the day time, and I was told the following story of him, which, to any one who has never been in Corsica, must appear incredible. A light was placed at the distance of eighty paces behind a transparent paper, about the size of an ordinary plate. He took aim: the light was extinguished, and, at the expiration of a minute, he, in complete darkness, hit the paper three times out of four.

Mateo Falcone could not fail to acquire high reputation by so uncommon a qualification. He had the character of being a faithful friend, but a not less dangerous enemy; for the rest, he was ready to do a kindness, liberal in bestowing alms, and lived in peace with every body in the vicinity of Porto Vecchio. It was, however, said that at Corte, from which place he had fetched his wife, he had got rid, in a very summary manner, of a rival, who was deemed as formidable in fair fight as in love, —at any rate, a ball, which dispatched the rival in question, while shaving himself at a little glass hanging before a window, was supposed to have been fired by Mateo. The matter was hushed up, and Mateo was married. Giuseppe had borne him three daughters in succession, which enraged him exceedingly; at length, she brought him a son, whom he called Fortunato, for he was the hope of his family, the heir of his name. His daughters were well married, and the father could reckon, in case of emergency, on the daggers and rifles of his sons-in-law. The boy was now ten years old, and displayed good parts.

One day in Autumn, Mateo went out early with his wife, to look at one

of his herds, in an open pasture ground in the *maquis*. Little Fortunato wished to go with them, but the distance was too great, and besides, it was necessary to leave some one to take care of the house; the father, therefore, refused to comply with his request.

Mateo had been gone some hours, and Fortunato was lying quietly in the sun, gazing on the blue hills and thinking of the next Sunday, when he was to go to the town and to dine with his uncle, the *caporale*,\* when he was startled by the report of a gun. He sprang up and turned toward the plain whence the sound proceeded; another shot followed, and several more in rapid succession, nearer and nearer, till at length he perceived a man in the path leading from the plain to Mateo's habitation. The stranger wore the pointed cap usual among the mountaineers, had a long beard, was covered with rags, and advanced with difficulty, supporting himself upon his gun.

This man was an outlaw, and in his nocturnal journey to the town, to buy powder, he had fallen into an ambuscade of the Corsican *voltigeurs*, a corps instituted a few years since, and which performs jointly with the *gendarmes* the duties of the police. After a vigorous resistance, he fled, closely pursued, but still firing, whenever opportunity offered, upon his foes. He was now but a little way before the soldiers, and so disabled by his wounds that they were sure to overtake him before he could reach the *maquis*.

He approached Fortunato. "Thou art Mateo Falcone's son?" said he.

"Yes!"

"And I am Gianetto Sangiero. The yellow-collars—[the *voltigeurs*, whose uniform is a brown coat with yellow collar]—are in pursuit of me. Hide me, I can go no further."

"And what will my father say, if I hide thee without his leave?"

"He will say thou hast done right."

"Who knows!"

"Hide me, quick! they are coming!"

"Wait till my father comes back."

"Wait! must I! *Maledetto!* In five minutes they will be here. Make haste, hide me, or I will murder thee!"

"Thou hast fired thy gun, and thou

\* This title is given to such persons as, from their property or connections, possess influence and enjoy a sort of magisterial importance in their *pieve* or district. The Corsicans divide themselves, according to ancient custom, into five castes: *gentiluomini* (some of whom are *magnifici*, and others *signori*) *caporali*, *cittadini*, *plebei*, and strangers.

"hast no more balls in thy pouch," replied Fortunato with great *sang-froid*.

"I have my stiletto."

"But I can beat thee in running"—and away he bounded.

"Thou art not Mateo Falcone's son, if thou surrest me to be taken before his door."

The boy appeared to be moved. "What wilt thou give me to hide thee?" said he, drawing nearer. The fugitive put his hand into a leathern pouch, which hung from his girdle, and drew out a five-franc piece, with which he had no doubt intended to buy powder. Fortunato smiled at the sight of the money, took it, and said to Gianetto: "Fear nothing!"

He immediately made a large excavation in a hay-rick, situated near the house. Gianetto crept in, and the boy covered him so cleverly, that nobody could have supposed there was a man concealed beneath the hay. He had also recourse to an artifice which, for a young savage, was happily conceived. He had a cat and kittens, and made them a bed on the hay, to give it the appearance of not having been touched for a long time. He observed some drops of blood on the path leading to the house; these he carefully covered with dust, and then lay down again with the utmost composure in the sunshine.

In a few minutes, six men in brown coats with yellow collars, headed by an adjutant, drew up before Mateo's door. This adjutant was distantly related to Falcone, and every body knows that in Corsica the degrees of consanguinity are reckoned to a greater distance than in any other country. Teodoro Gamba was an active man, and a terror to all who had incurred the penalties of the law, and several of whom he had secured.

"Good day, my pretty cousin," said he, addressing Fortunato—"why, how tall thou art grown!—Hast thou not seen a man pass by just now?"

"Oh! I am not by far so tall as you are, cousin," replied the boy with a simple look.

"Thou hast time enough to grow—But tell me, hast thou not seen a man pass this way?"

"Have I seen a man pass this way?"

"Yes, a man with a peaked goat-skin cap, and a red and yellow striped jacket?"

"A man with a peaked goat-skin cap and a red and yellow striped jacket?"

"Yes; answer me quickly, and don't repeat my questions."

"This morning I saw his reverence the *cure* ride past our door on his horse Piero. He asked me how my father did, and said——"

"Ha, rogue! Art thou making game of me? Tell me instantly which way Gianetto is gone, for he it is, whom we seek, and I am certain thou hast seen him."

"Can one see people when one is asleep?"

"Thou wast not asleep; the firing must have awakened thee."

"Do you suppose then, cousin, that your guns make so much noise?—My father's rifle makes a much louder."

"The devil fetch thee, cursed little scoundrel! I am certain thou hast seen Gianetto, nay, perhaps even concealed him. Come, come, comrades, let us search the house, and see whether the fellow is not in it. He could only hop on one leg, and the villain is too cunning to attempt to reach the *maquis* in that state—besides, the traces of blood cease here."

"And what will papa say?" asked Fortunato with a roguish smile, "when he hears that you have been rummaging his house while he was away?"

"Good-for-nothing cur," cried Gamba, laying hold of his ear; "dost thou not know that I could presently make thee sing to another tune? A sound thrashing would soon make thee answer."

Again Fortunato smiled. "Mateo Falcone is my father," said he, with emphasis.

"Dost thou know, imp, that I can take thee with me to Corte or Bastia, and cause thee to be thrown bound into a dungeon upon straw and guillotined, if thou wilt not tell me where Gianetto Sangiero is?"

The boy laughed aloud at this absurd threat. "Mateo Falcone is my father," he repeated.

"Adjutant," whispered a voltigeur, "let us not make an enemy of Mateo."

Gamba was evidently embarrassed. He spoke privately with the soldiers, who had already searched the whole house, which indeed did not take much time, for the house of a Corsican contains but a single square room, and the furniture consists of a table, which serves at the same time for a bed; a few benches, chests, household utensils, and implements of the chase. Little Fortunato meanwhile fondled his cat, and seemed to enjoy the disappointment of his cousin and the voltigeurs. A soldier went up to the hay-rick. He saw



the cat upon it, and carelessly thrust his bayonet into the rick, shrugging his shoulders, as though sensible that this precaution was quite unnecessary. Nothing stirred, and not the slightest change was visible in the countenance of the boy.

The adjutant and his men cursed and swore; their eyes were already directed earnestly towards the plain, as though they were about to return by the same way they had come, when the leader, convinced that threats would not produce any effect on Falcone's son, resolved to try what might be accomplished with fair words and presents.

"My young cousin," said he, "thou seemest to me to be fond of a joke; but thou art playing me a scurvy trick; and were I not afraid of paining my cousin Mateo, the devil fetch me if I would not take thee alone."

"Pooh!"

"But when my cousin comes back, I will tell him the story, and as a reward for thy lies, he will flog thee till the blood runs."

"O yes, I dare say."

"Only wait a little, thou wilt see—But, come now, be a good boy, and I will give thee something."

"And, cousin, I will tell you something—if you stay any longer, Gianetto will be in the *maquis*, and then it will take more than one such chap as you to fetch him out again."

The adjutant drew from his fob a silver watch, worth at least six crowns, and, when he saw the boy's sparkling eyes fixed upon, he held it out to him by the steel chain, saying: "There, Fortunato, such a watch as this thou mayest hang about thy neck if thou wilt, and strut with it like a peacock through the streets of Porto Vecchio, and, when the people ask what o'clock it is, say—'Here, look at my watch!'"

"When I grow big, my uncle, the *caporale*, will give me a watch."

"Yes, but his son has one already—indeed not such a handsome one as this—and he is not so old as thou art."

The boy sighed.—"Well, wilt thou have this watch, cousin?"

As he leered with one eye at the watch, Fortunato was like a cat to which you hold out a chicken. Aware that you are only teasing her, she does not venture to extend her paw, and, from time to time, turns away her eyes, lest she should yield to the temptation; but every moment she licks her chaps, and looks as if she would say to her master—"How cruelly you tantalize me!"

Gamba, however, appeared to be in earnest with the offer. Fortunato did not lay hold of the watch, but said, with a bitter smile: "Don't make game of me."

"By Heaven! I am not making game!—Tell me where is Gianetto, and the watch shall be thine."

An incredulous smile played upon Fortunato's lips, and his large black eyes strove to discover in the adjutant's countenance how far he might believe his words.

"May I lose my epaulette," cried the adjutant, "if I do not give thee the watch upon this condition. My comrades are witnesses, and I cannot retract my promise."

With these words he held the watch nearer and nearer, till at last it touched the boy's tanned cheek. In Fortunato's face was depicted the struggle between vehement desire and regard for the rights of hospitality which was taking place in his soul. His bare bosom heaved strongly, his breathing was hard—meanwhile the watch dangled before him. At length, he slowly raised his hand towards the shining bauble, the fresh cleaned case of which glistened in the sun; the ends of his fingers touched it; he felt its whole weight in his hand, but still the adjutant held it by the chain. The temptation was too strong. Fortunato lifted his left hand, and pointed with the thumb over his shoulder at the hay-rick, against which he was leaning back. The adjutant instantly comprehended his meaning. He loosed the end of the chain; Fortunato felt himself in sole possession of the watch; nimble as a fawn he sprang up and bounded to the distance of ten paces from the hay-rick, which the *voltigeurs* instantly fell to work to overturn.

It was not long before the hay began to move, and a bleeding man, grasping a dagger, was discovered; he attempted to rise, but sank down again. The adjutant fell upon him, and wrenched the stiletto from his hand. In spite of his resistance, he was immediately bound with strong cords.

As Gianetto lay thus upon the ground, he turned his head towards Fortunato, who had come nearer. "Scoundrel!" cried he, in a tone rather of contempt than anger. The boy threw to him the piece of money which Gianetto had given him, fully sensible that he had now no claim to it. The prisoner seemed to take no notice of this, but coolly said to the adjutant: "My dear Gamba, I cannot walk—you will have to carry me to the town."

"Just now," replied the cruel conqueror, "thou couldst outrun a deer: but be easy. I am so glad we have taken thee, that I could carry thee a league on my back without being tired. We will make a handbarrow for thee, comrade, out of branches of trees and thy cloak, and we shall find horses at Crespoli's farm."

"Good!" said the prisoner, "but put a little straw under, that I may lie more comfortably."

(*To be continued.*)

#### HEDGE FLOWERS IN NOVEMBER *For the Olio.*

I pluck you, blue Harebell and beautiful Broom,  
Not to rob of your radiance this season of gloom;  
But to spare your sweet faces the powerless smile,  
That pleads for one sunbeam your day to beguile,—  
For winter walks tow'rd's you, most delicate flowers,  
And his cohorts beleaguer your tapestried bow'rs.

There's the whirlwind!—ah, how ye shudder and quake,  
As he strips the last leaf from your guardian brake;  
When the zephyrs of golden eyed autumn are o'er,  
And the pale meadow rings with the hurricane's roar.

There's the rain!—not the beautiful crystalline show'rs,  
That fill'd with fresh odours the night closing flow'rs;  
But torrents ungenial in sullen despite,  
To fast fading greens giving canker and blight.

There's the tyrant of frost!—would your soft bosoms bear  
His mockery of icy-bright diamonds to wear,  
Ah no, in despondence would droop every bell,  
When he'd silenced the voice of your musical well.

Then come!—though to pluck you is evident death,  
You shall go where in peace you may yield up your breath;  
Where the rain never cankers, the winds never rave—

And the frost is unfit—I will find you a grave.  
For I'll bear you away to that coffer of mine,  
Where, smiling in gloom lingers many a line;  
Ballad essay and extract—a manifold troop,  
In their chilly confinement indignantly droop.

With them, pretty flow'rs, you shall pour the last sigh,  
And teach them contentment at least as you die;

When they burn to behold all their beauties unfur'd  
In the sunburst of fame, in the gaze of the world,—

Ah! tell them what graces you thought you possess'd,

And what noteless oblivion enmantled your breast;

Then since the world's favours are not to be theirs,

Give them joy that they're free from its insults and cares.

HORACE GUILFORD.

#### THE BEAUTIFUL.

*For the Olio.*

Who shall describe that which appears to different observers under different appearances? Who shall lay down rules, by which to distinguish that which is not distinguishable by any? Who shall define that which is undefinable? Who shall express upon paper the attributes of "the beautiful?"

A Chinese lady considers herself irresistibly charming, with her black teeth and deformed feet. An Indian squaw coquettes in the finery of a red handkerchief, a row of beads, or the varied carvings of the tattoo. Englishwomen have prided themselves upon their personal appearance, arrayed in all the pompous superfluity of hoops, high heeled shoes and patched faces.—Who shall call either of their tastes in question, or decide which of them has hit upon "the beautiful?"

Walk about town; visit the Zoological Gardens and the gallery of the Old Bailey—the theatre and the meeting-house—the ball-room and the cigar divan: survey the stocks of the hatter, tailor, haberdasher, milliner, shoemaker, &c.: observe the passers by—the gazers at the print-shops—the loungers at the confectioner's—the droppers-in at coffee-houses—the busblers along the streets:—and return, and consider well how many and how different must be the opinions in this town upon "the beautiful."

One man admires tall women—another short: one can conceive nothing more enchanting than a slender waist—with another, an *en bon point* carries away the apple: some choose fair damsels with blue eyes—others brunettes, with black ones: neatness attracts some—finery, others: prettiness charms that man—elegance this. In fine, it would be a melancholy thing for the fair sex, if all men were agreed upon "the beautiful."

What then are the characteristics of "the beautiful" in the softer sex? She should be in appearance engaging, and have an interesting, if not a handsome, countenance. She should be lively, without levity—serious without melancholy; joyful, without being excited to ecstasy—sad, without the listlessness of despair. Her heart should be the depository of the gentlest, yet the most fervid affection—her soul, exalted by the loftiest sense of honour and duty, yet capable of the softest exercise of pity and benevolence. Religion should be enshrined in her breast, as fragrance

is in the rose-bud; but the withering influence of superstition should be unable to wither it. She should be able to discern—and to *feel*—the difference between the pure glowing of the heart towards its beneficent creator, and the cold formalities which custom would substitute in its stead. In the day of prosperity, she should be conscious of the uncertainty of earthly happiness; and, with the heart to which she has linked her fate, she should encounter the blasts of adversity, not only without repining, but with cheerfulness. She should be a creature, breathing all the warmth of the most generous devotion—unable to reproach, unwilling to be offended, and cautious to avoid the possibility of giving offence,—should be, as woman was meant to be to man, a being allied in spirit to the angels, and feeling the passions of earth only, as it were, to divest them in him of their grossness, and to lead him, insensibly, to the disinterestedness and the purity of her own generous feelings.

"A pretty portrait," exclaims the reader, "but only a *belle idéal*."

Sayest thou so, most sapient critic? My *belle idéal* of "the beautiful" is my own nearest relative, and wears a gold ring on what the compilers of the Common Prayer Book call the *fourth* finger of her left hand!

R. JARMAN.

ON READING MR. T. S. MARTIN'S  
ROMANCE OF 'THIRSK CASTLE.'

To thee, Romance, I bade a cold adieu,  
For thou hadst led me from the world away;  
Amidst thy gorgeous pageantries to stray,  
And all thy fictitious follies to pursue:  
But when I hear thy witching voice so wild,  
Tell all the strife which shook my native vale,

And monkish Mowbray fills the warlike tale;  
With mourning Espec, and his fated child,  
Clothed in thy rich exuberance of tongue—  
Monastic splendour and baronial pride,  
The rich old abbey on the mountain's side;  
The tow'ring castle and its fortress strong,—  
Then oh, Romance, before thy charms I fall,  
My valediction and my oath recal!

G. Y. H—N.

THE BABINGTONS.

A TALE OF CHADSTOW.

For the *Olio*.

Continued from p. 269.

It was in the wide and pleasant apartment over the garden porch in the Pool-house, that the kind hostess was presiding over the morning meal. The bees were on the wing amidst the white and tinted blossoms of the apples, pears, and damascenes,—a vast clan of rooks who had built their citadels in a groupe of venerable birch-trees, were

darkening the blue sky with their clamorous squadrons,—and the Lake of Chadstow, with its snowy swans, was basking in the golden glitter of morning. The Lady Babington and Barbara sate together in a retired oriel at the further end of the apartment, in deep converse.

"Talk not to me, Barbara," said the Lady Joscelyne, "the Black Priest will be the downfall of his brother's house; my very heart recoils from him, when I think of his restless, plotting spirit, animated as it is by unextinguishable animosity towards my royal patrons. Then my husband so dotheth upon him, that even when Sir Oliver's sword was distinguished in the victories of the House of York, his first solicitude was for his unpriestly brother, who had been battling for the bloody Margaret, and the shame-faced Henry! These thinly-veiled discontents, too, of my fiery lord, what may I not fear from the direction this intriguing monk may give to them! And was ever the honor of an ancient house so compromised as ours by his betrayal of last night?"

"Soft, my lady," said Barbara, whose high and open spirit sometimes entrenched on courtesy, "if my late guardian stands committed in ought, he owes it to his own headstrong impulses, and those I join you in regarding with fearful anticipation. As for the monk's conduct yesternight—reflection makes me deem it the result of honest love towards your house;—doubtless we shall find that urgent danger was to be apprehended!"

"What danger?" haughtily interposed Joscelyne, "what danger so long as we are loyal? and what a method of proving our loyalty, to fly like hares from our hall, when every door should have been flung open—every closet lighted—and every coffer unlocked, to shame the eye of suspicion! By my faith, we deserve that the hare should *indeed* be the tenant of our roofless chambers and cold hearthstones! At all events," pursued the dame, with rising wrath, "Miss Barbara Somerville, whatever her prudence, whatever her rank, and however she may presume on her new born independence, to slight her too indulgent guardian, will do well to remember that a few months back she would not have dared to adventure yon imprudent vigil!"

The deep and magnificent oriel where this conversation took place was burnished with beautifully coloured glass, displaying the scriptural emblems of

the twelve tribes, and representations of the seasons, finely painted, and each occupying a single pane. Barbara laughed, and pointed to the emblem of Ephraim, an ass stooping between two burdens.

"Methinks," she said, "it were hard to expect a poor maiden to sustain a guardian's influence on the one hand, and bags of wealth on the other;—nor can we always," she added with provoking sarcasm, "expect to see the gay and buxom Spring, with her yellow scarf, and wreath of hyacinths, endued with the care and foresight which we reasonably expect from yon fur-mantled Winter, stooping over his brazier of faggots. You, lady, were at the vigil!"

Joscelyne coloured deeply, and was about to reply in anger, when the voice of the Dame Dyott, from the other end of the apartment, announced that the dejeuner waited. The sun had climbed high ere its stately ceremony concluded—Barbara was, once or twice, on the point of leaving the room, on some pretext, when to her mingled relief and alarm, an attendant entered, and announced to Lady Babington that the Sieur Vaucler waited below, and requested an immediate and private interview with his kinswoman.

Joscelyne arose, and with solemn excuse to Mistress Dyott, quitted the apartment. Barbary also arose, but with much less decorum; her agitated countenance and fluttered manner would have frightened any other than the good quiet dame; *as it was*, the hostess was not a little surprised when her guest, with hurried expressions of acknowledgment and apology, stated the necessity of her immediate departure for Whichnover, and darting from the room, left the old lady in the act of upsetting a silver tray of comfits, amidst mingled exclamations of regret, and calls to her servants to attend the Lady Barbara. The damsel, however, hastily assuming her hood and mantle, sped through the court, and was quickly by the lakeside, whither the disguised princess had preceded her. The steeds stood ready with two mounted servitors in the livery of Somerville, whom Father Paul had contrived to summon from Curborough, and the party were soon on their way to Whichnover.

Meanwhile, a prolonged and earnest conference was going on between Sir Gilbert Vaucler and Lady Babington, wherein he anxiously aggravated that lady's fears for her husband, at the same time that he artfully inflamed her dis-

like of the Black Priest; disclosing as much as he thought fit of their correspondence with the Earl of Oxford and the Archbishop of York—and the finished traitor added that her son Mark was inseparable from the restless Duke of Clarence, (with whom, indeed, he had been brought up,) and was suspected to be an abettor of his treasonable designs. Without we consider that Lady Babington, though a doting wife and an affectionate mother, was a courtier attached by private friendship to the reigning family, and moreover a woman of an imperious disposition, we can scarcely imagine how warmly she adopted the insidious views of Vaucler, or how bitterly her animosity was increased against her brother-in-law, whom she considered as the future obstacle between her family and the full sun-shine of the court. How far this feeling transported her, our story will unfold.

It was with some surprise, however much engrossed by other feelings, that Lady Babington, on taking leave of her hostess, heard of Barbara's precipitate return to Whichnover; to Vaucler, however, it was in some measure gratifying; his suspicions had already received support from the very means that the worthy priest had employed to baffle them, and it need not be told that Vaucler's keen eyes, if they had not detected the fugitive princess, had at least seen enough to satisfy him he had come on no vain search. This flight confirmed him, and his wily speculations thereon hurried him to the destruction he had richly laboured for others. His own views led him, however, carefully to conceal any hint of his suspicions from Lady Babington, who proceeded to Curborough under his escort.

The emissaries with their troops had returned towards Coventry, expressing themselves satisfied with the result of their investigation; but Sir Oliver's brow was clouded as he announced to his lady that missives had just arrived requiring her immediate presence at court, as lady in waiting to the queen; and by the same messengers it had been announced that Prince George of Clarence purposed accompanying Mark Babington to partake of the hospitality of Curborough.

At this intelligence Joscelyne's brow caught the clouds that shadowed Sir Oliver's countenance; but ere she departed for Coventry she had another private interview with Vaucler, in which it was resolved he should remain

at Curborough, to watch the movements of Clarence, and, if possible, to detach Mark Babington from his counsels. It may be seen that Sir Gilbert lacked not *these* motives to induce his acquiescence with Lady Babington's wishes.

The city of Coventry at this period well deserved her proud title, "THE CHAMBER OF PRINCES, AND THE SECRET ARBOUR OF QUEENS." Walls of enormous bulk, bristling up at intervals in huge towers, and embattled gateways, girdled with a graceful circumference of three miles, such an assemblage of stately churches and convents, picturesque mansions, blooming gardens, and clustered orchards, as was rarely to be seen, even in that period of chivalric and monastic ornament. The gorgeous cathedral and convent of the Benedictines, the vast church of St. Michael, with its peerless spire, the church of the Holy Trinity, the solid bulk of St. Mary's Hall, and the buildings of the abbatic and episcopal palaces stood grouped *in one splendid area* that occupied the platform of a hill, sloping softly to the river Sherborne, and soared to view without the slightest interference of any mean contiguous object,—an unrivalled picture of ecclesiastical and civil splendour. The priory surpassed all others in the county for amplitude of revenue and splendour, so that an old chronicler says, "As to its magnificence of embellishment, it was enriched with so much gold and silver, that the walls seemed too narrow to contain it."\*

In this stately city, then, King Edward the Fourth held his court at the period of this tale; and it was on a fine Spring morning that Lady Babington and her train entered the woody domains of Cheylesmore Hall, bordering on the southern walls of Coventry, and distinguished no less by its herds of deer, whose antlers and sur-antlers, crowns, palms, and croches, royals and sur-royals, would challenge the gallant Sherwood itself for branchy stateliness—than it was marked by its soft lawns of turf, or the gigantic dimensions of its ancient trees. These were now the precincts of the royal court; and from hence (after assuming her robes of ceremony, and partaking a hasty repast), Lady Babington repaired to the city. After a short pause at the Cheylesmore Gate, she passed on, attended by two waiting-women and four men-at-arms, to the Benedictine Minster, where the court was holding a solemn ceremony.

A few days ago, the Feast of St. George had been celebrated by the king with grand solemnities, in the St. Mary's Hall, and to-day the youthful Prince of Wales was to stand god-father to a child of the Mayor,—so anxious was Edward to conciliate the affections of the Coventry citizens, whom he had recently punished for their adherence to the Red Rose.

When Lady Babington passed under the great western gateway of the cathedral, the ceremony had commenced. There is a gorgeous and gloomy magnificence distributed over every part of a monkish temple, which we look for in vain among the coldly classic fanes of Athens or of Rome. Omitting the broad elevation of the towers, the canopies, the spires, the pinnacles, the array of royal and saintly images that clothe, like an arabesque pattern, the mighty minster, whose giant mould makes all this elaborate decoration resemble diminutive embroidery, the interior alone is absorbing in its splendour.

*To be continued.*

#### WOMAN A MYSTERY.

In the year 1798, when his Majesty's ship Juno was commissioned at Deptford by the late Capt. George Dundas, (brother to the late celebrated serjeant-surgeon to the king,) Lieut. S. P. Humphreys, who had just been appointed one of the lieutenants of that ship, was one day attending a working party on shore at the Dock-yard, when a fine-looking boy asked to be received on board, and if Lieut. H. had not selected any one to be his servant, he should be happy to fill that station. The lieutenant was at the time in want of a servant; the boy in a few days came on board, and was entered on the books amongst volunteers of the third class, and for some months filled the situation with great satisfaction to his master and all on board the Juno. At length an accident occurred to William, which obliged the poor lad to be sent to the hospital-ship at Sheerness; a splinter from the ladder of one of the hatchways had entered one of his ankles, and the wound not promising well, the surgeon deemed the removal necessary to speedy recovery. William got well of this misfortune, and was removed to the *convalescent* ship, on board of which were some Russian seamen, who had lately recovered from a contagious fever: from these men he caught the disease, and was sent back to the hospital ship, where he died. On

\* Guilielm, Malmshur.

the bed of death poor William sent for the surgeon, and communicated the following secret:—"When you see my master, tell him that I remembered his kindness to me to the last moment of my life," and uncovering the bosom, plainly discovered that the sailor boy was a woman!

The surgeon, who was afterwards removed to the Investigator, came on board the Juno to communicate these particulars; many officers now living can attest the truth of this. Capt. Patrick Campbell was at Sheerness at the time; he now commands the Britannia, and can vouch for the fact here related. Lieut. Humphreys is now an old post-captain of twenty-seven years standing, and declares most solemnly that he never for a moment suspected the circumstance; he was certainly kind to his servant, because the attention and assiduity of the servant merited all the master could do in return: of course Lieut. H. never would have permitted the poor girl to go to an hospital-ship amongst men, had she revealed the secret to him.

*United Serv. Jour.*

**CHEROCKEE\*:**  
AN AMERICAN TRADITION.  
Continued from p. 269.

UPON which, bidding them adieu, Cherockee hastily left them, and disappeared in the thickets of the wood. The settlers had in the mean time returned to their employments, and the settlement again assumed its wonted appearance; but it would be out of the course of things for prosperity to last for ever, and in this case there was no exception; for hardly had the people recovered from their former alarm, when they were again put in commotion by the appearance of an Indian messenger, sent by Cherockee, to inform Noah that a party of French intended to cross the mountains, and would most likely molest them if they arrived in safety. And therefore advised them to make preparations for the worst. The instant Noah received this intelligence, he sent Amidab to inform the governor and other settlers (who were by this time assembled in a crowd before the door of his hut) that the enemy intended to cross the mountains, and begged to know what measures he would adopt on the occasion.

The person to whom this message was sent was a strong-built man, rather past the prime of life, and below the

common size. He was more feared than respected by the settlers, who would most likely have chosen another had they been consulted; but he was not deficient in personal courage, though he wanted skill to direct it. The present emergency, however, prevented all disunion or expostulation. The orders he gave, to collect all the arms the village afforded, was promptly obeyed, and the people before sunset were busily at work making ramparts with earth and trunks of trees, which the woodsmen do with great facility. The next morning again smiled on them at work, and before the evening closed the village was well surrounded, and all seemed to be secure; only the cry of the night-hawk, and the whispers of the anxious villagers disturbed the solemnity of the woods. In the morning they resumed their preparations, they felled all the nearest trees, and arranged them in such a manner that the enemy could only approach by one way, at which the best marksmen were stationed. The rest were placed behind the ramparts to fire, if the enemy attempted to mount them. The day, however, was not destined to pass as the former, for towards noon the silent forest was disturbed by the bugles of the French, who soon made their appearance on the open area round the village, which had been made both to strengthen the fort and that the trees might afford no shelter. The leader of the French, however, was not a person to be easily daunted by appearances; he ordered his men to try the villagers' courage by a volley, which produced no other effect than a loud laugh, followed by a discharge in return, which brought down several of the enemy, and obliged them to retire for that time; but about midnight, the sentinel who was nearest the point where the enemy were bivouacing, fancied he heard the rustling of leaves as if moved by the force of a flock of deer, or a body of men coming slowly and with great caution through them. He again listened, and again hearing it, he thought it his duty, as their foes were so near, to alarm the men by the report of his gun, and he was not a moment too soon, for hardly had he drawn the trigger when he found himself wounded by an arrow in the shoulder, which was most likely aimed at his heart.

The besieged were now all in motion; the wood seemed alive with men, shouts arose from every quarter, but all lesser din was drowned in the noise

\* Fraser's Mag.

of the murderous rifles. The enemy rushed with great daring, close up to the ramparts, which they endeavoured to mount, but were repulsed with great loss by the determined valour of the defendants, among whom Amidab shone conspicuous, but was latterly slightly wounded; he had, however, the satisfaction, as he was being carried away, of seeing the enemy retreat in great disorder. If the conflict was bloody where he was, it was nothing in comparison, of the slaughter which took place at the avenue, which had been made in the trees, where the French captain himself led the assault; thrice was he driven backward, and yet he persevered so resolutely, that the besieged thought he would eventually gain it; but his bravery and the courage of his men were useless, for they were obliged to retire, leaving a high mound of their dead behind them, while the besieged had only seven killed and twelve wounded.

The darkness was now giving way to the rising sun, and as the shades disappeared, it was dreadful to behold the extent of the slaughter. The French, defeated and driven back, were actuated by the spirit of revenge, and, instead of admiring the valour of their enemies, became only eager to punish them. Having reposed themselves, instead of renewing the attack, they began to make banks to protect themselves from the shots of the English. In the mean time, Noah, seated by the side of his friend, was asked by him—

"What is it that disturbs you? are you likewise hurt?"

"No, Amidab, it is because all this bravery of our men is of no avail, for we must surrender for want of provisions."

"I hope not," replied Amidab, "for I should grudge to have received this wound in vain, or that so many gallant fellows should have lost their lives in vain; besides, I do not expect we shall receive quarter if we do surrender."

"That, too, is my opinion; and if the governor would be ruled by me, he would hold out as long as a man remained, for I think they have got a party of Indians with them, against whose nature it would be to give quarter; on the other hand if we hold out, we have nothing but starvation staring us in the face. I did propose to the commandant to send out a party who should make their way, if possible, through the enemy, and endeavour to obtain some provisions; but which he

rejected, as impracticable, and still he could propose nothing better. Now what is your opinion, shall we starve, surrender, or risk the lives of a few men? I offered to take the command, as I did not like to propose a scheme in which I would not risk myself."

"For my part," replied Amidab, "I think the governor should submit the case to a council, composed of the eldest and most experienced of the settlers; at the same time I regard the subject as one which will admit of no consideration whatever. We must not starve, and it is our duty not to surrender; therefore, in spite of my wound, I will go to the commandant, and prove to him the necessity of undertaking what you suggest." This he said with great earnestness and warmth.

"Be you still, and I will try him again," said Noah; and so saying, he quitted the hut, and hastened to the governor, whom he found at his door, sitting on the stump of a tree, disconsolately reading an old religious book.

*To be continued.*

#### COMMENTS OF A READER.—No. 2.

*For the Olio.*

##### THE SKETCH BOOK OF GEOFFREY CRAYON, GENT.

The force of his own merit makes his way.  
SHAKESPEARE.

GREAT were the difficulties, and almost insurmountable the prejudices, with which the writer of the Sketch Book had to contend, before he could bask in the cheerful sunshine of public approbation. As the native of a foreign shore—the rival of a sea-girt land, this candidate for literary laurels was naturally viewed with a somewhat jealous eye: he entered among us a stranger, and wrote of a country with which we should suppose him unacquainted, or rather incompetent to touch on those peculiar customs and manners which he has introduced. The subjects, also, of his selection are trite, common-place, and, on first sight, but little calculated either to interest or amuse. The work originally appeared at New York, in separate numbers, each containing four essays, and obtained a circulation and celebrity unknown in the literary annals of that great and kindred country. On their republication in England, Blackwood invited attention to this unassuming volume; otherwise it is pro-

bable Geoffrey Crayon would have passed unheeded among the million who are daily striving for the wreath of popularity. A copy of the second number was transmitted to the author of the wild and powerful novel of Caleb Williams; it was returned the next day, with a note, from which the following sentence is quoted: "I have great pleasure in giving my opinion of the essays you have sent me; each is entitled to an appropriate praise; taken throughout, it is a work which I scarcely know a living Englishman who could have written it. The essay entitled *Rural Life in England*, pleases me most." It is gratifying to see such sentiments elicited from one highly gifted child of genius to another, but they are sentiments in which every one must concur. The *matériel* of his sketches is remarkably slight; the narratives are far from wonderful; and the incidents trifling in the extreme. To what, then, must be attributed the pleasure, the delight which is experienced in their perusal? To the beautiful simplicity, the graceful ease, the exquisite pathos in which they are introduced. The *Bride of the Village*, a tale of loveliness and feeling may challenge competition with any thing of the kind in the English language. In his sketches of character he is peculiarly happy—we recognize in them the writer of nature and truth. They may be said to be hit off rather than written—they bring our feelings, our thoughts, our daily experience close under view. Few can peruse without emotion the other gems that sparkle in the volume—who has risen without offering a tear to the shrine of maternal feeling, after reading the *Widow and her Son*?—who has not chuckled over the misfortunes of *Rip Van Winkle*—commiserated the unhappy fate of *Ichabod*, the schoolmaster—laughed at the merry sprees of *Brom Van Brunt*—glowed at the noble traits of heroism displayed by the aboriginal Indians—and finally, closed the volume an improved and better man? As the book has been long before the public, and its merits having been duly appreciated, I shall decline producing quotations; suffice it to observe, in conclusion, that a foreigner has effected more towards enriching the literature of the land of his forefathers than any native writer during the last half century.

H. INCE.

### Notices of New Books.

*Narrative of the French Revolution in 1830; accompanied by State Papers and Documents.* 12mo, pp. 401. Paris, Galignani, and R. T. Kennett, London.

We are given to understand that this account of the late memorable struggles of the French people, and their resistance to the tyrannical and oppressive acts of Charles the Tenth, and his weak and pusillanimous ministers, which took place on the miraculous 26th, 27th, and 28th of July last, is by the *Rév. C. C. Colton*, the author of that clever performance, "*Lacon, or Many Things in Few Words*."—In all ages, the rising of a nation in defence of their liberties, against arbitrary and despotic power, has formed a bright page in history; and, perhaps, the events here so satisfactorily, so ably, and so impartially narrated by an author too well known to need eulogy from us, may be pronounced the brightest. It would be a work of supererogation, at this late period, to attempt to analyze the volume; nevertheless, we cannot refrain from recording in our columns a string of anecdotes, which portray the glorious devotion of a people to a just cause—their invincible courage and magnanimity. As distinguishing traits of national character they are valuable, and did they not breathe a love of freedom, we should on that account give them a place here.

"A circumstance but little known, and which proves that for some time the ministry took its measures for the *coup d'état* which ruined them as well as their master, is, that towards the end of June, while a party of the old *Body Guards* were at dinner at *St. Cloud*, it was announced, that their pay would be increased by 200fr. from the first of July. One of the company exclaimed, 'The hour for striking the blow has at last arrived—our pay is raised.'

"At the commencement of the popular ebullition on Monday, the 26th, the *Palais Royal* was thronged by men mounted upon chairs, surrounded by dense groups of listeners, who were attentively hearing the obnoxious Ordinances read to them. A gendarme, in the act of dismounting one of these orators, exclaimed 'Get about your business—you are sowing discord among the people.' The individual, holding up the Ordinance to the view of the man in office, replied, 'I am only blowing the trumpet—if you



dislike the notes, settle the matter with those who composed the music.'

"When the people were occupied in breaking the lamps, a bourgeois, thrusting his head out of a neighbouring window, called out, 'Halloa there! what in the name of heaven are you all about?' Some one replied from the crowd, 'We are putting the capital in darkness in order to *enlighten* the Court.' At the same period, a man was in the act of throwing at that placed under the gateway of the house occupied by the Marquis de Pastoret before he became Chancellor, when one of his associates said, 'Stop, let us leave that; it belongs to a house where bread is distributed to the poor throughout the winter.' The lamp was left untouched.

"During the evening of Tuesday, while the performance of *Leocadie* was going on at the Comic Opera (for the Theatres were not closed, though the contrary has been asserted), a man entered, and exclaimed with a loud voice, 'They are firing upon our brothers in the streets.' The theatre was immediately deserted by the whole of the audience.

"On Wednesday morning, a hundred young men, headed by M. Petit-Jean, of the Parisian bar, together with some students and printers, forced the door leading to the towers of Notre Dame, mounted their heights, and threw down the white flag into the square, where it was torn into a thousand pieces. A collection was made by these spirited young citizens to buy the national colours, and in a few minutes two superb flags were made at a milliner's in the neighbourhood. One was displayed upon the tower in place of its former occupant, and the other over the clock, amid the acclamations of the spectators, who greeted them with repeated shouts.

"In the course of Wednesday, Messrs. Gauja, responsible director of the *National*, and Arrago, director of the *Vau-deville*, proceeded to the Faubourg St. Germain, for the purpose of assisting in the glorious struggle, followed by a multitude, loudly demanding arms.—Having forced admission to the shop of a gunsmith, these gentlemen engaged by their signatures to pay the proprietor the sum of 1800 francs, the amount at which he estimated the arms contained in his shop, and immediately distributed to the brave fellows who had accompanied them the muskets, pistols, &c. found on the premises. Such acts are worthy of being recorded; it is not the first time that M. Gauja has made a sacrifice in the cause of liberty.

"The ex-gendarmerie in general distinguished themselves by their hostility against the people. Justice demands our notice of an exception to this rule. One of this body of men, having put on the uniform of the National Guard, fought for six hours in the neighbourhood of the Porte Saint Martin, where eleven of the Royal Guard fell from the precision of his aim. Being offered wine or brandy as a refreshment, he refused it, saying, 'A true Frenchman fights best fasting. He is more calm and cool.' He was so fortunate as to escape unwounded.

"A labourer, working under a burning sun on one of the barricades, in the Rue Faubourg Montmartre, was asked to refresh himself with meat and wine at the ambulance, established by Dr. Samuel. 'No, Sir,' replied the poor fellow, 'my brother was killed yesterday under the pillars of Les Halles, and I have sworn to eat nothing but bread, and drink nothing but water, until I have had my revenge.'

"A servant named Jules earned a civic crown, by saving the life of a citizen. A soldier of the Garde Royale being surrounded by the people in the height of their fury, would have fallen beneath their vengeance, when this brave fellow, who had fought the royal troops the whole day with the greatest courage, threw himself into the arms of the soldier, exclaiming, 'He is my brother! you shall do him no injury.'—He was a stranger to him!

"M. Alexandre Lefebvre, who commanded the post established in the Rue des Martyrs, discovered among his party a young woman in male attire, armed with a sword and a brace of pistols. He endeavoured to impress upon her the danger to which she was exposed. She replied—'I have no children: there is my husband, into whose feelings I enter; I am close to him, and will die with him if necessary.'

"The keeper of a wine-shop, in the Rue des Canettes, received a ball, which, passing through his breast, lodged near his shoulder. When it was extracted, he took up the ball, and kissing it, said, 'Carry it to my wife, and tell her that I die for my dear country.' In an hour after his prognostic was verified.

"The Princess de Polignac arrived on Wednesday morning at Versailles, on her return from her country-seat at Millemont. Her carriage was stopped, and a workman, approaching the door, said to her, pointing to the people in arms, 'See to what a state your husband

has brought us ; but never mind, go on ; we will not revenge ourselves on women."—The carriage proceeded without further obstacle.

"During the attack on the Hotel de Ville, when the banks of the Seine echoed with discharges of cannon and musketry, an elderly humorist was seen with great tranquillity fishing near the baths of Vigier. On being advised to relinquish his sport on that day at least, he coolly remarked, 'They are making such a cursed noise yonder, that the very fish are frightened ; I have not had a bite these two hours !'"

With the above extracts from this very valuable addition to the annals of France, we take our leave of Mr. Colton's well written volume.

*The Gem ; a Literary Annual for 1831.*  
London : Marshall, Holborn Bars.  
pp. 276.

The Annuals are upon us ere our editorial pen is pointed for its task ; and we are suddenly called upon to prepare for the potent office of passing opinions on their endearing contents, ere the tardy Ceres of 1830 has gathered in her sheaves. So hasty a reprisal, however, is quite compensated for by its agreeableness ; and at the call we cheerfully postpone our immediate inspection of "new works,"—the turning over the leaves of the "National Library,"—the weary communings with the pages of the 'Cabinet Cyclopædia,'—the drudging search for lighter matter in the columns of our magazines,—to bid a hearty welcome to the lyre and the graver.

Temptingly arrayed in its robe of silk and gold, "The Gem" is the first of the London Annuals to make its appearance ; and truly its priority of publicity would seem to be accompanied by priority of interest. Amongst a host of contributors, we recognize "the old familiar faces" of Bernard Barton, the Rev. T. Dale, T. K. Hervey, Dr. Bowring, Archdeacon Wrangham, W. M. Praed, John Malcolm, and Miss Mitford. Other contributors are : Sir Aubrey de Vere, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, the author of "The Castilian," John Carne, Esq., the author of "May You Like It," and William and Mary Howitt. The tales are all original, and most of them excellent. Of the "Brother's Revenge," we are enabled to speak commendably, it is a finely conceived and nervously written narrative. "The Bleeding Hand" is likewise excellent," as is also "The Bloodhound."

Of the poetry we may say that it is as good, on the average, as that of any preceding year. Mrs. Norton's pieces are energetic and apposite. Mr. Praed we have seen to better advantage ; as also Dr. Bowring. T. K. Hervey, whose muse, we opine, never imbibes the poppy potion of dulness, is as charming as ever. But we must despatch, for the engravings await the fiat of our criticism. *Vide under the head Fine Arts.* Take, then, complaisant reader, its shortness constituting its eligibility for insertion,—

#### THE OPENING OF THE TOMB OF CHARLEMAGNE.

*By Sir Aubrey de Vere, Bart.*

Amid the torch-lit gloom of Auchen's\* aisle  
Stood Otho, Germany's imperial lord,  
Regarding, with a melancholy smile,  
A simple stone, where, fitly to record  
A world of action by a single word,  
Was graven "Carlo-Magno." Regal style  
Was needed none: that name such thoughts  
restored  
As sadden, yet make nobler men the while.  
They roll'd the marble back—with sudden gasp  
A moment o'er the vault the Kaiser bent,  
Where still a mortal monarch seem'd to  
reign :  
Crown'd on his throne, a sceptre in his grasp,  
Perfect in each gigantic lineament—  
Otho look'd face to face on Charlemagne.

We trace, on reverting to the prose, the elegant pen of T. Roscoe, Esq. The author of "May You Like It," has a "Fragment from the Story of Lady Russell," of enchainning interest ; and, altogether, the prosaic portion is worthy of the high character this Annual has hitherto sustained.

We have said enough to convince the readers of "The Olio" of our "golden opinions of "The Gem for 1831." The editor (the son, we believe, of a late dissenting minister, eminent for his literary attainments,) has got up a delightful book, worthy of the highest praise, and we have little doubt but that his tasteful efforts will receive patronage commensurate with their rich deserving.

#### *Fine Arts.*

#### *Illustrations of the Gem for 1831.*

Having in the foregoing article considered the literary contents of "The Gem," we shall now proceed to notice the quality of its pictorial embellishments, which, upon the whole, are of a high order, and deserving of much commendation. To begin with the beginning,—we commence with "Vittoria Colonna," painted by Colin,

\* Aix-la-Chapelle.

and transferred by Greatbach, an engraving of great beauty and clearness, which will be treasured up in a thousand portfolios. Mr. Croly should have written the illustrative verses: we know of no other poet who could impart so much sweetness to such a task. Proceeding on, we arrive at "The Bloodhound," by Cooper, an artist who ranks deservedly high as an animal painter. His quadrupeds are always vigorous and natural, but in his figures there is frequently a straining after effect, which effectually mars the composition; this is exactly the case in "The Bloodhound," — the animal is finely given, but the figures are most unnatural; witness the black boy stealing out of the apartment in the background; it is ludicrous in the extreme. The "Bothwell Brigg," of the same, engraved by H. Rolls, is far better; in this design there is less effort, and consequently more nature. The *melée* here portrayed is well conceived; the horses are full of animation, and the riders are no less so. The "Standard Bearer," another by this master, is most happy — the position of the prostrate animal is one of great difficulty, accomplished with the utmost ease; the overthrown rider is also very effective, his situation is one of extreme peril, and the warrior's countenance indicates that he is fully aware of it. There is a stiffness about the figure "Lady Russell writing to her Husband, the evening before his Execution," which we deprecate. Save the presence of the embroidered handkerchief, there is nothing to indicate that sorrow which should characterize such a scene and such a season. The plate is really unworthy the subject. — Of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence's "Portrait of a Boy," by Thomson, we cannot speak too highly; it is a lovely subject, sweetly handled; the period of happy innocence here depicted cannot be excelled; exquisite taste, delicacy, and feeling mark every feature. This portrait is the gem of the book. The "Young Crab Catchers," by Collins, is a pretty plate. Hilton's "Cupid and Nymph," by Engleheart, is superb, nothing can be finer; it is chaste in design and most happy in execution: we pronounce it second best. "Evening," by Creswick, is an exceedingly clever composition; it reminds us strongly of Claude's sublime efforts. Had the engraver exercised a little more freedom, it would have been perfect, as it now stands, parts of it are harsh and stiff, especially the figures in the foreground.

"Mars Disarmed," is a subject that pleases us vastly; it is classically and skilfully treated. The god of discord is here served as we would have him ever; he is robbed of his sword by a winged cherub, who laughs to scorn his entreaties to have it restored. "Hope and Love," by the same painter, is also deserving of great praise; the air and attitude of "Young Love" is most bewitching, nor is Hope, contemplating the features of the smiling boy less graceful. The two plates are engraved by Warren and Goodyear, who have both felt the importance of the task entrusted to them; they have done their best. The last illustration, "*La Tour du Marche*," drawn by poor Bonnington, and engraved by W. J. Cooke, is a busy scene, but we have seen subjects that we liked better. Altogether, we consider the graphic department of this volume equal, if not superior, to any that has preceded it.

### Illustrations of History.

#### A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE COMPASS.

The author of the *Annals of Commerce* recites a curious use to which crows, and probably many other birds, (indeed, we read of Noah's dove), were put when navigation was in its earliest infancy. "Amgrim Johas tells us that when Flok, a famous Norwegian navigator, was going to set out from Shetland for Iceland, then called Gardars-holm, he took on board some crows, because the Mariner's Compass was not yet in use. When he thought he had made a considerable progress, he threw up one of his crows, which, seeing land astern, flew to it; whence Flok, concluding that he was nearer to Shetland (perhaps than Feroe) than other land, kept on his course for some time, and then sent out another crow, which seeing no land at all, returned to the vessel. At last, having run the greatest part of his way, a third crow was sent out, which, seeing land a-head, immediately flew for it, and Flok, following his guide, fell in with the east end of the island. Such was the simple mode of *steering* their course practised by these bold navigators of the stormy northern ocean. The ancient natives of Taprobane (Ceylon) used the same expedient when skimming along the tranquil surface of the Indian ocean."

### The Nute Book.

SHREW BREAD,  
Called in Hebrew, *Bread of Faces*, or of *Presence*, because they were to be set before the face, or in the divine presence continually. Every cake was made square, and so had, as it were, many faces. The length of each cake was ten hand-breadths; the breadth five hand-breadths; and seven fingers in height. Shew-bread is also called the *Proposition of Bread*, or of cakes, of which twelve were made weekly of fine flour, with pure incense, and exhibited in public ceremony. The custom of leaving loaves to be distributed among the poor belonging to the parish and exhibiting them every Sunday in the church, may have arisen from the *shew-bread*. It is a wholesome one, too, which, though it is now rarely increased by present givers, will be held in lasting remembrance by those who have, from time to time, eaten the sweet morsel.

PANIS.

### AN EXTRAORDINARY PIECE OF ORDINANCE.

The Flemings, in 1382, possessed a most dreadful piece of ordinance:—It was, says that king of chroniclers, Froissart, *fifty* feet long, and threw wonderfully large stones. Its report was heard *five leagues* by day, and *ten* by night; and its noise was so immense, that one would have thought that all the devils in hell had a share in it.

### PRICE OF PROVISIONS.

In the year 1073, we read, that the rates which purveyors appointed by the king to levy provision, for his court or army excepted, were

Bread for 100 men, 1s.  
One pasture fed ox, 1s.  
One ram or sheep, 4d.  
Provender for 20 horses, 4d.

The year 1125 was a dear time in England,—wheat was then sold for six shillings the quarter.

### CURIOUS NOTICES.

The following laconic but significant notice appeared in a provincial paper a few years ago:—"I give notice to one and all, hunting, shooting, or trespassing on any of my lands in the parish of Hearn,—let *every one* and *their friends* hunt on their own lands.

"RICHARD HILDER."

Lately on a board in the vicarage of Middleton, in Lancashire, appeared

the following emphatic and peremptory caution:—"Whoever is found trespassing on these grounds will be *shot dead* without further notice."

### Anecdotalia.

#### MRS. BILLINGTON.

On the 6th of February, Mrs. Billington first appeared in the part of Rosetta, in the opera of *Love in a Village*. \* \* Amongst the fashionables present that evening was Mr. Jekyl, the witty barrister, who had with him a gentleman from the country. When the curtain rose and discovered Rosetta and Lucinda, in the first scene, the applause being great, Mrs. Billington, who had prodigiously increased in bulk, curtsied to the audience, on which the country gentleman said to his friend,—*"Is that Rosetta?"*—"No, sir," replied Mr. Jekyl; "it is not Rosetta, it is Grand Cairo."

#### DR. ARNE'S DEATH.

The manner of Dr. Arne's death was very singular. The day after his decease his intimate friend, Vernon, the favourite singing actor at Drury Lane Theatre, came into the music room, and in my presence described it as follows: "I was talking on the subject of music with the doctor, who suffered much from exhaustion, when, in attempting to illustrate what he had advanced, he in a very feeble and tremulous voice sung part of an air, during which he became progressively more faint, until he breathed his last! making, as our immortal Shakspeare expresses it, 'a swan-like end, fading in music.'"

#### A JARVEY'S JOKE.

One of the Paddington coachmen seeing an undertaker, the other day, carrying an oaken coffin on his shoulders, called out to a brother whip,—*"I say, Jam! there's your new box-coat going home!"*

#### EPIGRAM.

While the French by their acts make each nation a brother,  
Our statesmen are busied in blaming each other;  
Two changes at present might better our lot,  
If the king could but see—or the people could not.

#### ON A MELANCHOLY AND PIOUS LADY.

Biblis does solitude admire—  
A wondrous lover of the dark;  
Each night puts out her chamber fire,  
But just keeps in a *single spark!*

Till four she keeps herself alive,  
Warm'd by her piety, no doubt;  
Then, tired with kneeling, just at five  
She sighs—and lets that spark go out,

## Diary and Chronology.

Tuesday, October 19.

*St. Ethwin Abbot.—Sun rises 47m after 6—sets 12m after 5.*

October 19, 1733.—Died the distinguished painter, Sir Godfrey Kneller, who had the remarkable honour of drawing ten crowned heads; four Kings of England, and three Queens; Peter the Great; Charles III. of Spain, when he was in England; and Louis XIV.

Wednesday, October 20.

*St. Artemius.—High Water 43m after 3 Morning—4m after 4 Afternoon.*

Our saint was accused by the idolaters in Egypt of having demolished their temples and broke down their idols. The Emperor Julian summoned him to appear before him at Antioch in 362, and upon this indictment condemned him to be beheaded in that city, about June, in 362.

October 20, 1761.—On this day the Duke of Norfolk's fine seat at Worksop Manor, Nottinghamshire, was burnt down. The damage was computed at £100,000. It was first discovered in a closet near the library, that had been newly washed, burning with violence, and, notwithstanding the assistance of several neighbouring gentlemen, and of the inhabitants of the adjacent villages, it could not be extinguished. The engine had little or no effect, as the building was principally of lime-stone. The chapel, with some part of the east wing, was all that remained of this venerable seat. The library and picture-gallery were entirely consumed; and the magnificent furniture, especially a rich bed of needle-work, of which the hangings only were saved, suffered by this dreadful conflagration. One man lost his life in the ruins, and another was much injured. When the Duke received the sad account, he said, "God's will be done," and the Duchess, "How many besides us are sufferers by the like calamity." Upwards of £12,000 had yearly been paid to workmen constantly employed about this magnificent mansion.

Thursday, October 21.

*St. Hilarius, Instructor of the Monastic State in the East.*

October 21, 1771.—Expired in the neighbourhood of Leghorn, Tobias Smollett, the celebrated novelist and historian. This gentleman, who was educated as a surgeon at Glasgow, supported himself more by his pen than his profession. Besides the numerous performances printed as his works, he was engaged in many speculations of the booksellers, and wrote various articles in the periodicals of the day. He was also the founder of the "Critical Review," which he conducted for several years with a spirit then new in the annals of criticism. Smollett was of a disposition humane and generous, and was apt, like Goldsmith, to assist the unfortunate beyond what his circumstances could justify. He possessed a versatility of style in writing, which he could accommodate to every character. He had no supineness in his conduct; he could neither stoop to impose on credulity, or humour caprice. He was of an intrepid, independent, imprudent disposition, equally incapable of deceit and adulation, and more disposed to cultivate the acquaintance of those he could serve, than of those who could serve him.

Friday, October 22.

*St. Donatus, Bishop of Fiesoli, A.D. 516.—Sun rises 52m after 6—sets 7m after 5.*

October 22, 1791.—A dreadful storm of thunder and lightning happened at Tonbridge Wells; Speldhurst Church was set on fire by the lightning, and burnt to ashes; the bells were melted by the electric fluid. The same storm did great damage at Rainham, in Kent, and at Ipswich in Suffolk.

Saturday, October 23.

*St. Severin, Abp. of Cologne, A.D. 400.—High Water 36m after 5 Morn—57m after 5 After.*

October 23, 1685.—The famous Edict of Nantz was revoked. It was published in 1598, by Henry IV. to secure to his old friends the Protestants the free exercise of their religion. The impolitic and unjust revocation of it by Louis XIV., with the subsequent brutal and inhuman dragging of the Protestants, obliged them to take shelter in England, Holland, and different parts of Germany, where they established the silk and other manufactures to the great prejudice of their own country.

Sunday, October 24.

TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

*Lessons for the Day—3 chapter Joel, morning—6 chapter Micah, Even.*

*St. Maglione, Bishop and Confessor, A.D. 575.—Moon's First Quarter, 20m after 10 Even.*

October 24, 1785.—On this day, a violent hurricane desolated the island of Jamaica; it continued during the greater part of the night; the damage done was immense.

Monday, October 25.

*St. Crispin and Crispianus, mar. A.D. 308.—Sun rises 58m after 6—sets 1m after 5.*

October 25, 1815.—The cathedral of Waterford, in Ireland, was this day discovered to be on fire, and before it could be extinguished, the whole of the interior of that beautiful edifice, with the organ, &c. was destroyed.

Tuesday, October 26.

*High Water 31m after 8 Morn—12m after 9 Afternoon.*

October 26, 1764.—Expired William Hogarth, a painter justly celebrated for his originality and genius. It may be said of this great artist that all his powers of delighting were restrained to his pencil. Having been rarely admitted into polite circles, none of his asperities had been rubbed off by civil intercourse. The slightest contradiction transported him into a passion; and he had a ridiculous portion of vanity: yet he was honest, liberal, and a most punctual pay-master. He died at his house in Leicester-fields, and his remains were interred in Chiswick churchyard, where the following epitaph by Garrick speaks his qualities:—

*Hogarth's Epitaph.*

FAREWELL, great painter of mankind,  
Who reached the noblest point of art;  
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,  
And through the eye correct the heart!

If Genius fire thee, reader, stay;  
If Nature touch thee, drop a tear;  
If neither move thee, turn away,  
For HOGARTH'S honoured dust lies here.



See page 291

## Illustrated Article.

### THE INDIAN'S CURSE.

THE rocky county of Stafford, New Hampshire, is remarkable for its wild and broken scenery. Ranges of hills towering one above another, as if eager to look upon the beautiful country, which afar off lies sleeping in the embrace of heaven; precipices, from which the young eagles take their flight to the sun; dells rugged and tangled as the dominions of Roderick Vich Alpine, and ravines dark and deep enough for the death scene of a bandit, form the magnificent characteristics of this picturesque region.

A high precipice, called Chocorua's Cliff, is rendered peculiarly interesting by a legend which tradition has scarcely saved from utter oblivion. Had it been in Scotland, perhaps the genius of Sir Walter would have hallowed it, and Americans would have crowded there to kindle fancy on the altar of memory. Being in the midst of our own romantic scenery, it is little known, and less

visited; for the vicinity is as yet untraversed by rail-roads or canals, and no 'Mountain House,' perched on these tremendous battlements, allures the traveller hither to mock the majesty of nature with the insipidities of fashion.

In olden time, when Goffe and Whalley passed for wizzards and mountain spirits among the superstitious, the vicinity of the spot we have been describing was occupied by a very small colony, which, either from discontent or enterprise, had retired into this remote part of New Hampshire. Most of them were ordinary men, led to this independent mode of life from an impatience of restraint, which as frequently accompanies vulgar obstinacy as generous pride. But there was one master spirit among them, who was capable of a higher destiny than he ever fulfilled. The consciousness of this had stamped something of proud humility on the face of Cornelius Campbell; something of a haughty spirit strongly curbed by circumstances he could not control, and at which he scorned to murmur. He assumed no superiority; but uncon-

sciously he threw around him the spell of intellect, and his companions felt, they knew not why, that he was 'among them, but not of them.' His stature was gigantic, and he had the bold, quick tread of one who had wandered frequently and fearlessly among the terrible hiding-places of nature. His voice was harsh, but his whole countenance possessed singular capabilities for tenderness of expression; and sometimes, under the gentle influence of domestic excitement, his hard features would be rapidly lighted up, seeming like the sunshine flying over the shaded fields in an April day.

His companion was one peculiarly calculated to excite and retain the deep, strong energies of manly love. She had possessed extraordinary beauty; and had, in the full maturity of an excellent judgment, relinquished several splendid alliances, and incurred her father's displeasure, for the sake of Cornelius Campbell. Had political circumstances proved favorable, his talents and ambition would unquestionably have worked out a path to emolument and fame; but he had been a zealous and active enemy of the Stuarts, and the restoration of Charles the Second was the death-warrant of his hopes. Immediate flight became necessary, and America was the chosen place of refuge. His adherence to Crowwell's party was not occasioned by religious sympathy, but by political views, too liberal and philosophical for the state of the people; therefore Cornelius Campbell was no favourite with our forefathers, and being of a proud nature, he withdrew with his family to the solitary place we have mentioned.

It seemed a hard fate for one who had from childhood been accustomed to indulgence and admiration, yet Mrs. Campbell enjoyed more than she had done in her day of splendour; so much deeper are the sources of happiness than those of gaiety. Even her face had suffered little from time and hardship. The bloom on her cheek, which in youth had been like the sweet-pea blossom, that most feminine of all flowers, had, it is true, somewhat faded; but her rich, intellectual expression, did but receive additional majesty from years; and the exercise of quiet domestic love, which, where it is suffered to exist, always deepens and brightens with time, had given a bland and placid expression, which might well have atoned for the absence of more striking beauty. To such a

woman as Caroline Campbell, of what use would have been some modern doctrines of equality and independence!

With a mind sufficiently cultivated to appreciate and enjoy her husband's intellectual energies, she had a heart that could not have found another home. The bird will drop into its nest though the treasures of earth and sky are open. To have proved marriage a tyranny, and the cares of domestic life a thralldom, would have affected Caroline Campbell as little, as to be told that the pure, sweet atmosphere she breathed, was pressing upon her so many pounds to every square inch? Over such a heart, and such a soul, external circumstances have little power; all worldly interest was concentrated in her husband and babes, and her spirit was satisfied with that inexhaustible fountain of joy which nature gives, and God has blessed.

A very small settlement, in such a remote place, was of course subject to inconvenience and occasional suffering. From the Indians they received neither favour or insult. No cause of quarrel had ever arisen; and although their frequent visits were sometimes troublesome, they never had given indications of jealousy or malice. Chocorua was a prophet among them, and as such an object of peculiar respect. He had a mind which education and motive would have nerved with giant strength; but growing up in savage freedom, it wasted itself in dark, fierce, ungovernable passions. There was something fearful in the quiet haughtiness of his lip—it seemed so like slumbering power, too proud to be lightly roused, and too implacable to sleep again. In his small, black, fiery eye, expression lay coiled up like a beautiful snake. The white people knew that his hatred would be terrible; but they had never provoked it, and even the children became too much accustomed to him to fear him.

Chocorua had a son, about nine or ten years old, to whom Caroline Campbell had occasionally made such gaudy presents as were likely to attract his savage fancy. This won the child's affections, so that he became a familiar visitant, almost an inmate of their dwelling; and being unrestrained by the courtesies of civilized life, he would inspect every thing which came in his way. Some poison, prepared for a mischievous fox, which had long troubled the little settlement, was discovered and drunk by the Indian boy; and he went

home to his father to sicken and die. From that moment jealousy and hatred took possession of Chocorua's soul. He never told his suspicions—he brooded over them in secret, to nourish the deadly revenge he contemplated against Cornelius Campbell.

The story of Indian animosity is always the same. Cornelius Campbell left his hut for the fields early one bright, balmy morning in June. Still a lover, though ten years a husband, his last look was turned towards his wife, answering her parting smile—his last action a kiss for each of his children. When he returned to dinner, they were dead—all dead! and their disfigured bodies too cruelly showed that an Indian's hand had done the work!

In such a mind grief, like all other emotions, was tempestuous. Home had been to him the only verdant spot in the wide desert of life. In his wife and children he had garnered up all his heart; and now they were torn from him, the remembrance of their love clung to him like the death-grapple of a drowning man, sinking him down, down, into darkness and death. This was followed by a calm a thousand times more terrible—the creeping agony of despair, that brings with it no power of resistance.

'It was as if the dead could feel  
The icy worm around him steal.'

Such, for many days, was the state of Cornelius Campbell. Those who knew and revered him, feared that the spark of reason was for ever extinguished. But it rekindled again, and with it came a wild, demoniac spirit of revenge. The death-groan of Chocorua would make him smile in his dreams; and when he waked, death seemed too pitiful a vengeance for the anguish that was eating into his very soul.

Chocorua's brethren were absent on a hunting expedition at the time he committed the murder; and those who watched his movements observed that he frequently climbed the high precipice which afterwards took his name, probably looking for indications of their return.

Here Cornelius Campbell resolved to effect his deadly purpose. A party was formed under his guidance, to cut off all chance of retreat, and the dark-minded prophet was to be hunted like a wild-beast to his lair.

The morning's sun had just cleared away the fogs, when Chocorua started at a loud voice from beneath the precipice, commanding him to throw him-

self into the deep abyss below. He knew the voice of his enemy, and replied with an Indian's calmness. 'The Great Spirit gave life to Chocorua; and Chocorua will not throw it away at the command of a white man.'—'Then hear the Great Spirit speak in the white man's thunder!' exclaimed Cornelius Campbell, as he pointed his gun to the precipice. Chocorua, though fierce and fearless as a panther, had never overcome his dread of fire-arms. He placed his hand upon his ears to shut out the stunning report; the next moment the blood bubbled from his neck, and he reeled fearfully on the edge of the precipice. But he recovered himself, and, raising himself on his hands, he spoke in a loud voice, that grew more terrific as its huskiness increased. 'A curse upon ye, white men! May the Great Spirit curse ye when he speaks in the clouds, and his words are fire! Chocorua had a son—and ye killed him while the sky looked bright! Lightning blast your crops! Wind and fire destroy your dwellings! The Evil Spirit breathe death upon your cattle! Your graves lie in the war path of the Indian! Panthers howl, and wolves fatten over your bones! Chocorua goes to the Great Spirit—his curse stays with the white men!'

The prophet sunk upon the ground, still uttering inaudible curses—and they left his bones to whiten in the sun. But his horse rested on the settlement. The tomahawk and scalping knife were busy among them, the wind tore up trees and hurled them at their dwellings, their crops were blasted, their cattle died, and sickness came upon their strongest men. At last the remnant of them departed from the fatal spot to mingle with more populous and prosperous colonies. Cornelius Campbell became a hermit, seldom seeking or seeing his fellow men; and two years after he was found dead in his hut.

To this day the town of Burton, in New Hampshire, is remarkable for a pestilence which infects its cattle; and the superstitious believe that Chocorua's spirit still sits enthroned upon his precipice, breathing a curse upon them.

#### RANDOM IDEAS OF A SCRIBBLER

*For the Olio.*

Be not suspicious, for it will make you suspected. Be cautious, or you will be overreached.

Sport not with the feelings of others, for they may be as keen as thy own.—



He that finds pleasure in making others unhappy *is* thoughtless, *will become* unfeeling, and *may*, at no very distant period, arrive at the lowest stage of cruelty.

Art thou sorrowful? Call forth the resources of thy mind, and ask what it profiteth thee? Art thou overjoyed?—Take heed that thy joy betray thee not to weeping.

When we cannot be so happy as we could wish to be, let us be as happy as circumstances will allow. It not unfrequently happens, that men lose the enjoyment of the good before them, by reflecting too much upon the evil that is mingled with it.

It is not right to hold those in contempt whose talents may be inferior to our own: were each of us the creator of his own mind, such conduct might be more excusable.

The differences that exist in the opinions of men, are as happy a diversity of nature as those of climate or of the senses. Had we but one food, we should have lost the pleasures of taste; how much more should we have lost, if confined to one opinion!

Hope has been, very justly, represented by an anchor. It is frequently the only hold that we have to earth. Without it, few could bear but very slight misfortunes; and heavy ones would have an effect, even upon the strongest minds, which, in the present state of things, humanity can scarcely conceive, and which it would be utterly impossible to describe.

With a benevolent and feeling heart, we can never be wholly vicious; to preserve the finer feelings of our nature in their utmost possible sensibility is the best method we can take of excluding the innumerable legions of bad and malignant passions which constantly beset us.

Fools are often valued for the same reason that parrots are—*because they can talk!* The wise man will not be always silent, but he will not be fond of speaking, except to the purpose! There is an old proverb which says, that “a still tongue makes a wise head;” and it is certain, that a noisy one, if it does not *make* the fool, frequently masks him.

Nobility and high-sounding titles, however desirable they may appear in the eyes of many, are the mere gewgaws of life, the toys with which the grown-up children of this world amuse themselves. Should we not smile to see the insects which flutter in the sun-beam disputing about their titles and rank,

and bring forth their pedigrees to decide by? And what is their insignificance in our sight, compared with our own in the eye of that great and undefinable Being at whose feet the planets roll in their orbits, and at whose bidding suns unnumbered illumine an immensity of worlds?

The ways of Folly lead to destruction, and the paths of Vice to the abode of Despair! Virtue is the only road to contentment, which is the nearest semblance of happiness that man may enjoy.

R. JARMAN.

### Morals from Flowers.

For the Olio.

FLOWERS.

By the Author of “*Philosophical Precepts.*”

Beautiful flowers! baptized with dew,  
By the rosy-finger’d morn, when beaming  
From the fresh’ning east, and looking through  
Her veil of mists in fitful gleaming.  
Beautiful buds! whom the breast of Spring  
Would nurture with a fond mother’s care,  
And to summer’s glorious prime would bring  
By many a kiss of genial air.  
Beautiful blossoms! with whom the sun  
Holds dalliance in the pitch of noon,  
And a race of exquisite joy would run  
Thro’ the golden days of sparkling June,  
Beautiful flowers! that wither and die  
In the gorgeous light of an Autumn sky,  
Say, were you only born to fade?  
Or, were your tints and odours given  
To cheer the spirit in the shade  
Of this drear earth with hopes of Heaven?

Language you have, and syren spells,  
And angel whispers day by day;  
That reach the soul when it reveals  
Against confinement in its clay.  
And sweetly utter “stay, oh, stay!”  
Speak, then, sweet flowers! as ye have spoken,  
When I have idly passed you by;  
Give me again each hope, each token  
Of love and goodness from on high;  
Give me those thoughts and morals stealing  
To the charm’d heart with many a sigh;  
Give me again those hopes, revealing  
Sensations far too proud to die!

### ANECDOTES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.\*

On the Quai Pelletier, near to the Place de Greve, a brave and interesting youth fell, struck by grape shot. He was a young surgeon, of the name of Papu. Arrived with a musket, at the head of a small party, he did wonders during the day, and in the intervals of the fight displayed equal activity in his attentions to the wounded. He was thus employed when he was pierced by several balls. Carried to the porter’s lodge of No. 32, he survived, notwithstanding the most skillful medical assist-

\* From the Narrative of the late Revolution noticed in our last.

ance, only four hours, uttering prayers for the triumph of liberty. His ardent patriotism imposed silence upon the agonies he suffered. Some minutes previous to his death, he exclaimed, 'Let my family know that I die content, because I am confident that victory must be ours. It is delicious, it is glorious to die for my country!'

A man running into a wine-shop, in the course of the evening, where some of the citizens were assuaging their thirst, demanded if any one could accommodate him with twenty francs for a *Louis*? 'I am afraid not, my friend,' said one of the party; 'we have just got rid of one not worth twenty sous.'

In the contest at the Porte St. Denis, a lad of fifteen advanced through the fire of grape and musketry to an officer commanding the cavalry which supported the artillery. When close to him he shot him through the head, and he instantly fell. A general volley was aimed at this bold youth, who, on seeing the muskets levelled, threw himself flat on the ground, and after the discharge returned to his line unhurt. Perceiving he had left his cap on the place where he had thrown himself, he returned for it without hesitation, and again escaped the fire levelled at him.

A veteran of the old army observed, in the Rue de la Sonnerie, a young man from the faubourgs with a very good musket, to the use of which he was evidently a stranger. He requested the loan of it for a few minutes, and, placing himself behind the Café Secretaire, he fired upon a column of Swiss who debouched on the Place du Chatelét, a soldier fell. The whole column returned the fire, but without effect. He retreated behind the house, loaded, and again fired, with the same success. About fifty of the armed citizens, from different positions, imitated his movements, and notwithstanding the hail-storm of balls, such was their activity and precision, that not one of them was wounded. The Swiss troops fell into disorder, and their colonel ordered a retreat, leaving the place covered with dead.

When the detachment of the line, which guarded the military prison of the Abbaye, surrendered their arms to the National Guards, M. Suberbie, one of them, gave his prisoners some refreshment at a wine-shop in the neighbourhood. An Englishman, who witnessed the general energy, said to him, "Monsieur, the bravery shown by the French to reconquer their liberty will

be the admiration of all people."—"Yes," replied the National Guard, "and our prudence and wisdom after victory will also demand the respect of all kings."

In the midst of the fusillade at the Place de Grève, a working mason perceiving that a cornice of one of the pilasters of the Hotel de Ville, threatened to fall, and crush beneath it the citizens who were fighting, procured a ladder and some plaster, fixed it firmly, and then came down with as much coolness, as if he had been pursuing his occupation in a time of the most profound peace.

Some poor workmen having forced the shop of a gunsmith, who had already surrendered his treasury of powder, sought for more in all quarters, even among his furniture. In one of his drawers they found some money and a bill. One of them shut the drawer instantly, and said "This is not what we are looking for."

At the moment when the Royal Guard attacked the Pupils of the Polytechnic School, in order to carry off their cannon, the latter, perceiving the fault committed by the Guard in attacking them in front, instead of endeavouring to make a diversion on their flanks, cried out, "they don't know their trade, we shall defeat them." The end verified their assertion.

In the pockets of a great number of the soldiers who were killed, a considerable sum of money was found, which, with very few exceptions, even the poorest citizens did not touch, directing all their attention to the cart-ridges. It is said to have been ascertained that each soldier had received 30fr. to agree to resist the people. Two privates of the 5th regiment of the line, who surrendered early in the contest, declared that they were promised 25fr. a man, of which they had been paid 10fr. in advance.

During the heat of the fire from the Swiss defending the Louvre, some National Guards and others, opposite to the great gate facing the Rue du Coq, were observed to waver. A major of the old army, a Piedmontese by birth, but naturalised in France, cheered them with his voice. The greyheaded man, pistol in hand, exclaimed,— "Courage, courage, my friends! Fear not that Swiss balls can penetrate French hearts! Do not suffer your character for bravery, famed over all Europe, to be shaken! Courage!— Let us march to victory."

### THE BOOK'S ADDRESSES TO ITS INSPECTORS.

[The following lines were written on the first page of an Album, formed from the inner bark of a tree.]

Would you my origin and nature learn,  
Ere my uniquely curious leaves you turn,—  
Inspect my texture, mark my fibrous frame,  
And promptly, my peculiar substance name,  
Not from foul rage, contemptible and mean,  
By flit'ring labour hardly render'd clean,  
Commix'd, and fashion'd by a dextrous shake,  
Drew I an artificial shape and make.  
Not from the moulds of imitative man;  
My manufactured substance liquid ran;  
Not by mere human intellect contrived;  
My various parts 'neath Nature's guidance thrived.

Beneath the expanding canopy of heaven,  
To me existence and increase were given;  
Earth's nurseries I; a cuticle externe  
Of sylvan growth, divided, you discern.  
Not stript from Egypt's papyrus plant;  
Not of vesperian instinct germinant;  
But part component of the tow'ring pine,  
To guard from ill the massive trunk was mine;  
Encircling shield, of many folds composed,  
In my embrace the mighty tree reposed,  
Secure, in majesty erect and strong,  
Unscath'd by tempest or by storm; and long,  
Long, haply, had the aspiring column stood,  
In proud distinction 'midst its brotherhood;  
But the swarth Indian mark'd it for his prey,  
And promptly bore the valued prize away.  
Soon from its circling sides the guardian band  
Cuticular was reft by spoiler's hand.  
Deftly divided into leaflets rare,  
Complained, and bound with choicest taste and care.

Behold the curious strips of sylvan rind,  
By art puissant in this book combined;  
Not doom'd, like other bark, to vulgar use,  
But destined even gentles to amuse.  
The rural lover may inscribe on me,  
(More durable than bark of other tree,)   
The plaintive yearnings of his aching heart.  
And by disclosing ease their poignant smart.  
The wit, the poet, and the grave divine,  
On these swarth pages severally may shine,  
And all contribute in their due degree  
To fill the book thus gather'd from a tree.

G. BLATCH.

St. John, New Brunswick, Aug. 30, 1830.

### THE CORSICAN FATHER.

Concluded from p. 277.

WHILE some of the voltigeurs were engaged in constructing a rude hand-barrow of chestnut-tree branches, and others in binding up Gianetto's wounds, Mateo Falcone and his wife suddenly made their appearance at the turn of the path leading to the *maquis*. The woman advanced slowly, bending under the weight of a large bag full of chestnuts, while her husband carried nothing but a gun in his hand, and another slung at his back; for it is considered unworthy of a man to encumber himself with any other burden than his weapons.

On perceiving the soldiers, Mateo's first thought was that they had come to take him. But whence this notion?—

Had Mateo any thing to do with justice? No. He bore a good character; he was what is called an honest man—but he was a Corsican, a highlander, and there is not a Corsican highlander, but, if he questions his conscience, would find it allege against him some petty violation of the law, such as shooting, stabbing, and the like trifles. Mateo, it is true, had a clearer conscience than any of his neighbours, for it was above ten years since his gun had been pointed at a human being; but he was nevertheless cautious, and prepared for an obstinate defence, in case of emergency.

"Wife," said Mateo to Giuseppa, "throw down thy sack, and be in readiness." She instantly obeyed, and he gave her the gun, which had been hanging at his back and impeded his motions. Then cocking the other, he proceeded slowly close to the trees which bordered the way leading to his house, prepared, on the slightest hostile movement, to throw himself behind the thickest tree, and to fire under its protection. His wife followed at his heels, carrying the other rifle and the pouch. In case of a conflict, it is the business of a good wife to load her husband's gun.

The adjutant, on his part, was equally alarmed when he saw Mateo thus advancing with deliberate step, his piece ready, and his finger on the trigger. If, thought he, Mateo should happen to be a relative or friend of Gianetto's, and determine to defend him, his two balls would as surely reach two of us as a letter by the post; and he might even take aim at me, notwithstanding our relationship. In this dilemma he adopted the bold resolution of going alone to Mateo, addressing him as an old acquaintance, and relating to him the whole affair; but the short distance which separated him from Mateo appeared to him dreadfully long.

"Holla! old comrade!" cried he; "how goes it, my good friend, I am thy cousin Gamba."

Mateo stood still without answering a word, slowly raising the barrel of his piece, so that, at the moment when the adjutant came close to him, its mouth pointed upwards.

"*Buon giorno, fratello*" ["Good day, brother"—the usual salutation of the Corsicans] said the adjutant, extending his hand to him; "what a time it is since I saw thee last!"

"Good day, brother!"

"I resolved to give thee and cousin Pepa a call, in passing. We have had

a long march to-day, but we must not complain, as we have taken such a prize. We have just caught Gianetto Sangiero."

"God be thanked!" cried Giuseppa, "he stole one of our milch-goats last week."

Gamba was overjoyed on hearing these words.

"Poor devil!" said Mateo, "he was hungry."

"The rascal fought like a lion," resumed the adjutant; "he has killed one of my voltigeurs, and, not content with this, has broken corporal Chardon's arm—however, that is no great matter, for he is only a Frenchman. At last he contrived to hide himself so cleverly that the very devil would not have found him. I should never have caught him, but for my cousin, Fortunato."

"Fortunato!" exclaimed Mateo.

"Fortunato!" repeated Giuseppa.

"Yes. Gianetto had hid himself under the hay-rick; but my little cousin put me on the right scent. I shall certainly tell his uncle, the *caporale*, all about it, that he may make him some pretty present for his pains; and his name and thine shall be introduced into the report which I shall send to the attorney-general."

"*Maledetto!*" muttered Mateo.

They had now come up to the troop. Gianetto was extended upon the handbarrow, ready to be borne away. When he saw Mateo with Gamba, a caustic smile played upon his features; then, turning towards the door of the house, he spat upon the threshold and ejaculated: "House of a traitor!" None but a man prepared to die durst have uttered the word *traitor*, and applied it to Falcone. The stab of a poniard, which there would have been no need to repeat, would instantly have avenged the insult. Mateo merely lifted his hand to his brow, like a man oppressed with sorrow.

Fortunato had gone into the house when he saw his father approaching. He soon came back with a bowl of milk, which, with downcast look, he offered to Gianetto. "Away with thee!" cried the latter, in a voice of thunder; then turning to one of the voltigeurs, he said, "Comrade, give me something to drink." The soldier handed to him his gourd-flask, and the bandit drank the water given by a man with whom he had just been exchanging bullets. He then begged that his hands might be bound over his bosom, and not behind him.

"I wish to lie easy," said he. The soldiers hastened to comply with his desire; the adjutant then gave the signal for departure, bade farewell to Mateo, without obtaining a word in reply, and descended at a rapid pace to the plain.

More than ten minutes passed before Mateo opened his lips. The boy raised his anxious eyes first to his mother, then to his father, who, supported by his rifle, glared on him with looks of suppressed rage. "Thou hast begun well!" at length said Mateo, in a voice apparently calm, but which must have sounded terribly to any one who knew him. "Father!" cried the boy, approaching, with tears in his eyes, to throw himself at his feet. "Back!" exclaimed Mateo. The boy stood still and sobbed. Giuseppa came up. She had observed the end of the watch-chain hanging from the bosom of Fortunato's shirt. "Who gave thee this watch?" asked she, in an austere tone. "My cousin, the adjutant." Falcone snatched the watch, and dashed it against a stone with such force that it was shattered to pieces. "Wife," said he, with awful solemnity, "is this boy *my* child?" Giuseppa's embrowned cheeks were flushed with deep crimson. "What dost thou mean, Mateo? Knowest thou to whom thou art speaking?"—"Well, then, this boy is the first of his race that has been a traitor."

Fortunato's sobs and moans redoubled, and Falcone kept his scrutinizing eyes steadfastly upon him. At length he struck the ground with the butt-end of his piece, then threw it over his shoulder, taking the way back to the *maquis*, and ordering Fortunato to follow him. The boy obeyed. Giuseppa ran after Mateo, and laying hold of his arm: "He is *thy* son!" said she, in a tremulous voice, fixing her dark eyes on her husband's, as if to discover what was passing in his mind. "Leave me," replied Mateo; "*I am his father.*" Giuseppa embraced her son, and returned weeping to the cottage, where she fell on her knees before the image of the Virgin, and prayed most fervently. Falcone meanwhile proceeded a few hundred paces along the path, and stopped in a narrow ravine, into which he had descended. He tried the ground with the butt-end of his rifle, and found that it was light and easy to dig. The spot seemed suited for his purpose.

"Fortunato," said he, "go to that great stone."—The boy did as he was bidden, and knelt down.

"Now say thy prayers."

"O father! dear father! do n't kill me."

"Say thy prayers," repeated Mateo, in a terrible voice.

Sobbing and stammering, the boy recited the *Credo* and the *Pater*. At the conclusion of each, the father ejaculated, in a loud voice, "Amen!"

"Are those all the prayers thou knowest?"

"Father, I know the Ave Maria, and the Litany, which my aunt taught me."

"It is long, but never mind."

The boy, with a faint voice, repeated the litany.

"Hast thou finished?"

"O father, have mercy! Forgive me, I will never do so again! I will go to my uncle, the *caporale*, and not leave him until I have obtained Gianetto's pardon."

He was still speaking, when Mateo, with his finger upon the trigger, took aim, crying, "May God forgive thee!" The boy made a desperate effort to rise, for the purpose of throwing himself at his father's feet, but he had not time. Mateo fired, and Fortunato fell dead on the spot.

Without casting a look at the body, Mateo returned home for a spade to bury his son. He had not gone many paces before he was met by Giuseppa, who, alarmed by the report, hastened towards the place.

"What hast thou done?" cried she.

"An act of justice."

"Where is he?"

"In the ravine. I am going to bury him. He died like a good Christian. I will have mass said for him. Let my son-in-law, Teodoro Bianchi, know that he is to come, and henceforward live with us."

*Fam. Mag.*

#### CHEROCKEE\* :

#### AN AMERICAN TRADITION.

Continued from p. 282.

THE governor, on seeing who was approaching, hastily closed the book, and said, "Noah, I have been considering that it would be better to collect the inhabitants after the provisions are done, and make a sally on the enemy."

"It is something to that effect I am come to advise; but before allowing our affairs to reach such an extremity, would it not be better to send out thirty or forty men (I will head them myself,) to some of the neighbouring settlements for provisions?" The governor, who had hastily expressed himself, was taken

\* *Fraser's Mag.*

by surprise at this new reasonable proposition, and scarcely knowing wherefore, felt himself unreasonably angry; but Noah, without seeming to notice his passion, added, "there are but three days' provisions remaining, and it is full time the inhabitants of the village were consulted." In a voice rendered only half audible by passion, the governor returned—"What! am I to be dictated to?" Noah made no other answer, but bowed to the governor, and walked away: he hastened, however, to his friend's bed-side, and related his disappointment.

"Well," said Amidab, thoughtfully, "we must inform the inhabitants."

To this Noah replied—

"The person whom government has appointed we are bound to obey, and, therefore, I beg you to lay this thought of appealing to the settlers aside."

"But government never intended that we should rashly sacrifice our lives to this man's folly—it cannot be—it is impossible, and I, for one, will not do so."

"I am sorry," said his friend, "very sorry to find the seeds of rebellion so easily quickened."

Amidab was about to speak, when Noah exclaimed—

"Hush! hush! what noise is that! Perhaps the enemy have made another attack." They listened. "Yes—there it is again; it is their rifles." Here they were stopped by terrible shouts, accompanied by shouts and cries. Amidab turned to speak to Noah; he was gone; he, however, managed to get his rifle, and to drag himself to a small window or loop-hole, where he saw his friend engaged with a gigantic Indian, who would, however, have been overcome, had not two more rushed to his assistance. A shot from a rifle killed one of them, who was in the act of brandishing his tomahawk in the one hand, and his scalping-knife in the other, over his intended victim. The shot came so truly to his heart, that he instantly dropped dead. Noah, now seeing one of his foes fallen, attacked the other two, one of whom he felled with a blow of his axe; the other turned to fly, but he was stopped by another deadly messenger from the window of the hut, which took him in the back, and he fell face forwards, on the ground, where he never moved again. Not staying to look at his dead foes, Noah rushed into the midst of the battle, and was about to be mowed down by an Indian, when he was saved by another shot at the moment

when his finger was at the trigger. The origin of this attack was somewhat remarkable: one of the sentinels had deserted; the French seeing the post undefended, marched directly to the place, and began to clamber over the trees, when one of their muskets went off and alarmed the garrison; but not before some of the most active of the Indians had got over the rampart, uttering their tremendous war-whoop. The settlers, thus surprised, were, at first, driven back, but soon rallying, repulsed their assailants with great bravery—pouring an effectual volley upon them as they retreated. In this affair the governor was killed, and the whole of the settlers, with one voice, elected Noah to be their commander on the spot. His bravery—his coolness, and presence of mind well deserved the honour; for no sooner was order restored, and the enemy beyond the range of the rifles, than Noah resolved to carry into effect the suggestion he had offered to the governor, to procure, if possible, a supply of provisions. A party of the best marksmen in the settlement were accordingly chosen for the sally, and, to stimulate their ardour, he manfully pointed out to them the danger of their enterprise, and dwelt on the necessity that required it. His men expressed their approbation of his sentiments with shouts of applause; and, as soon as it was dark, the expedition set out, followed by the prayers and good wishes of all their friends.

The night, which had as yet been calm, was suddenly overcast, so that it was impossible to see many yards before them. They were instantly ordered to proceed crouching, as by that means they might approach without attracting attention; and the slight noise they made was completely drowned by the bursting of the wind in the leaves of the forest. After they had proceeded a short distance in this manner, and were nearly abreast of the enemy's camp, a sudden flash of vivid lightning showed them filing off under the trees. Noah instantly thought they might have been seen if any one had been on the look out, and told his comrades to hurry on, as he expected they would be pursued immediately. As he surmised, they had been discovered by the lightning.

Noah, in the meantime, made a rapid circuit round the camp in the woods, leaving their enemies far behind them, (they having mistaken their route); and then, suddenly rushing out on the camp, fired it in all directions, and either slew or made prisoners the remainder of its

defendants, the rest having gone with the commander to attempt to storm the fort. The party that had pursued them, were now wending their toilsome way back, having lost all traces of them, but were thrown into confusion by a discharge from hidden assailants, which killed nearly half of them, and before they had time to recover themselves, they were attacked on all sides by a band of Indians, headed by the well-known Cherokee, and were soon deprived of their scalps.

Little more remains to be said. The French commander not finding the fort so unprepared as he expected, and having some regard for the safety of his men, sounded a retreat. But upon turning to go, judge of his horror and amazement at seeing a bright flame ascending from the direction of his camp, and upon approaching nearer, he distinguished the shouts of the victors and shrieks of the conquered. By this time the remainder of the men in the fort viewing the conflagration, rushed out in pursuit of the French, who were now hemmed in on all sides, and not having any chance of escape, surrendered at discretion; being deprived of their arms, they were permitted to depart in safety, upon promising not to fight again during the war, which was soon after this happily ended. Cherokee became the ally of the English, and in the course of time the village rose to be the town of Lexington.

## THE BABINGTONS.

A TALE OF CHADSTOW.

*For the Olio.*

Continued from p. 250.

It was high noon when the Lady of Curborough entered the cathedral. The first things that struck the eye were the windows—enormous frames of living paintings, sunbright delineations of patriarchal, apostolical and princely portraiture, intermingled with armorial shields and legends; the rich colours were relieved by the flowery tracery of cool gray stone, that wreathed itself amidst the flaming panes. The wooden ceiling, of fantastic Norman work, was wrought in large lozenges, each containing, in brilliant colours of white, green, crimson, gold, black, scarlet and blue, portraits of crowned, helmed, or mitred benefactors; while grotesque emblems were here and there introduced to ridicule the Augustines, Dominicans and other orders of preaching friars, whom the monks had with reason con-

sidered formidable opponents. The pavement, whose tiles were wrought in amulets, diamonds, and quatrefoils of red and gilding, displayed here and there a broad, brazen effigy, or a heraldic coat; and the aisles were enriched with bold ribs, streaked in vermilion and azure, corbels of the most grim and ridiculous faces, and flowered bosses overlaid with gold. The walls were clothed in rainbow tapestry of silk or worsted, in whose story the far-famed procession of the Countess of Mercia stood conspicuous. The high altar absolutely flamed with jewels, silver censers, and golden candlesticks, whose branches stretched over gold brocade and crimson velvet.

But the splendour of the royal cortege seemed to eclipse even these evidences of monastic wealth. The Royal Sponsor, a lovely boy, about six years old, arrayed in jewels and cloth of gold, was placed under a splendid canopy near the font; and standing at his side, King Edward, then in the prime of life, and still handsome, (though somewhat bloated by excess,) together with his consort, on whose beautiful face anxiety had made more ravages than time, appeared in royal robes, studded with falcons and fetterlocks in jewels of dazzling lustre. The Duke of Clarence was also gorgeously attired, and Mark Babington at his side displayed his well made limbs and glowing countenance to full advantage; Richard of Gloucester was near, but dressed so at variance with the fashion of the day, that his habit denoted him scarcely less than his deformed figure and surly visage, that seemed at once to scorn the pageantry around him, and to be brooding plans for future indemnification. But to describe the fantastic costumes of the courtiers would demand a volume. The men had petticoats of scarlet velvet or brocade over their lower clothes, some of them shewing their doublets laced in front, like a woman's stays across a stomacher; and others with furred or silken gowns open in front to the girdle, and thence to the ground; all of them had innumerable slashes in their tunics and hose. The ladies had chiefly huge head-dresses resembling a heart, with the bottom cut off. Yet, combined as they were with the ample red robes of the municipal body, and the white, gray and black vestments of the Carmelites, the Franciscans and the Benedictines,—together with a long file of snowy vested Carthusians, that had just entered the choir (from the woody convent of the Char-

treuse, bordering on the south eastern walls of the city)—the effect was picturesque in the extreme.

The Lady Joscelyne, as at the conclusion of the ceremonies she moved towards the great silver font, round which the royal party were assembled, perceived with all a courtier's horror that her reception was unfavourable.—The diamonds in her crown were as bright, but not so cold, as the glance the queen bestowed on her early and beloved friend. It might indeed be necessary etiquette in that public and sacred assembly, but certain it is that the royal hand was slightly extended to the kneeling dame, who at another time would have been raised to the royal bosom. As for Edward, departing from his usual courtesy to the sex, he was imperious, and even rude, in his salutation—

"Ha! Mistress Joscelyne,—and in good time!"

"Nay, my liege!" interrupted a soft but somewhat sarcastic voice, "you do the dame much dishonour,—she is a knight's lady, forsooth!"

It was a beautiful woman who spoke; a flowing gown of crimson velvet left bare a neck and bosom of surpassing whiteness; her hair, of golden colour, was marvellously lovely, and the gold dust that powdered it did not prejudice its silken delicacy,—it was confined by an exquisite Venetian chain, from the centre of which a large ruby, set with orient pearls, in the shape of flowers, reposed on her broad and snowy forehead, while a carcanet of massy gold clasped her beautiful neck.

The king's mood changed at once, or rather his spleen vented itself in another channel.

"Nay," he exclaimed, "an *thou* presume to tutor us, we must look to our queen for sanction! How say you, Elizabeth,—think you the house of Babington deserve their rank; or, in spite of their misdemeanours, shall we concede it to thy favourite at the petition of our gentle Shore?"

Whatever might be her inward feelings at this gross speech of the overbearing Edward, the queen suppressed them admirably, and with a glance of the sweetest complacency on her fair rival, she replied—

"If your grace is pleased to demand the counsel of my poor wit, I am bound to give it; but it will be to support the suggestion of Mistress Shore. I doubt not the house of Babington will retrieve its honour."

Lady Babington's pride now came to her aid, and casting an angry glance on Jane Shore, she was about to give words to her indignation, but, after a moment's pause, she repressed them, and with flushed cheek and flashing eye swept haughtily to the further side of the queen, as if to shun the contamination of the royal leman's presence. Mark, stung to the quick by this brief colloquy, quitted the side of Clarence, and kneeling to his mother to offer his filial greeting, was received by the same coldness which herself had just experienced.

"Mark Babington," she said, in raised tones, "must first inform his mother, why he prefers the favour of a court to the vindication of a father's honour, ere he can claim from her the reception of a son."

Elizabeth, whose kind heart began to sympathize with her favourite's wounded feelings, now taking her kindly by the arm, led her apart, and seemed anxiously soothing her irritation. A few proud tears rolled down the lady's cheek as with gentle tones her royal mistress, appointed a private interview with her at Cheylesmore; while Edward impatiently exclaimed—

"Cease we this idle jarring—graver matters than a woman's tongue can weigh demand our immediate notice.—My Lord Prior, hath your chapter been convened?"—The mitred ecclesiastic bowed assent.—"Move we then, with your lordship's pleasure, to the Chapter-house forthwith; where we will ourselves set forth much solemn and perilous matter touching not only the safety of our throne, but—(here Edward crossed himself devoutly)—also the interests of Holy Church, which we have ever religiously consulted."

This was the signal for the general dispersion of the gay crowds in the Cathedral, who streamed through the great gates, and over the sunny quadrangles of the Priory; while the king, attended by his brothers, was ushered by the Lord Prior into the Chapter-house, and followed by those churchmen whose rank entitled them to a share in the deliberations.

The queen ascended her magnificent litter at the west gateway, and as if to obliterate every trace of her late mortification, commanded Lady Babington to give up her horse to her attendants, and place herself at her side; and thus the regal cavalcade proceeded to Cheylesmore, Mark Babington riding close by the litter, and occasionally mingling in the deep conversation that ensued between his mother and the queen.

The subject of this day's deliberations, both in the Benedictine Chapter, and the queen's cabinet, will be shewn in the way most suited to the narrow limits of our story, by conducting our reader to a vast and gloomy gate-tower in the city walls, facing the north-east, where Mark Babington, after pleading urgent business to his mother, passed hastily forth into the meadows about an hour before sunset. He paused at the distance of an arrow's flight from the walls. A large fountain, whose basin of red stone was protected by a round of six pillars, supporting an open battlement, from the centre of which arose a short florid spire, appeared to be some trysting place to which the youth had repaired. Rich yellow tufts of jilliflower waved in the crevices of the carve-work, and a matting of small ivy-leaves wreathed here and there the swarthy pillars. Bursting from this well, a brighter rivulet expanded into an ample pool, surrounded by willows and alders of great girth, and having in its centre an island, where the stately swan might be seen gleaming among the tall flags and bulrushes. As Mark waited by the graceful columns of the Swan's Well, (for so the fountain was called), the northern side of the city displayed itself to his view, in all the solemnly picturesque effect of the westering sunlight. The noble walls, stretching far away to the south-east, with their multiform gates and turrets, soared in profound gloom. Ascending from within this circle, huge tiers of swarthy buildings overhung the narrow streets, in all the fantastic but gorgeous architecture of the period. Tall groves waved over them; and at the summit of the hill whose sides were thus brocaded, the grand ecclesiastical buildings stood up into the blue sky,—the whole being stretched in broad masses of sunlight and shade, while the weathercocks flashing in the evening air from house-top and steeple, hovered like lightnings above the chequered piles. The great clock of the cathedral had just struck five, when a solitary figure was seen advancing to the Swan's Well from the Bastille-gate, a portal on the other side the river, and after crossing the bridge, the Duke of Clarence, closely muffled, approached the spot where Mark was apparently expecting him.

After a hurried salutation, Mark eagerly demanded what tidings had summoned him to this secret interview?

"Cold tidings, Mark, for all freehearted Englishmen! Oxford has been compelled to surrender Saint Michael's



Mount, and is now imprisoned in the castle of Hammes!"

"Cold call ye them?—they are such as should kindle a fire in our hearts to rescue or avenge him."

"Alas! this is not all: my ruthless brother (who it seems had received the intelligence ere he went to the Minster this morning) hath issued orders for the apprehension of the Archbishop, to whom he had granted a full pardon: his effects and revenues are to be seized and himself sent prisoner to Guines!"

Mark's countenance fell. "My father, then," he asked in faltering tones—"my father is in peril?"

"A close prisoner in his house at Curborough," replied the Duke; "but," and he paused—"the worst remains behind. The noble-hearted, the sagacious Father Paul has been this day formally accused by Edward in full chapter, of sorcery, heresy and high-treason."

"Can heaven suffer such injustice?"

"Patience! and you shall learn all. The recreant Vaulcer, who hath more fair faces than the rainbow hath colours, and who shifts his skin oftener than his brother the snake, hath sent missives, accusing your kinsman of the darkest necromancy, instancing especially his practices on last Saint Mark's eve, in which he states him to have compromised the honour of two noble dames."

"By heavens! the very tale my mother hath been pouring into the queen's ear, and was angry, forsooth, that I laughed at it!"

"Well, the Lord Prior received the accusation with all the eagerness that Edward could have wished, and in the chapter a perfect hubbub arose. One ecclesiastic of rank stood up, and accused the Black Priest of perverting his parishioners to Lollardism, offering to bring proofs from those who heard him preach. Another stated that he had been known to use magical philtres and to employ forbidden charms in sundry cures of the sick: while a third (contradictorily enough) urged his inordinate love of hawks and hounds, to the neglect of all his other duties. To be brief, they all made the vaulted roof so ring with their clamours against one whom they had long hated, that the king had some difficulty in proceeding to lay before them the further allegations of Vaulcer, in which it was positively stated that Father Paul was at that very time maintaining a correspondence with Richmond at the court of Brittany!"

"The ruin, then, of our house is sealed," exclaimed Mark wildly. "Is

my mother mad, that she cannot see how my uncle's disgrace, which she hath been urging with the queen, must involve us all?"

"The prospect is threatening," resumed Prince George; "but we may yet dispel the clouds."

Here a brief silence ensued, when Mark abruptly asked the duke—

"Glanced not the king at your grace during all this?"

"In faith did he!—and hinted so pathetically certain unhappy dissensions in the court, which would compel him to commence his acts of justice in his own family, that, by Saint George! I deemed my good brother was about to make the Dukedom of Clarence vacant."

"And nought more explicit?"

"Oh, yes! he appointed to Richard and myself this day week, for a solemn hearing in St. Mary's Hall, in which we are to plead our claims, and his highness (save the mark!) to adjust them finally."

"But," said Babington, in a low tone, "spake he nothing of our affair?—said he nothing of—of the Princess Anne?"

"Not a syllable! he did not even breathe her name, though all knew that she was the apple of discord."

"I might have guessed it," said Mark, "but it makes my mention of her indispensable to the sacred friendship I owe your grace. Know, then, that the place of Lady Anne's retreat, if not known, is at least vehemently suspected—she is no longer safe, and, may I add without impugning a brother's love for a brother—the Duke of Clarence is in danger."

Clarence started in his turn at this unexpected information, and evinced the utmost anxiety as young Babington proceeded.

"My poor mother's surprise and indignation may be faintly imagined, when, in my presence, Queen Elizabeth informed her that the Lady Anne Plantagenet was undoubtedly concealed somewhere in Staffordshire, under the disguise of a menial, and that sure information had led the king to suspect she had even been at Curborough itself."

"Oh, that devil Vaulcer!" ejaculated the young duke.

"And that she was now at Which-nover. The extremely delicate nature of the affair will prevent any sudden or violent measures; but there is little doubt that ere long all our efforts on behalf of this persecuted princess will be baffled."

"And let them," Clarence burst forth, "let them be thrice baffled, so we have

but our revenge on that Judas—Vauclet! Listen, Babington: thy noble heart hath involved thee, I fear, too deeply in my views, and at this hour of mutual peril, the thoughts of thy family's ruin galls me most shrewdly. Richard woos this unhappy lady—Edward sanctions his suit; if she weds him, thou knowest Gloucester well enough to foresee what will be her fate! I, too, shall lose, or rather the duchess, her sister, will lose many a fair acre. But, trust me, if I can restore thy father, and crush that devilish Vauclet, I will gladly make the sacrifice. Much may be done at this audience in Saint Mary's Hall."

Mark warmly expressed his gratitude, but urged his royal friend not to encounter any risque to himself.

"Fear not for me," said the young prince, whose mind, ill-regulated as it was, yet contained sparks of noble feeling; "consult rather your own safety and the honour of your house,—you will thereby most effectually further my designs. I have a steed in readiness. Hasten home this very night. Prepare the priest for what is to happen, and bid him obey the apparitor, who will quickly be despatched to Chadstow. Tarry till you hear from me; and if there be a grain of wit in George's brain, thy family shall be scatheless. Only bear in mind—vengeance on Vauclet!"

Here the duke shouted, "Halbert, ho!" when a horseman, in the royal livery, leading a powerful steed, fully caparisoned, approached the Swan's Well; and after a hasty adieu, young Babington mounted the led horse, while the servant resigning *his* to the duke, followed him on foot in the direction of the Bastille-gate.

Avoiding the city, and choosing the by-roads to the woody village of Allстры, Mark swiftly pursued his journey, and had reached the hostel of Basset's Pole, dividing the two counties, ere he drew the reins of his gallant horse.

*(To be continued.)*

### THE SOURCE OF THE WEALTH OF HOLLAND.

The discovery of the mode of curing and barreling herring, by an obscure individual of the name of Beukels, or Beukelzon, towards the middle of the fourteenth century, contributed more, perhaps, than any thing else to increase the maritime power and wealth of Holland. At a period when the prohibition of eating butcher-meat during two days every week, and forty days before

Easter, was universal, a supply of some sort of subsidiary food was urgently required; so that the discovery of Beukels became of the greatest consequence, not to his countrymen only, but to the whole Christian world. It should be mentioned, to the honour of the Emperor Charles V., that being in 1550 at Biervleit, where Beukels was buried, he visited his grave, and ordered a magnificent monument to be erected, to record the memory of a man who had rendered so signal a service to his country.

For a long period, the Hollanders enjoyed nearly a complete monopoly of the herring fishery. The famous John de Witt estimated that in his time every fifth individual derived his subsistence from this source. We learn from him, and others, that when the herring fishery was in its zenith, the Dutch fishers employed 3,000 fishing vessels in the bays and inlets of their own coasts; that they employed about 800 vessels, of from 60 to 150 tons burden, in the cod and long fishery, in the seas round the Orkney and Shetland Islands; and that, in addition to these, they had about 1,600 vessels employed in the herring fishery on our coasts, from Buchanness to the mouth of the Thames. It was estimated that, taking into account the vessels carrying salt to those actually engaged in the fishery, and those employed to convey the cured herrings to their destination, the herring fishery gave employment to about 6,400 vessels, and 112,000 seamen; and that the whole number of persons dependent upon it for support, including those employed in building and rigging ships, and in fitting them out with nets, casks, salt, &c. amounted to 450,000! De Witt says, that in his time Holland could boast of 10,000 sail of shipping, and 168,000 seamen, 'although,' he adds, 'the country itself affords them neither materials, nor victual, nor merchandise.' The Hollanders, indeed, made no scruple of avowing that the wealth, strength, and prosperity of the United Provinces, were chiefly derived from the herring fishery; their sense of the importance of which was strongly remarked by an observation in common use amongst them, that 'the foundation of Amsterdam was laid on herring bones.'

*Edin. Rev.*

### Illustrations of History.

SPLENDOUR OF THOMAS A BECKETT'S SHRINE AT CANTERBURY.

*For the Olio.*

The archbishop's shrine, Stow in-

forms us, "was about a man's height all of stone, then upwards of plain timber, within which was a chest of iron, containing the saint's bones, skull and all, with the wound of his death, and the piece cut out of his skull laid in the same wound. The timber-work of the shrine on the outside was covered with plates of gold, damasked and embossed with wires of the same precious metal, garnished with broaches, images, chains, precious stones, and great orient pearls; spoils of which shrine (in gold and jewels of inestimable value), filled two great chests, one of which six or eight strong men could do no more than convey out of the church; these were all taken to the king's use, and the bones of St. Thomas (by order of the Lord Cromwell,) were then and there burned to ashes; which was in September, in the year 1538, regno Henry VIII."

Erasmus informs us, "when this glorious show was offered to view, the prior took a white wand, and touched every jewel, repeating its quality, the French name, the value, and the donor of it, for the principal part of the treasures were presented by monarchs, or persons of distinguished rank or fortune."

The visitors to the shrine were both numerous and noble. No less than an hundred thousand devotees are recorded to have visited it in one year. Philip, Earl of Flanders, came over here in 1177, on a pilgrimage to the reliques of the saint, and was met by Henry II., with whom he held a conference. In the June of the following year, the king, on his return from Normandy, paid another visit to the sepulchre; and, in the next month, William, Archbishop of Rheims, came from France with a large retinue, to pay his vows to St. Thomas at Canterbury, where the king met and received him honourably.

In the year 1179, Lewis VII., King of France, landed at Dover, where Henry expected his arrival, and on the 23rd of August, the two monarchs arrived at Canterbury, attended by a numerous train of the nobility of both nations: they were received by the archbishop and his comprovincials, the prior, and the whole convent, with great honour. The French sovereign, on this occasion, presented a rich cup of gold, and the precious stone called the "regal of France," which Henry VIII. afterwards had set, and wore as a thumb ring. He also granted the value of a hundred tuns of wine to the monks, to be paid annually at Paris. He kept watch a whole night

at the tomb, and in the morning requested to be admitted of the fraternity, which he was permitted to do, attended by the English king.

So great, indeed, was the veneration in which this prelate was held, that he superseded even our Saviour; for, in one year, the offering to Christ's altar was £0. 0s. 0d.,—to that of his holy mother, £4. 1s. 8d.,—to that of the great Beckett, £954. 6s. 3d. It was also by the merit of his, and not our Saviour's blood, we were taught to expect salvation:—

Tu, per Thomæ sanguinem,  
Quem pro te impendit,  
Fac nos, Christe, scandere,  
Quo Thomas ascendit. NYRON.

### The Note Book.

#### CUCKOO.

To call a man a cuckold whose wife is an adulteress, from the name of the bird called a cuckoo, seems a contradiction between the term and the meaning. The cuckoo destroys the eggs in another bird's nest, and there leaves his own to be hatched. It is said the chaffinch, though a much smaller bird, when she finds the cuckoo's large egg in her nest, seems to be proud of it, as if it were her own, and hatches it with great perseverance. J.

#### CITY MAGNIFICENCE.

When King George III. dined with the Lord Mayor (Sir Samuel Fludyer,) in 1761, the four services prepared for his majesty's table alone consisted of no less than two hundred and sixty-eight dishes, the expense of which was £374. 1s. 0.:—the most expensive item in the bill of fare being, ten dishes of notts, £30. 0s. 0d.; and the cheapest, a dish of truffles in oil, 10s. 6d. The entire cost of this sumptuous feast given to royalty, which consisted of four hundred and fourteen dishes, besides the *dessert*, was £6,898 5s. 4d.

#### A SINGULAR MODE OF DISCOVERING IRISHMEN.

Some years since, a number of facetious gentlemen, emigrated from the province of Ulster to Philadelphia. On their arrival they perambulated the streets, admiring the regularity of the buildings, but astonished they had not met a single Irishman during the whole of their periprinations. In the evening, when over a social bottle, they had naturally expressed to each other their surprise and disappointment on the occasion, when one of the party, a man

possessed of infinite natural humour, undertook to discover his countrymen, if they were not involved in everlasting sleep. With a basket over his arm, he sallied forth into the street, and with a well-toned tenor voice, he began to cry out in a musical recitativo, "*Fine Oysters! Fresh Carlingford Oysters!*" Roused and astonished at the well-known sounds, every emigrant from Dundalk, Newry, Armagh, Richhill, and Portadown, in short, every Hibernian that had enjoyed the flavour of that delicious fish, surrounded him in less than twenty minutes.

## OYSTERS.

The art of fattening our oysters in artificial beds was first taught us by the Romans. Feeding pits being first invented about ninety years before Christ, they were first constructed upon the shore of Baïæ; and even as early as the reign of Vespasian, the British oyster was deemed famous among the Romans, and thought worthy to be carried into Italy. J.

## SINGULAR TENURE.

By a charter granted to Yarmouth by the third Henry, that town is bound to send to the sheriffs of Norwich one hundred herrings to be made into twenty-four pies, by them to be delivered to the lord of the manor of *East Carleton*, who is by his tenure obliged to present them to the king, wherever he may be.

## Anecdotes.

## MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Upon an occasion when the beautiful Scottish queen, in the full vigour of her charms, was walking in a procession at Paris, a woman forced her way through the crowd to touch her. Upon being asked what she meant by her bold intrusion, she said, it was only to satisfy herself whether so angelic a creature was flesh and blood. J.

## AN ANGELIC DELIVERER.

Mr. Onslow sitting one day in his room, Sir Robert Walpole, after some talk, asked him—"What would you say of the man who should bring a message from the king to parliament, proposing to disunite Hanover from England, after his decease?" "Say!" said Onslow, "I should say he was an angel come down from heaven to preserve his country." "Then," replied Sir Robert, "I am that man."

## GARRICK'S EYE.

Miss Pope was one evening, in the Green-room of the theatre, commenting on the excellencies of Garrick, when, amongst other things, she said, "He had the most wonderful eye imaginable; an eye, to use the vulgar phrase, that would penetrate through a deal board." "Ay," cried Wewitzer, "I understand—what we call a *gimblet-eye!*"

## ORIGIN OF CINDERELLA.

The following story, which Burton quotes from *Ælian*, is obviously the origin of one of our most popular nursery tales:—Rodophe was the fairest lady, in her days, in all Egypt; she went to wash her, and by chance (her maides, meanwhile, looked but carelessly to her clothes) an eagle stole away one of her shoes, and laid it in Psammeticus, the King of Egypt's lap, at Memphis: he wondered at the excellency of the shoe and pretty foot, but more *aquila factum*, at the manner of the bringing of it, and caused, forthwith, proclamation to be made, that she that owned that shoe should come presently to his Court; the virgin came, and was forthwith married to the King." *Anatomy of Melancholy*, vol. ii. p. 404.

## PATRIOTIC PROPENSITIES.

I go twice a year to political dinners.

D—n the cause of the people! what care I for that?

Purer motives guide me than your liberal sinners,

When I go it is only to get—a new hat.

*Lit. Gaz.*

## THE SCHOOLMASTER ALL ABROAD.

Sir, I'm a plain pains-taking man, Inflict, too, pains reciprocal with vigour; For, oh, my boys arithmetic won't learn

But always do their best to cut a figure.

Multiplication wins them not;

Addition, thoughtless, is forgot;

Yet the young scamps will by and by

To fast increase and multiply.

Now, for subtraction, they subtract

The finest fruit from off my trees;

And for division, they divide

The spoil, though no spooled children these;

I dog them oft, they heed not me.

Learn three holes for the rule of three;

Till, wearied out with such distractions,

I break their heads to teach them fractions.

I know not, sir, what more to do,

So, in despair, apply to you.

Tb.

## EPIGRAMMATIC EPITAPH ON A PERSON NAMED MILES.

This tombstone is a *mile-stone*, and why so?

Because beneath lies *Miles*. He's *Miles* below,

A little man he was—a dwarf in size;

But now stretch'd out, at least *Miles* long he lies;

His grave, though small, contains a space so wide,

There's *Miles* in length and breadth, and room beside.

## Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, October 27.

*St. Eleutheran, King and Confessor.*—*High Water 51m after 9 Morn—29m after 10 After.*  
 October 27, 10.—Expired at the Hot-Wells, Bristol, to which place he went for the recovery of his health, Dr. Henry Hunter, an eminent presbyterian divine, greatly admired in the metropolis for his pulpit eloquence, and much beloved for his social qualities. His works are numerous, consisting chiefly of translations from the French; and six volumes of sermons entitled "Sacred Biography." He was a native of Culcross, in Perthshire, and was interred in Bunhill-fields, London.

Thursday, October 28.

*St. Simon and St. Jude, Apostles.*—*Sun rises 4m after 7—sets 55m after 4.*  
 For interesting particulars of these saints, see Vol. II. page 256, and Vol. IV. page 240.  
 October 28, 1787.—Expired in the fifty-second year of his age, Johann August Musæus, a German writer of versatile talent, who shone to advantage as a novelist and satirist; he was a successful imitator of Richardson, and an enemy to the theories of Lavater, whose work upon physiognomy he ridiculed in a witty performance entitled, "Physiognomical Travels," which abounds with genial overflowing humour. When this satire appeared, every thing conspired to give its qualities their full effect; the applause it gained was instant and general; it not only brought our author from the shade, but it caused him to be forthwith enrolled among the lights of his age and generation. As an author the beauties and defects of Musæus are easily discerned. His style sparkles with metaphors, sometimes just and beautiful, often new and surprising; but it is laborious, unnatural, and diffuse.

Friday, October 29.

*High Water 0h 0m Morn—0h 6m Afternoon.*

October 29, 1618.—On this day ended the mortal career of Sir Walter Raleigh, who fell beneath the axe of the headsman in Old Palace Yard, Westminster. The conspiracy for which this accomplished man suffered is a state riddle, which has never properly been solved. That Raleigh had any share in it, there is not a shadow of proof; but his death was determined, and after a trial perhaps the most disgraceful in our annals, he was condemned to lose his head. He was, however, reprieved by the king; and after suffering a captivity of twelve years, a period the best employed of his life, as in this confinement he composed the greater part of his numerous and valuable works, he was released, though not formally pardoned. In the hope of repairing his misfortunes, he set sail for Guiana; but the enterprize, as is well known, failed; his son was killed, and on his return, himself executed on the old sentence, at the instance of Spain. He suffered the utmost penalty of the law with the same dauntless resolution he had displayed through life. Prince Henry, between whom and Raleigh there subsisted an attachment of singular strength, was accustomed to say, "No king but my father would keep such a bird in a cage."

Saturday, October 30.

*St. Germanus, Bishop and Confessor.*—*Sun rises 7m after 7—sets 53m after 4.*  
 October 30, 1485.—Anniversary of the coronation of King Henry VII. at Westminster, by Cardinal Thomas Bourchier, the day of the ceremony being Sunday; upon which occasion, Henry first instituted the Yeomen of the Guard.

Sunday, October 31.

TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

*Lessons for the Day—2 chapter Habakkuk, morning—2 chapter Proverbs, Even.*

*Vigil of All Hallows.—Full Moon, 15m after 5 Even.*

This is *Nut-crack Night*, or *Hallow Eve*, or the *Vigil of All Saint's Day*; it is customary at this season, in many parts, to crack nuts in large quantities. They are also thrown in pairs into the fire, as a love divination, by young people in Northumberland, anxious to know their future lot in the connubial state. If the nuts lie still and burn together, it prognosticates a happy marriage, or at least a hopeful love; if, on the contrary, they bounce and fly asunder, the sign is unpropitious to matrimony. Burning nuts is also a famous charm in Scotland; in the *Hallow-E'en* of that inspired son of genius, Burns, mention is made of the practice we have alluded to in the following words:—

The old guid wife's weel boardet nits  
 Are round and round divided,  
 And monie lads' and lasses' fates  
 Are there that night decided:

Some kindle couthie, side by side,  
 An' burn thegither trimly;  
 Some start awa' wi' saucy pride,  
 And jump out owre the chimble.

Monday, November 1.

*All Saints.*—*High Water 12m after 2 Morning—36m after 2 Afternoon.*

It is remarkable that, whilst the old popish names for the other fasts and festivals, such as Christmas, Candlemas, &c. are generally retained throughout England, the northern counties alone continue the use of the ancient name (All Hallows) for the festival of All Saints. The people of Catalonia, on the eve of All Souls, observe a strange religious practice; they run about from house to house to eat chestnuts, believing that for every chestnut they swallow, with proper froth and unction, they shall deliver a soul out of purgatory.

Tuesday, November 2.

*All Souls.*—*Sun rises 13m after 7—sets 46m after 4.*

All Souls Day was anciently one of great importance, and kept with much solemnity. Until the Reformation was firmly established in England, it was customary for persons dressed in black to go round the different towns, ringing a loud and dismal toned bell at the corner of each street, every Sunday evening during November, calling upon the inhabitants to remember the deceased, suffering the expiatory flames of purgatory, and to join in prayer for the repose of their souls; but afterwards, Queen Elizabeth passed an edict strictly forbidding "the sacrilegious ringing of Bells at All Hallowtide and at All Souls Day, with the two nights next before and after."

# The *Olto* ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XX.—Vol. VI.

Saturday, Nov. 6, 1830.



See page 307

## Illustrated Article.

### THE STORY OF A LEGACY.

For the *Olto*.

Rest, ill-starred youth!  
Though in the blaze of noon thy murd'ers  
live,

Unclaim'd by justice, yet their guilt shall  
gnaw—

Though cold and comfortless thy weedy grave,  
Thy woes and wrongs are register'd in heaven!

FREDERICK HENDERSON was a wanderer. Family disasters had clouded his prospects, and reversed the natural equanimity of his temper. He had quitted his home in search of adventure, and to seek a relief to his sorrow by gratifying to the utmost his love of observation. Versed in "men and manners," from the most obvious to the most minute of their characteristics, he had adopted a change of scene as a panacea for the mental disease which warred with his existence; when, after vainly endeavouring to re-establish his almost totally prostrated health and spirits, by local travelling, he bade adieu to the castle-crowned heights of Dover; the

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ro ky eminences of Margate and Ramsgate; the beauteous and enchanting scenery of the Isle of Wight; the fashionable purlieus of Southampton;—to wandering through the woods "where the poet Sidney passed his boyhood;" to dreaming amidst the "storied windows" of our southern cathedrals; to the effeminacy and expenditure of watering-places; to the fluctuating courtesies and accommodations of inns "by the way-side;" to village "surgeries," encircled by bee-hives and brushwood; to steam-boat voyaging by sea, and to stage-coach travelling by land;—and turned his face once more to the patrimony of his fathers.

There is a sympathy in nature for our joys and sorrows; and the cheerfulness or gloom which creation assumes, in turns, has more power, in many instances, to elevate or depress the human mind, than the soothing of friends, or the chiding of enemies; and, as young Henderson pursued his homeward way through the woods and vallies of western Yorkshire, his spirit became unconsciously imbued with the melancholy

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of the scenery. Toiling down the steep of Harewood Castle, he paused midway to look on the gloomy landscape ere evening had quite hid it from his view. Above him, the ruins of that relic of civil commotion lifted their gaunt towers over the hill-seated woods around them, the sable ivy hiding one turret, and the blasted alder topping the other. Below, the bubbling stream crept over its stony bed, crossed by its wide and antique bridge; and, centrally, the comfortable inn, in the old English style of architecture, imparted an imposing aspect to the view. But all was overcast with that gloom which characterises an early spring. The repulsive croaking of the castle rooks fell on the ear; the mist was rising from the brook, and had already bedewed the grass with moisture; the cattle were being driven to their nightly receptacles; and the toil-sick peasant hurried to his fire-side. Frederick ruminated on the altered mien of the prospect. Leaving his home, he had travelled that way when the brilliant morning was mantling the heavens in crimson, and the sky-lark was fluttering over the verdant corn. In the interim of his absence, his father had died, and with him all his hopes; his own aunt and uncle had refused to him the payment of a legacy left him in right of his mother, by a will in which they were executrix and executor; and he was now returning from a vain perambulation in search of mental quietude, moneyless, comfortless, and dejected; and his mourning formed an apt similitude to his own sufferings in a circumstance which he then witnessed. It was that of a solitary cushat, which appeared to have been prematurely overtaken by the evening, and was wheeling its baffled flight round and round the dreary valley, its wings wet with the falling dew; until at length the wearied bird sought shelter amidst the strange and uncongenial branches of a clump of nearly naked firs. The piteous emblem suggested its analogy to Frederick Henderson, and his feelings found a partial relief in tears.

It was at the close of an evening in April, when Frederick entered the small town of Topton, on his way to his uncle Will Yeateley's, where he intended to spend the few months of flattering anxiety and deceiving hope, during the inquiries attendant on the recovery of his legacy. The faint and receding sunbeams fell on the gilded hands of the old clock of St. Columbus, which pointed to the hour of seven. Around him was

the delightful scene of his boyhood—the grove-hidden mansion of his aged aunt, the deceased Mrs. Smith; the old market cross, fallen into disuse and decay; the elevated and elm-shadowed church-yard; the roaring waterfall by the far-off mill, seated on the majestic Swale; the prolific and spacious meadows skirting that noble stream; and, to back the landscape, the full-grown plantations of Beechwood Park, with its fine deer browsing in the swarded intervals. Crossing the bridge connecting Topton with the Ashby road, he encountered the athletic and commanding figure of an old and esteemed friend, Thomas Walker, an unusually intelligent and industrious tradesman, living in a small cottage at Ashby. After mutual recognition and salutation, they entered into converse.

"Gadslikins, Fred," said Walker, "they tell me you have rambled over half England."

"Why truly, Walker, my way has been a rugged one. The *last* bough on the blighted tree of my hapless family, I am but a very frail one; and it is surprising, considering the many blasts I have stood the brunt of, that I have not been broken off from the withered trunk, and borne away by the winds."

"Nay, nay, cheer up, my boy! better days await you: a young man should never despair. Learn my philosophy. Though trampled to the dust by that ignorant and cruel fellow, Rockton, who has deprived me of nearly all my custom, merely because I will not doff my hat to him, I never repine. The proud consciousness that I mightily lay down my unaching head at peace with all good men, consoles me for his malice. It was but the other day, Frederick, that he mounted his horse, and rode ten miles to tell the trustees of a school into which my little Jane had been admitted, that unless they ejected her, he should stay his subscription; but, thank God! there are some honest men in the world—his request was indignantly refused."

"He is a villain," said Frederick; "but pray how gets on my old crony, Kit Briton, with him—does he still exasperate him by his attention to politics?"

"Just as much; every speech that proceeds from Kit, is pretty well sprinkled with secret news of revolutionary dagger-making and preparations for civil war. He cannot speak without dragging in, 'In 1799, Lord Sidmouth said,' and ending with 'the

folly of a finance committee.' It's worth a Jew's eye to see him seated in his shop-window, exactly opposite the Squire's drawing-room, turning over a newspaper a twelvemonth old, purposely to vex him; the Squire exclaiming, 'D—n that fellow Briton, there he is again, reading the newspaper instead of cobbling shoes, and providing for his family. Confound these seditious fools, that ever they were taught to read.'

"I am now returning," observed Frederick, "in the hope of obtaining the paltry legacy unjustly withheld from me by my aunt Barking of Dalling, and my uncle Yeateley, of Beechwood Park; and I know that, in my efforts to have justice done to my cause, I shall make Squire Rockton my implacable foe; for his friendship for my uncle is such, that I believe he would engage in any dirty service to maintain it."

"Ay, ay," replied Walker, "and there is your *poor* uncle, Will Yeateley, the hard-working blacksmith, whose house you are now going to make your head-quarters, would sell his soul to please his rich brother and the Squire. He has Rockton's work; and for that he kisses the very dust on which he treads; though mind ye, Fred, he makes no scruple, privately, to take his rusty old gun, and have a pop now and then at Rockton's pigeons; and so well does he know which are the Squire's, that he can tell them a mile off. But I hoaxed him properly the other day: 'Will,' says I, 'coming past Rockton's seed fields, down Dishforth lane, I saw about twenty of his pigeons picking the seeds; make haste, man, and you will have a fine shot.' Away he toddles with the old fowling-piece; his leather apron rattling against his legs, and it was half an hour before I saw him come back again. 'Thomas,' said he, 'you have taken the sheep's-wool which is stuck on the hedges for pigeons, for I saw none when I got there;' and I had a hearty laugh, you may believe me, Fred, at poor Will's disappointment of a pigeon pie."

Canvassing other matters which had occurred during Frederick's absence, they had passed the summit of Ashby Bank, when, crossing the pleasure-ground of Captain Barton, they arrived at Ashby, where, stopping before a neatly thatched cottage, fronted by two fine variegated holly-trees, shading an ancient dial, they shook hands and parted,—Walker promising to see Frederick at his uncle Will Yeateley's, the Three Horse Shoes, in an hour or two.

A few paces further, and Frederick stood before the dwelling of the village aristocrat, Squire Rockton; and verily it was a scene in character. Nearly hidden from the prying eyes of the good and submissive people of Ashby, by laurels and flowering shrubs, its well-guarded walls seemed the stronghold of tyranny. The birds of heaven, in their chartered intrusions in search of food, passed over the Squire's netted garden without deigning to take from it the tribute of even a poor worm. The iron-barred gates creaked on their hinges; the surly house-dogs barked savagely at the slightest passing sound; and the weedy walks of the approach showed that the feet of strangers were seldom permitted there. A painted board stuck on a wall enclosing the grounds, announced the pleasing intelligence, that any intruder "whoever, and on any pretence whatever," would incur the penalty of a few slugs being discharged at his body. Behind the house, a treble row of corn-stacks, of four or five years' produce, flanked the well-stocked fold-yard and ample granaries of the Squire. To complete the picture, Rockton himself appeared, with a horse-whip, to drive away some harmless urchins who were playing at marbles at some little distance, and to whom he applied it most unmercifully. The blood of young Henderson boiled in his veins on beholding this, and he held a short parley with his passion, touching whether he should divest the Squire of his whip, and give him a sound flogging with it, or not. Laying hold of one fine little fellow, whose cheek bore the lacerated marks of the lash, Frederick rescued him from his vengeance, and addressed himself to the ruffian.

"Pray, sir, desist; so cruel a punishment is quite disproportioned to the offence. Recollect they are but children."

"And pray who are you, sir?" thundered the Squire, eyeing him with a contemptuous squint, not deigning to turn his face to him; "D—n your blood, sir, be off! or I'll give you ten times as much."

"Advance one foot," said Frederick, "and, by heavens, you shall measure your length in the dust!"

On the utterance of this threat, Squire Rockton retreated within the gate, and calling loudly to a ferocious mastiff, the furious animal rushed open-mouthed upon Frederick, and would have seized him by the throat, had not his master, fearful of the consequences redound-



ing upon himself, sprung forward and choked him off; after which, without uttering another syllable, he closed the gate, and with the terrible guardian of his dignity, departed. Here the matter ended for the present; but how awful and early a revenge the villain had upon Frederick Henderson, the reader will be informed in due time and place.

It was nearly dark when our adventurer arrived at his uncle Yeateley's, the Three Horse Shoes. The old remembered sound of the hammer striking on the anvil; the blazing handful of embers; the smoke issuing out of the blacksmith's shop, and the tall sign swinging over the orchard, were all welcome tokens to the wearied Henderson. He was heartily welcomed by his relatives, to whom he related his errand and adventures. His crouching uncle was dreadfully alarmed, on hearing the rencontre with Squire Rockton, lest he should lose his patronage and custom. But Frederick calmed his apprehensions by assuring him that he was unknown to the Squire; an explanation which was unfounded, as he was perfectly aware of Frederick's identity.

That night a goodly company assembled at the Three Horse Shoes. Among whom were, Thomas Walker, the mild advocate of the rights of humanity; Kit Briton, the red-hot democrat; Dr. Miraculous, a retailer of the marvellous; Dicky Smithson, a retired horse-dealer, and the worthy host himself. Much of the time was occupied in advising Frederick how to proceed in his legacy affair, and all joined in execrating the unfeeling conduct of his rich uncle at Beechwood Park, (who had an extensive farm under Lord G——), and his aunt Barking of Dalling; during which conversation, his poorer relative, Will Yeateley, preserved his wonted silence, looking just as expressive and intelligent as (to use a simile applied to him by Kit Briton) "a poke o' tatoes." Dr. Miraculous entertained the assembly with the relation of a wonderful feat accomplished by one of his dogs, who had that day hunted down two hares at one time, the chase being for two miles; in the course of which the Doctor described every double and every turning which the hares and their pursuer took: he finished with describing how laughably they all three, hares and dog, tumbled into a gravel-pit, where the former was secured. But the interest of the story was spoiled by the facetious Briton, who

put to the Doctor the posing interrogatory, (he being a decrepid old man,) "Where were you, then, all the time of the chase, that you managed to see it?" which the Doctor answered by observing, that it was a rule with him, when his word was doubted, never to reply to impertinent questions, and which he should strictly follow on this occasion. The conversation was continued in good temper by Dicky Smithson, relating how he choused a cockney sharper, in one of his visits to the metropolis. Kit Briton harangued the company on the currency question; and Thomas Walker expatiated on the sin of taxing man for "the blessed light of heaven;" giving afterwards his favourite song, "My friend is the man I would copy through life:"—lastly, the Squire was brought on the tapis,—a subject so intensely interesting, that Briton took upon himself to be chief spokesman, and delivered some enthusiastic animadversions upon the character of Rockton.

"Talk of the Squire," said he, "he is a dishonour to the work of God; for he declares that man, the supremest intelligence in creation, should be taught no more than his alphabet; that he should be held in bondage and subordination under his superiors in wealth; that he should prostrate himself before them, and be ready to perform the most revolting service at their bidding. Marriage he deprecates as a degrading tie, intended for fools only—a convenient doctrine for him; for he has passions which marriage would not gratify. He should have lived in the days of feudal domination and darkness, when the mandate of the lawless lord was executed even unto blood by his soldier vassals. He would thank the king to give him leave to convert his cellars into dungeons, erect gallowses in his fields, and allow him to hang on his own lands. He laughs at the bible, and yet supports the church, because he says it keeps the mob in awe. He has deprived one man of his character, and nearly of his existence, because his heedless son shot one of his hares; another he has injured in his trade, on the score of his omitting to bow to him; and a third he has turned out of his cottage for refusing to allow his daughter to become a mistress. In short, though the family marble may flatter him, his true monument is engraven on the hearts of just and injured men, and will survive his rotting. Neighbours, I am warm on

this theme ; but you know me, and you know the facts on which I have unceremoniously dwelt."

"Hard words, hard words, Kit!" grumbled Will Yeateley.

"To you I know they are, in every sense of the word," retorted Briton; "but I challenge, I defy, any man to contradict one iota of my assertions.—No, they are true, and truth I will speak to the last hour of my life; I hold no shop, or house, or field, or farm, under him; if I did, my opinions of him would still be uncompromising, and I should soon be bundled out."

A long silence followed this colloquy, which was broken by Frederick, who recommended to Briton moderation in his resentment; though, he observed, he was aware of the character of the man.

Briton defended his censures, and added, that he had not gone to extremities in portraying the Squire. "It is given out," said he, "that his pregnant housekeeper has been sent to her friends to remain during her confinement; but she has, since that, been seen in his house, and I will wager my life, that her child will never—"

"Say nothing on that subject, Briton," interrupted Thomas Walker; "you may get yourself into trouble, and Squire Rockton is unworthy of such a risk."

The politician assented, and the topics of further discussion were miscellaneous, until the party dispersed; and Frederick Henderson retired, at a late hour, to rest, intending next day to call upon his uncle, George Yeateley, at Beechwood Park, to ascertain whether he would pay the legacy without further litigation; Frederick having been unfortunately persuaded by some of his uncle's emissaries, prior to leaving Yorkshire, to employ, in order to recover his legacy, the very attorney who had made the will: thus unadvisedly placing himself completely at the mercy of their joint caprice and pettifoggery.

*(To be continued.)*

#### THE LAST GUY FAWKES.

'Twas after supper yesternight,  
In a vision wild and strange,  
A mingled dream of fun and fright,  
That, like an albatross in flight,  
My spirit took its range.

And over the tops of a nation of shops\*  
My course it seem'd to wind,  
Till it reach'd the home of every sect,  
And they call'd it the City of Intellect,  
The Metropolis of Mind!

\* "A Nation of shopkeepers."—*Bunnaparte*.

And through that city's streets a throng  
Of ragged rovers rush'd along,  
A rabble that Cruikshank could not draw,  
Though he painted the clients in courts of law!  
Even Falstaff's troop had there look'd clean,  
And Bardolph's self a Brummel had been.

High o'er the rest I caught the gleam  
Of a more than human thing,  
So fierce a phantom, that my dream  
Had almost taken wing.  
As the mob were marching before and behind,  
I deem'd it the "new Napoleon," Mind.

But as it approach'd, I saw its form:  
Its harrei-like body with iron was stron;  
Its legs were faggots, that look'd full warm,  
And its arms were torches ten feet long.  
Its head had gone off, had it felt a rap,  
For it seem'd to wear a percussion cap.

Then a nearer view I tried to catch,  
But wonder made me pause,  
For I found that his nose was tipp'd like a  
match,  
And I saw his lantern-jaws;  
And his eye betray'd, as it glared like a  
hawk's,

That prince of powder, Guido Fawkes!  
I marvel'd much how the people flock'd  
Like bees about a hive,  
To worship that they once had mock'd,  
While no man save myself seem'd shock'd,  
To see the Dead alive.

And they raised the rare old Spaniard high,  
Each swearing to remember,  
How glorious Guy was caught like a spy,  
On the fifth of a black November.  
They placed him with care in a tawdry chair,  
And I took him at first for the new Lord Mayor.

Methinks 'twere a fine though a frightful thing,  
To have stood by those barrels of yore,  
When the train was laid—and surely a king  
Ne'er had such a train before!  
The fate of poor Guy seems too forlorn  
To need the addition of rags and scorn.

But Liberal-feeling and Mind drew near,  
To welcome old Guido with chime and cheer,  
And the loyal people that used to burn  
His annual effigy, hail'd his return;  
The very boys that begg'd "a penny,"  
Grew grateful, and shouted as loud as any.

And the chiefs of the land came forth to sing  
A psalm, if e'er they had learnt one;  
For they sought to bring a peace offering  
To him who was styled the Burnt-One.

And first Lord Eldon brought a hat—  
Though, having at Windsor toss'd it  
Under his feet, it was somewhat flat;  
But the donor said, in addition to that,  
He'd have given his wig—but he'd lost it.

I saw my Lord Elephant busting there,  
Though tame, by no means shy;  
And he offer'd his present—a head of hair,  
That was just the thing for a Guy.  
But this was declined: for Guy averred  
That the ringlets made him look too absurd!

Then a Duke came there and presented a pair  
Of mustachios, white and thick;  
And he offer'd to bear before the chair  
(When he got it) a Golden Stick.

Then Charles the Tenth to the dust bow'd  
down,  
And took off his hat though it had no crown,  
He placed upon Guy a fine hair-shirt,  
And said it was warranted not to hurt.  
Guy liked it not, for it pierced him through;  
When Sir Francis Burdett, quite placid,  
Presented a cordial—yet scarcely knew  
If 'twas water or prussic-acid.

And Abernethy produced a book  
That cured, ere look'd at twice!  
While "St. John's self," unabash'd in look,  
Push'd forward, and gave—his advice.

'Twas given in vain: for this curer of pain  
(Guy Fawkes could not dissemble)  
On the ground was lain, by a stroke from a  
cane,

That was borrowed from Mr. Kemble.  
The patent tinder box next was sent,  
Which the Royal Society hatches,  
And the "Morning Post" a bundle lent  
Of Fashionable Matches.

Many thousands came his acceptance to beg  
Of something in which they shone;  
And all appear'd to make him a peg  
To hang their deformities on.

Now Intellect knew not how to provide  
For this all-aspiring spark;  
And she thought that, if caged, he might form  
the pride  
Of the Gardens in the Park.

But she saw how the animals, too well fill'd,  
Were all "with the best intentions" kill'd;  
And she tried (too late) to secure him the perch  
Of the giants at old St. Dunstan's church.

She made him a preacher, all fury and sound  
His eyes for new lights serving!  
But alas! he found that the self-same ground  
Was taken by Mr. Irving.

As he could not live on the fame of a face,  
And the power to raise a rout,  
He wrote to Lord Bingham to get him a place,  
And afterwards call'd him out.

Then the children of Mind debated much,  
In a strain unknown to peace:  
But this was a point that none could touch,  
Whether old Fawkes should be King of the  
Dutch,

Or Guy the First of Greece.

And Sir Robert consented to act as Sec.,  
Though Guy were king of both;  
While Talleyrand said, at the risk of his neck,  
He was ready to take the oath.

All judgment then being far from clear,  
And knowing not what to do,  
They thought at least he would do for a Peer,  
As Baron Bonfire—(cries of "Hear!")  
"And a very good Baron too!"

At last they found that his talents would suit  
The Lower House, that charms  
Alike when noisy and when it is mute;  
So the Refuge for the Destitute  
Received old Guy in its arms.

Though a few were there that rose to declare  
They would ne'er such a Member meet:  
Yet it was but fair, as O'Connell was there,  
That Guy should take his seat.

I know not how far the roar might reach,  
When first old Gunpowder spoke;  
But I'm sure he made a fiery speech,  
For he sat between Wood and Coke.

And methought my dream as a moral was sent,  
How Destiny drains its cup;  
For it placed Guy Fawkes in Parliament,  
And he nightly blew it up!

*New Monthly.*

## MY FIRST LORD MAYOR'S SHOW

THE old proverb says, "Once a man—twice a child." I have no objection to urge against the truth of the maxim—none to the sage Sancho who in his wisdom indited it; but I must frankly

confess that, if this rule in mortal man's existence be invariable, some villain destiny has brought the two extremes (the two childhoods) of my particular life together, and, I am afraid, intends to defraud me entirely of the middle term: for (shall I confess it?) I am at forty in some respects as great a child as I was at ten. Wordsworth has very truly said, after Dryden,\* that

"The child is father to the man;"

and it is only to be regretted that the child-father cannot keep the man his son under more subjection in his riper years. Indeed, it would be well for us if our pursuits as men were as innocent as our pursuits as children—our crimes would then be as venial, and their punishment as merciful.

I love childish shows—those "trivial, fond records"—and my Lord Mayor's Show usually finds me a gaping observer of the wonder of the 9th of November. But, out alas! if there is one honour more than another which illustrates the short-livedness of all honours, it is this preparatory pageant to a whole year of honour. There is something more or less melancholy in all grandeur, and more or less ridiculous in the most serious exhibition of it: if these sad deductions of sad experience are remarkable in one solemnity more than another, it is in "My Lord Mayor's Show." The whole design of the pageant is so incongruous, from the mixture of barbaric pomp (its men in armour) with modern refinement (its men in broad cloth)—so cheerless, from the season and its sure circumstances of fog, frost, or drenching rain, under one or more of which it yearly takes place, that, instead of being a gratification to the eye, or pleasing to our sense of the outward glory of public homage, it passes before us like the mockery and not the majesty of pomp, which should have somewhat of the poetry of pageantry, or else it is duller than a twice-told tale. Yet for this brief glory, good men, and therefore good citizens, have struggled "through evil report and good report," and having enjoyed it, have sat down contented for the rest of their lives. There are much worse ambitions; and it is well, perhaps, that this is so short-lived: the best governors of Rome were her consuls for a year.

My first "Lord Mayor's Show" occurred in that happy period of life, boyhood, when we are soonest pleased with

\* "The priest continues what the nurse began,  
And thus the child imposes on the man."

a feather." To be sure, a dense and thoroughly English fog, one "native and to the manner born,"—one of unadulterated Essex home-manufacture, did, both on its going forth and on its return, make "darkness visible," obscured the glories of the day, and, accompanied with a sleety sort of drizzle, rendered the paths of honour as slippery as the sledge at Schaffhausen. But what to me, then, were these accidental drawbacks upon the great occasion! True, I had seen what I went out to see as "through a glass darkly;" but that which I saw not, my imagination exhibited—all the rest was "leather and prunella." The obscured glories of that day still "haunt me like a vision;" and I have *assisted* at no Lord Mayor's Show since, without an undefinable sense of something to be seen which I had somehow not seen.

I shall not soon forget that first illusion, which, if I had not studied the programme, I might now suspect I had not beheld with these eyes, but, in its stead, a gayer sort of funeral. Yet that foreknowing of the *dram. pers.* of that dullest of all the dolorous dramas represented on this stage, the world; that bitter fruit of knowledge, which I had intended as an olive of preparation to the wine of delight, did too well inform me that I had seen the veritable Lord Mayor's Show of November's sober seriousness, and not the Lord Mayor's pageant of my April imagination. It was an epoch in my life; for it was the first of its many deceits in which I was undeceived. The show of my preconceiving was indeed a sight to have seen; but I saw the real Simon Pure, and felt that all glory here is but "a naught, a thought, a pageant and a dream." First impressions are last impressions.

It was, of course, a dull, dirty November day. The rains which at that season usually drench one-half the world, leaving the other half parching with thirst, had first washed the city, and then left it one weltering kennel of mud. However, on the morning of the day big with the fate of Watson or of Staines (I forget which), the clouds contented themselves with a sleety sort of drizzle, a kind of confectionary rain, which, under pretence of powdering you all over with a sort of candy of ice, soaked your broadcloth through and through. At ten, the thick air, instead of melting into "thin air," grew "palpable to feeling as to sight;" it was sullenly stationary at eleven, and there was not the sixteenth of a hope that it

would clear off. The "clink of hammers accomplishing the knights" (who needed it), and "closing their rivets up," gave note of preparation. In a few minutes more a foggy, half-suffocated cry was heard, "a wandering voice," from one end of Milk-street to the other—"They come! they come!" "Where? where?" was the response; and the glorious vision that I was to have seen passed unheeded away, with all its banners, bannerets, bandy drummers, footmen, knights, coaches, carts, common-councilmen, tumbrels, and common stage-waggons, through an admiring mob, equally imperceptible. The darkness swallowed all.

Having by some mysterious instinct, with which nature, when she located that people of Britain called cockneys, on the northern shore of the Thames, must have abundantly gifted them, found their unseen way to Blackfriars, the Right Honourable and his retinue took water, and felt out their way by the piles standing along the shore, to Westminster, where landing "all well," the common-serjeant, with an instinct natural to a lawyer, *made* Westminster Hall, and led "the splendid annual" within its legal gates. Certain mummeries being gone through, as well as the official labours of a hearty refection, the "corporative capacity" of London paddled its way patiently from Westminster, clearing the small craft with a nautical skill never sufficiently to be wondered at and admired; and miraculously weathered Blackfriars-bridge, in total safety, thanks to the skill of the pilot at the helm of city-admiralty affairs, to whom the dark dangers of both shores were as familiar as posts and corners to a blind man.

Here the day, as if it relented in its spiteful intention of damping the general joy and the corporative glory, smiled a momentary smile; and the fog dissipating, within the circumference of fifty yards, it was perceived that the brave pageant was again marshalled; and Solomon, in all his glory, for some moments seemed something less than Staines. It was but in mockery of the hopes of man; for ere the word "forward!" could be given, the sun, who had been struggling in vain to get a glance into the city, all at once gave it up as hopeless, and retired to Thetis' lap, in the afternoon, instead of the evening.

And now all was "dark as Erebus, and black as night." Genius, what a gift is thine! Some more enlightened

citizen, darkling without, but bright within, suggested the bare possibility of procuring a dozen or two of links, and like a gallant soldier adventuring with a forlorn hope, himself led the way to the nearest oilman's. The "ineffectual fire" was procured; and never was it more necessary, for thicker rolled the fog, dimmer and more dubious grew the way, and more and more like night became the day. "Forward!" was again the cry, and the procession moved through the mud and mob, in a manner truly moving.

And first came, peating out the way, to keep the press at peace, the city peace-officers, breaking it all the way they went. After these followed a number of matronly old gentlemen called bachelors, in blue gowns, and in woollen night-caps of blue and white, carrying themselves under the weight of years and beer with great difficulty,—but their flagging banners with more. Three times the word to halt ran along the line; but these venerables were either so deaf that they did not hear the command, or hearing it, mistook its tenor, and thought it but superfluous idleness to bid those to halt who already halted. Next to these "most potent, grave and reverend" seniors, came the under city-marshal on horseback—an attendant picking out the way for him. Then a band of musicians, when their asthmas would permit them, playing very pathetically (as if in mockery of those who could see nothing) "See, the conquering hero comes!" Two trumpeters now tried to rend the air, and between them a kettle-drum sounded, as if muffled, for both catgut and parchment had relaxed under the moist fingers of the morn, and their mimic thunder was now mute.

After these came a juvenile, as an ancient herald, bare-headed; and then a standard-bearer, in half-armour, which was no doubt exceedingly sparkling and burnished in the morning, but now, like Satan, had lost its "original brightness," and looked "like glory for awhile obscured." Certain half-famished squires dogged his heels, their upper halves perspiring to parboiling under the warmth of flannel-lined armour, but their lower man sitting as cold in their saddles as Charles at Charing-cross. Next came an ancient knight in a suit of scale-armour, looking like an amphibious fish on horseback, and just as wet as one; and two other trumpeters, exploding something like the choke-damp of mines out of their trumpets, in strains

it was a misery to hear. And now, another knight, in the iron armour of King Harry, came toppling along, to shew the admiring age how much the strength of man was decreased since the days of sack and Shakspeare: for now he bent on this side, and now on the other, like a reel shaken by the wind. You might have thought him the most courteous of knights, and these deviations from the perpendicular but knightly recognitions of the damsels he would have tilted for, if need were, in the listed field. His trumpeters tore the air to tatters about him, and he passed away, like the shadow of the strength and the youth of chivalry.

*Eureka! eureka!* The crushing car of the Juggernaut of the show now rolled along, kneading the mud under its golden wheels. The mobility darted inquiring looks in at the open windows, which the mace-bearer and sword-bearer completely filled, and saw they could not see the Mayor for the mist, which enveloped him as with an extra civic garment. Up went a shout, however, that seemed to stagger the state-coach; for it swaggered from the left to the right of Bridge-street, as if undecided on which side to spill its right-honourable contents: but the mace-bearer shifting his seat a little, she righted with a heavy lurch, as a broad-bottomed Dutch brig adjusts herself in a gale. Next came the retiring Mayor, some distance in the rear, and in much seeming hurry to overtake his successor, as if he felt he was too late even for the *late* Lord Mayor.

It was now no very easy task to tell an alderman's coach from his coal-waggon, save by the polite difference between the oaths of the driver of one and the other. The elder aldermen were, however, distinguishable by their asthmas, the younger by their sneezing. After these came the ominous-browed Recorder; then the Sheriffs, brilliant and benighted; then that love and loathing of good and bad apprentices—the kindly, veteran Chamberlain; then the Remembrancer; and the Foreign Ambassadors, wondering every one, save him of Holland, at the climate. Then the Judges, enveloped in wig and darkness; and, after them, several understood persons of distinction, who could by no means be distinguished. By the time that the head and tail of the procession had wound round St. Paul's, like the serpent round the Laocoon, and had reached Cheapside, the last link was burnt out; and the finery of the

first footmen was as dingy and undiscernible as the fluttering rags of the merry bootless and shoeless boys who shouted before them, as if they would have drowned the clamour of Bow-bells with their "most sweet voices."

Such was "my first Lord Mayor's Show," and "let it be the last:" the undeceiving of all my imaginations of it I have not yet forgiven in the Lord Mayors' Shows of other years. The general impression that it was a melancholy sight, has ever since affected me; and I am not singular in this feeling; for an ingenious friend of mine, who has illustrated Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," among the other heads into which he divides that hydra-like volume, has one which he calls "the Lord Mayor's Show Melancholy," a mental phantasma, which visits his imagination yearly on the ninth of November, at which time he is impressed with the constant passing and repassing of a dim and half-perceivable show of much-supposed splendour, which gropes its way through the Bæotian fog and Stygian darkness; and then turning about *hey presto!* there repasses a long continued line of mourning-coaches, as if to shew the serious vanity and ultimate end of all human splendour.

*Monthly Mag.*

#### A FEW MORE ANECDOTES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

At the taking of the Tuileries, a Student of the Polytechnic School, who was in command of a body of citizens, presented himself at the Gate, and called upon the officer of the post to surrender, if he did not wish to be exterminated with all his men. The officer refused, and attempted to fire his pistol, which, however, missed fire. The youth still preserved his self-possession, seized the officer by the breast, and raising his sword, said,—“Your life is in my hands, but I am unwilling to shed blood.” The officer, affected by this noble act, took off the insignia of the order he wore, and presented it to the youth, saying—“Brave young man, no one can be more worthy than yourself to wear this sign of honour, accept it from my hands; I am a superior officer and enjoy some reputation, and I am certain of ensuring you the right to wear it.” Give me your name.” The only answer returned was—“A pupil of the Polytechnic School,”—and the youth rejoined his comrades.

In one of the skirmishes with the Royal Guard, that body had, after its repulse by the citizens, left a piece of artillery in an unoccupied area, to which, however, there was still danger in approaching, on account of the firing. A pupil of the Polytechnic School, who was at the head of the armed citizens, ran up to the piece, which he seized with both his hands. “It is ours,” he said, “I will keep it—I will die rather than surrender it.” A cry was heard behind him, “The brave are dear to us—you will be killed—return to us.” The young man heard not a word, but held the piece more tightly in his embrace, in spite of a shower of balls which rained around him. At last the Royal Guard was obliged to retire still farther by the fire of the citizens, who were continually gaining ground, and who at length reached the piece and saved the young man who had so bravely seized it first.

Several pair of new trousers were found in one of the barracks of the gendarmerie. Some individuals put these trousers on over those which they were themselves wearing. The trousers were immediately torn to pieces by their comrades;—there was an unanimous cry amongst them—“We came here to conquer, not to rob.”

M. Tardieu, the celebrated geographical engraver, who is an officer in the National Guards, having received a ball through his thigh, was carried by four of the people home for medical aid. A crowd met them, and demanded the news. The wounded man replied, “There is nothing, my friends, but that we have reconquered our liberty.”

A National Guard, whose wife, alarmed for his safety, had secured him, as she hoped, by locks and bolts, hearing the sound of the tocsin, cautiously lowered his arms and accoutrements by a rope into the street, and then let himself down from the first floor, to join his brave companions.

#### THE BABINGTONS.

A TALE OF CHADSTOW.

*For the Olio.*

Continued from p. 301.

THE day of the Ascension, which this year fell on the first of May, was celebrated in Litchfield and the adjoining villages with the usual ceremonies of well-flowering and the erection of

bowers and May-poles. The injunction of the prophet seemed literally obeyed:

"Go forth unto the mount, and fetch olive branches, and pine branches, and myrtle branches, and palm branches, and branches of thick trees.

"So the people went forth and brought them, and made themselves booths, every one upon the roof of his house, and in their courts, and in the courts of the house of God, and in the street of the Water-gate, and in the street of the gate of Ephraim."

It is true, that myrtle or palm did not figure in the numerous bowers which made Lichfield a perfect greenery, but what they wanted in that respect was amply compensated by the pomp attending the erection of the May-pole.\* Men, women, and children had gone in groups to the hills, the heaths, and the woods, where they passed the preceding night in various diversions; and that morning they were returning, bringing with them boughs of various trees to adorn the bowers of their houses and courts. The mighty May-pole itself moved like an Indian idol, amidst its exulting votaries. Forty yoke of oxen, each ox having a gaudy nosegay to the tips of his gilded horns, brought home the stately tree. It was adorned with branches of BIRCH, (a tree especially honoured on similar festivals by our Gothic ancestors), bunches of forest leaves, and fragrant flowers, together with thyme, lavender, mint, and other herbs, which, wreathing from top to bottom, displayed at intervals the gay scarlet and gilding with which the pole was coloured. Having brought it to a spacious meadow adjoining the pool of Chadstow, they proceeded to elevate it with great pomp. Richly wrought kerchiefs, and flags of various hues, streamed from it on every side; a gilded effigy with mitre and crosier, representing St. Chad, stood as a weathercock on its summit, while the green turf at its base was strewn with herbs and flowers. The peasants then set up their summer-halls, bowers, and arbours, the various greens being variegated with the narcissus, peony, lilac, tulips, laburnum, &c. arranged in fantastic shapes.

Such was the rustic spectacle that presented itself to Mark Babington, as from the straggling street that led to Chadstow his eye glanced over the blue lake to the Mill-crofts, (as they were termed) the scene of this sprightly pageant. He found the Black Priest in his sacerdotal vestments, reading aloud

\* See Strutt.

the gospel for the day over St. Chad's well, which, nestling in a sequestered dell under an orchard of filberts and damascenes, was now surrounded by bands of gaily dressed youths and maidens, who had hung its basin with garlands, and strewn on its calm waters their many-coloured posies. When the ceremony was concluded, Mark discovered himself to his uncle, and after a warm and affectionate greeting, learnt that the information of Clarence was but too correct, and that Sir Oliver had received the king's command to confine himself to his house and park at Curborough. Thither, at Mark's earnest request, the priest accompanied his nephew, and by the road learnt with indignant emotion the substance of the last night's conference. It was a delicate, but indispensable point to break to Sir Oliver the residence of Lady Anne Plantagenet at Whichnover, and her actual visit to his own house; equally problematical, too, was the view that the disguised princess might be disposed to take of her probable surrender to the court; but her well-known horror of Vaucler, together with their poofs of his villainous designs, gave them every reason to hope her acquiescence. Mark learnt that Sir Gilbert himself had quitted Curborough abruptly, but was suspected to be lurking somewhere in the neighbourhood. In these discussions they came in sight of Curborough-hall, and, as the gray turrets disclosed themselves in sunshine from amidst their haughty woods, the ancient banner of Babington displaying its ten torteauxes on a silver field, over the gateway. Mark's heart sank within him at the idea of confessing to his father his share in a proceeding which Sir Oliver's punctilious spirit might regard as an outrage on his family honour.

And here we quit them for the gay scene around the May-pole in the Mill Crofts. It was about noon, when a tall man, habited in gray like a villager, though without any ribbons or points, entered one of the most retired summer-halls, which, after having furnished refreshments in rude plenty, was now deserted, like the rest, for the dance, the archery, the quarter-staff, the quoits, &c. on the open meadow. He was accompanied by two others in masquer's attire.

"The Duke of Brittany," said one of the masquers, as they entered, "will not brook any injury to Father Paul."

"The Duke of Brittany, thou foolish

knave! why, 'tis with *France herself* I have been treating. Ask Julian there if he cannot show you the signet with the three fleur-de-lys."

"'Tis most true," said Julian, "but is it wise to reveal?"

"Pshaw, man!" interrupted he in gray, "this is mine own tried servant!—it is as necessary that he should be in our confidence, as it is his interest to preserve it. What cares Louis for the Babingtons? (and they must be sacrificed)—or Brittany for Anne Plantagenet?—and she *shall* be mine! By heaven," he added, stamping his heel fiercely, and speaking as to himself, "I never knew that my love was so strong, until vengeance stept in and lent him weapons." Then, turning to the French messenger, he said, "In these missives," (touching an open packet in his hand,) "King Louis stipulates that the moment Lady Anne sets foot on French ground, she is *mine*, and I and Calais *his*!"

Julian bowed assent.

"When will his vessels appear off the coast of Dover?"

"In a week's space."

"'Tis well! Return, good Julian, to thy master with these," and he drew a sealed packet from his bosom, "and say that a bride's ring hath won him the great gateway of France and England."

Julian bowed and quitted the harbour.

"And now, my faithful Philip, thy part lies at Whichnover, in what guise thou deemest most fit for thy purpose; if thou canst gain access, the better,—if not, let this paper be dropped where it may soon be found; at all events remember that thy sole aim is to lure this dainty bird from her cage. But what now?" he exclaimed, as a violent uproar began to displace the May-pole revels; "Away, Philip, we must not be seen together."

When Sir Gilbert left the harbour, he perceived a man in an ecclesiastical habit surrounded by the rustic revellers, who overwhelmed him on all sides with vociferations of displeasure.

"Shove the black-gown into the pool," shouted one, "we'll teach him to bring his insolent messages here."

"Make him mount the May-pole," cried another, "and *there* let him preach against our good priest."

"By my troth," screamed an old crone, "I have a mind to make his bald pate into a cardinal's cap with my ten nails!"

It was the Lord Prior's apparitor,

who, not finding the Black Priest at his cell, concluded, from the report of his general habits, that he was at the May-pole, and seeking him there, had proclaimed his office with rather too much pomp for that season of licence, and announced his design too precipitately for the feelings of the peasantry, who all idolized Father Paul. Vaucler, penetrating the circle, saw the poor monk, pale with terror, expecting every moment the threatened violence, though none had been actually inflicted. At this crisis a loud shout from a distant part of the meadow—"The archers—the archers are going to shoot for the grand prize!"—diverted the attention of the rustics, and Vaucler had the satisfaction of seeing them abandon the object of their anger, and hasten in throngs to the shooting butts. He lost no time in conducting the frightened monk to his mule, and after some eager questions, which appeared to be answered to his satisfaction, directed him to Curborough, the governor himself quitting the meadow in another direction.

It is not necessary to detail the proceedings at Curborough, further than to state that Sir Oliver Babington, after displaying full as much surprise and vehemence as they expected, was at length induced to listen to the representations of his brother and son, and finally to concur with them heartily in their desire of bringing Vaucler to punishment. In two days, Father Paul repaired to Coventry, in obedience to the apparitor's summons, and before another week elapsed, a king's messenger commanded the attendance of Sir Oliver himself to the important council in St. Mary's hall.

Mark, in the meanwhile, spent much of his time at Whichnover; he had frequently private interviews with Barbara, in which he placed the alarming exigencies of their situation in the strongest light, and after successfully combating the scruples of his high-minded mistress, he induced her to aid him in the delicate task of communicating to the princess the precarious safety of her present abode. With undisguised agony did that unfortunate lady receive the appalling intelligence, and, so suspicious are the persecuted, she even began to doubt whether her friends did not intend to make their own peace by betraying her.

One evening towards dusk, as a female servant of the house was passing one of the most private walks of the



garden, she was startled to find herself accosted by an old woman who was standing under the shadow of an enormous mulberry tree.

"Princess," said the crone,—“nay, start not, your disguise cannot conceal you from one who hath long watched in secret over your safety—you are betrayed; the walls of Whichnover are no longer a refuge for you! Read this paper when you are in your chamber—but beware you disclose not its contents!”

Thus saying, the old woman disappeared under the trees with a speed ill suited to her decrepit appearance, leaving the servant rooted to the spot in astonishment. She soon decided, however, on laying the whole mystery before her lady; and repairing to the great tapestried chamber, where Barbara usually sat, paused at the door, and then rapped softly. No answer was given, but the voice as of one weeping violently was heard.

“Urge me no further,” it said, in broken accents, “I see my fate, and see, too, that it cannot be avoided save by one immeasurably more dreadful.” Barbara’s low and soothing tones were then heard, and the other voice replied, “I own it, I own it! you have done all hat honor and pity could have done—only save me from him, and—” Mere the servant knocked more loudly,—the Lady of Whichnover hurried to the door, and with manifest signs of discomposure, asked the maid how she durst intrude on her privacy. The attendant humbly stated the reason of her boldness, and then relating the mysterious adventure in the garden, placed the packet in Barbara’s hands, who bidding her retire and be secret, hastily re-entered the apartment.

The fate of Lady Anne had that night been decided. Letters had arrived from the Duke of Clarence, containing the most important matter. The two dukes had pleaded their cause before the king with much acrimony, and it had been terminated by the king allotting certain estates to Gloucester on his marriage with the Lady Anne, while Clarence was suffered to retain the greatest part of her immense estates as co-heiress with his duchess of the great Warwick. The Babingtons’ affair was then brought on, and Clarence, after stating that Sir Oliver’s hasty and momentary resentment had been fanned into a flame by the artifices of Vaucler, offered to prove by the assistance of Father Paul, the various treasons of that arch-apostate.

The Plack Briest was accordingly summoned from the priory dungeon, whither he had been consigned on his arrival at Coventry, and produced the papers alluded to in an early part of the tale; while, to crown the whole, the dispatches of the French emissary, who had been arrested at Dover for some private brawl, proved the treasonable plot for the surrender of Calais and the abduction of the Lady Anne. A reconciliation had ensued between Sir Oliver and his royal master, who had ever been warmly attached to him, and—Father Paul was included in the amnesty, in consideration of his share in the detection of Vaucler. Gloucester, like other deceivers, most indignant at finding himself deceived, vowed vengeance on the perfidious governor, and Clarence had been deputed to state that the Lady Anne would be honourably welcomed at court, and no force put upon her inclinations.

Such was the import of Prince George’s letter, on which Mark Babington and the two ladies were conversing when they were so unexpectedly interrupted. The packet which the Mistress of Whichnover now displayed to her astonished guest contained these words—

“If the Lady Plantagenet would save herself from certain danger, by encountering a little hazard, she will appear at the garden postern in the closest disguise, an hour after midnight, on the third night from this. If the next morning beholds her at Whichnover, she is betrayed to ruin,

Signed,—A Friend to the Friendless.”

The first result of the deliberations produced by these letters, was Mark’s departure for Coventry ere the next morning’s sun-rise. A post arrived on the second day,

“stain’d with the variation of each soil,”

between Coventry and Whichnover—bearing letters which produced a close conference between Barbara and the princess, to which the maiden who had received the mysterious packet was also admitted.

(To be continued.)

#### ROYAL PORTRAITS.—No. 7.

HENRY THE THIRD.  
For the *Olio*.

The ruling passion of this king was *avarice*, a vice which he inherited from his father; indeed, his demands for fresh supplies were so frequent and so great,

that the Parliament at length refused to comply with his requests, and boldly told him that they had nothing more to grant. His various means of raising money resembled those of John, whom in extortion he far exceeded. Like that king he plundered the Jews; imposed immense fines upon those who were unjustly charged with crimes by his infamous agents, and sold every vacancy in every post or office of emolument. He ratified, to be sure, Magna Charta and the Forest Charter, and enacted the statutes of Merton, Oxford, and Marlborough; but all this was evidently done either to appease the wrath of his incensed subjects, or to cultivate a good understanding with them previously to the proposing of some new tax. No king respected the lives and properties of his subjects less than Henry, for when the people refused to pay his unjust taxes, he took their property from them by force. This oppressive conduct at length roused the indignation of the barons, with whom Henry was embroiled in a civil war. The leader of these proud and warlike spirits was Simon de Montford, and although his hostility to this grasping despot originated in private pique, he did England some service by diverting the mind of Henry from the plunder of his oppressed and insulted people, and the multitudes that assembled under his banner shewed that human patience had been exhausted. Baker says that "the taxations in this king's reign may be reckoned amongst his annual revenues, for scarce a year passed without a Parliament, and seldom any Parliament without a tax." Always poor, he was continually devising means for the raising of money, and we are told that upon one occasion, he said to a certain abbot, "It is more alms to give money to me, than to the beggar who goes from door to door."

Henry's sagacity far exceeded his courage, and his craft served him in lieu of firmness. Hubert de Burgh, a disappointed favourite of his, once said of him to a lady of high birth, whom Henry thought of marrying, that "the king was a squint-eyed fool, and a kind of leper; deceitful, perjured, and more faint-hearted than a woman." The following anecdote will show that Henry had but little courage or presence of mind. "Being once upon the River Thames, he was overtaken by a terrible storm of thunder and lightning, upon which he ordered his attendants to set him ashore at the next stairs," which

happened to be at Durham House, where Simon de Montford resided. The fierce Earl came down to meet Henry, to whom he remarked that "he need not fear the thunder, for the danger was past." "No, Montford," the king replied, "I fear not the thunder so much as I do thee!" A strange acknowledgment from a monarch.

In justice to Henry, it should be stated that he does not appear to have been sanguinary or vindictive; his worst qualities originated in an inordinate love of money.

Henry was of middle stature, but compact and muscular. One of his eyelids hung down so as to almost conceal his eye, which gave occasion to the indecent remark above quoted. Of the qualities of his mind it may be said that he had nothing in him that was admirable or amiable. Baker commends him for his continency, "which," he says, "is a rare virtue in princes;" but he does not attempt to prove that Henry was continent for conscience sake, or indeed, that he was a man at all likely to practise any kind of self-denial. He died at London, on the 16th day of November, in the year 1272, at the age of sixty-five, and was buried at Westminster.

ALPHA.

## Illustrations of History.

### HISTORICAL NOTES.

#### *For the Olio.*

#### CARDINALS' HATS.

The wearing of red hats by Cardinals was first ordained by Pope Innocent the Fourth, in the reign of our Henry the Third. The reason of this singular appointment is unknown.

#### JEWS.

The Jews came into England for the first time during the reign of William the Conqueror, who encouraged them to settle in his kingdom.

#### A MARVEL.

Mathew of Westminster tells us, that in the year 1087, a mortality in England carried off many thousand persons, and that hens, ducks, geese, and other domestic fowls, forsook the habitations of man and became wild!

#### A COLONY OF FLEMINGS.

During the reign of Henry the First, the sea overflowed a large tract of land in Flanders. Those who escaped sent a deputation over to Henry, requesting

permission to emigrate to England.—The request was granted; the king assigned them Pembroke-shire, where they took up their abode.

#### STATUTE OF HENRY THE SECOND.

In the reign of this king a statute was made, compelling every man who held a knight's fee to keep by him a coat of mail, a helmet, and a shield and spear; and that every man possessed of ten marks sterling, should keep a coat of mail, a steel cap, and a lance.

#### IMMENSE WEALTH OF HENRY II.

There were found in the coffers of Henry the Second after his decease, nine hundred thousand pounds, besides plate, jewels, and other valuables; an immense treasure in those days. A.

#### The Note Book.

##### SINGULAR OATH.

The following curious oath is administered in the Isle of Man:—"By this book, and by the holy contents thereof, and by the wonderful works that God has miraculously wrought in heaven above and in the earth beneath, in six days and seven nights, I, A. B., do swear that I will, without respect of favour or friendship, love or gain, consanguinity or affinity, envy or malice, execute the laws of this Isle justly betwixt our sovereign lord the king and his subjects within this Isle; and between party and party, *as indifferently as the herring's back bone doth lie in the middle of the fish.*" J.

##### ANCIENT CUSTOM.

It has been an old custom for the city of Gloucester to present his majesty annually with a lamprey pie, covered with a large raised crust. As the gift is made at Christmas, it is by great exertions the corporation can procure any fresh lampreys at that time, though they give a guinea a-piece for them. J.

#### Fine Arts.

*Illustrations of "Friendship's Offering."* A Literary Album for 1831. Smith and Elder.

"RICH and rare" are the *gems* that adorn this delightful volume. We have heretofore taken occasion to speak in high terms of the merits of the graphic department of "*Friendship's Offering*," and in the present instance we see no reason to change our opinion:

the same taste has been exercised in the choice of subject, and the execution has been entrusted to artists fully competent to do ample justice to the arduous tasks assigned them. As we intend to analyze this graceful visitant more fully in our supplemental sheets, we shall now speak only of the illustrations, which are of a decidedly high character.

The frontispiece, "Adelaide," after Leslie, by Humphreys, is a lovely portrait of a charming fair about to warble "sweet music." If her notes equal her beauty, they must be soul-inspiring. "The Last Look," by Porter, engraved by Dean, wants clearness; too much force having been given to it, has deteriorated the picture. "The Maid of Rajast'han," drawn by Colonel James Tod, and transferred by Finden, is a magnificent plate—eastern scenes are peculiarly interesting, and this is one of more than ordinary attraction. "The Rejected," by Stepanoff, engraved by Goodyear, would be a perfect picture, if the figures were not so tall. The tale is well told, the lady cannot love,—why? because, we presume, another cavalier basks in the sunshine of her favour. Leaving the abashed wooer to sigh in secret, we turn to a happier subject—"The Accepted," which is an apt illustration of "there's the church and here's the ring." Mr. Sharp has here embodied, with considerable skill, a pleasing theme, and C. Rolls has done justice to it. Obeying the burthen of the pretty ballad which accompanies "The Accepted," we turn to gaze with awe and wonder at Mr. Purser's scene of peril, "The Mountain Torrent," which has been so increased "by sudden floods and falls of water," as to carry away an antiquated bridge that crosses the river, just at the instant a fugitive has cleared it: some of her pursuers are seen hanging to the shattered fragments in imminent danger; whilst the castle and village of Saint Michael, crowned by the Tyrolese Alps, fill in the distance, and give a romantic effect to the whole. The painting is a splendid performance, and the engraving, by Goodall, is a *chef d'œuvre*: we shall be much mistaken if the "Mountain Torrent" does not increase the fame of both artists.—"Saint Mark's Place," by Prout, is one of those busy, brilliant scenes in which his fancy delights to revel. The Venetian Quadrangle is in his best style, and the engraving of Roberts is equally good. "Ascanius in the Lap of Venus," b-

Wood, engraved by Davenport, is the work of no ordinary genius. The infant, slumbering on the bosom of the air-borne goddess, is a faithful picture of happy childhood and unsuspecting innocence: too much praise cannot be given to this plate, as it is one of rare beauty. "Mary Queen of Scots going forth to Execution," by Stephanoff and Baker, though a gloomy subject, is full of interest. As we are no friends to the headsman, we leave him and his lovely victim, to pass on to "The Halt of the Caravan," a picture of much novelty and interest, to which Mr. Frazer has imparted an air of reality: we should imagine the artist has been a spectator of such scenes, from the fidelity displayed in this. Our remarks upon the "Last Look," may be applied to "Auld Robin Gray;" though a design full of character, it has too much colour to please us. The last illustration, *Poesie*, is not least in our esteem; the face is one of vast intellectual beauty, and may be considered a perfect personification of the Muse. We have been lengthy in our remarks, in order to endeavour to do justice to our subject, and if we have failed, it is for lack of words to speak how highly we think of these extremely clever embellishments. We have no hesitation in saying, that the engravings of "Friendship's Offering" will rank foremost amongst its contemporaries.

### Customs of Various Countries.

#### CHINESE CUSTOMS.

*For the Ollio.*

The Chinese no sooner come to years of discretion, than they make provision for their deaths. Every man furnishes his house with a coffin among other moveables, to remind him of his mortality; and those whose fortune will allow it, purchase a piece of ground, on which they build a handsome tomb and a magnificent temple over it, to which they are brought when they die, though at ever so great a distance. Their coffins are made of a very lasting wood, seven or eight inches thick, which makes them appear much larger than ours, but they are of the same form, and finely japanned without, which very much preserves the wood, and makes it the more durable, as well as beautiful. The death of a gentleman is no sooner known to his relations, but they meet and perfume the corpse, dress it in the best cloathes, and having set him upright in a chair, his wives, children, and friends

successively fall down before him, and lament their loss.

The funeral is frequently put off for several months and sometimes years, a paper being set up over the gate of the house, reciting the virtues and commendable qualities of the deceased; the sons sleeping upon mats about the coffin several nights, and eating no flesh, or drinking any strong liquors, nor can the son enter upon any office or employment for three years after the death of his father; and it is reckoned impious even to laugh, or take any manner of pleasure, during the time of mourning.

During the first year of mourning, both men and women wear white coarse linen, almost torn to rags, the second year their clothes are something better, and the third they are allowed to wear white silk. Three years the widow mourns for the death of a husband, and the man one year for his wife, and one for a brother.

F.G.

### Anecdottiana.

#### WILLIAM THE FOURTH.

His Majesty, in his progress from Brighton to London, a few days since, whilst stopping at an inn on the road to change horses, addressed "mine hostess," who was curtsying forth her loyalty near the carriage; and observing that he should return on the following day, at nearly the same hour, requested that the horses might be in readiness, to prevent loss of time.—This was, of course, promised. Two poor and aged cottagers, who had also been drawn to the spot to view the Royal person, encouraged by this apparent familiarity, put in their claim to notice, by exclaiming, "God bless your Majesty!"—"And God bless you, too, my good old women," replied the good-natured Monarch; "and, as a Godsend, take this to make your hearts cheerful," at the same time handing to each a half sovereign.

#### CONNUBIAL CONFIDENCE.

A man who had been robbed by a companion in a public house, was asked why he did not leave his money at home with his wife? "Because, if I did," he replied, "I would never have seen it again."

#### QUAINT EPIGRAM FROM QUARLES.

*On Peter's Keys.*

The power of Peter does all power excel;  
He opens Heaven—He shuts the doors of Hell,  
The Keys are his; in what a case were they,  
Should Peter's successors mistake the Key?

## Diary and Chronology.

### Wednesday, November 3.

*St. Wenefride, Virgin Martyr.—Princess Sophia born, 1777.*

Old Speed, speaking of St. Wenefride's Well, in Flintshire, says, that after our saint had been slain by the lustful Caradoc, that he "cut off her head, out of which place did suddenly arise a spring that continueth to this day, carrying from the fountaine such a forcible streame and current, as the like is not to be found in Christendome. Over the head of the spring is built a chapell of free-stone, with pillars curiously wrought and ingrained, in the chancell whereof, and glasse-window, the picture of the virgin is drawne, together with the memorial of her life and death. To this fountaine pilgrims are accustomed to repair in their blind devotion, holding firmly that the water is of much vertue. There be many red stones in the bottom of this well, and much greene mosse growing upon the sides; the superstition of the people holding that those red spots in the stones were drops of the lady's blood, which all the water in the spring can never wash away, and that the mosse about the wall was her hair, which though some of it be given to every stranger that comes, yet it never wasteth."

### Thursday, November 4.

*St. Clarus, martyr. A.D. 894.—High Water 32m after 4 Morn—54m after 4 Afternoon.*

November 4, 1688—William, Prince of Orange, landed at Torbay, in Devonshire, and effected the glorious Revolution.

### Friday, November 5.

*St. Bertille, A.D. 692.—Sun rises 18m after 7—sets 41m after 4.*

November 5, 1605—The diabolical Gunpowder Plot, to blow up the Parliament, with James I., was discovered on this day.

### Saturday, November 6.

*St. Leonard, Hermit, 6th Century.—High Water 1m after 6 Morn—26m after 6 Afternoon.*

November 6, 1771.—Expired, æt. 76, Dr. John Bevis, a very able astronomer, who relinquished the study of physic for the celestial science. Dr. Bevis was so unremitting in his observations, that he is said to have often observed the transits of 160 stars in one night. On the death of Mr. Bliss, he became a candidate with Dr. Maskelyne for the situation of astronomer royal, but, as is well known, was unsuccessful.

### Sunday, November 7.

#### TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

*Lessons for the Day—2 chapter Proverbs, morning—3 chapter Proverbs, Even.*

November 7, 1665.—To-day the first gazette in this country was published in a half-sheet folio, at Oxford, where the court then was; and on its removal to London, the title was changed to the London Gazette, first published on the 5th of February, 1666. The Oxford Gazette appeared on Tuesdays, and the London one on Saturdays, and this continued till June, 1826, when the London Gazette was ordered to be published for the future on a Friday. Gazettes derive their name from *Gazetta*, a coin current at Venice, and the price of the first news pamphlet there published.

### Monday, November 8.

*St. Godfrey, A.D. 1118.—High Water 51m after 7 Morning—38m after 9 Afternoon.*

November 8, 1828.—Expired the eminent engraver on wood, Thomas Bewick, who carried to a greater height of excellence the art of wood-engraving, than it had hitherto arrived at in this country. The illustrations to his works on Natural History are universally esteemed the most faithful delineations that have ever appeared.

### Tuesday, November 9.

*Lord Mayor's Day.*—As my Lord Mayor's inauguration festival will this year derive additional interest from the circumstance of its being honoured by the presence of King William and his beloved Consort, we have gleaned a few particulars relative to the Mayors of London, which we trust will prove acceptable. The city of London was originally governed by Portreeves; but at the coronation dinner of Richard I., the chief magistrate of London had the title of Bailiff, and acted as Chief Butler. The title of Mayor was given by John to Henry Fitzwalin in 1208, and the civil importance of London was greatly increased; the corporation assuming the form and pre-dominancy which, with a few alterations, it has maintained till the present time. The custom of presenting the Mayors before the Treasurer and Barons of the Exchequer on St. Simon's and St. Jude's day, originated in the reign of Edward II. In 1328 the Mayors had the privilege of sitting in all places within the liberties of the city, as the King's Chief Justice. In 1381, Walworth, the Mayor, having killed the rebel Wat Tyler, he was knighted on the spot by Richard II., and upon this occasion the dagger was added to the city arms. Sir John Norman, in 1458, is said to have been the first Mayor who went by water to Westminster, to be presented—and hence the origin of the *Lord Mayor's Show*. The Lord Mayor's *Feast* is dated from the year 1501, when Sir John Shaw was Mayor, who is also stated to have rode on horse-back to the Fleet-ditch, where the water pageant commenced. In Queen Anne's reign the state carriage was introduced, Sir Gilbert Heathcote being the last Mayor who rode on horse-back. In the year 1741, the Mayor died, and his successor, who, it appears, was not a freeman of one of the twelve companies, was sworn in at the Tower-gates.

# The Olio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XXI.—Vol. VI.

Saturday, Nov. 13, 1830.



See page 323

## Illustrated Article.

### AN ADVENTURE IN THE NEW FOREST.

*For the Olio.*

THE evening shades were falling as I entered a deep and darksome glade of the New Forest. I had walked many a weary mile since the morning, and was anxiously looking out for some hedge side inn or farm-house, at which I might procure refreshment, and rest my tired limbs for the night. Ignorant, however, of the intricate topography of the forest, I had wandered since the sun was in his meridian, without seeing a single habitation or meeting one human being, except a solitary woodman. Well pleased was I, therefore, to see, as I entered the dingle, a tall chimney, towering above a cluster of huge oaks, which appeared to embosom the habitation to which it was doubtless appended, and with rapid strides I was making my way towards the cheering landmark, when a peculiarly loud and prolonged whistle assailed my ears. It

seemed so close, that I at first started, and hastily turned round to see who had produced it: but, all around, nothing living was visible. As the mysterious sound died away among the woody dells of the forest, another, as if in answer, burst from the opposite direction; that of the lonely cottage. The reader may smile at the idea, but if he will, in imagination only, place himself in my situation, that — of a companionless wanderer in a wild unfrequented spot, to which he was a stranger, with the shades of night rapidly descending around him, and his head full of the legends of terror which the very name of the spot calls up,—he will not wonder at the fact, that I instantly conceived these mysterious sounds to be the signals of a band of robbers. It was in vain that I attempted to divest my mind of the notion; to convince myself of its absurdity; to laugh at my groundless fears; the *genius loci* kept so tight a hold of my mental faculties, that I could not throw off the incubus that weighed them down. In this dilemma I dared not stir; I knew not which

way to get out of the forest: and, to go forward to the cottage, the appearance of which I had hailed with such delight, was only to throw myself on the tender mercies of the supposed banditti, for I was confident the signal was answered from that very spot.

At length, I mustered up all the courage I remained master of, and manfully determined, at whatever hazard, to bring affairs to an issue at once, by going to the dreaded cottage and requesting quarters for the night; and I had already marched two or three steps in that direction, when the sound of approaching footsteps made me pause. My first impulse was to conceal myself; but to do this, my legs refused their assistance, and I remained rooted to the spot, staring in stupefied anxiety in the direction whence the passenger would approach me. I did not wait long—in a few moments he appeared, in the shape of the solitary woodman whom I had passed in the morning.

My courage returned on the instant; I felt like a hero, and saluted the man with the accustomed 'good night,' in a tone free from the slightest tremor or agitation.

"Good night, Measter," replied he, "you had best make your way out o' the forest whilst there is a little twilight to see by."

"Why?" said I, and I felt my fears returning, "is it not safe to travel in the forest by night?"

"Oh, safe enow for that matter," returned he; "but then ye see ye might lose your way, mayhap—and then they tell queer stories of Farmer Gilbert that lives in yon cottage; and sure enow, nobody knows how he do get his living;—but, good night, Measter, ye ha' nothing to do but keep straight on till ye come to Lonesome-lane; then down that and across Cut-throat-croft, to where the man hangs in chains, and so along Hangman's Acre, and you'll soon find the keeper's lodge."

With these ominous words, the woodman took his departure, ere I could find the use of my tongue to stop him, or before I could attempt to follow him; for the mention of the bad character of Farmer Gilbert's house, which seemed to me 'confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ' of the truth of my suspicions, and his dismal enumeration of the places in my road from the forest, had called back all my fears with double strength.

While hesitating which course to adopt, the whistle that had been the

original cause of my terror again sounded, evidently at no great distance from me, and was again answered as before. The strongest impulse was now to fly—but whither? I cared not, so that I could but escape, and dashed straight onward—I had not proceeded far, however, when the sound of horses' footsteps on the road before me, again compelled me to stop, for I could not doubt but these were the banditti. I knew not what to do: at length, I dashed aside, and reached a woody glade, where I threw myself, tired and full of terror, among the fern, with the wild resolve of remaining there, as the only chance of safety, till daybreak;—for by this time it was night—dark and starless.

But even in this I was doomed to be disappointed—I had not been long in my new position, ere the horsemen whose approach had caused me to conceal myself, approached. I quivered in every limb as they passed close to the spot where I was concealed; and when I perceived, by the light of the lanterns which they carried, that over the crupper of each of their horses was flung a large sack, I could not gaze on that dreadful object, and think on the probable nature of its contents, without a sensation of the deepest horror and loathing. But my eyes seemed fascinated, I could not take them off the terrific countenances of the men, or the still more terrific burthen of their horses.

On a sudden, the two wretches stopped, and dismounted: they spoke to one another, but in so low a tone, that (they being at some distance) I could not catch the import of their conversation. One of them snatched up his lantern, and—oh! horror!—approached the very spot where I lay!—Never shall I forget that moment of unimaginable torture; the misery of years seemed concentrated into that one awful instant; every moment I expected to be seized—my hair stands on end as I write—and murdered. The villain approached, he held his lantern, even so as to flash the light across my eyes; he stooped down towards me! I could hardly refrain from uttering a shriek of terror; but he saw me not, and calmly taking up a spade at a short distance from me, rejoined his companion.

Their purpose was too obvious: in a short time a deep excavation, in form resembling a grave, was made, and the two ruffians proceeded to unlade the sacks, and deposit them in the vault. A

cold sweat ran off my brow as I heard the hollow sound with which they descended! One of the wretches then took the spade, and began hastily to fill up the cavity: as he worked he became apparently conscience-stricken, and whispered something in a low tone to his associate.

"Don't be alarmed," returned he, "I tell you *I have them dead!*" There could now be no doubt—they must be murderers concealing their victims!

"Well, but," said the other, "what if the officers should discover us, Gilbert?"

"Oh! no fear of that," replied the hardened villain; "if they suspect any thing, they will never think of searching here, and they may rummage my cottage till doomsday! Don't be frightened—I've done the trick often enough *before now*, and have never been found out!"

By this time they had restored things to their former state, and shortly after relieved me from their hated presence. Scarcely knowing what I did, I started up, and in an agony of fear and horror, again ran on: a distant light attracted me, and I hastened towards it—sounds of merriment arose from within. It was the house of the keeper, and he and some jovial friends were spending a merry night. I stopped not, but rushed into the midst of them, with my person disordered, and my hair on end, exclaiming, "Murder! murder! aid me to do justice on the murderers!"

It was some time before I became calm, or before they could think me any other than a maniac. When at length I became composed, I related the scene I had witnessed, and conjured them to give their assistance to the discovery of the crime to the completion of which I had so unwillingly been a witness.

"Why," said the keeper, "for certain that Farmer Gilbert is a bad character, and nobody do know what errand he is out about so late at nights,—but I should not think he'd go so far as to commit mur—"

"I tell you," cried I, "I saw him and an accomplice bury two bodies in a spot I can point out, if a sufficient number will accompany me."

"If that's the case, then," said he, "instead of saying any thing more about it, we'd better go and dig up the bodies at once, afore the thing gets wind."

This was the very course I wished them to pursue, as I was afraid if the

guilty parties were to hear of my discovery, they would immediately exhume their victims. I accordingly warmly seconded the proposition; and, it being now daybreak, the whole party were soon after on their way to the forest, with the requisite tools for digging.

With feelings of disgust at the remembrance of the last night's scene, I pointed out the spot: a stout labourer commenced his task, and soon announced that he had discovered the first sack,—it was hauled out, and deposited on the green sward.

I trembled in every joint as the dreadful receptacle was opened, and felt obliged to turn away my head as the keeper opened it. I expected to hear a general burst of horror at the sight of the horrid contents, when, to my surprise, the whole of the party burst into a loud fit of laughter.

"What is the meaning of this?" cried I, angrily, as I turned round,—*"have you not found the bodies?"*

"No!" returned the keeper, smiling, "but we've found plenty of *spirits!*"

"How, what mean you?" I cried in wonder, "have you discovered nothing in which the officers of justice ought to interfere?"

"Not a bit of it," replied he, still smiling, "but a good deal that the officers of excise will interfere in—two casks of rare strong BRANDY!"

Every thing was now clear: Farmer Gilbert's mysterious night-proceedings were connected with smuggling, and, instead of concealing the victims of murder, he and his companions were merely hiding part of a run cargo from the scrutinizing eyes of the revenue-officers!—My discovery, however, caused him to fly that part of the country; and I was soon glad to follow him, to escape from the continued banterings with which I was assailed whenever I appeared, on the subject of the eventful night of my mysterious *adventure in the New Forest!* ALCANOR.

## PARISH CLERKS.

(For the Olio.)

Q. What think you they portend?

A. Each seems to be in great authority.

SINCE the days that Martinus Scriblerus distinguished his talent as P. P., in the Miscellaneous Papers of Pope —, Parish Clerks have not been remarkable for prose, or poetic, composition; if the enthusiastic clerk at Marlborough be excepted, who, on



hearing of the visit of the bishop of the diocese, burst forth in an inspired rivalry of Sternhold and Hopkins, by an improvisatorial stanza:—

Why does you hop, ye little hills?

Ye little hills, why does you hop?

It is, because his Grace is come!—

His Grace, the Lord Bis-hop!

The mountains, they shall clap their hands,

And grin from tree to tree;

The rivers, they shall wag their legs

And run into the sea:—

Our vicar is the man for us!

A wide difference exists between a city and a country Parish Clerk, though both, like the practice in the Chancery Courts, have moved rather slowly towards the general improvements of the day. As one of the main qualifications of a Parish Clerk is, that he should lead the congregation in psalmody, so it is, or it ought to be made a corollary, that he should have a good voice and knowledge in using it. But this is not always so: few, very few of this "desk fraternity" can sing. It not infrequently happens that the Clerk and the charity children are wide of the mark in their euphonic accent, tune and time. But the country Parish Clerk is fading out of date, and, like an old gravestone in the midst of modern cuts, quite an original in the congregated assemblies.—He is a standard mellowed over by his temperate years, and wears a solemn and graduated aspect towards the green sward. He retains the old-fashioned drawl in reading, holds the spectacles over his nostrils with a stride; leaves the desk to lead the singing in the chancel, or gallery; takes a morphean, composing draught, sometimes, during sermon; attends the curate in exchanging his surplice for the gown; is the respondent at the grave, the christening and the wedding: keeps the register entries, makes certificates and extracts, and waits for all church business, except preferment, with more attention than talent.

He is, moreover, sometimes the village schoolmaster, and combines contra callings, to make his pittance serve for necessary disbursements. His acute pronunciation of scripture names, is of his own vernacular tone and emphasis; he will not, or cannot, alter it, though his curate precedes him by example. He is, like the lessons he reads, inviolable. He is a pitcher of tunes, but rather cracked in the mouth, which cannot hold water. The sap of his trunk will not yield to luxuriance: the off-sets may be transplanted to a city soil, but they would lose the indigenous qua-

lity which he bears, like the ivy in the precincts of the tower. By way of rogation, the city Parish Clerk assumes an importance in his robe of velvet and tassels. Modernised in dress and manners, he sometimes performs by deputy. This system of pluralism throughout the country makes one man rich—another man poor. In accordance with his vocation, he is an undertaker, looks after the toll and sexton's movements. If he attend the Mitre with a chosen few in jovial amity, he is often the subject of smoking remark, which, to his credit, he passes off either by mutes or liquids. His march before a funeral in sables is becomingly grave, and his heralding a wedding suitably decorous. He gives instructions in the vestry, or at the font; assists in the several receptions of fees, and steers above the inebrious Moses, who with a lanthorn and the vicar, of days that are passed, staggered together into the half-filled vacuum.

His residence is usually in the parish golgotha, or near the place of skulls. His windows are emblematical of the decorations of the cemetery.\* He is a great reader only of Liturgies and Communions. He invites others by an alpha to the praise and glory, without contributing the classic portion of a man of letters. He pronounces *Amen!* as his habit, taste, or knowledge varies. He is not a *Beau-clerc*, nor a *Clerk of Oxenforde*. His little learning is not a dangerous thing; it gives him a house, and sometimes land. The delivery of his desk notifications is appropriate, but not always congenial with the circumstances of his fellow parishioners, when they relate to assessments. The light of his candle is not hid under a bushel, nor is his talent buried in a napkin;—were he a better musician, he would be a "marvellous proper man!"

P. P.

#### GOLD.—(FOR THE OLIO.)

Oh! what is gold, that men should bend

Their souls before its shrine?

Can gold the joys of feeling blend,

Or raise the thought divine?

Can gold impart fair Reason's lay,

Or bring bright Fancy's bower?

Or melt the heart in raptures sweet,

Or give the heaven-spent hour?

\* Before the miniature leaden-lid of a coffin in the window of an undertaker, not a hundred miles from the Olio Office, are the following words:—

"A furnished apartment to let for a single person."

† An Hibernian once defined a coffin to be a house for the dead to live in."

Ah, no! the heaviest growth of earth,  
It weighs upon the soul,  
Like grief upon the wings of mirth,  
A mountain-like controul!  
To this world's meanest things it binds,  
And blunts each finer thought;  
Cools every glow of feeling's flame,  
Unleaves what youth had taught!

Go, glittering poison! what, to me,  
Is all thy spangling shine?  
I would not from the Muses see,  
To own Potosi's mine.  
What, can'st thou give a happy heart?  
Contentment's cheerful cot?  
Ah, no!—To others spread thy charms,  
I heed them, see them not!

Go, steel the miser's grov'ling breast!  
Go, quench the patriot's fire!  
Go, fetter nations when oppress'd,  
And throne their tyrants higher!  
Go, spurn the poor from lordly pride;  
Go, smiling to betray;  
Go, Virtue's tempter—Vice's guide!  
While Pity views thy way.

R. JARMAN.

### THE STORY OF A LEGACY.

*For the Olio.*

(Continued from p. 309.)

HENDERSON'S interview with his uncle next day, at Beechwood Park, ended in the latter declaring most repulsively that he would not pay a single farthing; knowing well that his tampering attorney, and his nephew's lack of pecuniary means, would stay the award of justice. Frederick's road, on his return, lay through Beechwood Park; and scenery more impressive and delightful could not be imagined. The Park, seated on an eminence parallel with the river Swale, abounds in beautiful deer. Its bordering woods are numerous and lofty, and form some of the finest preserves for game in the kingdom. The walks on the northern side are lined with rows of romantic beeches; and the luxuriant gardens around the Ionic fabric of Beechwood Hall are sheltered from the north by nurseries of the ilex, sycamore, maple, and birch. From the most commanding point of view is seen the open country, presenting a view which might have seduced the pencil of Claude from his Italian task. It is the valley of Mowbray, anciently the domain of the Mowbrays and Percys, and now forming the estates of the Earl of Egremont and the Duke of Devonshire.—Upon an artificial mount, overlooking this landscape, and on which originally stood a summer-house, Frederick sat him down in the deepest sorrow. Before him lay the valley, arrayed in the blended majesty and beauty of nature: guarded on the right by a defile of rocky mountains, and shadowed on the left by forests. The awakening spring had

aroused the peasant and his energies into life; and the whistling of the ploughmen imparted a cheerfulness to the budding scenery. The tardy Swale rolled sullenly below, its tranquillity broken only by the plunging of the oars of a pleasure-boat, and the screams of the scared water-fowl. The squirrel rambled and leapt from bough to bough amongst the clustering beeches overhead: a few daisies had ventured to peep through their covering of decayed leaves; and "vernal joy" seemed to gladden every object save the sorrowing Henderson. He looked around, and fixing his gaze on a venerable ash, recognised the letter H. rudely cut in the bark. He well recollected it; he had himself traced it one truant day when his presence at school had been desirable. He lifted up his eyes to an ornamental obelisk, shrouded in trees, and discerned through his tears the name of a brother, carved at his own request, who had since perished in the noxious clime of India. His thoughts reverted to the sordid cruelty of his uncle, and his own pitiable condition in being obliged to subsist on the charity of his friends: he pondered on the clouds of adversity which overhung his path; the envy and contumely undeservedly levelled at him; the wanderings and privations he had undergone; and, slowly threading his way through the groves of Beechwood Park, he left its gates with the bitter feelings and cheerless resolves of a confirmed misanthrope.

It was about the third week after Frederick's arrival at Ashby, when one night, after having sat up two or three hours, writing in his chamber, he opened his window to look out on the prospect. It was a starlight night, and objects were seen but indistinctly. He was straining his eyes to descry the firs of Beechwood Park, when he heard the swift trampling and snorting of a horse along the narrow road skirting the North Fields. Directing his attention across the clustering trees of the orchard, he beheld a horseman advancing at a quick trot; a circumstance which did not particularly strike him, until the rider dismounted at a gate leading into a field of Squire Rockton's, through which ran a deep rivulet, nearly overgrown in some parts with brushwood. Regarding him more attentively, he beheld the horseman take something from what he judged to be a sack slung over the horse, and after listening and looking about him very cautiously for a short interval, he walked a little way

down the stream, and then threw in his bundle. Frederick watched until he rode away; when, marking the spot in his eye by the contiguous bushes, he closed his window, descended, and, climbing over the orchard fence, was presently in the field which the man had quitted. The brook was not wide but deep, and obscured by the branches of the flowering thorn; Frederick, however, brushed through them in the very place where he beheld the bundle hurled into the stream, and descending the rough and uneven banks, he arrived at the water's edge. In this damp and noxious situation, with but the weak glimmering of light through the bushes to guide him, he vainly looked for the burden of which the hasty horseman had rid himself; his untimely search but disturbed the squeaking water-rats, which sought a refuge from such unwelcome scrutiny, by diving to their holes.

Foiled in his purpose, Frederick climbed to the brink of the stream, and leaving a twig of thorn stuck in the ground as a mark, he wandered towards the village, intending to wait for day; but passing the shop of Bob Johnson, the boisterous butcher of Ashby, he discovered a light through the open door, and Bob busily at work, dressing the carcase of an ox for the next day's market. He entered; and surprised the stentorian Bob no little by his midnight appearance; who, surveying Frederick with a stare of astonishment, roared out, in that idiomatic Saxon which chiefly forms the dialect of Northern Yorkshire—

"Is that Mr. Henderson? Lord help us, sir, what brings you out at this taam o' neet?—you freeten'd me."

"Why, Mr. Johnson, I may retort upon you by asking the same question. Does your business require such late hours?"

"To be seer it duz, sir; whea wad gan to't market fo' me, if I stopped at yam to kill i't deay-taam? It wadn't dea, sir."

"Every man knows his own business best, Mr. Johnson; but were I sworn, I could not tell you what causes this my unseasonable visit. Did you hear a horse pass your house within this hour?"

"Ay, I did; and my bitch heard it, tea, and wauken'd me up wi' her barking; but that was all reet—for I sud ha' owerslept mysel'."

To end this colloquy, Frederick related to Bob Johnson what he had seen,

and likewise his fruitless endeavours to find the burden thrown into the brook.

"Lord ha' mercy on us!" exclaimed Bob; "there 's some foul wark ganging on somewhere! But I'll gang wi' ye; I'll tak' a reake, and if it be as deep as t' sea, I'll find it!"

Provided with a rake, as a substitute for a drag, they arrived at the stream, when, stopping at the place marked by the branch of thorn, Johnson descended, and after a few ineffectual strokes in the water with the rake, he felt it impeded by something rather heavy, which, by twisting into it the prongs of the rake, he succeeded in drawing to the surface: unravelling the napkin which was sewed around it, a newly-born infant presented itself to the horrified gaze of Frederick and his companion! Bound up with it was a dumb-bell, evidently for the purpose of sinking it.

Though there was no decisive sign by which to recognize the murdered infant, yet the presumptive conclusion deducible from circumstances plainly pointed out Squire Rockton as the father. Frederick recollected, too, the remark made by Kit Briton, which was kindly interrupted by Thomas Walker, and which was declaratory of the undisguised suspicion of the former touching the Squire's villanous designs upon his illegitimate offspring; and so confident was Johnson of Squire Rockton's guilt, that in the precipitancy of his resentment, he proposed to take the body to his house, and directly to accuse him of the crime; but he was dissuaded from his headlong purpose by the arguments of Henderson; and the corpse of the little innocent was deposited, for the present, at Will Yeateley's.

Morning came, and as quickly as her radiant beams illumined the village of Ashby, did winged Rumour spread the intelligence of the midnight deed.—Crowds of execrating mothers thronged to "The Three Horse-Shoes;" and many a potent whisper hinted at the authors of the act. But, though all were confidently assured on this point, not a man durst openly play the accuser.—Questions, certainly, were asked of the Squire's servants which they would not answer, and they denied, also, all knowledge of the housekeeper's retreat. Briton and Thomas Walker were silent about the transaction; as they were determined, they averred, if the Squire's evil day were come, that it should not be said they trampled on a prostrate foe.

The matter was hushed up: the body

was interred without material inquiry; and in a few days every thing at Ashby resumed its wonted aspect. But that revenge which neither slumbers nor sleeps had now taken possession of the feelings of Squire Rockton, in addition to his former hatred incurred by Frederick in rescuing the boy from the lashes of his whip. The death of Henderson could alone satisfy him; and how speciously he compassed this, the recital of the fate of the unfortunate youth will amply testify.

*To be continued.*

## THE BABINGTONS.

A TALE OF CHADSTOW.

*For the Olio.*

Concluded from p. 316.

The appointed night and hour arrived. During the entire day, the princess and Barbara had been closely secluded in the tapestried room, whose hangings were worked in figures as large as life, portraying different scenes in the eventful career of *Cœur-de-Lion*. In one part the glowing arras displayed him tearing out the lion's heart—in another were seen the huge towers of his castle prison, beneath whose trees Blondel was chaunting the lay that led to his deliverance—but, most conspicuous, was his magnificent entry into London, amid gorgeous barons and shouting citizens. All these royal reverses did the Lady Barbara, when other sources of consolation failed, pithily moralize to the desponding princess, and so far prevailed, that ere night, she could deliberate calmly on her future fortunes. Precisely as the second hour after midnight was proclaimed from the clock-tower, Barbara herself led the way down a private turret, and was followed by the fugitive, closely wrapt from observation, through the yew labyrinths and ghastly gleaming statues of the garden. Every argument of hope and courage did Barbara employ, to which the other seemed ruefully to assent; but, when left to herself at the appointed postern, her hand trembled so that she could scarcely turn the key of the wicket. On the outside she found a person in a horseman's cloak awaiting her, who, in low but respectful tones requesting her to be silent, led or rather carried her to a considerable distance, till they reached a lonely house on Fradley Heath, on whose verge a body of horsemen were hovering. Her guide was no other than the trusty Philip, and they were speedily joined by Sir Gilbert Vaucler.

He did not address his captive, but, with a long clear whistle, summoned the distant horsemen, who immediately approached, and forming themselves into marching order, displayed a formidable force. Vaucler could hardly conceal his joy at this successful termination of all his plots. He mastered himself, however, so far as to present to the lady, in the same respectful silence, a flaggon of spiced wine, which was produced from the house. Apparently stupefied with terror, she sipped it mechanically; Sir Gilbert took a deep draught: a palfrey was then brought forward, on which she was carefully mounted, and then the whole party, with their precious charge in the centre, and Sir Gilbert at their head, set off at a round trot, striking into the bye-ways in a southerly direction. After about an hour's silent travel, the east began to redden, and objects to assume a more distinct shape; and as the troop swept beneath the bulky heights of Hopwas Forest, the brown towers of Tamworth displayed their hilly outline, like Cybele's diadem, against the manifold colours of the kindling sky. Still avoiding the high-roads, they struck into the grassy lanes that led to the hamlet of Weeford, and thence proceeded to thread the paths of the Canwell woods. The sun was now struggling through the tangled trunks, and the lady had drawn her cloak and hood more closely, to protect her from the chilly air of that early hour, when Vaucler, quitting the front of the troop, took his station at her side.

"Be not startled, lady," he began—but had not time to finish the sentence, when a flight of arrows, hurtling through a large oak thicket, stretched three of the headmost riders on the plain, while a terrific shout—"St. George to the rescue! Down with the traitors!"—speedily recalled Sir Gilbert to the van. A body of horse, nearly doubling his own in number, now poured from the covert, some of them disclosing the St. George's Cross in the growing light, and others bearing the Torteauxes of Babington. At the first onset, Mark Babington rode up to the Lady Anne, and giving her in charge to two others, she was quickly placed out of danger from the conflict. In a brief space, the victorious party rejoined her with Mark at their head, Sir Gilbert disarmed and bound on a led horse between two arquebussiers, and sundry of his followers in a similar plight, the rest being either dispersed or slain.

"Sir Gilbert Vaucler," said Mark, after an ironical obeisance, "is doubtless surprised to meet so large an addition to his escort in these unfrequented paths; but he has to learn, that, so anxious was the king to secure his safe arrival at Coventry, there is not a highway or byway for miles around where he would not have been so encountered. Thanks to my poor skill in hunting and hawking, these tracts are specially well known to me, and to that I owe the honour (which many would have so proudly claimed) of escorting the Governor of Calais to King Edward's presence."

Vaucler groaned with rage, but answered not. Messengers were then dispatched east and west, to announce their capture to the other detachments of the royal troops. The Lady Anne, still wrapped in her muffler, besides the additional concealment of her riding vizor, was once more placed in the centre of the troop: the steep streets of Coleshill were soon approached and left behind; and, ere mid-day, the towered arch of the Bablake Gateway ushered the party into Coventry. As they moved up the Fleet-street, a long loud peal from a single clarion was answered by an exulting peal of trumpets, from the various streets leading into the Broad-gate, and, as they reached the City Cross, gorgeous was the cavalcade that met them.

From Cheylesmore came King Edward on a majestic steed, whose caparisons of purple and cloth of gold swept the very pavement; on his right hand rode Prince George of Clarence, and the Duke of Gloucester on his left:—amidst a concourse of proudly appalled courtiers, Sir Oliver Babington, on his favourite roan, and in festal attire, was near the king. Elizabeth, attended by Lady Babington, and a bevy of splendid dames, all on horseback, came next; while different parties of nobles and knights, issuing from the many winding streets in every direction, flashed back the noon beams from their refulgent costumes. The royal guard had some difficulty in keeping back the throngs of citizens; the spiry gables and grotesque fronts of the houses were covered with gazers; while the majestic cross itself, a hexagon of three lofty tiers, adorned with effigies of kings and confessors, each stage having royal supporters, and vanes emblazoned with coats of arms, bore on its topmost spire the banner of St. George.

"Welcome, thrice welcome, to our

right trusty governor!" said the king. "Thou seest how we delight to honour thy successful return after all thine unwearied toils in our service!"

"I know not, sire," said Sir Gilbert, sullenly, "whether it be in mockery that you speak—but I appeal to your highness how far it sorts with your royal justice, that my enemies should be permitted to maltreat my followers and myself, when with so great risk we were devotedly engaged in farthering your highness's wishes!"

"Alas, good Sir Gilbert!" pursued Edward, "we well know thy devotion to *Kings*—but we doubt thou strainest thy zeal somewhat too far. Is it not so, sirrah?" (addressing a man who was led forward by two yeomen,) "speak to the loyal governor of Calais, and remind him that Edward of York is not the sole sovereign to whom he is devoted!"

It was the French emissary, Julian, that now blighted Vaucler into all the speechless confusion of a detected villain. An appalling but brief pause took place, when the queen, moving her palfrey to the side of the king, said,—

"With your pardon, my liege, we tarry too long in welcoming back our reclaimed fugitive."

"By mine honour! thou speakest in good time, Elizabeth; let him who rescued her—let the young Babington lead her to us—doubtless she shall meet with honourable reception."

Mark smilingly complied; the fugitive princess was assisted to dismount; but she betrayed the greatest reluctance, and almost struggled with him as he led her between Sir Gilbert and the king.

"Nay, madam," said Edward, (suppressing a violent inclination to laugh), "dismiss your fears—we have forgotten all; nay, we would fain have spared you this exposure, but it is fit Sir Gilbert Vaucler should see how much he hath promoted our gain and his own loss. Undo the Lady Anne's vizor, Mark, and remove her mantle!"

The mantle was removed, the vizor unclasped,—and the coarse features and clumsy figure of a *veritable kitchen wench* were disclosed. Mingled peals of laughter and shouts of astonishment made the piled streets ring again.

"By St. George!" exclaimed Edward, "thou hast sustained great wrong at our hands, Sir Governor! Had we known that thy knightly love was so humble, we had scarcely ventured to cross its course!"

"A glorious page," said Clarence, "a glorious page it would have formed in English chronicle, that Sir Gilbert Vaucler, the wise and the renowned, bartered the keys of Calais for a lady of the spit and porringer!"

"I would venture to propose," said Gloucester, with a subdued smile of triumph, "since Sir Gilbert's title as Governor of Calais seems likely to be in *abeyance*, that he be forthwith constituted a Clerk of the Kitchen!"

"Nay," interrupted the queen, tears of laughter filling her eyes as she spoke, "let him still have a *title*—let him be dubbed Knight of the Ladle."

The Lady Joscelyne here approached the king and queen; her features were glowing with family pride, so openly outraged, and her stately form trembled with emotion, as she said—

"I would humbly pray my sovereign to consider that the honour of my father's house hath already been sufficiently outraged by the treasons of Sir Gilbert Vaucler; and I would beseech that ribald insult may not be suffered to accumulate disgrace on his family, or aggravate the punishment he hath in his own person incurred."

"Peace, my Lady Babington," said the king, somewhat sternly; "he shall have nought but justice, and that in lighter measure than his treasons have deserved."

"Dearest Joscelyne, be pacified," said Elizabeth; "the honour of thine house nought can tarnish, while it boasts so honest, so *beloved* a subject as thyself."

While the queen spoke, a peculiar flourish of trumpets, only used to herald the approach of a member of the royal family, was heard from the Fleet Street, and forthwith another armed party, escorting a close litter, and conducted by the Black Priest of Chadstow, entered the Broad-gate. King Edward, attended by his brothers, spurred from the courtly throng to meet it, and all three alighting, assisted the Lady Anne Plantagenet, robed in rich habiliments of black, and Barbara Somerville, whose countenance beamed with fluttering joy, to descend from the litter.

"We should have been earlier, Lord King," said Father Paul, "but Mistress Barbara judged it expedient to tarry till she had tidings of her true love yonder! Marry, she might have waited longer, had it not been for my care to train him after hawk and hound in those wild districts."

The kind-hearted priest seemed com-

pletely in his glory. King Edward led the Lady Anne to Vaucler, and pointing to the poor female servant, who stood, half-laughing and half-crying at this strange scene, he said—

"See, noble lady, how vain were your fears; behold the real mistress of Sir Gilbert Vaucler's affections, to gain whom he hath encountered perjury, treason, and every stain that can dishonour a knight!"

Lady Anne turned away in shuddering horror, and hid her face in Barbara's neck, who spiritedly but respectfully addressing the king said—"If to have been foiled by a woman's wisdom can add a further sting to one so famed for policy as Sir Gilbert Vaucler, let me plead, sire, for some reward to the poor faithful wench whose devoted courage hath contributed so mainly to the success of our enterprize."

"Fear not," said Edward, "she shall be cared for. As for the arch-traitor himself—away with him!—let him be conveyed to Calais, and there delivered up with his colleague to the French King—well do we know how Lewis loves to reward unsuccessful treason. If Sir Gilbert have room in his cage at Loches, England can spare kitchen-maids enow to solace his captivity. Further punishment we remit in consideration that he alone hath shewn us what true friends we have in THE BABINGTONS!"

#### COMMENTS OF A READER.

*For the Olio.*

#### *The Writings of Mrs. Ratcliffe.*

"Thou can'st enrap the soul,  
And make it gaze in wonder."

NOVEL writing, until these last few years, was a species of composition that seemed solely vested in the female part of the community. Miss Edgeworth has exhibited strong and fervid views of human life, etched with the strictest adherence to truth: Mrs. Opie has touched the finer feelings, wrought many a powerful picture, and produced many an involuntary tear: the Misses Porter have developed a series of historical scenes, embracing elegance of style, boldness of outline, and dextrous pencilling of character: Mrs. Inchbald has portrayed the features of ordinary life, beautifully presented in the undress of simplicity: and Mrs. Ratcliffe has summoned at her bidding, pictures of grand and thrilling interest. Scotland's giant genius was the first to break the charin,—boldly he stepped forth, a new

adventurer in the field ; and, notwithstanding the popularity he has so meritoriously obtained, the bold enchantress of Udolpho still continues "to hold at least divided power," in the fairy regions of romance.

Her first work, the Castles of Athlin and Dumbayne, is unworthy of the pen that could draw the outline, carry on the plot, producing alternately terror, curiosity and pity, of such a tale as the *Mysteries of Udolpho*. In her following productions, she transported her characters to a southern clime ; and here she paints in rich and glowing language the picturesque views of Italy ; so faithfully, indeed, that it was generally asserted she had visited that country. Her chief talent consisted in her appropriate delineation of scenery, and, perhaps, (it is written after due consideration), Scott himself cannot produce such pictorial scenes, teeming with naked grandeur, or luxurious beauty as are presented in her *Sicilian Romance*. In her heart, the clear, blue sky, and the stars "dim twinkling through their forms,"—or the gorgeous sun, rising with oriental strength, or sinking in the dim west, with delicious softness, touched a cord that reverberated with eager joy, with sublime enthusiasm. She was conscious of her feelings and powers, and, perhaps, indulged in them too frequently.

Similar praise cannot be bestowed on her personages : none of them are *decidedly* drawn ; they are all in the general run of novel heroes and heroines. The character of Schedoni, in the Italian, is, however, to be excepted. This, it must be allowed, is a fine conception, embodied with the art of a Fuseli. There is something sepulchral in his every action : he moves over the scene with appalling force and truth—with something more than human.—A want of unity in the conduct of her plots is a considerable drawback. Her *chef d'œuvre*, the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, in this point yields to the Italian—the latter being more continuous, and less thrown into masses. The idea must have frequently occurred on what trivial causes or trifling mysteries do most of the wondrous circumstances turn. In the catastrophe they are cleared up, but I fear in no degree to the satisfaction of the reader, who must feel chagrined that his attention and curiosity have been so powerfully excited, and his expectations of the supernatural disappointed. But herein it may be answered, she has displayed the potency

of her art, and the sway she holds over the human mind. The sentimentalist may ridicule the follies and mysteries of our authoress,—the vice-suppressing sages of our times may sneer at her performances,—but if their perusal has served at any time to smooth the brow of care or beguile the period of sickness, she is entitled, if not to the praise, at least to the gratitude of mankind.

H. INCE.

### The Naturalist.

#### THE HERRING.

The Polar seas, chill and ungenial as they are, contain not only an ample store of animal life, but a vast superabundance with which they supply all the seas of the temperate climates. From them in particular, if we may believe the Dutch writers, are derived the extensive and valuable tribes of the herring. Their immense bands break up from their frozen depths about January, and in March appear on the coasts of Iceland. Their column at this time, confined between Greenland and the North Cape, is of comparatively small breadth but so dense that the water is darkened by them ; any wooden vessel let down brings up several : they may be even taken by the stroke of a lance. They follow certain of their number larger than the rest, called kings. These kings are held in much respect by the Dutch, who studiously spare their majesties, and even liberate them when found in the net, lest, deprived of this royal guidance, the nation should not find the way to their accustomed haunts. After emerging from the Greenland sea, this great army divides into two wings, of which the right and largest bears down directly upon Scotland ; at the north-eastern extremity of which it forms that immense field in which the Dutch for so many years carried on their great national fishery. They are now rivalled by the boatmen of Wick and Thurso. A detachment smaller in number, but some of which attain to superior excellence, fills the western bays of Scotland, and, passing along Ireland, reaches the neighbouring coast of France. Meantime, the left, or smaller wing, after ranging the Norwegian shore, has entered the Baltic. In July all these advancing divisions halt, and by an unknown impulse begin to retrace their course towards their northern home. De Reste considers it certain, that the herrings, in returning, have a general point of ren-

devious not yet discovered; but it should seem that only the actual discovery of this rendezvous can ascertain its existence. However, about the end of September, they reach their residence beneath the ices of the Pole, where they remain three months; all the rest of the year being spent in wandering over the face of the ocean.

Although the object of Providence in leading the herring this immense annual round is doubtless that of furnishing food to numerous animals, and especially to man, yet the immediate impulse by which they are urged to so extensive and regular a movement has been the subject of much controversy. Anderson supposes that they fly before the numerous large fishes which fill the Arctic seas, and by which they are pursued and devoured, and that they form themselves into close bands with a view to self-defence. But the regular course which they follow, year after year, and their constant return at a fixed period, suggests nothing of that tumultuous flight which such a panic would have prompted. It seems more probable, that they are led by those instincts which guide fishes to deposit their spawn in places remote and dissimilar to their usual abode. The female herring, when taken on the coasts of Britain, is found commonly to contain a roe, and as this roe comprises the embryo of ten thousand future herrings, such a prodigious fecundity easily repairs all the havoc committed upon the species, not only by its brethren of the deep, but also by the ingenuity of man constantly exerted for its capture and destruction.

*The Edin. Cab. Lib.*

### The Kate Hawk.

#### HISTORICAL NOTES.

*For the Olio.*

#### SIMON DE MONTFORD.

This powerful noble was appointed governor of Gascony by Henry the Third; but the people soon became disgusted with his insolent conduct, and sent the Archbishop of Bordeaux to complain of him. Henry rated Montford for his behaviour, and the earl retaliated by upbraiding the king for breaking his promise. Henry indignantly replied, that no promise could be kept with a traitor; upon which Montford, starting from his seat, swore that *he lied, and that his royalty alone protected him!* The earl, nevertheless, was shortly after restored to favour.

#### EDWARD THE FIRST.

During the reign of Edward the First, Lewelyn, Prince of Wales, was slain in battle with the English, and a common soldier cut off his head, which was sent to the king at London. Edward received the miserable relic, and having caused it to be crowned with ivy, set it up on the Tower.

#### BARONS.

Until the time of Edward the First, the title of *Baron* had been given to all such as possessed a castle or maintained a number of followers, but Edward limited it to those only who were chosen to sit in parliament. A.

#### CLASSIC FRAGMENTS.

*For the Olio.*

#### SATRAP.

Sir J. Malcolm, in his History of Persia, derives this word from the term *Chatrapa*, "lord of the umbrella, or shade of state." Bearing an umbrella, as a distinction of dignity, is still a custom in many countries of the East; and that it was so from the earliest times in Persia, may be gathered from the sculptures at Persepolis, where that sort of shade is held over the figure of the chief or king, whether he is seated or walking. This is, of course, applied to a governor only in his civil, not military capacity.

#### THE LUCKY DAYS OF THE ROMANS.

A critic in the present volume of the OLIO, p. 122, has introduced a quotation from the satirist Perseus, an explanation of which may perhaps be desirable: the passage runs thus—"Hunc diem signa meliore lapillo." It was customary with the Romans to note in their calendar those days on which any unlucky event happened with a black mark (carbone, with charcoal), and lucky days with white chalk (*Creta terra*), so termed as being brought from that island. Hence the phrases, "signare diem melioribus lapillis vel albis calculis,"—to mark a day as fortunate. The custom is said to have been borrowed from the Thracians, or Scythians, who every evening, before they slept, threw into an urn, or quiver, a white pebble if the day had passed agreeably, but if not, a black one; and at their death, by counting their pebbles, their life was judged to have been happy or unhappy. H. INCE.

#### HOT SPRINGS,

Says Berzelius, occur in the vicinity of active volcanoes; it is, therefore,



probable that such waters owe their temperature to their passage through channels heated by volcanic fire.

### Notices of New Books.

#### *The Library of Entertaining Knowledge. Part I. Vol. VIII.*

##### THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

This, like the volume upon the same subject published some time since by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, is one of more than ordinary interest. The matter is highly instructive, and exhibits in a pleasing and forcible manner the inestimable advantages derived by the ingenious and persevering from a steady pursuit after knowledge.

The biographical sketches, which are numerous and neatly written, comprise the lives and actions of persons of all conditions, from the prince to the peasant, who have laboured hard to make their names known in the fields of science and art. Among the most enterprising and energetic characters stands conspicuous Peter the Great, of whom we glean the following particulars:—

*The Origin of the Russian Navy.*—One day, whilst the monarch of the far-clad Russ “was looking about among some old stores and other neglected effects, he chanced to cast his eye upon the hulk of a small English sloop, with its sailing tackle, lying among the rest of the lumber, and fast going to decay. This vessel had been imported many years before by his father, Alexis Michelovich, also a prince of distinguished talents, and who had nourished many schemes for the regeneration of his country; but it had long been forgotten by every body, as well as the object which it was designed to promote. No sooner, however, was it observed by Peter than it fixed his attention; he made inquiries of some of the foreigners by whom he was surrounded, as to the use of the mast and sails, even the general purposes of which he did not know; and the explanations which he received made him look on the old hulk with new interest. It immediately became, in his imagination, the germ of a magnificent national marine; and he could take no rest till he had made arrangements for having it repaired and set afloat. With some difficulty the Dutch pilot was found out whom Alexis had procured at the same time with the sloop to teach

his subjects the method of managing it; the man, like the vessel, of which he was to have the charge, had long been forgotten by all the world. Once more, however, brought out of his obscurity, he soon refitted the sloop; and the Czar was gratified beyond measure by at length beholding it, with its mast replaced, and its sails in order, moving on its proper element. Delighted as he was, he went himself on board, and was not long before he became a sufficiently expert seaman to take the place of his Dutch pilot. For several years after this, his chief attention was given to maritime affairs; although his first ships were all of foreign construction, and it was a considerable time before any issued from his own docks. From so small a beginning as has been described, Russia has since become, after England, one of the greatest naval powers in the world.\*

*Traits of Character.*—The bad parts of his character were undoubtedly, in a great measure, the result of the manner in which he was treated at this time of his life. Yet, violent and ungovernable as his passions continued to be, in some respects, to the last, making him act often with a ferocity unsurpassed by anything that is told of the excesses of infuriated savages, he succeeded in completely overcoming that one of his evil habits which he found would have interfered most with the conduct of his great schemes. In his youth he was a slave to the love of ardent spirits, but he had weaned himself entirely, in his maturer days, from

\* The most detailed account we have met with of the story told in the text is one preserved in the MSS. of Sir Hans Sloane, in the British Museum (No. 3.168). It appears to have been written shortly after the death of Peter the Great, and by a person who was either a native of Russia or had resided in that country. According to this authority, the incident took place in the flag-yard at Ismael-off, an old seat of the royal family near Moscow. The writer gives us also an account of a great naval show, at which he was himself present, in honour of this celebrated vessel, which took place by the emperor's command at St. Petersburg, on the 12th of August, 1723. On this occasion the sloop, or ship's boat, as it is here called, having been repaired and beautified, was received by about 200 yachts, and, having advanced to the harbour attended by that numerous convoy, was then saluted by a general volley from the twenty-two men-of-war, which might be considered as forming its progeny. The emperor, of course, was present, and the day was altogether one of the greatest festivals that had been known in Petersburg. “A few days after,” it is added, “the boat was brought to Petersburg, and laid up in the castle, where she is to be taken the greatest care of.”

that destructive vice ; nor was he insensible to the other defects of his original character which he had failed to correct. "Alas !" he would sometimes exclaim, on recovering from one of these paroxysms of rage by which he was liable to be carried away, "I have reformed my people, but have not been able to reform myself." Perhaps, however, no man in any station ever did more than this illustrious monarch to repair the mischievous consequences of a neglected youth, as far as intellectual acquirements are concerned. In addition to a competent knowledge of mathematics, mechanics, navigation, medicine, and anatomy, he appears to have made himself master of more than one of the modern languages of Europe.

*An Anecdote.*—The Czar, upon one occasion, found two of his daughters reading a French author. He desired one of them to translate the passage before her into Russian,—when, struck with the facility with which the task was performed, he exclaimed, "Ah, my children, how happy are you, who are thus taught to read in your youth, and enjoy all the advantages of an education which I totally wanted." He used often to say that he would willingly have lost one of his fingers to have had a good education in his youth.

*Peter's History.*—The emperor's history presents us with, perhaps, as remarkable a case of the conquest of difficulties in the pursuit of knowledge as it would be possible to quote. In his noble resolution to educate not only himself but his country, he had to contend with obstacles at every step, which nothing could have overcome but that determination to succeed which overcomes all things. Few monarchs have better deserved the epithet of Great, if he is to be appreciated either by the great powers of mind he displayed, or the great effects he accomplished. And of these last it is to be remarked that none have passed away ; all have been permanent and productive. Compare Peter the Great, in this respect, with many other characters who during their time have filled the earth with the noise of their exploits ; and how high must he be placed above them ! Alexander's mighty empire fell to pieces as soon as his own hand had resigned its sceptre ; so did that of Charlemagne ; so did that of Buonaparte. These all, after moving every thing, established almost nothing. But whatever the Russian planted still grows

and flourishes, and bears fruit more plentifully every year. The reason is, that while other builders up of empires have trusted, for the support of their institutions, alone or chiefly to the sword, he based his on the moral strength of knowledge and civilization.

Among the useful discoveries made by men of wealth and rank, we may adduce an example in the person of Baron Von Canstein, a German nobleman, noted for being the discoverer of stereotype printing, which he practised with success at Halle. The new mode of printing brought to light by the ingenuity of Canstein, at the beginning of the last century, is singular for its vicissitudes of notoriety and oblivion. The Chinese have had a long acquaintance with the art of printing from blocks or plates, instead of moveable types, and among them it is to this day the only method in use. It was probably also the first form which the art of printing assumed in Europe,—was then forgotten for many years till it was revived in the middle of the sixteenth century at Augsburg, where some of the plates that were used for the purpose are still preserved,—was again introduced at Leyden about half a century later,—was a few years after re-invented by Canstein,—was practised at Edinburgh in 1744, by William Ged, who was quite ignorant of what had been done by his predecessors,—and, lastly, after his attempts had ceased to be remembered, was taken up anew by the late ingenious Dr. Alexander Tilloch and Fowles, the Glasgow printer, who, however, did little more than merely take out a patent for what they deemed their discovery. And even now, after it has been practised on a larger scale than ever, it does not appear to be gaining ground in general estimation, principally from its inapplicability to works which require improvement in successive editions. If such works are largely corrected, the saving in the plates is in a great degree lost. If that saving is principally regarded, and antiquated opinions or positive errors are multiplied through a paltry economy, the invention is a positive incumbrance to learning, and is therefore of little worth. Unquestionably the proper range of its application is very limited.

It ought to be observed, that the several block or plate-printers we have mentioned did not all pursue the same method. Faust, for instance, on the invention of printing, employed merely wooden blocks, such as are used by the Chinese,

on which the characters were cut out, as is done still in wood-engraving; the Augsburg printers appear to have set up their types in the usual manner, and then to have converted them into a solid plate by pouring metal upon the back of the congeries; and the present method, as is well known, is, after having set up the types, to take an impression from them in plaster of Paris, or some other composition, and to cast or found the plate in this as a mould. It does not very clearly appear what was the plan which Canstein followed; but it is known that he printed a great many volumes, and sold them very cheap. A copy of the New Testament, for instance, he used to sell for fourpence; but, as he was very pious, it is not improbable that he distributed the Scriptures at less even than the cost price, which his fortune enabled him to do. It is said that it was while endeavouring to devise a cheap method of multiplying copies of the Bible for the use of the poor, that the notion of his invention suggested itself to him."

In our next we shall, probably, make a few further extracts from this intelligent and important work.

### Fine Arts.

*Illustrations to the Literary Souvenir for 1831.* Longman and Co.

We are sorry to find, upon looking into the "Souvenir," that its illustrations will not, upon the whole, bear comparison with those of earlier years: though there are several splendid pictures, yet the majority is of a very mediocre description. The following strikes us as delightful works of art:—*Lady Georgiana Agar Ellis*, by Sir T. Lawrence, engraved by J. H. Watt, is full of delicacy and spirit. This portrait is distinguished by that genius, and lit up with that high intelligence only to be found in the productions of the late and much lamented president. *The Narrative*, by Stothard and Greatbach, is a delightful subject of the Decameron species; we know of no artist but Stothard capable of painting such a subject, so perfect in drawing and so original. To the *View of Ghent*, by Nash and Goodall, we are spell-bound; on this plate we could gaze for hours and not be satiated. Seldom is a subject every way adapted for graphic display felicitously portrayed; but this picture is an exception, both drawing and engraving are of the highest order of merit and must secure admiration. *Trojan*

*Fugitives*, by G. Jones, R. A. engraved by Edwards, is a finely conceived and inimitable painting. The terror depicted on the features of the group of fugitives gazing in wild dismay at the flame-enveloped city, is true to nature. But the jewel of the book is the *Destruction of Babel*, by an artist named Slous, of whom we know very little; but if he continues to produce such splendid efforts of imagination as the scene here presented, he will not want for fame long; and we predict that a golden reputation will be his. To convey an idea of this magnificent scene, and its architectural glories, words are inadequate, it must be seen to be appreciated. No less deserving is the engraving of T. Jeavons. Here we regret must end our critical labours, as the less that is said of the remainder the better. Next year we hope to see more gems, and less *foi* to set them off.

### Customs of Various Countries.

#### BEATING THE BOUNDS.

##### *An Ancient Ceremony.*

The custom of making the boundaries of parishes by the neighbouring inhabitants going round them once a year, and stopping at certain spots, or Gospel Oaks,\* to perform different ceremonies, in order that the localities might be impressed on the memories of the young, as they were attested by the recollections of the old, is still common in various parts of the kingdom. The custom itself is of great antiquity, and

\* Oaks have sometimes not only been termed "Gospel" trees, but have also been dignified by the title of "Apostles." Thus the fine group, consisting of twelve in number, at Burley in the New Forest, is known by the appellation of the "Twelve Apostles." Towards the centre of Coleshill Park, in Warwickshire, there once stood four very aged oaks, forming a square, one occupying each corner, which were familiarly known by the name of the "Four Apostles" (the Four Evangelists, we presume, they ought rather to have been called.) Some forty or fifty years ago the steward of the manor fell foul of one of these consecrated trees, and unceremoniously cut it down, for the purpose of repairing the park pales. This sacrilegious act excited the honest indignation of the old park-keeper, near whose residence the trees grew, who, observing that "there always had been four apostles in Coleshill Park ever since he had known the place," swore, with an oath, that if he could have his way, "there always should be." Accordingly he planted another in the room of the displaced apostle. This newly planted tree, on account of its youth, acquired (as might be expected) the name of St. John. We have often seen it in company with its three aged fellows, and believe it is still a vigorous and thriving young tree.

is supposed by some to have been derived from the feast called Terminalia, which was dedicated to the god Terminus, who was considered as the guardian of fields and landmarks, and the promoter of friendship and peace among men . . . . . It was introduced among Christians about the year 800, by the pious Avitus, Bishop of Vienna, in a season of dearth and calamity, and has been continued since his time by the different clergy; the minister of each parish, accompanied by his churchwardens and parishioners, going round the bounds and limits of his parish in Rogation week, or on one of the three days before Holy Thursday (the feast of our Lord's Ascension), and stopping at remarkable spots and trees to recite passages from the Gospels, and implore the blessings of the Almighty on the fruits of the earth, and for the preservation of the rights and properties of the parish. The learned and excellent Andrews, Bishop of Winchester, left a fine model of prayer for these occasions; and it must have been a soothing sight to witness the devotional feelings of the multitude, thus called forth in the simplicity of patriarchal worship in the open air, and surrounded by the works of God. *Mag. of Nat. Hist.*

### *Anecdotalia,*

#### NOT DONE BROWN.

The late Dr. Brown courted a lady for many years, though unsuccessfully; during which time it had been his custom to drink the lady's health before that of any other. Being observed one evening to omit it, a gentleman reminding him of it, said, "Come, doctor, drink the lady you invariably toast." The doctor replied, "I have toasted her for many years, and I can't make her Brown—so I'll toast her no longer."

H.B.A.

#### A TOUCH OF THE ABSENT.

*For the Olio*

A late Archdeacon of B— and W— was so much engrossed with his books, and so absent when taking recreation in his garden, that he once unwittingly said, in an inquisitive accent, very rapidly delivered, to his gardener, who was driving a brood of ducks into the pond—"Eh, Jacob? Eh, Jacob?—do young ducks suck?" "I fancies as how they does, zur; if it be your pleasure," Jacob, with much tact, replied. "But, suppose it should not be my pleasure, eh, Jacob? eh, Jacob?"—"Why, zur, then as how they wo'nt

suck, I suppose," was the answer.—"True, true, Jacob," said the Archdeacon: very good logic—very good logic. Locke would have raised thee without a negative;—"and twisting his wig round to the fit, the learned divine hastened into his study. PASTOR.

#### A SLEEPER AWAKENED.

*For the Olio*

Doctor Parr's coachman was a dry fellow in many respects. He possessed wit as well as his master, and rarely drove home from places to which he went without abundant suction, to prevent his throat catching fire. The only difficulty was to get him mounted on the box, which the servants generally managed with much address, and "all was right." It happened, however, in the present instance, that Jehu was too far gone, and, for *bon repose*, took his seat inside, from which comfortable situation the footman could not remove him,—for he was "deaf to time," and "snored on," in vain. When the carriage was called, and the doctor approached in the Bishop of L——'s hall, the footman, in much trepidation apologised. "Well, well," said the learned doctor in a lisp, "it is the Bishop's wine that is in fault—let me in, I'll wake him before we reach home. You take the reins." This was done by the footman. The doctor entered the carriage with a pipe, and almost suffocated Jehu, who, recovering from his stupor ere they reached home, begged forgiveness a thousand times. PASTOR.

#### NORFOLK CAPONS.

The witty author of the "Worthies of England," notices the great repute of the county of Norfolk for herrings, and, with his usual archness, he calls a red herring a Norfolk capon.

#### EPIGRAM.

"Who'll buy my heart?" the coquette cried;  
She ogled, languish'd, pouted, sigh'd!  
A youth the ransom price inquired?  
"The price?" said she, with conquest fired.  
"A heart like mine, put up and sold,  
Must fetch a carriage, mansion, gold."  
He bought it, but his peace was lost;  
So cold, 'twas dear at any cost. P.

#### EPIGRAM.

When we were wed to board and bed,  
Your likeness was a striking face,  
Which made me love you. Now, instead,  
Your features to your strength give place:  
Alas! the change, the pain, the cost!  
Your angry fist 'tis strikes me most. P.

#### *Epitaph upon a Wife by her Husband.*

Here lies my wife,—ah! that is fine,  
As well for her repose as mine.

## Diary and Chronology.

### Wednesday, November 10.

*St. Trypho & others, mar. A. D. 250.—High Water 18m after 10 Morn—51m after 10 Aftern.*  
 November 10, 1566.—On this day Pope Julius II. after besieging and conquering Bologna, in Italy, made his triumphant entry into that city in a manner so very pompous and magnificent, that Erasmus, upon considering Julius as Christ's vice-regent, and comparing his entry into Bologna with Christ's entry into Jerusalem, could not behold it without the utmost indignation. Erasmus was also at Rome when the same pontiff made his entry into this city after the conquest of Bologna; and this entry offended him as much as that at Bologna had done. For he could not conceive that the triumphs of the church, as they were called, were to consist in vain pomp and worldly splendour, but rather in subduing all mankind to the faith and practice of the Christian religion.

### Thursday, November 11.

*St. Martin, Bishop of Tours, A. D. 307.—Sun rises 28m after 7—sets 31m after 4.*  
 St. Martin of Tours was once so popular in France, that his feast had an octave, and it was a rule to roast a goose for the family dinner on the day of his anniversary. A medal has been struck in France in commemoration of this custom, on one side of which is a goose, and on the reverse the word *Martiniana*. At this season, in some parts of the North of England, an ox, called the Mayrt, is slaughtered at Martinmas, and salted for winter. It is customary in Newcastle and the surrounding towns, for a few families to join in the purchase of a *mart*, which is obtained at the *Stones* fair, held on old Martinmas Day, and divided among them. Tusser, in his "Points of Husbandry," says—

" Martilmas Beefe doth bear good tacks,  
 When countrie folke do dainties lack."

### Friday, November 12.

*St. Nilus, A. D. 390.—High Water 0h 0m Morn—0h 13m Afternoon.*  
 November 12, 1820.—Expired in his 75th year, William Hayley, at Felpham near Chichester. This veteran writer will long be remembered as the biographer of Milton, Cowper, and Romney. As a poet his reputation seems latterly to have been on the decline. With the exception of his *Triumphs of Temper*, none of his poetical productions were calculated for popularity; yet his *Essays* contain some very splendid, energetic, and nervous passages; and the notes appended to them are replete with entertainment and information.

### Saturday, November 13.

*St. Didacus.—Sun rises 31m after 7—sets 28m after 4.*  
 Our saint, who was a native of the town of St. Nicholas, in the diocese of Seville, in Andalusia, became early an Observant Friar, and attended the Jubilee at Rome, where St. Bernardin Sienna was canonized, in 1450. Among the numerous victories were present above 3500 of the order of St. Francis. He died in 1463, at Alcala.  
 November 13, 1817.—Died the Countess of Albemarle. The demise of the amiable Countess is supposed to have risen purely from sympathy at the sudden and unexpected fate of the Princess Charlotte, her amiable and exalted friend. Her ladyship's *accouchement* was not expected until the lapse of a few weeks; but, melancholy to relate, exactly seven days after the death of our lamented Princess, and but three or four after the communication of the fatal intelligence, Lady Albemarle, also, was no more.

### Sunday, November 14.

#### TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

*Lessons for the Day—11 chapter Proverbs, morning—12 chapter Proverbs, Even.*  
 November 14, 1804.—Expired in his 89th year, Jacob Bryant, a learned writer on History and Mythology, whose studies were chiefly directed to remove the doubts of the sceptic, and to substantiate the authenticity of the Scriptures.

### Monday, November 15.

*New Moon, 55m after 1 Morning.*  
 November 15, 1674.—Died John Milton, the celebrated author of *Paradise Lost*, one of the most sublime efforts of imagination penned by man. Besides his poems, his prose works are numerous; but, considering his greatness as a writer, they have probably been very little read, owing to the republican spirit which pervades them. Burnett, in his *Specimens*, observes, "It were superfluous to remark upon the character of writings from a man so illustrious as Milton. They breathe throughout that sublime ethereal spirit peculiar only to him. We are continually astonished and delighted at his never-failing succession of sentiments and imagery—of that majestic stream and swell of thoughts with which his mind always flows. He was a man essentially great; and whoever wishes to form his language to a lofty and noble style—his character to a fervidity of soul—will read the works of Milton."

### Tuesday, November 16.

*High Water 23m after 2 Morn—38m after 2 Aftern.*  
 November 16, 1872.—Anniversary of the death of Henry III., which took place at Westminster in his 65th year. During this king's reign, many wise laws were passed for the good government of the country; Inns of court were formed for the education of lawyers, and a statute was passed to fine advocates who indulged themselves in prolix and nugatory pleadings. Henry was a great encourager of the arts, and architecture thrived greatly under his patronage. He was quick at repartee, and though not particularly attached to men of learning, his reign was honoured by some of the brightest luminaries which the earlier ages ever produced.

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ERRATUM.—In our last week's notice of "Friendship's Offering," for "rank foremost amongst its contemporaries," read "rank foremost among those of its contemporaries."

# The Olio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XXII.—Vol. VI.

Supplemental Sheet.



## Cream of the Annuals for 1831.

ALWAYS anxious to present to our readers every novelty that comes under our editorial eye, we eagerly seize upon such of the Annuals as have already made their appearance, and transfer from them to the Olio some of the choicest and most piquant pieces in story and song. In this age of improvement, when almost every individual possesses a taste for literature and the Fine Arts, the editorship of any one of these beautiful "perennials," to borrow a phrase from the witty Thomas Hood, must be a task of considerable difficulty; yet we perceive, with some astonishment, that other works of a similar class will, this season, be added to the already lengthy list. But nine winters since, the Adam of the Annuals, Ackerman's "Forget-me-Not," burst into life, and now nearly a score of these "grave and gay" competitors for public favour appear with the revolving year, to announce to us that Christmas and its festivities—its good cheer—yule logs—wine and wassail—its frolics, forfeits, and kisses,—are near at hand.

VOL. VI.

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Dismissing the fond anticipations to which their appearance has led us, we return at once to our task, and commence with the

### Forget-me-Not.

*Edited by F. Shoberl,*

which contains many articles of great merit and originality: among the best are the tales of "The Haunted Hogshead," "The Elves of Caer Gwyn," "The Painter of Pisa," and the following:—

### MY GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S HARPSICHOORD.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

"Most musical—most melancholy."

I HAD drained the last drop of my bottle of claret, and sat musing in solitude before the fire. "Yes," thought I, "yes, my daughters are come to years of education, so I must get a musical instructor and a grand piano."

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Girls must be accomplished, and four or five hours a day must be devoted to music. It is absolutely necessary that they should be taught the use of the keys—not the keys that their grandmother (excellent woman) handled: no—they were suspended in a bunch at her side.

For three generations our family has been decidedly unmusical; I speak it with shame and deep humiliation, but it is the truth, and I will be brave enough to own it—for three generations we have possessed (critically speaking) neither voices, ears, nor souls!

My grandmother, the lady with the bunch before mentioned, was the pink of notability. She knew how to preserve all the fruits of the earth, how to pickle all the vegetables of the garden: in a culinary point of view, she was decidedly a genius, but of music she knew nothing. To her one tune was just like any other, and she denominated every tune a *noise*! She knew nothing of the *gamut*, every thing of the gammon; her bars were the bars of the kitchen grate, her accompaniments were garnishes, her catches were snacks, and her rounds were rounds of beef.

Had she lived in these days, she would have been a melancholy and degraded outcast of society; but, in the times of female drudgery and degradation, she was esteemed an excellent housewife, and a proper motherly woman.

Her daughter (my mother), the second person singularly tuneless in the three generations I have alluded to, was of an equestrian turn. She delighted to ride upon the backs of high trotting horses; the bars her talents surmounted were the bars of gates that possessed five; in a fox chase she would be the *running accompaniment* of the most daring squire in the country. She knew of no flourishes save those of her whip; and cared not for "dying, dying falls," except when some luckless companion was precipitated over a hedge on the crown of his head. She had neither time nor inclination for home pursuits; she almost lived on horseback; her music was the huntsman's horn; and she was actually in her habit and her hat when I, rather prematurely and unexpectedly, came into the world! Fortunately, neither she nor I was the worse for my extemporaneous debut; I was swaddled, and papped, and gruelled with success, and became in due time a very proper young gentleman.

I inherited the unhappy failing of my mother and my grandmother: music, that "softens rocks and bends the knotted oak," softened not and bent not me.

For three generations, therefore, have we been an inharmonious race. But there is *one* point in our favour—a great point—a redeeming one, in the shape of my great-grandmother. SHE was a woman of taste, and played upon the harpsichord.

"By the by," thought I, "why should I purchase a grand piano-forte, an article of no small cost, when my great-grandmother's harpsichord, with a double row of keys, stands up stairs in the lumber-room, and will no doubt answer every purpose?"

How well I remember my great-grandmother. She was an old lady, and I a small boy, at the period of my reminiscence; yet in my mind's eye, I behold her now. She was tall, she was straight, as the poplar tree; her waist was a prodigy for length and diminutiveness; and the brocaded silk of her gown stood out around her, as if afraid to encroach by pressing too closely upon her graceful limbs. On her head rose an unparalleled structure of pure white gauze or lace, and on her forehead her powdered hair was most profusely frizzed. Her gowns were the most independent garments imaginable; for, if the mistress chanced to step out of them, they still stood erect in the innate stability of their structure.

She had no idea of undress and full dress, as modern ladies have; changing from a seven shilling muslin of a morning, to a cheap beggarly silk or crape at night. The mistress could then never be mistaken for the maid, nor the maid for the mistress. She was always responsibly attired: her small feet, in their high-heeled shoes, regally reposed under her glossy petticoat, and her snowy elbows modestly peeped from the sheltering canopy of her pure lace ruffles.

When she wished to appear in full dress she wore immense diamond earrings, and upon her fingers she placed several brilliant hoop-rings. These splendid auxiliaries were put on in a moment; and let her be surprised by visitors at any hour, she came forth with glittering ears and fingers, curtseyed down to the very ground, and looked as if equipped to grace a court.

She was a relic of the oldest school; she emulated the grandeur of baronial state; and in her lodgings in a water-

ing place, instead of vulgarly rising to ring the bell when she wanted a domestic, she sat patiently and proudly on her sofa, and in a feeble, still, small voice cried, "Who waits?" till by some fortunate chance her maid heard, and attended to the call.

Her harpsichord was her delight; it was a *two-decker*. I know nothing of music, but I know it had two rows of keys; and on these she played alternately, waving to and fro her stately head, and often looking round to me for applause.

She played the popular songs of the day; the *popular* songs—alas! what were they? They are gone, they are forgotten, like the smiles and the roses of the girls who sang them; like the hopes and the affections of the youths who listened to them. The triumphs of the singers of those days, and the popularity of the songs, where are they? 'Tis a lesson for a modern *chansonnier*.

I used to dine now and then with my great-grandmother, and by way of amusing me, she would sit down and play me a minuet, or some endless sonata; her high-heeled shoe pressed the pedals and she rambled over the double-decks of keys with infinite self-possession. She thought me, I believe, a very dull boy, for I never could contrive to seem pleased with her playing. But when she sent me home, she generally slipped a little golden coin into my hand, and I left her gaily and contentedly, for *my play-time* was at hand. But to return to my reverie.

"Why," thought I, "should I buy a piano, when I already possess an instrument which I have frequently heard my great-grandmother say was unrivalled."

I went up stairs to a dark, dusty lumber-room, and there lay the two-decker, with a broken leg and an unsound sounding-board. I had it carefully conveyed below, and it creaked, and groaned, and threatened to fall to pieces at every step. A carpenter mended the wounded limb; and I then sent for the learned professor, who was in future to be my daughters' music-master, and with pride exhibited to him the instrument which had been declared by my great-grandmother (a musical paragon in her day) to be the sweetest and the best she ever heard. The professor smiled.

"It is as an antiquarian you value it, I presume?" said he.

"How so, sir?" said I.

"I mean, you are not seriously pro-

nouncing a favourable judgment upon it as a musical instrument," he replied.

Thought I, he knows I am not musical, and he is sneering at me.

"Sir," said I, "have the goodness to put that invaluable instrument into perfect tune, and commence instructing my daughters."

The professor actually spun round upon my music-stool, and after staring at me incredulously for a moment, he burst into a fit of laughter. I only wished my great-grandmother had been present.

"I beg your pardon, sir," at length said the professor, "but the instrument is not—I must be candid—it is only fit for——"

"Fit for what, sir?" said I.

"For *firewood*," replied the professor.

He was right: and to prove that he was so, he vigorously thumped the two rows of keys. The appeal was unanswerable. I stopped my ears, and then stopped his proceedings. The professor was immediately commissioned to choose for me a grand piano-forte, with all the new patents, the extra-octaves, the additional keys, the supernumerary pedals, and every other "invention of the enemy," to silence tranquillity and repose.

The professor left me, and I then gazed upon the *once* dearly prized and carefully preserved instrument. What would my great-grandmother say thought I, could she know that thou art to be chopped up into fuel to warm the frigid fingers of her great-great-granddaughters. Her husband bought the instrument for her in the first year of their marriage; it was meant as a surprise, and was placed in her sitting room very early on the morning of her birthday, that she might unexpectedly find it there when she came down to breakfast. This happened long before I was born; but the old lady in her widowhood told me of it with tears in her eyes; and, without being told, I can imagine the delight of the young bride on receiving the gift.

How often has her husband leant over her when she touched those *now* discoloured keys! How often has she looked laughingly up in his face, playing some lively air, which she knew he loved, because they had danced together to its melody!

I am no musician, and I have no love for old harpsichords, nor for new grand pianos; but I cannot bear to see the tokens, hallowed by the best and purest



affections of one generation, tossed about with contempt and turned into ridicule by another. It is thus with my great-grandmother's portrait. There it hangs; a shepherdess's hat at the back of her head, a dove on her right forefinger, and a half-blown cabbage-rose in her left hand. Every body who looks at it now, laughs at the *outré* dress, or the stiff attitude, or the antiquated expression. Those for whom we have our portraits painted, should they happen to outlive us, ought to make a point of burning us in effigy before they die, or of carrying our canvas representatives with them to the grave.

When my relative sat for that portrait, nobody knows what pains she took about her looks and the arrangement of her dress; and now it is undeniable that the picture is a quiz.—When the first faggot of her dilapidated harpsichord crackles on the hearth, it would be charitable to throw the portrait into the blaze.

Mutual affections and countless associations endear such memorials to our contemporaries, and to those who immediately survive us; but when those friends have followed us on the dark path from which there is no return, our portraits become the mere records of bygone fashions, and the features that are clothed in them are a marvel and a mockery.

The best of all possible grand pianofortes has been selected, and the professor has commenced his instructions. Morning, noon, and night, my daughters are practising; and when practice has at length rendered them perfect mistresses of the instrument, it is to be hoped they will marry men who have *souls*, and leave me (unmusical as I am) a quiet house.

A time will no doubt arrive, when the novelties of the present day will, in their turn, become obsolete; and my daughters' great-grandchildren will perhaps make faggots of the grand piano, as we have most undutifully made light of my great-grandmother's harpsichord.

We must conclude our selections from the Forget-me-Not, a volume which cannot but maintain its high character, with a pretty little poem by Haynes Bayley, entitled,

#### THE FALSE ONE.

I knew him not,—I sought him not,—  
He was my father's guest;  
I gave him not one smile more kind  
Than those I gave the rest: .

He sat beside me at the board,  
The choice was not my own,  
But oh! I never heard a voice  
With half so sweet a tone.

And at the dance again we met,  
Again I was his choice,  
Again I heard the gentle tone  
Of that beguiling voice;  
I sought him not,—he led me forth  
From all the fairest there,  
And told me he had never seen  
A face he thought so fair.

Ah! wherefore did he tell me this?  
His praises made me vain;  
And, when he left me, how I long'd  
To hear that voice again!  
I wonder'd why my old pursuits  
Had lost their wonted charm,  
And why the path was dull, unless  
I leant upon his arm.

Alas! I might have guess'd the cause;  
For what could make me shun  
My parents' cheerful dwelling-place,  
To wander all alone?  
And what could make me braid my hair,  
And study to improve  
The form that he had deign'd to praise?—  
What could it be—but love?

Oh! little knew I of the world,  
And less of man's career;  
I thought each smile was kindly meant,  
Each word of praise sincere.  
His sweet voice spoke of endless love—  
I listen'd and believed,  
And little dreamt how oft before  
That sweet voice had deceived.

He smiles upon another now,  
And in the same sweet tone  
He breathes to her those winning words  
I once thought all my own.  
Oh! why is she so beautiful!—  
I cannot blame his choice,  
Nor can I doubt she will be won  
By that beguiling voice.

As the second on our list, we turn to an old friend,

#### Friendship's Offering.

Of the graphic merits of this volume we have already spoken highly. Of its literary excellence we can only say that, for versatility and genius, it bids fair to equal, if not to eclipse, any of its compeers. The muster-roll contains a long list of well-known names; but it is not from this that we have formed our opinion. Here are some of the pieces that have pleased us most:

#### THE UNHOLY PROMISE.

A NORWEGIAN LEGEND.

By Derwent Conway.

It was impossible to go farther than Rinesager. A journey of forty miles on mountainous roads, and scanty fare by the way, had made the sight of the village extremely acceptable; but my expectations of comfortable accommodation were considerably damped by

the constant beating of a drum,—the music of a pandean pipe,—repeated shouts,—and occasional reports of firearms,—all pretty clearly indicating that Rinesager was that evening the scene of festivity, and consequently no resting-place for a weary traveller. I resolved therefore to quarter with the Minister,—and having found an old man whose infirmities kept him seated at the door of his hut, to point out the way, I proceeded to the lowly habitation of the reverend pastor. He had gone to the church to perform the marriage ceremony; so that the occasion of the rejoicings was sufficiently explained; and, guided by the sound of the rustic music, I soon reached the church-yard, where I found all the village assembled,—some, as “wedding guests,” and others hoping to come in for a share of the libations which upon such occasions are liberally dealt out. It was not without the necessity of partaking in this hospitality that I was able to reach the porch; and a louder roll of the drum, more piercing notes from the pipe, and a more deafening shout from the villagers, announced the general satisfaction at this proof of good-will from a stranger. The interior of the building was almost as crowded as the area outside; but I contrived to make my way to the altar, where stood the bride and bridegroom and their respective relatives,—and before them, the minister whose good offices I intended to claim. The ceremony had already begun,—and I was more occupied in endeavouring to obtain a glimpse of the bride’s countenance, than in listening to the questions and responses, when my attention was arrested by hearing the minister say, “Has any unholy promise been the means of bringing you and this maiden together?”—a question quite unintelligible to me, and of which I resolved to ask an explanation.

Soon after, the ceremony ended; the bride, wearing her gilded crown,\* passed through the avenue that was made for her, followed by the sturdy Hede-marke to whom she belonged; and the church being cleared of its visitors, I turned to the Minister and introduced myself as a stranger and a traveller,—two characters, that in Norway claim the instant exercise of hospitality. We left the church together, each carrying a basket containing provisions,—the

marriage fees in this country being paid in kind; and were soon seated in the good man’s parlour, with a table before us spread with the simple fare of the country.

“The religious part of the marriage ceremony with you is of course the same as with us,” said I, “but there was one question put by you that sounded oddly in my ears,—I mean, when you asked whether any UNHOLY PROMISE had brought the bride and the bridegroom together.”—“It might well seem strange to you,” replied the Minister, smiling; “it is a remnant of an old superstition, which, however, yet retains so much power over the minds of these simple mountaineers, that no maiden in this part of Hedemarkens would consider herself safe in entering into a matrimonial engagement, unless the Minister put the question which you heard. Upon my naturally expressing some curiosity to know the origin of so singular an addition to the marriage ceremony, “I have it in my power,” said the Minister, “to satisfy your curiosity. I regret I cannot present you with the original copy of the legend,—but I will willingly transcribe it for you; and you will then carry back to your country a Scandinavian relic, which I believe is altogether unknown beyond the boundaries of this narrow district.” So saying, my hospitable entertainer left the room for a few moments, and returned with the object of his search. “You perceive,” said he, “that care is required in handling this paper; it is already almost in tatters, nor indeed is this wonderful, since, judging by the antiquity of the hand-writing, I should guess it to have been the work of some one who has been in his grave these two hundred years.” “I am afraid,” said I, “even to touch so venerable and so frail a relic, and will therefore postpone the gratification of my curiosity until you have fulfilled your kind promise.”—And while I admired the prospects from the window, and looked over a copy of the Edda, my kind host transcribed the manuscript,—of which the following is a literal translation.

“Who, in the valley of *Hummer*,—who, on the *Louwer* mountains, so fair as Una!—Her hair was like the golden light that bathes the *Reen Field* ere the sun sinks behind it; her eyes were soft as the gentle stars that sleep in the waters of the *Miosen Soc*,—Una the beloved—Una the good. The lake rests tranquil in the bosom of the hills, they

\* Throughout Scandinavia it is the custom for every bride to stand at the altar with a gilded crown—meant as a symbol of chastity.

shelter its infancy, and look down upon its repose,—and so rested Una in the valley of *Hammer*. She was the daughter of Eldred, but she was the child of all; and she was long fenced round by the prayers of the good. The young men of the valley and the young men of the mountains strove for a smile from Una, for her smile was like the tender light of the blessed moon when it peers above the hill-tops: but Una smiled upon none,—and least of all upon Uric.

It is the still hour when innocence rests,—and when the guilty are abroad. Why is it, oh night, that on thy calm and fair dominion wickedness intrudes? Why is thy peacefulness disturbed by the tread of the unholy? Una sleeps in peace: but Uric is abroad. Night is around him; but the moon mounts up the sky and will soon look down upon his path.

Uric walks in silence. Beneath sleeps the *Miosen Soc*,—beyond, the mountains stand in their dim and solemn greatness:—the woods are dim and solemn too, and silent as the hills.

“Now,” said Uric in his heart, for he was afraid to break the stillness of night, “Una shall be mine: I see the ruin’s dim outline before me;” and he hastened on his way,—and reached the rugged mound, and saw the dark walls above him,—and the moonbeams falling through the rents, and upon the shapeless rocks and the old and dwarfish trees that were scattered here and there.

Uric toils up the mound,—and now he stands within the ruin. The broad shadow of the wall falls darkly across the silent court, but beyond the shadow the moonshine lies white upon the tall weeds, and the matted grass, and the hoary dandelion—and Uric stands within the shadow of the wall.

Why is the stillness of the ruin broken by the beating of Uric’s heart? Behold! a tall shade crosses the moonlight; and Uric remembers his dream and wherefore he standeth there.

Like the whisper of the night wind, the name of Uric fell upon the expecting ear.

“I am here,” said Uric.

And again, like the shiver of the forest, came these words to the ear of Uric,—“Una may be thine—but the price must be paid.”

Now when Uric heard these words, his heart beat no more with fear, but for joy, and he said—“what price?—be it the body, or be it the soul, it shall

be paid;” and again he listened for the voiceless words of the unseen—and when they came, they fell chill upon the heart of Uric—for the price of Una was her first-born.

“’Tis an unholy compact,” said Uric, “but be it a compact.”

No sooner had Uric spoken these words, than a tall shadow crossed the moon’s light,—and he knew that he was alone. And he passed from the shade where he stood, into the fair moonshine, where it lay white upon the matted grass; and soon the dark walls rose behind him, and the dwarfish and branchless trees stood around like crooked old men; and he hastened on his way, while the night-wind, as it crept over the surface of the lake, or gently stirred the leaves of the forest, whispered in the ear of Uric, “Thy first-born!”

Who can tell the dreams of Uric?—Were they of the dark ruin, and the white moonshine,—and the tall shadow that swept across it? Were they of the fair Una,—of her golden hair, and her star-like eyes, and her blessed smile? Were they of an innocent babe, and its infant caress? Who can tell!

Fair broke the morning upon the couch of Uric. Who on such a morning would remember the visions of the night!

Ere yet the sun had drank the dew, Una had arisen, and with her braided hair and morning smile, she looked out upon the calm lake and the misty mountains:—“and wherefore,” said she, “cometh Uric this way?”

Uric sitteth in Una’s bower; her spindle is in her hand—but she plies it not; nor listens she to the distant waterfall or the tinkling bells of the straying herds,—her ear drinks softer tones than the sound of falling waters, and sweeter words than the silver-tongued music of the hills.

Una sitteth in her summer bower,—but she sitteth alone,—the birds alone are her companions,—and the sweet flowers that turn to her their scented coronals; her cheek is tinged with the rosy hue of eve, and the star that loveth the sun twinkles through the foliage; and now she hears the distant waterfall and the tinkling bells, but her heart tells her that there are sweeter and more welcome sounds than these. The rosy tint has left her cheek—the star has set, and the moon climbs up the sky,—but Una yet sitteth in her bower.

It is the bridal morning of Una. Eldred, the father of the beloved, the

lovely and the good, lays his hand upon her and blesses her; and clothed in her white garment of innocence, he leads her forth to the altar. "Una," says he, "needs no gilded crown; is she not the child of all the valley?—and all the valley knows that she is chaste," and he lifted the crown from the head of his child,—and her golden hair was her crown; and thus did Una become the spouse of Uric.

Nine times hath the young moon pillowed her head upon the calm waters of the Miosen—and Uric heareth the cry of his first-born. Una smiles, and the joy of a mother is in her heart and sparkles in her eyes; but Uric's heart remembers his unholy promise.

"Why art thou silent?" said Una; "chosen of my heart, why art thou silent?—and why look ye not upon your first-born? Take him to thy bosom and bless him; his mother hath blessed him already, and he waiteth for the blessing of a father."

Uric took to his bosom the babe of his Una,—his "first-born," and as the babe opened his eyes upon him, a father's love gushed into his heart, but no blessing came from his lips; how could Uric bless his "first-born."

Dark are the pines that stretch over the head of Uric, but darker in his soul, he wanders into the depths of the forest—and his companions are his tears; he sees the happy living things that sport on the green amphitheatres,—and the nimble creatures that play among the lofty pines—and faster fall his tears.

Now four times have the sunbeams lingered through the midnight hours upon the summit of the Sogne Field. Four times have the herds been led out to feed on the green and yellow-tinted mountains;\* and the glow of four summers rests on the cheek of the infant Uric; his hair is golden as his mother's, and, as the child of Una, he is the adopted child of the valley.

Una sitteth not now in her summer bower, listening to the distant waterfall or the tinkling bells. She sitteth among her maidens,—listening to the prattle of her boy, while he plays with the tender and sweet-scented shoots of the fir-trees that are strown around; and still is she Una the beloved. And the darkness has departed from the heart of Uric. Why should he remember the dim ruin,—and the white moonshine, and the tall shadow,—and the voiceless

words,—and his unholy promise?—Four years have passed away, and it is as but a dream; and six years yet must pass ere the price be due. For Uric had heard these words, "Ten years may the price be unpaid, but then, and at this hour, I will expect thee and it."

It is the season when the moon and the stars rule over the midnight hour, and when twilight fades away upon the mountains of Gulbrandsdalen.\* The time of flowers is past, and the sloping hills are crimson and yellow with the changing cloudberry;† and Una wanders through the fields with the youthful Uric, gathering the mellow fruit; Uric wanders alone,—for his first-born hath numbered nine summers, and the summer is past.

And Una saw the shade that rested upon the brow of Uric—and she said, "Why, Uric, doth a shadow cross thy brow like an unwelcome guest? Hast thou not Una, thy beloved;—dwellest thou not where thy fathers have ever dwelt?—knowest thou not thine own mountains?—is not thy home a home of peace, and the smile of Una the same that used to gladden thee;—and oh! hast thou not a treasure greater than these, even our first-born?—"

Darker and yet darker grew the shade upon the brow of Uric;—for as Una spoke, she kissed her blue-eyed boy, and "Go, my child," she said, "to thy father, and caress him,—and tell him to smile upon thee, for if God spareth thee this night, ten years thou shalt have blessed us."

Long hath the moon risen,—and who are they that walk in her light? •

"Come, my boy," said Uric, "it is thy father's hand that holdeth thine; 'tis sweet to walk in the moonshine, and to see how white and calm it lies between the shadows of the pines."

"Father," said the blue-eyed boy, "I love not the moonshine—and I am weary; take me from these tall shadows—lead me to my mother."

"Yet a little farther," said Uric; and now they toil up the rugged mound—and the dark walls rise above them; and, here and there around them, stand in the moonlight the dwarfish and crooked trees. "Father," said the child, "these stunted trees look like decrepid old men; take me from this place—lead me to my mother!" And Uric sat down upon the rugged mound,

\* The mountains of Norway are thickly covered with a yellow flower during the summer months.

\* Alluding to summer being past.

† The cloudberry is crimson until quite ripe;—it then takes a yellow tint.

and there, in the bright moonshine, sat the father and the child.

Fast fall the tears of Uric,—and sad is his punishment,—for he loveth his child; yet well he knoweth, that if that midnight moon be not the witness of the offering, the compact is broken—and he doth himself become the forfeit.

Midnight waits within the silent court of the ruin: white are the matted grass and the tall weeds,—but no one standeth within the shadow of the wall. Midnight is come and passed—and the unholy promise is broken.

Long were the evening hours in the home of Una; the sun sunk in the forest—and the mountains grew dim,—and the moon arose and bathed them in light; but Uric came not—neither came her blue-eyed boy. And Una fell upon her knees and prayed; and even as the accents of prayer murmured upon her lips, her uplifted eyes closed—and her head gently dropped upon her clasped hands. And Una knew in a vision the charm that for ten years had bound her to Uric, and the unholy promise. And Una awoke—and midnight was passed; and a mother's love was deep in her heart,—but the love she had borne to Uric was no more.

Fly, Una!—speed to thy blue-eyed boy; yonder is the rugged mound—see! beneath the fair moonbeams lieth thy child unhurt; take him to thy bosom, for he is chill,—and the chill of fear is at his heart.

“Mother,” said the blue-eyed boy, “whose was the tall shadow that glided by my father’s side as he left me?”

And Una shuddered; and closer she clasped her child to her bosom.

#### SONNET, FROM CAMOENS.

BY THE REV. J. P. WOOD.

“*O cysne quando sente sei chegada.*”

The dying swan, who feels that now no more  
The western sun, that sinks with golden gleam  
Beneath the blue and level tide serene,  
To him shall gladness, light, and life restore,  
Lifts up his voice along the lonely shore  
To mourn each favourite haunt and islet green;  
While strains, than all the past that sweeter  
seem,

His lost delights and ebbing life deplore:  
Thus,—from my love since deepening sorrows  
spring,

And, Lady! wake in thee but rigours new,—  
O'er life's fair joys my heart yet lingering,  
Though near and sad my coming fate I view,  
In tones of softer harmony I sing  
Thy broken faith, and my affection true.

Having no room for further extract, we bid adieu for the present to this very elegant volume, which we shall take a favourable opportunity of re-

curring to again; until then, we earnestly recommend it to the attention of our readers.

The next in order for our visitation is—

#### The Gem.

Of this brilliant little *tome* we have before spoken in terms of hearty commendation; we have therefore only to present specimens of its graceful poetry and able prose.

#### A TRUE TALE OF SHIPWRECK.

BY H. P. CHORLEY, ESQ.

It was in the autumn of 17—, that I left Italy, in company with my daughter, the last child of that family of brave and fair ones who had made my fireside so joyous, when I returned home from the voyages which my calling of merchant obliged me frequently to take. My two boys had fallen gloriously on the field of battle; and of my girls, two had already perished by an insidious disease; to avoid which, beneath the bright skies and gentler airs of the south, I was now again, for the sake of the remaining one, about to become a wanderer.

We left our now desolate home with feelings we dared not acknowledge to each other, and only spoke of the *future*. My child seemed to be possessed with an insatiable yearning to rest in some quiet retreat near Rome or Naples; and, therefore, to avoid the fatigue of a long over-land journey, we embarked at Falmouth, on board a small vessel bound to Leghorn; resolving to reserve Switzerland, France, and the Rhine Country, till our return: and, in dwelling upon our plans, we endeavoured, as much as possible, to forget the charm which death had made in our affections in the short space of two years.

Our voyage was prosperous for many days: and, indeed, there seemed every reason to think that the step I had taken was a fortunate one; for my invalid certainly looked less pale, and her colour was less changeable than it had been since we left Hampshire. Her spirits, too, were relieved of a part of the oppression they had borne so long; and she loved to sit on the deck for hours every day, and, for the first time since our calamity, would sing me my favourite romances, and the wild airs I had brought her across the seas. There is one Hindoo tune, which, as it was my greatest favourite, she always sung

the last. I verily think that to hear it now would drive me to distraction.

Towards the evening of the day when we passed Marseilles, the sky darkened, the sun set behind a huge bank of heavy clouds, and the wind began to arise, and to sweep the waters with a loud moaning swell, which died fitfully into silence, again to awaken with a wilder and sadder tone. I had so often crossed the sea, and been an attentive observer of the signs of the heavens, that I foresaw a storm was approaching; and I persuaded Helen to retire to our miserable little cabin earlier than usual,—while I watched, with an anxious heart, the gathering of the clouds and the fading of the day-light. The captain was a silent, and somewhat rude man, (we had only chosen his vessel to avoid a delay which, my daughter's physicians had assured me, might be fraught with peril); and the crew were mostly Maltese and Spaniards,—a people who, on the seas, are proverbially timid and insubordinate. It was, however, too late to think of these things: the gale presently increased till I could hardly keep my feet; the sails were all close reefed, and we scudded along with a fearful speed. There was neither moon nor star that night; and the only light I could discern was the foam of the waters, which boiled, like a mighty cauldron, on every side.

The crew were now all thoroughly terrified, and incapable of comprehending or executing the captain's orders. They rummaged their sea-chests for the images of saints long forgotten, and knelt to them, weeping like children, and praying, and vowing costly offerings to their shrines, if they might be delivered from their peril, while the storm increased every instant.

It was about midnight that the man at the helm gave a loud cry, which I shall remember to my dying day, the cry of "Land!" It was even too true: we had mistaken our course, and were fast approaching an iron-bound and rocky shore. Dreadful was now the uproar on deck: shrieks, and oaths, and confessions of crimes long concealed, were heard even above the fiercest wrath of the storm. At length the captain ordered the boats out; and while the men prepared to obey his commands, I hurried below to prepare my daughter for the worst. I had been several times that evening in her cabin, and marvelled at, while I admired, the calm self-possessed courage she maintained, amid so much calculated to terrify a woman's

spirit. I now found her dressed, and on her knees, though that attitude was scarce possible from the deep pitching of our crazy vessel. She arose, and, without a word or expression of fear, suffered me to wrap her in my cloak, and to support her up to the deck.

By this time the boats were lowered—and only just in time. With a shock, like the rending of the eternal hills, the vessel struck upon a rock; and the terrified mariners crowded into the boats, frail and leaky though they were, with the selfish eagerness of fear. I waited but an instant ere I committed my child to these, our only insecure chance of life; for the vessel had sprung a leak, and was fast filling: and while I yet paused, there came an immense wave, which broke over the vessel and boats with the roar of a cataract. It subsided;—but I never saw our companions more.

There was now little time to deliberate: the shore seemed not very far, (indeed, I had certainly seen a light in that direction,) and the vessel was rapidly filling. I emptied, therefore, in haste, two of the largest sea-chests I could find, and, binding them together by the handles with a rope, lowered them from the vessel's side. It was our only hope of life; and, almost without a word spoken, my child placed herself by my side, though, owing to the pitching of the vessel, this was a work of difficulty; and we committed ourselves to the waves. From this moment I remember nothing.

When I returned to consciousness, I found myself lying, in an old ruinous shed, upon some straw. Helen was beside me; saved indeed, but so bruised and exhausted that, as she lay there, with the water streaming from her garments and her long loose hair, it was an instant ere my dizzy senses could believe that she yet lived. A lamp was placed beside her on the clay floor, and a dark loose mantle, which wore signs that some human being had been there. I spoke to her,—I bent over her,—and supported her unresisting head upon my knee. "Father," said she, softly, "I think I am dying."

"O God! and is there no help!"

"I know not," she said feebly, "and yet, since I have been here, I have seen twice an old man, who has looked upon me through the door, and who left this lamp here." That instant a thought struck me that there must be habitations near, and I resolved to seek shel-

ter and assistance : but first I made my poor girl more comfortable, if gathering up the straw into a close heap under her head, and covering her with the coarse rug or mantle, could be called comfort ; and then, in an agony, rushed out into the open air.

The earliest dawn, which had partially broken upon the stormy sky, enabled me to discern, at a little distance, a small hut or cabin, whence the light proceeded which I had not been mistaken in imagining I had perceived. As far as I could see, this, and the shed I had just left, were the only dwellings of man near : they stood upon a broken rock which overhung the sea. The hope of obtaining succour gave wings to my feet, though, when I attempted to walk, the pain was excessive, for I too was bruised and wounded : but it mattered not ; I thought only of Helen, and, guided by the light, made haste towards the cottage, which was distant about one hundred yards.

Misfortune abolishes ceremony ; and, perceiving, from the sound of voices, that the inhabitants were yet astir in the house, I raised the latch, unbidden, and entered what seemed to be the cottage of a fisherman. The room, though small, was scrupulously clean, and neatly furnished : a bright fire was blazing on the hearth. The appearance of the place seemed to promise a friendly shelter ; not so the countenances of its inhabitants. By the side of the fire sat an old man and woman, decently clad in the provincial dress ; the features of both were singularly stern and hard, and they rose not, neither testified surprise at my intrusion. I had therefore to speak in French, as well as I could, and tell them of our calamity. "We are English," I said—

"English!" interrupted the austere old man, for the first time breaking silence, and speaking in pure good French. "Wife! do you hear this? Thank God, our prayer is granted, and our vow shall be fulfilled! Go, stranger, and clamour elsewhere : I have no aid for you!"

"But," cried I, passionately, "I am shipwrecked and wounded, and have lost every thing, and my daughter is dying hard hard by ; dying of cold and weariness. Give us shelter and dry clothing ; and I promise you an ample reward, so soon as I can send to Marseilles."

"What I will not give I will not sell," replied the old man, in the same cold and unmoved tone. "Go back to

your daughter ; I have brought you both from the shore, and given you a light and a garment. What would you have more? Go!"

"But, good heavens! have you no mercy? no human feeling? You, my good woman, may have been a mother yourself. You may—"

"Ay," cried she, bitterly, rising and confronting me face to face ; "*I have* been a mother! Listen to me—I had a daughter. My husband, there, was captain and owner of the fairest ship that sailed out of the port of Marseilles. I sailed with him, and my child, who was then eighteen, and fifty times as fair as your pale girl—she was to be married when we returned. Well, our vessel was wrecked on the western coast of your island ; the rocks were crowded with people ; but they put no boats out nor came to save the poor perishing wretches who shrieked for aid, even in the struggles of death. Of the crew, we three were alone saved, with what treasure we could bear about us ; and your people helped us vastly! They rifled us of our money, and tore the rings from the ears and fingers of my Rosalie, and broke open our chests, while my husband and I were too weak and wounded to resist their plunder, and knew not a word of their language to complain. And my Rosalie they left on the cold wet sand in her swoon—left her for an hour, with the spray dashing over her ; and then two rude men brought her rudely into the hut where they had laid us, (believing we were dead,) wounded, and crushed, and pale, and bleeding ; yet they searched her for money, and she, old man! she died that night! and they buried her in their churchyard.

"It pleased God, however, that we both recovered, though none cared for us, nor restored us the money or the clothes they had robbed us of. We begged our way through the country, through a land of strangers who hated our nation. Even the very children jeered at us as we passed them, and the magistrates put us in prisons and stocks. But, at last, thank God! we got home ; and we bound ourselves with a solemn vow, as your people had dealt with us, so to deal with you, should ever a like chance happen. That vow we have broken already, this night. Here" (giving me a bundle from a clothes-press) "is clothing : and here" (handing me, as she spoke, a crust of black bread and a cup of water) "is food. Go, old man! and, as you sit by your dying

daughter,\* remember the tale I have told you."

It was in vain to make further entreaty: the inexorable old woman, when she had ceased, returned to her seat; nor could prayer, or the anguish of a distracted father, extort another word from her. It was in the chill sickness of despair that I turned away from the door, which I heard immediately and closely barred behind me; and, with the wretched food and raiment I had received, hastened eagerly to the shed where my beloved child lay.

The churlish aid had been given too late: for the feeble spirit had left its clay in my absence; and I sat alone, in my agony, beside her dust, till the morning dawned.

#### MARS DISARMED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF LILLIAN.

AY, bear it hence, thou blessed child,  
Though dire the burthen be,  
And hide it in the pathless wild,  
Or drown it in the sea:  
The ruthless murderer prays and swears;  
So let him swear and pray;  
Be deaf to all his oaths and prayers,  
And take the sword away.

We've had enough of fleets and camps,  
Guns, glories, odes, gazettes,  
Triumphal arches, coloured lamps,  
Huzzas, and epaulettes;  
We could not bear upon our head  
Another leaf of bay;  
That horrid Buonaparte's dead;—  
Yes, take the sword away.

We're weary of the noisy boasts  
That pleased our patriot throngs;  
We've long been dull to Gooch's toasts,  
And tame to Dibdin's songs;  
We're quite content to rule the wave,  
Without a great display;  
We're known to be extremely brave;  
But take the sword away.

We give a shrug, when life and drum  
Play up a favourite air;  
We think our barracks are become  
More ugly than they were;  
We laugh to see the banners float;  
We loathe the charger's bray;  
We don't admire a scarlet coat;  
Do take the sword away.

Let Portugal have rulers twain;  
Let Greece go on with none;  
Let Popery sink or swim in Spain,  
While we enjoy the fun;  
Let Turkey tremble at the knout;  
Let Algiers lose her Dey;  
Let Paris turn her Bourbons out;—  
Bah! take the sword away.

Our honest friends in Parliament  
Are looking vastly sad;  
Our farmers say, with one consent  
It's all immensely bad;  
There was a time for borrowing,  
And now it's time to pay;  
A budget is a serious thing;  
So take the sword away.

\* The *materiel* of this narrative is taken from an incident mentioned in the "Life and Times of De Foe."

And oh! the bitter tears we wept,  
In those our days of fame,—  
The dread that o'er our heart-strings crept,  
With every post that came,—  
The home-affections, waged and lost  
In every far-off fray,—  
The price that British glory cost!  
Ah! take the sword away.

We've plenty left to hoist the sail,  
Or mount the dangerous breach;  
And Freedom breathes in every gale,  
That wanders round our beach.  
When duty bids us dare or die,  
We'll fight another day:  
But till we know a reason why,  
Take, take the sword away.

Repeating our favourable opinion of "The Gem," we pass on to gaze at the various hues of the

#### Winter's Wreath;

Edited by W. Roscoe, Esq.

which, for beauty of pictorial embellishment, and tasteful variety of articles, may be considered a *summer bouquet*. In this collection there are so many novel flowers to attract and rivet the attention, that we scarcely know which to transplant; however, we venture to interweave the following in our garland.

#### THE TRIAL.

FOUNDED ON FACT.  
*Fiat Justitia.*

THE trial of James Frankland was not yet over. His mother, his sister, and younger brother bent their knees in prayer for his deliverance, with an agony which momentarily increased. Every fresh arrival of some kind neighbour, with later news from the Court House, made them more and more afraid that even innocence, manifest as his appeared to their eyes, might be finally overborne by a weight of circumstantial proof, artfully and fraudulently piled together. By degrees these messengers of kindness came less frequently; and their words were less encouraging. For evidence of forgery, strong as presumptive evidence well could be, was rapidly accumulating against the prisoner; and finally closed with so exact an appearance of the consistency of fact, that in spite of his solemn and repeated denials of the whole charge, the able efforts of his counsel to rebut the direct bearings of the testimony, and his high character—eagerly and amply sustained by voluntary witnesses of the greatest respectability—a jury of his countrymen found him guilty of the capital crime, and sentence of death was recorded against him.

It was thought by many hard-hearted



in the judge to leave, from the moment after the verdict was pronounced, no hope of mercy for the criminal. To all representations (and many were made) of the value of the evidence in the prisoner's favour, it was replied "that the offence was too dangerous to society ever to be pardoned, and that his previous good conduct aggravated the guilt; since from his station and circumstances, he had no visible temptations to fraud. And yet," continued the judge, "guilty of deliberate felony, this man undoubtedly is—if ever a crime *can be* proved, which no one has been seen to commit."

The suspense in which the family of James Frankland had passed nine dreadful hours, was now terminated by the certainty of their doom of unutterable affliction. Mr. Vincent, the clergyman stood by the side of the widowed mother when she lifted up her eyes, and reading in them the question which her lips had no power to utter, he clasped her hand in his own, saying sorrowfully, "Commit your innocent child to the mercy of his God; for innocent, I feel assured, he is of the crime for which he is doomed to suffer!" She drew a long gasp of unutterable agony, and fell insensible on the floor. Her daughter, down whose pale and hollow cheek not a tear flowed, made no attempt to raise her, but kneeled at her side, gazing upon her features with a fixed and wild stare—rigid as a figure of stone. The boy, who had been praying with them, rushed to the bed-room once his brother's, and flung himself on the tenantless bed, groaning aloud in agony.

These wretched beings spent the night, immediately following the condemnation of one so deeply beloved, together. At length the morning dawned, bringing for them no comfort. James had wished to see his mother once more for the last time; but her reason seemed so nearly giving way under the crushing weight of her calamity, that the minister, who gave up his whole time to going from one to the other, succeeded in persuading him that it was better to spare her a trial which would probably destroy her life, or render her an incurable maniac during her remaining years. But the fortitude of affection, stronger than the grave, bore up his sister through the sorrows of their interview; and though they met only to cast themselves into each other's arms, while no word was spoken, they felt that to have been with-

held from such a meeting, would have added bitterness to death. Silent, from feelings which choked all speech, and which none might venture to describe, she was at length obliged to depart; and it was only when he gave up her cold and quivering frame to the care of his unwearied friend, that he said,—  
"Farewell, my own dearest Agnes—for ever!"

I do not desire to set forth the harrowing details of the execution—the preparation on the scaffold—the assembled multitude—or the unshrinking deportment of the sufferer. It was over. Life was extinct in the breast of the gifted being, who, throughout his brief existence, had discharged its duties kindly and nobly, and whose innocence was almost universally believed in the teeth of overwhelming proof; and many went from the sad spectacle to their homes, deploring the cruelty and defects of a law, which judged such a man worthy of death. The minister, who had only left the afflicted to afford the last succour and consolation to the dying, desired to avoid all publicity in conveying the body to the house of mourning. It was deposited, by his directions, in strict privacy—in a room near to the place of execution; whence he meant to accompany it to the residence of the afflicted family, as soon as the dusk of the evening should conceal the procession from the gaze of the idle and curious.

At the appointed hour, a few friends who had known him from childhood, and whose strong love and trust were unshaken by the trial and sentence, attended to bring home the dead. But the shell, which had contained the remains, was empty. The body was not to be found. Nothing remained but the linen cloth which had been throw over it, and which still covered the place where it had lain; and the men and the minister stood looking at each other in petrified amazement. Their subsequent search, conducted with the utmost keenness and activity, failed to elicit anything leading to a discovery. Mr. Vincent tasked his best judgment and feelings, to prevent the bereaved family from coming to the knowledge of this misfortune, for the present; and endeavoured to gain time for the further prosecution of an enquiry, in which he was not destined to be successful.

At no great distance from the place of execution, was the abode of Mr. Tesimond, a gentleman not less eminent for generosity and benevolence, than

for an ardent pursuit of knowledge in his profession, which was that of a surgeon. We leave it for our readers to determine by which of these he was moved; when, by a rapid and dexterous manœuvre, he caused the body of James Frankland to be conveyed to his dissecting room, with a celerity and secrecy, that set all scrutiny at defiance. It was not until an hour past midnight, that he ascended his private staircase, and, taking the key from his pocket, cautiously opened the door, and entered the apartment where he had locked up the body of the man who had been executed the day before, and whose unaccountable disappearance had caused such astonishment. It was now his turn to be astonished. The sack, which had contained the body, lay empty on the floor, and he stood surveying it in mute surprise, and perhaps other feelings not altogether agreeable. A slight noise behind him made him turn his head, and he saw the figure of a man entirely naked; it rose from a chair on which it had been sitting, and advanced towards him. He had firm nerves, and was the reverse of a timid man; but his heart sank, and his knees trembled for a moment—it was but a moment; for the being proved itself corporeal, by addressing him in incoherent language, evidently under impressions of strong delusion and fearful excitement. The man prayed for mercy,—said he suffered death unjustly in the world he had left, and finally dropped on his knee, in the fervency of his supplication.

The whole truth now flashed like lightning on the mind of Mr. Tesimond, he saw, in an instant, that it was one of those cases of resuscitation, of which so few are upon record; and knew that it must have been owing either to the imperfect fastening of the noose, or to the body having been cut down prematurely. He determined, however, that innocent or guilty, the victim of the law should not be hung a second time. To all intents and purposes, he had once suffered death; and evidently imagined himself to be translated to the world of spirits. While he is concealed in the house of Mr. Tesimond, until retirement, kindness, and judicious treatment, gradually restore his bodily and intellectual health, we return to his family.

Mr. Vincent was sitting by the mother, some hours after the remains of her son were missing, painfully conscious that he should not be able, much

longer, to keep the circumstance from coming to her knowledge; when he was summoned away by a written message. Apparently the business was very urging, for he arose, in considerable perturbation, and hastily left the house.

In about an hour and a half, he returned! and dismissing every body but the widow and her daughter, he was closetted alone with them a long time. What passed at that conference was not known; but the mother of James Frankland, afterwards manifested the most entire resignation, under the heavy affliction she had sustained; and the dim eyes of Agnes began to be lighted up with somewhat of their former brightness; it was even said that she was overheard humming the air of an old ballad, that James had been fond of hearing her sing, but I cannot vouch for the truth of this. The family continued to inhabit the same neighbourhood for a few years, and then suddenly quitted it; without telling their neighbours whither they went.

More than twenty years had elapsed since this event, and it was almost universally forgotten, when some affairs, of great interest to his fortunes, called Mr. Tesimond to Amsterdam. He was pausing to bestow an intent survey on the Stadthouse, when he was accosted by a middle-aged person, of gentlemanly dress and bearing, in terms of the most eager and cordial delight. He was astonished—was entirely at a loss—and might have remained so; but the stranger called him his preserver—his best friend under heaven; and fairly led him away, *vi-et-armis*, to a large and handsome house, where he introduced him to his wife—to his mother, now very aged; and sent for his sister, who was married to a wealthy citizen, to help to enjoy what he called the happiest hour of his life. "You see me," he said, "opulent, respectable, and with as little to disturb me as generally falls to the lot of humanity. And may the Giver of all good, repay to you and yours, a thousand fold, the happiness of which you have been the instrument, in preserving the life of James Frankland!"

#### RHINE SONG OF THE GERMAN SOLDIERS AFTER VICTORY.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"But I wish you could have heard Sir Walter Scott describe a glorious sight, which had been witnessed by a friend of his!—the crossing of the Rhine of Ehren-brettstein by the German army of Liberators on their victorious return from France. "At the first gleam of

the river," he said "they all burst forth into the national chaunt 'AM RHEIN! AM RHEIN!'—they were two days passing over; and the rocks and the castle were ringing to the song the whole time;—for each hand renewed it while crossing; and the Cossacks, with the clash and the clang, and the roll of their stormy war-music, catching the enthusiasm of the scene, swelled forth the chorus 'Am Rhein! am Rhein!'"

MANUSCRIPT LETTER.

SINGLE VOICE.

It is the Rhine! our mountain vineyards  
laying,

I see the bright flood shine!

Sing on the march, with every banner waving,  
Sing, Brothers! 'tis the Rhine!

CHORUS:

The Rhine, the Rhine! our own imperial  
River!

Be glory on thy track!

We left thy shores, to die or to deliver—  
We bear thee Freedom back!

SINGLE VOICE.

Hail! Hall! my childhood knew thy rush of  
water,

Ev'n as my mother's song!

That sound went past me on the field of  
slaughter,

And heart and arm grew strong!

CHORUS.

Roll proudly on!—brave blood is with thee  
sweeping,

Poured out by sons of thine,

When sword and spirit forth in joy were  
leaping,

Like thee, victorious Rhine!

SINGLE VOICE.

Home! Home!—thy glad wave hath a tone  
of greeting,

Thy path is by my home!

Even now my children count the hours 'till  
meeting,

—O ransomed ones! I come!

CHORUS.

Go, tell the seas, that chain shall bind thee  
never—

Sound on by hearth and shrine,

Sing through the hills, that thou art free for  
ever—

Lift up thy voice, O Rhine!

### SONG.

BY W. ROSCOE, ESQ.

Once the Queen of the East, at her Anthony's  
feast,

A pearl of high value dissolved in her wine;  
But what was the glow, that its blaze could  
bestow,

Compared to the jewel that's mingled in  
mine?

Then tell me no more the rich prize to explore,  
In the caves of the ocean or depths of the  
mine;

'Tis a thought of my breast, that must ne'er be  
expressed,

That I drop in my goblet to sweeten my wine

Here must end our stay among these  
imperishable Winter blossoms, which  
we sincerely hope, will long continue  
to thrive and be cherished.

Proceeding on with our task, we next  
take up, in a covering of flaming crim-  
son and gold empyreal, the

### Literary Souvenir.

A Christmas Present, which has often  
found favour at our hands, and been  
considered by us "the pride of all." As  
regards decoration, this established  
favourite is not so brilliant as heretofore;  
but having given our opinion on this  
point in another place, we forbear to  
make further comment. In other re-  
spects, the Souvenir again

Opens with perennial grace,  
And blossoms every where,

replete with fancy and bright imagina-  
tion. In support of our favourable  
opinions of the literature of this grace-  
ful volume, we give the following:

### THE LOVERS OF VIRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RICHELIEU."

THE sun was shining as fair as the  
sun could shine in a beautiful May  
morning; bright, yet gentle; warm,  
but fresh; midway between the water-  
ing-pot of April and the warming-pan  
of June, when, in the beautiful valley  
of Vire—everybody knows Vire—but,  
lest there should be anybody in the wide  
world who does not, dearly beloved  
reader, I will tell you all about it.

Get into the stage-coach, which jour-  
neyeth diurnally between London and  
Southampton; enjoy the smoothness of  
the road, bless Mr. M'Adam, put up at  
the Dolphin, and yield yourself to the  
full delights of an English four-post  
bed, for no such sweets shall you know  
from the moment you set your foot on  
board the steam-boat for Havre, till the  
same steam-boat, or another, it matters  
not which, lands you once more on the  
English strand.

Supposing you then arrived at Havre  
—get out of it again as fast as you can;  
rush across the river to Honfleurs; from  
Honfleurs dart back to Caen; and after  
you have paused five minutes to think  
about William the Conqueror, put your-  
self into the diligence for St. Malo, and  
when you have travelled just twelve  
leagues and a half, you will come to a  
long steep hill, crowned by a pretty  
airy-looking town, whose buildings, in  
some parts gathered on the very pin-  
nacle, in others running far down the  
slope, seem as if coquetting with the  
rich valleys that woo them from below.

Go to bed; and if you bathe your feet  
beforehand, which if you are of my fac-  
tion you will do, walk over the tiled  
floor of the inn bedroom, that you may

have a fit opportunity of cursing tiled floors, and of relieving yourself of all the spleen in your nature before the next morning. Then, if both your lover and the day be favourably disposed, sally forth to the eastern corner of the town, and you will have a fair view over one of the loveliest valleys that nature's profuse hand ever gifted with beauty. The soft clear stream of the Vire winding sweetly along between the green sloping hills and the rich woods, and the fields and chateaux, and hamlets, and the sunshine catching upon all its meanderings, and the birds singing their song of love, as its calm waters roll bountifully by them. Look upon it, and you will not find it difficult to imagine how the soul, even of an obscure artisan in a remote age, warmed into poetry and music in the bosom of that valley, and by the side of that stream.

It was, then, in that beautiful Vale of Vire, some twenty years ago, that Francois Lormier went out to take his last May walk with Mariette Duval, ere the relentless conscription called him from his happy home, his sweet valleys, and his early love. It was a sad walk, as may well be imagined; for though the morning was bright, and nature, to her shame be it spoken, had put on her gayest smiles as if to mock their sorrow, yet the sunshine of the scene could not find its way to their hearts, and all seemed darkened and clouded around them. They talked a great deal, and they talked a long time; but far be it from me to betray their private conversation. I would not, for all the world—especially as I know not one word about it—except, indeed, that Francois Lormier vowed the image of Mariette should remain with him for ever; should inspire him in the battle, and cheer him in the bivouac; and that Mariette protested she would never marry anybody except Francois Lormier, even if rich old Monsieur Latoussefort, the great Foulan, were to lay himself and fortune at her feet; and, in short, that when his "seven long years were out," Francois would find her still a spinster, and very much at his service. "Mais si je perdois un jambe?" said Francois Lormier.—"Qu'est ce que c'a fait?" replied Mariette.

They parted,—and first to follow the lady. Mariette wept a great deal, but soon after got calm again, went about her ordinary work, sang her song, danced at the village fete, talked with the talkers, laughed with the laughers, and won the hearts of all the youths in the

place, by her unadorned beauty and her native grace. But still she did not forget Francois Lormier; and when any one came to ask her in marriage, the good dame her mother referred them directly to Mariette, who had always her answer ready, and with a kind word and a gentle look sent them away refused, but not offended. At length good old Monsieur Latoussefort presented himself with all his money bags, declaring that his only wish was to enrich his gentle Mariette; but Mariette was steady, and so touchingly did she talk to him about poor Francois Lormier, that the old man went away with the tears in his eye. Six months afterwards he died, when to the wonder of the whole place, he left his large fortune to Mariette Duval!

In the meanwhile Francois joined the army, and from a light handsome conscript, he soon became a brave, steady soldier. Attached to the great Northern army, he underwent all the hardships of the campaigns in Poland and Russia, but still he never lost his cheerfulness, for the thought of Mariette kept his heart warm, and even a Russian winter could not freeze him. All through that miserable retreat, he made the best of every thing. As long as he had a good tender piece of saddle, he did not want a dinner; and when he met with a comfortable dead horse to creep into, he found board and lodging combined. His courage and his powers of endurance called upon him, from the first, the eyes of one whose best quality was the impartiality of his recompense. Francois was rewarded as well as he could be rewarded; but at length in one of those unfortunate battles by which Napoleon strove in vain to retrieve his fortune, the young soldier in the midst of his gallant daring was desperately wounded in the arm.

Pass we over the rest.—Mutilated; sick, weary and ragged, Francois approached his native valley, and doubtful of his reception—for misery makes sad misanthropes—he sought the cottage of Madame Duval. The cottage was gone; and on enquiring for Madame Duval, he was directed to a fine farm-house by the banks of the stream. He thought there must be some mistake, but yet he dragged his heavy limbs thither, and knocked timidly against the door.

"Entrez!" cried the good-humoured voice of the old Dame. Francois entered, and unbidden tottered to a chair. Madame Duval gazed on him for a moment, and then rushing to the stairs call-

ed loudly, "Come down, Mariette, come down, here is Francois returned!" Like lightning, Mariette darted down the stairs, saw the soldier's old great coat, and flew towards it—stopped—gazed on his haggard face, and empty sleeve; and gasping, fixed her eyes upon his countenance. "T was for a moment she gazed on him thus, in silence; but there was no forgetfulness, nor coldness, nor pride about her heart—there was sorrow, and joy, and love, and memory in her very glance. "Oh Francois, Francois!" cried she, at length, casting her arms round his neck, "how thou hast suffered!" As she did so, the old great coat fell back, and on his breast appeared the golden cross of the legion of honour. "*N'importe!*" cried she, as she saw it, "*Viola ta recompense.*" He pressed her fondly to his bosom. "My recompense is here," said he, "my recompense is here!"

#### LAUGH AND GET FAT!

Lack we motives to laugh? Are not all things, any thing, every thing, to be laughed at? And if nothing were to be seen, felt, heard, or understood, we would laugh at it too!

*Merry Beggars.*

THERE's nothing here on earth deserves  
Half of the thought we waste about it,  
And thinking but destroys the nerves,  
When we could do so well without it:  
If folks would let the world go round,  
And pay their tithes, and eat their dinner,  
Such doleful looks would not be found,  
To frighten us poor laughing sinners.  
Never sigh when you can sing,  
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

One plagues himself about the sun,  
And puzzles on, through every weather,  
What time he'll rise—how long he'll run—  
And when he'll leave us altogether:  
Now matters it a pebble-stone,  
Whether he shines at six or seven?  
If they don't leave the sun alone,  
At last they'll plague him out of Heaven!  
Never sigh when you can sing,  
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

Another spins from out his brains  
Fine cobwebs, to amuse his neighbours,  
And gets, for all his toils and pains,  
Reviewed, and laughed at for his labours:  
Fame is his star! and fame is sweet;  
And praise is pleasant than honey.—  
I write at just so much a sheet,  
And Messrs. Longman pay the money!  
Never sigh when you can sing,  
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

My brother gave his heart away  
To Mercandotti, when he met her,  
She married Mr. Ball one day—  
He's gone to Sweden to forget her!  
I had a charmer, too—and alghed,  
And raved all day and night about her;  
She caught a cold, Poor thing! and died,  
And I—am just as fat without her!  
Never sigh when you can sing,  
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

For tears are vastly pretty things,  
But make one very thin and taper;  
And sighs are music's sweetest strings,  
But sound most beautiful—on paper!  
"Thought!" is the Sage's brightest star,  
Her gems alone are worth his finding;  
But as I'm not particular,  
Please God! I'll keep on "never-mind-  
ing."

Never sigh when you can sing,  
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

Oh! in this troubled world of ours,  
A laughter-mine's a glorious treasure;  
And separating thorns from flowers,  
Is half a pain and half a pleasure:  
And why begrave instead of gay?  
Why feel a-thrift while folks are quaffing?  
Oh! trust me, whatso'er they say,  
There's nothing half so good as laughing!  
Never sigh when you can sing,  
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

Leaving the Literary Souvenir, which exhibits no diminution of power or genius, we come to

#### The Iris.

A RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY OFFERING.

Although there are several pieces deserv-  
ing the highest commendation in  
this volume, yet we cannot refrain from  
exclaiming against the introduction in  
books of this class, of what are called  
"scriptural narratives:" it raises our  
indignation to see the beautiful and  
pathetic language of the Scriptures thus  
desecrated, and we are sure that every  
lover of literature will participate in  
our feelings. Among the most pleas-  
ing pieces we find the subjoined:—

TOO OFT IN PURE RELIGION'S NAME.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY, ESQ.

Too oft in pure Religion's name  
Hath human blood been spilt;  
And Pride hath claimed a Patriot's fame,  
To crown a deed of guilt!  
Oh! look not on the field of blood—  
Religion is not there;  
Her battle-field is solitude—  
Her only watch-word, Prayer!  
The sable cowl Ambition wears  
To hide his laurel wreath;  
The spotless sword that Virtue bears,  
Will slumber in its sheath:  
The truly brave fight not for fame,  
Though fearless they go forth;  
They war not in Religion's name—  
They pray for peace on earth!

By them that fear is never felt  
Which weakly clings to life,  
If shrines, by which their Fathers knelt,  
Be perilled in the strife:  
Not theirs the heart, that apiritless  
From threatened wrong withdraws;  
Not theirs the vaunted holiness  
That veils an earthly cause.

Thus ends our notices of those AN-  
NUALS already published: in a future  
number we shall serve up another men-  
tal dish, containing the essence of those  
to come, of which we believe there are  
nearly a dozen.

# The Ohio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XXIII.—Vol. VI.

Saturday, Nov. 20, 1830.



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## Illustrated Article.

### THE PLANTER.

A WEST INDIAN STORY.

FIFTY—sixty—seventy (any given number of) years ago, the West Indies were not as they are now, in these days of purity. Then, Lord Dunderhead was Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Mr. Bribely was his secretary. The pains which the former took with his department were prodigious. It was his estate. He had the same care for it, was as jealous of it, and farmed it out precisely in the same manner as a landlord does his acres. John Pitchfork was not, indeed, landlord of Thistle-down Farm: but General Gubbins, grown grey in the service (by walking daily from the Horse Guards to Bond street), was appointed Governor of Demerara or Berbice;—or Sergeant Kitley was appointed Judge:—and each duly rendered to the “noble Secretary,” in the shape of rent, two-thirds of the supposed profits of his appointment. And as Lord Dunderhead mulcted the Go-

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vernors and Judges, so did Mr. Bribely fleece the underlings;—and as the Governors and Judges paid for their dignities, so did they make the most of them. Imprisonment, flogging, fining, favouring, delaying,—these were the methods of collecting the revenue; these, too, were the weapons with which their ‘Arrogances’ in black and scarlet, tamed down the spirit of their subjects, and widened the space between the colony and Great Britain.

The colonists, themselves, were not what they are at present: that is to say, they were not then meek, modest, humane, temperate, independent people, and lovers of liberty:—on the contrary, they were boastful, and loved Scheidam and pine-apple rum, worshipped their superiors in station, and despised every body below themselves. Thus the newly imported Englishers held the regular colonists in utter contempt: the colonists (a white race) requited themselves, by condemning the mustees and quadroons: these last, on their parts, heartily despised the half-caste; who, in turn, transmitted the scorn on to the

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heads of the downright blacks. Whom the blacks despised, I never could learn, but probably all the rest; and, in fact, they seem to have had ample cause for so doing, unless the base, beggarly, and cruel vanity imputed to their "superiors," be at once a libel and a fable.

Such was the state of things in the colony of Demerara, in the year 17—, when a young Englishman went there, in order to inspect his newly-acquired property. His name was John Vivian. He came of a tolerably good family in —shire; possessed (without being at all handsome) a dark, keen, intelligent countenance; and derived, from his maternal uncle, large estates in Demerara, and from his father, a small farm in his own county, a strong constitution, and a resolute, invincible spirit. Perhaps, he had too much obstinacy of character—perhaps, also, an intrepidity of manner, and carelessness of established forms, which would have been unsuitable to society as now constituted. All this we will not presume to determine. We do not wish to extenuate his faults, of which he had as handsome a share as usually falls to the lot of young gentlemen who are under no controul, though not altogether of precisely the same character. In requital for these defects, however, he was a man of firm mind, of a generous spirit, and would face danger, and stand up against oppression, as readily on behalf of others as of himself; and, at the bottom of all, though it had lain hid from his birth, (like some of those antediluvian fossils which perplex our geologists and antiquaries) he had a tenderness and delicacy of feeling, which must not be passed by without, at least, our humble commendation.

Exactly eight weeks from the day of his stepping on board the good ship, "Wager," at Bristol, Vivian found himself standing on the shore of the river Demerara, and in front of its capital, Stabroek. In that interval, he had been tossed on the wild waters of the Atlantic—had passed from woollens to nankeens—from English cold to tropic heat—and now stood eyeing the curious groups which distinguish our colonies, where creatures of every shade, from absolute sable to pallid white, may be seen—for the trouble only of a journey.

But we have a letter of our hero's on this subject, written to a friend in England, on his landing, which we will unfold for the reader's benefit.—Considering that the writer had the

range of foolscap before him, and was transmitting news from the torrid to the temperate zone, it may, at least, lay claim to the virtue of brevity. Thus it runs:—

"To Richard Clinton, Esq. &c. &c. Middle Temple, London, England.

"Well, Dick—Here am I, thy friend, John Vivian, safely arrived at the country of cotton and tobacco. Six months ago, I would have ventured a gross-chen that nothing on this base earth could have tempted me to leave foggy England; but the unkenning a knave was a temptation not to be resisted; and accordingly I am here, as you see.

"Since I shook your hand at Bristol, I have seen somewhat of the world. The Cove of Cork—the Madeiras—the Peak of Teneriffe—the flying fish—the nautilus—the golden-finned dorado—the deep blue seas—and the tropic skies—are matters which some would explain to you in a chapter. But I have not the pen of a ready writer; so you must be content with a simple enumeration.

"My voyage was, like all voyages, detestable. I began with sea-sickness and piercing winds—I ended with headache and languor, and weather to which your English dog-days are a jest: The burning, blazing heat was so terrific, that I had well nigh oozed away into a sea-god. Nothing but the valiant army of bottles which your care provided could have saved me. My mouth was wide open, like the seams of our vessel; but, unlike them, it would not be content with water. I poured in draught after draught of the brave liquor. I drank deep healths to you and other friends; till, at last, the devil, who broils Europeans in these parts, took to his wings and fled. Thus it was, Clinton, that I arrived finally at Demerara.

"But now comes your question of 'What sort of a place is this same Demerara?' I faith, Dick, 'tis flat enough. The run up the river is, indeed, pretty; and there are trees enough to satisfy even your umbrageous-loving taste. It is, in truth, a land of woods—at least, on one side; and you may roam among orange and lemon-trees, and guavas and mangoes, amidst aloes, and cocoanut, and cotton, and mahogany trees, till you would wish yourself once more on a Lancashire moor. Stabroek, our capital, is a place where the houses are built of wood; where melons, and oranges, and pine-apples grow as wild as thyself, Dick; and where black, brown,

and whitey-brown people, sangaree and cigars, abound. Of all these marvels I shall know more shortly. I lodge here at the house of a Dutch planter, where you must address me under my travelling cognomen. John Vivian is extinct for a season; but your letter will find me, if it be addressed to 'Mr. John Vernon, to the care of Mynheer Schlachenbruchen, merchant, in Demerara.' That respectable individual would die the death of shame, did he know that he held the great 'proprietor,' Vivian, in his garret. At present, I am nothing more than a poor protege of Messrs. Grefulhe, come out to the hot latitudes for the sake of health and employment.

"You shall hear from me again speedily: in the mean time, write to me at length. This letter is a preface merely to the innumerable number of good things which I design to scribble for your especial instruction and amusement. It bears for you only a certificate of my safe arrival, and the assurance that I am, as ever, your true friend,

"VIVIAN."

Vivian was, in truth, tolerably pleased with the banks of the river, fringed as it was with trees, and spotted with cottages: but when he actually trod upon the ground of the New World, and found himself amidst a crowd of black and tawney faces—amidst hats like umbrellas, paroquets, and birds of every colour of the rainbow, and children, almost as various, plunging in and out of the river like water-dogs or mud-larks—he could not conceal his admiration, but laughed outright.

He was not left long to his contemplations, however, for the sea-port of a West India colony has as many volunteers of all sorts as Dublin itself. A score of blacks were ready to assist him with his luggage, and at least a dozen of free negroes and mulattoes had baskets of the best fruit in the world. He might have had a wheelbarrow for sixpence, and the aid of a dozen Sambos for an insignificant compliment in copper. Neglecting these advantages, Vivian made the best of his way to the house of the Mynheer Schlachenbruchen, the Fleming, which was well known to all the clamorous rogues on the quay. The merchant was not at home; having retired, as usual, to sleep at his plantation-house, a few miles from town. Our hero, however, was received, with slow and formal respect, by his principal clerk, Hans Wessel, a strange figure, somewhat in the

shape of a cone, that had originally sprung up (and almost struck root,) somewhere near Ghent or Bruges.—Holding Vivian's credentials at arm's length, this "shape" proceeded to decypher the address of the letter through an enormous pair of iron spectacles. In due time he appeared to detect the hand-writing of the London correspondent; for he breathed out, "Aw! Mynheer Franz Grefulhe!" and proceeded to open a seal as big as a saucer, and investigate the contents. These were evidently satisfactory; for he put on a look of benevolence, and welcomed the new comer (who was announced as Mr. Vernon) to Stabroek. "You will take a schnap!" enquired he, with a look which anticipated an affirmation. "As soon as you please," replied Vivian; to which the other retorted with another "Aw!" and left the room with something approaching to alertness, in order to give the necessary orders.

The ordinary domestics of the Fleming were much more rapid in their movements; for Vivian had scarcely time to look round and admire the neatness of the room, when a clatter at the door compelled him to turn his eyes to that quarter. He saw a lively-looking black come in, with a large pipe of curious construction and a leaden box containing tobacco, followed close by his co-mate Sambo, (another "nigritude,") who bore, in both hands, a huge glass, almost as big as a punch-bowl, filled to the brim with true Nantz, tempered, but not injured, by a small portion of Water. Sambo appeared justly proud of his burthen, which he placed on the table in its original state of integrity; for, after looking for a moment lovingly at the liquid, he turned round to Vivian, and said, exultingly, "Dere, massa!"

But we will not detain the reader with any detail of our hero's movements on his arrival in the colony, excepting one or two, which have direct reference to our present narrative. He was introduced to Mynheer Schlachenbruchen and his wife, each of whom, were our limits larger, might fairly lay claim to commemoration. As it is, we must pass them by, and content ourselves with stating the fact of their (the merchant, at all events) treating Vivian with more consideration than his ostensible rank demanded, and introducing him to their acquaintance. The person, however, into whose society Vivian was more especially thrown, was a young girl, who performed the offices



of governess, &c. &c. in the house of the Mynheer Schlachenbruch. The visitors of the family avoided her as though she had the plague, (even the Mynheer himself preserved a distance); and the consequence was, that Vivian—himself rather looked down upon by the colonial aristocracy—felt himself drawn nearer to the friendless girl, and assiduously cultivated her good opinion.

This, however, was not a thing to be so easily attained. Sophie Halstein (for that was her name) had few of the qualities commonly ascribed to thriving governesses: she was, indeed, an acute minded and even accomplished girl; but she was as little supple, demure, or humble, as Vivian himself. In fact, she received our hero's advances with indifferent cordiality at first; but the magic of sincerity will win its way; and they accordingly, at last, became excellent friends. The thing which surprised our hero most was—how it was possible for the dull, gross unenlightened blockheads of the colony to feel, or even affect, a disdain for one who was evidently so much their superior. At last the truth came upon him: She was the child of—a *quadroon*! She was lovely, graceful, virtuous, intellectual, accomplished, modest,—a model for women; but she had a particle—(scarcely apparent, indeed, but still there *was* a particle or two)—a few drops of blood of a warmer tinge than what loiters through the pallid cheeks of an European: and hence she was visited by universal contempt.

"Ten thousand curses light on their narrow souls!" was Vivian's first exclamation. "She shall be my friend, my—my—sister. The senseless brutal wretches!—they little think that, under the mask of Vernon, the wealthiest of their tribe is amongst them, and that he respects the little Pariah beyond the whole of their swollen and beggarly race." A very short time was sufficient for him to form a determination to rescue the object of his admiration from her painful state of servitude. Not being accustomed, however, to deal with the delicacy of ladies, he plunged at once into the matter, with headlong rashness.

"You are badly off, Miss Halstein?" said Vivian to her, one morning, in his very bluntest tone.

"I do not complain, sir," replied she, coldly.

"I am sorry for you," said he, hesitatingly, "and would help you."

"Spare your pity," returned the lady: "we have neither of us much to thank Fortune for. Yet you are content, or seem so; and so also can I be. We will talk on another subject."

"S'death!" exclaimed the other, recollecting his incognito; "I had forgot. Pardon me—I was a fool. You will think me mad, with my offers of help, and my shew of pity; but it is not so: I am sane enough, and some of these days you shall confess it. Come,—will you not go with us up the river? We are to run up almost as far as the Sandhills to-morrow, to visit the Reynestein estate and the Palm-Groves, which belong to the rich Englishman, Vivian. Perhaps you were never there?"

"I was born there," was the reply; and it was somewhat tremulously uttered.

"Ha! then you will be delighted to visit the spot, no doubt. Did you know the late proprietor?"

"Too well," said she; "he was—a villain."

"How, madam?" Vivian was forgetting himself again, at this attack on his uncle's memory; but he hastened to recover. "I mean the *last* owner," he resumed, "whose name was, I think—Morson."

"I knew him, sir; and as I have said, too well. Do you know by what luck it was that he obtained the Palm-Groves? No! Then I will tell you, sir. His predecessor was a careless, easy, and very old man. By a series of unforeseen reverses, by the failure of correspondents, and the roguery of friends, he became involved at last. All that he wanted, however, was a little money for present exigencies; with that, and a course of economy for a few years, he might have retrieved his broken fortunes. His most intimate friend and neighbour was this Morson. Who, then, was more likely than he to help him with a loan of money? He was rich and childless; but the old planter, whom I have spoken of, had one single child—a girl. Pity, therefore, as well as friendship, might move Morson to aid him in his extremity. And he *did* aid him—at least, he lent him money, at the instigation of his manager—"

"Seyton?" asked Vivian, interrupting her.

"Yes, Seyton," replied she, "who coveted the old planter's daughter for a wife, and who thought that, if the parent were ruined, his child would be glad of any refuge. He dreamed that she, who had interfered often between

him and his victims, would forget all the old abhorrence, and unite her fate with that of the most barbarous tyrant that ever disgraced even a West Indian colony. Well, sir,—to end this tedious story—”

“It is most interesting to me,” said Vivian—“deeply, deeply interesting,” and his glowing eyes and earnest attention were sufficient proofs that he spoke truly.

“Well, sir,—the end was, that Morson advanced the money; that Seyton intrigued with the slaves, and caused many of them to revolt and run away into the woods; and that the poor old man fell from trouble into want, and from want into absolute despair. His plantations were useless; his crops perished on the ground for want of slaves; his mills and buildings were burnt by unknown hands: and finally, his hard and avaricious creditor, the relentless Morson, came upon him, and took possession of all his estates, for a debt amounting to one-sixth of their value. The old man,” Miss Halstein’s voice shook at this part, and betrayed great agitation, “The old man soon afterwards died, and his only child was cast upon the world to earn her bitter bread. This is all, sir. I have given you the history of one half of Mr. Vivian’s property; perhaps the other” (she spoke this with some acrimony) “is held upon a similar tenure.”

“God forbid!” said Vivian. “But Seyton!—Did he urge his suit!”

“He did, and was refused. And therefore it is (for he is a bad and revengeful man) that I am fearful of coming upon an estate of which he is, essentially, the master. In the absence of Mr. Vivian, his power is uncontrolled; and there is no knowing what claim he might urge against me. He once hinted that I was born a slave on the Palm-Grove estate, and, as such, belonged to his master—I, who am the own daughter of Wilhelm Halstein, to whom all, but a few years ago, belonged.”

“You!” exclaimed our hero. “Are you the person whom Vivian intercepts! He shall do it no more. Rest content, Miss Halstein. Vivian is not the man to injure any one, and least of all yourself. Go with us to-morrow. I beg, I pray, that you will. I pledge my honour—my soul, that you shall not be a sufferer.”

The lady still refused, however, and it was not till the old merchant (Schlachtenbruchen, to whom Vivian had spo-

ken in the meantime) had also given his solemn promise to protect her, that she consented to go. She was a little surprised, indeed, at Vivian’s urging the matter so vehemently, but as the merchant seconded his requests, she could not continue to refuse.

A row up the river Demerara, past Diamond Point, to the Sandhills, need not call for any particular description. We will suppose that the party had arrived at the Palm-Grove estate, which the merchant (authorised by a power transmitted by Vivian from England) had come to overlook.

The party were introduced to Seyton, a ferocious looking man, of middle age, who, with a mixture of self-consequence and ambiguous civility, welcomed the merchant and his companions. He took no notice of Vivian, indeed, but when he saw Miss Halstein (who leant on our hero’s arm) his eyes sparkled and his lip curled, and turning to the merchant, he said hastily, “Before you leave the estate, there is a point of some consequence that I must take leave to mention, respecting this young person,” and he touched her, as he spoke, with the point of the cane that he carried in his hand.

“Stand off, fellow!” said Vivian, angrily, “another touch, or another insolent word, and I will lay you at my feet.”

The other started, and examined our hero’s appearance, cautiously and sullenly. He saw nothing, however, except an athletic figure and a resolute countenance, and retreated from collision with so formidable an opponent. He did not, however, retreat from his demand.

“Observe, Mynheer,” said he, addressing the merchant once more—“I speak as the agent only of Mr. Vivian. This—gentleman will scarcely blame me for insisting on the rights of my principal.”

“By no means—by no means,” replied the merchant. “All in good time. We will talk of that presently. In the mean time, we will look at the balances. After that, we will ask what your larder contains; and then—for the rights you speak of. Eh, Mr. Vernon—is not that the way?”

“Certainly, certainly,” said Vivian. “Miss Halstein will leave all to you; I am quite sure that she may do so safely.”

Two or three hours were sufficient to overlook the accounts, and to dispose of the refreshments, which were offered

with some degree of parade to the visitors, at the expense of the estate.—Vivian ate heartily, and without scruple, of the produce of his own property; and every thing unpleasant seemed forgotten, except by Miss Halstein, when the party (which had been augmented, as agreed upon, by the arrival of the Syndic, from Stabroek) prepared to go.

"Now," said Seyton, "I must once more draw your attention to my demand. I claim this—lady, if you will,—as a slave. She was born on the estate, has never been made free, and belongs of right to my principal, Vivian."

"Bah! man," exclaimed the merchant; "I thought all that was past. Surely, good wine and excellent Nantz must have washed all such bad thoughts out of your head. Come, let us go. Sophie, girl, take hold of Mr. Vernon's arm, and——"

"By your leave, it must not be so," said Seyton, imperatively. He rung a bell, and eight or ten black slaves appeared. "You are at liberty to go, gentlemen; but the lady remains with me. Have I not the law with me?" added he, addressing the Syndic.

That officer assented, adding, however, that all depended on the will of Vivian. The lady might, indeed, be entitled to her liberty; but until she proved her freedom, she must remain the property of the planter.

"That is sufficient," said Seyton, "I am Vivian's representative."

"Then I am lost," exclaimed Sophie.

"Pardon me," replied the Syndic, "Mr. Seyton is superseded. Mynheer, here, has the power of appointing a manager over this property. Besides which, Mr. Vivian himself has arrived at Stabroek——"

"Ha!" said Seyton, "then no time is to be lost. Superseded or not, Mr. Vivian shall not lose his property. Do your duty, fellows," added he, addressing the slaves, "Seize upon that woman, in the name of your master, Vivian."

"Back. I say," said our hero, pulling out a brace of pistols, and pointing them towards the advancing negroes. "Back, men, and be wise. And you, Mr. Manager, or whatever you are,—take heed how you overstep your duty. Know, sirrah, that your master does not think your false accounts the worst part of your bad history. Your cruelty to these poor slaves beneath you, has come to his ears; and for that he dismisses you his service. For your impudent

and unfounded claim upon this lady, whom your master loves——"

"What!" exclaimed Sophie; but the merchant restrained her surprise.

"Whom your master loves, wooses, and whom—if heaven is propitious (he says this doubtingly and humbly) he will win—For *this* atrocious insult there is no punishment great enough. Yet, if any attempt be made upon her, you shall at least be chastised to your heart's content. Be satisfied that I do not jest, and remain quiet."

"We are all armed, Mr. Seyton," said the merchant; "you had better let us depart quietly."

"She shall not go," replied Seyton, foaming with rage. "Once more seize upon her, men: seize upon her for your master, Vivian. Till he comes, I will be obeyed at least."

"*He is here!*" said Vivian, rushing between Sophie and her adversaries; "He is here: he overlooks you, and will punish you. Look, slaves, I am VIVIAN, your master! Obey me, as you value the liberty which every man on my estate shall have if he deserve it."

"What he says is true. This is, indeed, Mr. Vivian," said the merchant; and the Syndic corroborated his tale. All was quiet in an instant. Yet Sophie Halstein still looked overcome.—

"What is this?" inquired the merchant: "You ought to be rejoiced."

"I am," she replied. "But, Mr. Vivian, you have something to forget. Can you forgive me?"

"I cannot," answered Vivian; "unless with the Palm-Groves, (which from this moment is all your own) you take an incumbrance with it."

"And that is—?" said Miss Halstein, enquiringly.

"It is *myself*, Sophie," replied Vivian, tenderly "Prithee, be generous, and think what a way I have wandered from home. Take pity on me, and give me shelter with you at the Palm-Groves."

"We will talk of this hereafter," said Miss Halstein gently, and dropping her eyes upon the ground.

"What a strange lover he is," whispered the Syndic to the merchant.

"That is true enough," answered the other. "Yet would I wager a grosschen that he succeeds. He is a fine, intrepid, persevering young fellow; and such men seldom fail in any thing that they set their hearts upon."

The old merchant was a true prophet. For before three months had

elapsed, the pretty Sophie became lawful mistress of the heart and household of Vivian. The Reynestein flourished, but the Palm-Groves became their home. In the course of time, the blacks on their estates were enabled, in pursuance of a system equally wise and generous, to emerge from the condition of bondmen; but they still remained as cultivators, attracted equally by kind treatment, and an equitable share of the profits of their labours.

"After all,—the greatest pleasure in the world," said Vivian, one day to his wife, "is *conferring* pleasure; and the greatest pleasure which one can confer, is to give *Freedom* to one's fellow-man." *Friendship's Offering.*

#### A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

BY G. F. DE WILDE.

*For the Olio.*

"From the Holy Land, from the Holy Land,  
A weary pilgrim I come to thee,  
Sweet lady, to place on thy lily hand  
This pledge of thy love's fidelity."

"It is the ring—it is the ring!  
Oh, mercy, heaven!" the lady said,  
"Pilgrim, what tidings dost thou bring  
From the brave Roland to his Adelaide?"

"Alas, sweet lady, the brave Roland  
Shall never kneel at thy feet again;  
For that faithful heart—that mighty hand—  
Lie perishing bare on the burning plain."

"The poison'd shaft of the Saracen  
Sank, deeply sank in thy lover's side;  
Lady, he blest thy name, and then  
In these arms Roland the valiant died."

Woe, woe for ever for Adelaide,  
No earthly lover shall claim her hand;  
To heaven alone shall her vows be said,  
And her heart remain with the dead Roland.

Two years went by, and Adelaide  
A votary knelt at the Virgin's shrine,  
And ever at midnight lone she said,  
"Oh, when will this pilgrimage cease of mine?"

But the splash of oars in the rushing Rhine  
Hath roused the maid from her dreary dream;  
Who seeks this lone retreat of thine  
At the midnight hour, by the lightning's gleam?

"My Adelaide, my Adelaide!"  
The convent aisles with the shout resound;  
"Or art thou living, or art thou dead,  
Mine own, wherever thou may'st be found."

Alas, fond lover, thou comest in vain,  
Too well was the traitor-tale believed;  
Her kinsmen scoff at thy passion's pain,  
And of Adelaide ever thou art bereaved.

. . . . .

There's an island in the gushing Rhine,  
Where it flows by the Tower of Drachenfels,  
And on that isle is a ruin'd shrine,  
And a tale of blighted love it tells.

The victim there of a savage feud,  
The beautiful Adelaide lived and died,  
Vainly her lover his suit renew'd,  
For she pined away, heaven's virgin bride.

And the brave Roland—oh, his years he spent  
Gazing upon that sacred isle;  
And never again from the Rhine he went,  
And never again did his wan lip smile.

But at length he heard the convent bell  
Sullenly, sullenly toll for the dead,  
And he heard the *Miserere* swell  
For the fairest bride that heaven e'er wed.

And from that time on his heart there fed  
A grief like an ever burning brand;  
Oh, strange and wild was the life he led,  
And the last of his race was the brave Ro-  
land. G. J. DE WILDE.

#### EXPLANATIONS.

*(For the Olio.)*

"If reasons were as plenty as blackberries,  
I will give no man a reason on compulsion."  
*King John IV.*

EXPLANATIONS are oftentimes disagreeable. The schoolboy dreads nothing so much as the utterance of that inquisitive monosyllable, "why?" To answer it he is required to think; than which, to children and women, nothing can be so unpleasant.

A young man writes a book. The critics condemn it as being "bad." The author asks why? But either on account of their "columns being occupied with more important matter," or from a good-natured unwillingness to expose the author's errors—the critics will not explain—straightway, the youth becomes enraged, but regains his equanimity by likening his fate to that of Henry Kirk White.

A gentleman, while paying his court to a young lady, is seen to flirt with another. The "injured fair" demands an explanation—the "gay deceiver" demurs—the lady screams and faints—and the gentleman, with an air of nonchalance declares off, while the expense of divers bottles of *eau de cologne*, and the trouble and anxiety of looking out for another "eligible man," might have been saved to the lady, if her quondam beau had condescended to give—an explanation.

One man calls another a rascal, the man so called requires an explanation—it is refused—he demands satisfaction, which he obtains to his heart's content by shooting his adversary through an arm or a leg. To this act of philanthropy he is prompted, for no other reason, than because he is denied an explanation, which (in all probability) would have proved him a rascal.

In the House of Commons, however, the difficulties usually attendant upon explanations seem to vanish; although the MANNER of getting over them remains a profound secret—the report-

ters keep us in the dark in this particular. The member for A— makes unpleasant remarks in reference to the member for B—, who, in his defence, recriminates; and we read on, in the hope of perusing an animated reply from the member for A—, but are obliged to content ourselves with the short-hand laconics of the reporter in the words—"The Honourable Member explained."

W. H. W.

THE SECRET.  
A DIALOGUE.

"I have a counsel for thy gentle ear,  
A secret deep, I fain would whisper in it!"  
"Of love, I guess; come closer, then, my dear,  
And if 'tis worth a farthing pray begin it."  
"Well, then. He (you know who?) was here this minute;  
And—no, I can't go on—indeed I can't;  
I thought him all devotion to my aunt;  
And now—such love—and oh! that I should win it!  
Nay, do not smile, his is no soul of iron;  
He sits for ever with an upturned eye,  
Doing 'the Poet' most enchantingly;  
And cuts his hair, too, by the prints of Byron,  
With collar spread, the vulgar neckcloth scorning.  
He looks,—what now!"—"I married him this morn'ng." *The It. Souv.*

RANDOM IDEAS OF A SCRIBBLER.  
*For the Olio.*

Ha, who spends his days in promoting the welfare of his species, may, possibly, meet with few thanks; but he will secure something of much more consequence—self-approbation.

As men become more enlightened and civilized, we constantly find, that they become more virtuous and of a more liberal turn of mind; whenever, therefore, we find a people become less and less moral, or whenever liberality of sentiment becomes less and less general, we may be very certain, that that people or that age are retrograding in the scale of existence; and, it is then that the exertions of the reformer are most particularly needed.

That man is fortunate whose fame has never been sullied by the voice of Detraction; that man is not without blame, whose character never recovers the lustre which an enemy's slander may have dim'd.

As the trees put forth blossoms, so does the imagination of man put forth hopes. The cold winds blow, and blights destroy the expectation of the husbandman. So, disappointments and crosses mar the fair prospect, which appeared in the garden of the mind.—The blossoms arrive at maturity; the

peasant gathers the fruit; and the expectation is swallowed up in the acquirement. So, man's hopes are accomplished, and cease to gladden the heart. Happy is it for him that more will soon bud forth, and that he is not left to the misery of having nothing to hope for.

Wealth is, and always must be, confined to a comparative few; while contentment is open to all. Why, then, should we pass by the most valuable treasure, in endeavouring to obtain the one; which, even should we be fortunate enough to acquire it, can neither recompense us for our toil, or insure us the possession of the other.

It is by the superior exertion of the mind that men rise in intellect above their fellows; every one would, therefore, do well to cultivate his powers of thought; for, although it is impossible for every man to become a Socrates or a Plato, yet, it should be remembered, that it was by the discipline to which he subjected his heart, that Socrates was enabled to smile at the adversity of Fortune; and, that it was in his own mind, Plato reasoned out the immortality of the soul. The power of thinking is not confined to philosophers; it is, by making a right use of their thoughts, that men acquire that title.

If *the will* to relieve distress bore any reasonable proportion to the *ability*, the word *POVERTY* would quickly become obsolete.

Truth is cheaply purchased at almost any price. Why should we be stayed in our search after it, by respect for the prejudices of ourselves or others? If truth be valuable, and is to be acquired, only by personal exertion, it is certain we can never obtain it, so long as our minds are under the influence of prejudice; or, while we neglect to examine, whether that which passes for it in the world bear its current impression, or is only a clever counterfeit.

They who talk most of their knowledge have, generally, the least of it to show. The truly wise man will let others set the value on his abilities; and he who has not learnt that boasting shows but little sense, can scarcely have learned anything else.

How many there are who act and talk, as if their thinking faculties would be turned to the best advantage, by never being roused to exertion! How strange, that while the chief boast of humanity is reason, there are men to be found, who pride themselves upon making no use of it!

R. JARMAN.

## THE STORY OF A LEGACY.

*For the Ollo.*

(Continued from p. 327.)

To return to the legacy: there remained to Frederick but one hope of recovering it, independent of the procrastination of the law, and that was by appealing to the pity of his Aunt Barking, of Dalling. This resolution involved a task almost analogous to the attempt to draw water from a flinty rock; but he had justice, eloquence, and distress on his side: she was his mother's own sister (though proverbially her opposite in mind, temper, and person): he was parentless, friendless, and moneyless; and if these failed to move her, his case would be hopeless.

Her house stood in a central opening of the hamlet of Dalling, and presented many advantages for being rendered a desirable residence; but the despicable penury of Mrs. Barking had rendered these of no avail; her only object being to amass and keep the sordid gains wrung from a profitable farm, to the total perversion of every means of respectability. The walls of her dwelling, exteriorly, were disfigured by trained currant-trees, and, here and there, by implements of the farm-yard being placed against them. The garden in front was rendered unsightly by being crowded with rows of potatoes, patches of turnips, and beds of onions. Attached to the once elegant palisading was the cot of a chained cur, whose continual barking was in unison with the repulsive exterior of the house. Before it, at the bottom of the garden, ran, or rather trickled, a weedy spring, infested by ducks and other feathered gentry, peculiar to the farm-yard.

Frederick's knock was answered by a timid and awkward domestic, who, after much preliminary inquiry, announced him to Mrs. Barking. The interior of her sitting-room bore some approximation to a kitchen. The heads of two corresponding cupboards, the mantel-shelf, and the side-board, were shamed by crockery of the meanest pattern. In one corner stood a clock, whose opaque countenance and startling tickings, would have better consorted with the hall of some old castle. The library displayed a few trashy volumes of the time of Tonson, intermingled with homilies and tracts in defence of the church, of which Mrs. Barking was a staunch upholder. On the top of the library, amidst a heterogeneous collection of utensils and orna-

ments, stood a large model of a ship, and on each side of it a couple of enormous brass candlesticks. Over the entrance into an inner apartment were displayed on the wall a row of old-fashioned tart-tins. By way of more tasteful decoration, a few paltry prints were hung up in massy old frames; two of them were, "The Return of the Prodigal Son," and "The Shipwreck of St. Paul;" the prodigal being represented in top-boots and buckskin breeches, and the apostle in the garb of a Jack-tar. With these were intermingled a few wretched paintings of the local scenery,—the *barbouillage* of unknown provincial artists. The rest of the furniture of Mrs. Barking's sitting-room may be imagined from the description already given. Amidst this eccentric *melange* of pride, penury, and ignorance, was the notable Mrs. Barking herself, quite in character, being busily engaged in expressing from the dregs of honey the liquor called mead. A graphic description of her person and appearance, though at the hazard of being charged with caricature, is necessary to the context. Subject to a scorbutic affection of the blood, her frowning countenance was furred over with scaly eruptions of that character; her chin was enveloped in an overlay of lace, which reached nearly to her haughty lip, and was intended to hide the florid blotches which appeared on that portion of her features: her arms also were encircled in a pair of faded black silk gloves, with the fingers cut off, which rendered conspicuous the display of some enormous family rings, corresponding in quaintness with her flowered muslin gown, whose faded train had swept her carpets for upwards of a quarter of a century. Her physiognomy evinced a mixture of arrogance and ignorance; and her conversation and address, though she had had the advantages of a respectable education, were vulgar in the extreme: in short, her uncompromising exterior was in strict accordance with her avaricious and degraded mind.

Eyeing her nephew with a most contemptuous look, she slightly inclined her head, which was all the salutation she condescended to vouchsafe him. After standing for a considerable time without being invited to a seat, Frederick drew to him a chair and sat down. A silence of some length ensued, which was first broken by his insolent aunt demanding, in a most insulting tone, the business which had

brought him there. The fervent resolves of calm demeanour made by Henderson took flight in a moment; and, choking with rage, which at last broke forth in alleviating exclamation, he cried,

"Am I mistaken for a reprieved felon, that I am thus treated, when, with honourable fame, and with clean hands, I am come to *supplicate* for that which I ought to *demand*, nay compel!"

"Oh! your legacy, sir," said she, deridingly, "How much of it will serve you, poverty-bird? What a pity that so fine and spirited a young gentleman should have no estate! Compel, indeed, vagabond! why you have not even what will fee a clerk to hand up an appeal to the Lord Chancellor! No—get the law on your side if you can—I'll not pay you a shilling!"

"Woman!" replied Frederick,— "shame and disgrace to that sex whose prerogative it is to rail! I detest and despise thee; I forswear all kindred with thee, and, sooner than own it, I would claim relationship with the vilest convict at the gallows! My mother faltered to me with her dying breath, that to base the fabric of my hopes on the winds of Heaven,—to walk the pathless waves,—were a more tangible task than to move thy pity. Hideous blot on creation! thou hast now added insult to oppression, and falsehood to robbery. Heaven is my witness, I relieve, often with all but my last mite, the pestilent and profligate mendicant, whose infirmities I commiserate as of the brotherhood of humanity: but wert thou, atrocious and abandoned woman, expiring for food in a loathsome ditch, and wert to lick my feet in the vehemency of thy prayer for a morsel of bread, I could steel my heart to thy request, and calmly see thee expire!"

This was too much for the enraged Mrs. Barking; and, stamping her foot furiously on the floor, for her passion precluded immediate utterance, a trembling girl opened the door, who, in a timid tone, ventured to inquire what were her commands. Taking a huge bunch of keys from her side, she unlocked an escutoire, and from a well-filled leather bag, abstracted a shilling, which she delivered to the crouching menial before her, enjoining, in a voice that almost emulated that of a lion,

"Take that to Old Smithson, the constable, and tell him to come instantly, and throw this impertinent beggar headlong to the door!"

Frederick, as he had not been re-

quested to depart, resolved to abide the issue; and, after the lapse of a few minutes, the door again opened, and the redoubtable Smithson, tottering with age and grasping a long staff, the painted arms on which were sadly defaced, made his appearance, and seizing Frederick by the collar, commanded him to rise, threatening, in case of refusal, to call in assistance, and forcibly hurl him into the street.

"Old man," said Frederick, addressing him, "I reverence thy age, but I pity thy imbecility. Wouldst thou, for one venal shilling, profane the hallowed name of justice by dashing me on the pavement, thy strength permitting? Unloose thy grasp; if thou art in want of money, adopt a more honest way to obtain it. There—take the lingering pittance in my solitary purse, and preserve it as a memento that when thou wouldst have rendered a base and inhuman service, he who reproved thee gave it as some evidence of an inherent desire to return good for evil."

Old Smithson took up the piece of silver which Frederick had shaken from his purse, and coolly placing it in his pocket, which he cautiously buttoned, he prepared to grin his acknowledgment; but his courtesy came too late; Frederick was gone, and looking out at the door, he watched him proceeding at an indignant pace over the neighbouring fields, and in a few minutes he was out of sight.

The searing Autumn had far advanced, when Henderson resolved to dismiss his uncle's attorney from all further participation in the affair. He had decided on bidding a final adieu to his native valley. His situation was every day growing more irksome; depending on the charitable services of his poorer friends; hated by the Squire; and dreaded by his opulent uncle. His dreams of hope and peace portrayed another clime; but, alas! he little deemed how soon his journey would be to "that undiscovered country," where wrongs are righted. The villain Rockton thirsted for his blood; for the rumour had reached him that Henderson, certain of his identity, had pointed to him as the murderer of the child found in his own meadow. This determined him in his deadly purpose; and he now waited for that opportunity, which was but too easily afforded him, of silencing Frederick for ever.

It was on a market-day, the last of his existence, that young Henderson betook himself to the neighbouring

town of Ripon, in order to disannul the mock proceedings respecting his legacy. The joyous chime of the bells of St. Wilfred beguiled in some measure the autumn gloom which pervaded the yellow woods of Sharow and Studley; and the sun at intervals palely illumined the venerable towers of the collegiate church, the tall market-cross, and the hill-seated copses environing the town. He several times during the day encountered both his uncle and the Squire, as their weekly transactions required the attendance of one at the market, and the other at the banks. George Yeateley seemed to be perfectly aware of his nephew's intention as to discharging the attorney; and his suspicions received confirmation, when, on calling at his office after the despatch of market business, he learnt that Henderson had been there, and had entered his decided protest against any advance in the business. On hearing this, Yeateley was like an unchained lion; he swore bitterly at the prospect of having in reality a Chancery bill filed against him, of which he knew well he must eventually pay the costs; and so far did he allow to his passion the mastery, that he vowed, publicly, to shoot his nephew at their first meeting; a threat, which, it is but justice to observe, was the ebullition of the moment. Returning to the inn, he met with Squire Rockton, to whom he related his defeat. Liquor in abundance was ordered, to give energy to the recital; and glass succeeded glass, until they found themselves, before the evening, in a state of half-inebriation.

Henderson, desirous of taking a parting view of the delightful neighbourhood which he had so often perambulated, had walked to Studley Park, where, amidst the sylvan scenery, he wore away the afternoon. The dazzling concentration of temples, walks, statues, and fountains, had almost erased from his memory the chilling predominancy of Autumn. He strolled through gardens of evergreens, laurels, and winter roses; he heard the music of shooting fountains falling into their marble basins; he beheld the sylvan forestry glassed in the meandering waters of the Skell; and, pursuing the continuous walk, the hoary and solemn pile of monastic Fountains couched in its rock-encircled dell, met his melancholy eye. The subliming influence of that gorgeous ruin took possession of his soul; and he stood entranced with rapture amid severing arches, tottering pil-

lars, disjointed buttresses, and the carved and foliated remains of the chisel's achievements. He viewed its crumbling tower, beautified by peerless tracery; its still roofed and nearly perfect cloisters, gloomily lighted by corbel-windows; its sepulchral chapter-house, overgrown with alders; and its "column-strewn" nave, bared to the changeful heavens. The voiceless river flowed beneath the arches of the cloisters, over its pavement of mosaic bricks, of which the abbey had been despoiled,—the seasonable breeze passed over the sighing woods,—the withered ivy rattled on the monkish walls,—and Frederick turned from the ruin with that philosophic elevation of feeling which its Gothic decay is so well adapted to inspire.

The shades of an early evening had now set in; the glimpses of the remote scenery were becoming more and more obscure; and as Henderson retraced his way through Ripon, the twilight had merged into darkness. By the time he had reached the verge of Hutton Moor, however, the firmament had become studded with a few stars, which faintly showed the expanded waters of the Ure, pursuing their way through the thicket solitudes of the adjacent subsiding country. Crossing the dreary enclosures of Hutton Moor, being three miles on his journey, Frederick stopped to partake of a little refreshment at the Royal Oak, an inn situate on the Roman road leading to Aldborough, the Isurium of the Romans. The nocturnal toppers returning from market, true to the description given in "Tam o' Shanter," were here assembled to wind up the night. Frederick, delighted with the original characters which formed the company, prolonged his stay until a late hour; and it was not before the clock had struck eleven, that he took his departure.

*To be continued.*

#### UTILITY.

*For the Ollio.*

Alas! when this uncertain dream of life shall be over, what will then avail all our busy cares, unless they shall have left behind them the footsteps of utility. VOLNEY.

When this uncertain dream shall cease,  
And all our strifes be hush'd in peace,—  
What will avail our cares,  
If in the past we find no trace  
Of usefulness,—but in its place,  
A source of endless tears. J.A.



### Notices of New Books.

*The Comic Offering, or Ladies' Melange of Literary Mirth for 1831.*  
*Edited by Louisa Henrietta Sheridon.* Smith and Elder.

We had long thought that he of the *Whims and Oddities* held "sole sovereign sway and masterdom" over the *Land of Jocularity*; but we find that we were deceived, and that a pretty good portion of his empire has been wrested from him (against his consent, no doubt,) by a very *designing* lady, who *cuts* a conspicuous figure: her prime minister, we are told, is a man gifted with a sixth sense,—a sort of *second-sighted* being, who can *Seymour* than other folks; he *draws* well, and is much relished by the people of the new kingdom. In fact, it is said, that the old monarch, *by taking the field so late, is fast losing ground*, and that many of his friends, like leaves in Autumn, are *falling off*, and flocking to her *Standard*, which is set up in *Cornhill*, where she dispenses her *good things* to all comers with an unsparing hand: they are doled out in well made *pints* (points) according to the *imperial* Measure, the flavour of which is anything but "*flat, stale* and unprofitable." That those who have only heard of her "*Rare Doings*" may share of her bounty, we most willingly divide our portion.

#### SISTER ARTS, & BROTHER ARTISTS.

Brown is a painter justly famed  
 For taking portraits fine;  
 But this is *all* his skill, for Brown  
*Could never write a line!*

While Smith, who writes biography  
 And history so well,  
*Could never draw* the slightest sketch,  
 Though anxious to excel!

How strange are these deficiencies  
 In artists of such fame:  
 Because it seems the two pursuits  
 Are very much the same.

If we consider both their works,  
 It truly may be said,  
 "Smith's aim is to attempt one's life—  
 And Brown takes off one's head."

#### A FRENCH GENTLEMAN'S LETTER TO AN ENGLISH FRIEND IN LONDON.

AH MY DEER FRIEND,

I CAN not feel the plaisir I expresse to come to your country charming, for you see. I shall have the happiness to you embrace in some days from here: but it is necessary that I myself may rest before to set out.

We are arrive at Southampton before yesterday at one hour of the afternoon, and we are debarked very nice.

I am myself amused yesterday to look by the window which gives in the street. I see a crowd enormous of persons. I ask at the servant "What for all that?" "It's a man that is beside himself, sir."

"Oh yes!" I say, but I not understand, and I take my dictionary: I find '*Beside, a cote de,*' and '*Himself,*' I know is '*lui-meme.*' That make together '*a cote de lui-meme.*' Oh, not understand at all.

I ask pretty girl of the house "What for crowd?"

She say, "Only man who is in his cups, sir!"

"Oh yes!" I say, but I not understand better: search in the dictionary again, '*A man in his cups, Un homme dans ses tasses.*' Well, I can not understand. Call pretty girl again—"My dear Miss, is it *porcelain merchant* fall among his cups?"

She go away in clatters of laugh, very unpolite, and I hear her say at the boy "John, that Frenchman seem a great spoon." Boy replies, "He is next to a madman!"

Is it possible that the pretty person call me a *cuilliere*? I not understand,—so I look at the dictionary, and find '*spoon, cuilliere,*' very right. How it is foolish for call one person spoon! I send for the master of the hotel, and desire I may be put far from the madman who is next to me.

The man say there was no madman at all.

Then I ring the bell, and the boy come; (who is very old and stupid, he tell me he has 59 years.) I ask to him if he tell pretty person there was madman in the next room to me?

He say, "Oh no, sir, I *never* said *nothing* of the kind." I say, "You speak bad English with two negatives; but I hear you say it when pretty person call me *spoon.*"

Then he have shame, and his face redded all over, and he beg my pardon, and not mean that what he say.

I never believe you when at Paris, you tell me that the Englishwomen get on much before our women: but now I agree quite with you, I know you laughing at your countrywomen for take such long steps! My faith! I never saw such a mode to walk; they take steps long like the man! Very pretty women! but not equal to ours! White skins, and the tint fresh, but they have no mouths nor no eyes. Our women have lips like rose-buttons, and eyes of lightning: the English have mouth

wide like the toads; and their eyes are like *dreaming sheeps*, as one of our very talented writers say '*Mouton qui reve.*' It is excellent, that.

I am not perceived so many English ladies *tipsy* as I expect; our General Pilon say they all drink brandy; this I have not seen very much.

I was very surprise to see the people's hair of any colour but red, because all our travellers say there is no other hair seen, except red or white! But I come here, filled with candour, and I say I *have seen some* people whose hair was not red.

You tell me often at Paris that we have no music in France. My dear friend, how you are deceived yourself! Our music is the finest in the world, and the German come after: you other English have no music, and if you had some, you have no language to sing with. It is necessary that you may avow your language is not useful for the purpose ordinary of the world. Your window of shop are all filled at French name—'*des gros de Naples,*' '*des gros des Indes,*' '*des gros d'ete,*' &c. If English lady go for demand, Shew me, if you please sir, some '*fats of Naples,*' some '*fats of India,*' and some '*fats of summer,*' the linendraper not understand at all. Then the colours different at the silks. People say '*puce evanoutie,*' '*oeil de l'empereur,*' '*flam-mes d'enfer,*' '*feu de l'opera,*' but you never hear lady say, I go for have gown made of '*fainting fleas,*' or '*emperors' eyes,*' or '*opera fires,*' or of the '*flames*' of a place which you tell me once, for say never to ears polite! You also like very much our musique in England: the street-organs tell you best the taste of the people, and I hear them play always '*Le petit tumbour,*' '*Oh gardez-vous, begerette,*' '*Dormez, mes cheres amours,*' and twenty little French airs of which we are fatigued, there is a long time.

I go this morning for make visit to the house of a very nice family. When I am there some time, I demand of the young ladies, what for they not go out?

One reply, "Thank you, sir, we are always oblige for stay at home, because papa *enjoy such very bad health.*"

I say, "Oh yes! How do you do your papa this morning, misses?"

"He is much worse, I am oblige to you, sir."

I bid them good bye, and think in myself how the English are odd to *enjoy* bad health, and the young ladies much obliged to me because their papa

was much worse! *Chacun a son gout,* as we say.

In my road to come home, I see a board on a gate, and I stopped myself for read him. He was for say, any person beating carpets, playing cricket, and such like diversions there, should be persecuted. My faith! you other English are so droll to find any diversion in beating carpets! Yet it is quite as amusing as to play the cricket, to beat one little ball with big stick, then run about like madmen, then throw away big stick, and get great knock upon your face or legs. And then at cards again! What stupid game whist. Play for amuse people, but may not laugh any! Ah! how the English are droll! I have nothing of more for say to you, at present, but I am so soon seeing you, when I do assure you of the eternal regard and everlasting affection

Of your much attached friend,

\* \* \*

#### THE NURSERY MAN.

ONCE was a gard'ner so gay,  
Till I brought to my *Eden* a wife:  
But now I've found out, well-a-day!  
That a *Nursery-man* I'm for life!  
Tho' 'tis fruitless my wishing for good—  
My *ills double-blossom'd* appear,  
Like *Two-faces-under-a-hood,*  
We've happily *Twins* ev'ry year.  
When fatigued with the sun and the air,  
My son and heir gives me no peace;  
I've *Chimbers* all over my chair,  
Whose *Deer-tongues* from moving near cease  
So tortured am I by each child,  
That *spleenwort* now gives me much trouble;  
My brain I'm afraid will grow wild,  
If I can't raise my *Salary double.*  
When I married the fair *Mary-Gold,*  
If she had *Anc-monie* I asked?  
(That *Yellow-E'erlasting*, we're told,  
Will *Honesty* even outlast.)  
*Shepherd's-Purse* from her father, the farmer,  
She brought,—and a fine *Golden-chain*:  
Yet (tho' I don't say it to harm her),  
*Lady's-eardrops* are all that remain.  
*London-Pride* she was always esteemed,  
All beauties in her were assembled;  
But though *Bella-Donna* she seemed,  
'Tis *Rag-wort* she's lately resembled.  
'Twas first at a *Hop* that I saw her,  
In vain a young *Cocks-comb* was pleading,  
Sweet *Ice-plant*!—his warmth could not thaw her:  
Ah! thought I, in my heart *Love-lies-bleeding*.  
Last Sunday she brought me a flower,  
A *Forget-me-not*, for me to wear:  
Said I, "were the choice in my power,  
I'd have *Batchelor's-buttons*, my dear!"  
In Spring when I'd mind early *Peas,*  
I made people pay what I'd choose;  
But now, without hoping to please,  
I must mind both my *P's* and my *Q's*.

How *Rueful*, alas! is my fate,  
 To *Beet* and *Box* doomed all my life!  
 'Stead of *Heart's-ease* or *Balm*, to meet hate:  
 'Tis not *'age* to be plagued with a wife.

I'm sure we're a very bad *Pear*;  
 And our babes are *wild Crabs*, *sloe* to teach;  
 As for home—what a *hot-house* is there!  
 But I'll *Bine*.—cause I don't like to *Peach*!

Well, my masters, now you have  
 tasted, what think ye of the sample!—  
 is it not the *right elixir* to *banish* *November's dullness*?

### The Note Book.

#### REVERSES OF FORTUNE.

Stowe tells us, that at the Earl of Warwick's house situated in the lane which still retains his name, there were six oxen eaten at a breakfast, "and every taverne was full of his meate; for he that had any acquaintance in that house might have there as much of sodden and roast meate as he could pricke and carry upon a long dagger;" and although thirty thousand casual guests, besides numerous tenants, are said each day to have been fed by this munificent Earl, his sister (the Countess of Oxford) was reduced to so abject a state after her husband's defeat at Tewkesbury, that she was *compelled to work at her needle for bread*!

NYRON.

#### EARLIEST MIRACLE PLAY.

The first exhibition of this kind specified by name, was called "St. Catherine," and, according to Matthew Paris, had for its author Godfrey the Norman, afterwards Abbot of St. Albans, who was sent into England by Abbot Richard to take upon him the direction of the school belonging to that monastery, but coming too late, he went and taught at Dunstable, where he caused his play to be performed about the year 1110, and borrowed from the sacrist of St. Albans some of the ecclesiastical vestments of the abbey to adorn the actors. Latterly, these entertainments were called "Mysteries," because the most mysterious subjects of the holy history were selected.

NYRON.

#### THE SYBARITES.

Of the luxury of this people an instance is recorded of Syndirides, who once cast himself upon a bed prepared for him of the leaves of roses, and having there slept, complained of having pustules made upon his body from its hardness. He was likewise so addicted to his belly, that when he went to Sicyon, as a suitor to Agarista, the daughter of Clisthenes, he took along

with him a thousand cooks, a thousand fowlers, and the same number of fishermen.

J.

#### THE LAMPREY.

The Muræna was observed in Cæsar's fish-ponds to live sixty years, and by long use were rendered extremely tame. Hortensius, who was so attached to a lamprey, was very rich, and not less than *ten thousand* casks of Arvisian wine were found in his cellars after his death. One of the same name was the first person who introduced the eating of peacocks at Rome.

J.

#### FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

Gaspard Barlaæus, who was both a poet and a physician, deranged his brain so much by excessive study, that he imagined his body was converted into butter: and on this account he always shunned the fire with the utmost care. Being at length worn out with the continual dread of melting, he put an end to his misery by throwing himself into a well.

H.B.A.

### Illustrations of History.

#### POTATOES.

This valuable esculent was first imported into Europe in the year 1565, by Hawkins, from Santa Fé, in Spanish America. The potatoe was planted for the first time in Ireland by the great Sir Walter Raleigh, who had an estate in that kingdom. The natural history of the potatoe was then so little understood, that ignorance of what part of the plant was the proper food had nearly prevented any further attention towards its cultivation—for, Raleigh perceiving green apples appear upon the stems, he first supposed them to be the fruit, but upon their being boiled, and finding them unpalatable, or rather nauseous, he was disgusted with his acquisition, and thought no more of cultivating potatoes. Accident, however, discovered the real fruit, owing to the ground being turned over, through necessity, that very season; and to his surprise a beautiful crop was found under-ground, which, being boiled, proved nourishing to the stomach and grateful to the taste. The utility of this plant being soon known, rendered its cultivation pretty universal through Ireland, whence it found its way to this kingdom, by mere accident, where it was first planted upon the western coast, owing, as is reported, to a vessel which contained some potatoes, being shipwrecked at a village named Firm-

by, in Lancashire; a place still famed for this excellent vegetable.

When Parkinson published his *Paradise Terrestrial*, our common potatoes, then called *Batata Virginiana*, were become more frequent, and were prepared the same way as the Spanish potatoes, being roasted under the embers, and eaten with sack and sugar,—baked with marrow, sugar, and spices, or candied by the confit-makers, in all which ways, says Parkinson, the Virginian potatoe, being dressed, maketh a most delicate meat. J.

### Customs of Various Countries.

#### CHINESE MODE OF FISHING.

##### For the Ollo

The manner of catching fish practised by the Chinese, is extremely curious. Besides the fishing birds described by Menhof, and which I will explain presently, they have an ingenious method of entrapping fish. A set of boats built purposely for this use, on each side of which is fastened a board, japanned with white varnish, which being driven out into the water during the moonlight nights, when the fish are leaping, they mistake for water, and leaping on the boats are taken.

They make use, also, of a species of cormorant, which stands perched on the side of a boat, and when the fisherman gives the signal, the bird takes his flight and looks out for game, and having seized a fish, brings it to his master. Some fly great numbers of these birds at once, and they will divide a river or lake amongst them, and return to their masters with the fish they have taken; and if the fish are large, they will help one another to bring it to the boat, after which they take their flight again in search of more: having strings about their necks to prevent their swallowing any till their master leaves off, and then they are suffered to prey for themselves. F.G.

#### AneDotiana.

##### THORWALDSEN, THE SCULPTOR.

Thorwaldsen, travelling to Stuttgart, overtook on the road a poor German, heavily laden with a knapsack; on seeing the carriage pass, the man called to the coachman to stop, and entreated to be taken up; but the driver, giving an insolent reply, would have continued his way, when the sculptor himself ordered the coachman to stop, saying he would make room for him inside; he

accordingly requested the tired pedestrian to come in and take a seat. They soon entered into familiar conversation, in the course of which the stranger said he was a painter, and, hearing that the great Thorwaldsen was shortly expected at Stuttgart, he had started from — on foot, resolving to see an artist whose works had made such noise in Europe. "And pray, Sir," said he, "as you say you have just left Rome, have you seen, or do you know Thorwaldsen personally?"—"Yes," replied the sculptor, "I have the good fortune to be very intimate with him, and promise on our arrival at Stuttgart to present you to him." At this assurance the German's joy knew no bounds; he grasped him by the hand, and a silent tear bespoke his gratitude. The benevolent old man felt sensibly moved at the unsophisticated zeal of the young artist, and unable to sustain his incognito any longer—"My dear good friend," he exclaimed, "I will not keep you in longer suspense—I am Thorwaldsen."

##### ERUDITE PREACHER.

The following choice *morceau* (says the Exeter Gazette) was posted about that city a few days ago: "October 24th, 1830. The Revd. W. Mackintosh of Scotland Will Preach Three Sermons In Sent Thomas' in the Same House where the Revd. S. Kilpin youse to Preach Six doors Above. Occupied by Mrs. Webber, The Sarvices will Comence at half-past ten in the Morning at half-past tow in the Afternoon and at Six in the Evening. Preaching likewise betwene the Sarvices above menshend on the Quay or on bord a Ship."

##### CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a devilled kidney like a revolutionary movement? D'ye give it up? —Because it is an *intestine broil*.

Why is the author of the *Jew of Arragon*, the personification of a proverbial? D'ye give it up? —Because he's *Wade in the balance and found wanting*.

When does an old *aunt bridle* most? D'ye give it up? —When she's *saddled* with her sister's family.

##### TAKING AIM BADLY.

A lady when asked, why from India so often *Girls single return*—though they've beauty and wit?

Replied—"Pray remember (your satire is softened),

'Tis not at all times a *Miss makes a HU!*"  
The Comic Offering

## Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, November 17.

*St. Dionysius, b. of Alexandria, A.D. 265.—High Water 44m after 2 Morn—11m aft 3 Aftern.*

November 17, 1831.—Expired suddenly of apoplexy, in his 73d year, Rear Admiral Burney, F.R.S. He was eldest son of the celebrated Dr. Burney, the elegant historian of music, and brother to Dr. Charles Burney, the Hellenist, and Madame D'Arbly the distinguished novelist. The Admiral was not an unworthy member of so literary a family; his History of Voyages of Discovery displays extensive reading and research, as well as geographical knowledge. He also published another work on the Eastern Navigation of the Russians.

Thursday, November 18.

*Dedication of Sts. Peter and Paul at Rome—Sun rises 39m after 7—sets 30m after 4.*

The Vatican church, dedicated in honor of St. Peter, is the second patriarchal church in Rome and in it reposes one half of the reliques of Sts. Peter and Paul. "The religious multitude to this day repair in numbers to these sepulchres of saints," says St. Chrysostom, "thus surpassing the palaces of kings, for even kings and emperors go to salute them." Butler, the historiographer of the saints, expatiating on this habit of pilgrimages to shrines and reliques, expressly guards the reader against any false notion that the Catholics worship the reliques themselves, or even dedicate holy edifices to saints. "They are," says he, "in reality dedicated to God, and are so dedicated under the patronage of some saint, whose intercession we may invoke with the Deity." The sacred vault of this church is called the Confession of St. Peter, or the threshold of the Apostles; and thousands of pilgrims have flocked to it ever since the primitive ages of the church.

Friday, November 19.

*St. Barlaam, mar.—High Water 2m after 4 Morn—30m after 4 Aftern.*

November 19, 1689.—On this day the Rev. George Walker received the thanks of the House of Commons for his gallant defence of Londonderry against an army belonging to James II. He was of English parents in the County of Tyrone, Ireland, and educated in the University of Glasgow, in Scotland: he was afterwards rector of Donnochmore, near Londonderry. He was created D.D. by the University of Oxford in February, 1690, the year in which he was unfortunately killed.

Saturday, November 20.

*St. Felix of Valois, Confessor, 1212.—Sun rises 42m after 7—sets 17m after 4*

November 20, 1759.—Anniversary of the brilliant victory gained over the French Admiral Comhans, in the bay of Quiberon, by the brave Admiral Hawke. This most perilous and important action defeated the projected invasion of Great Britain. Sir Edward Hawke was soon after gratified by a considerable pension from the King; and the extraordinary activity which he had long displayed in the service of his country was honoured with the approbation of Parliament. In the year 1776, he was advanced to the dignity of a peer of Great Britain, by the title of Baron Hawke, of Towton, in the County of York.

Sunday, November 21.

TWENTY FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

*Lessons for the Day—13 chapter Proverbs, morning—14 chapter Proverbs, Even Presentation of Our Lady.—High Water 16m after 5 Morning—37m after 5 Afternoon.*

November 21, 1830.—Expired James Harris, Earl of Malmesbury. His lordship was the son of the celebrated author of *Hermes*, and the *Three Treatises*. He had been ambassador at several foreign courts, was created Baron Malmesbury in 1789, and raised to an earldom in 1800. His literary works are an Introduction to the History of the Dutch Republic for the last ten years, published in 1784; and the Works of James Harris, Esq., with an account of his Life and Character, by his son.

Monday, November 22.

*St. Cecilia, Virgin & Mart. A.D. 230.—Sun rises 45m after 7—sets 14m after 4.*

November 22, 1774.—Died the Right Hon. Robert Clive, L.L.D. and F.R.S.; his lordship had been twice governor of Bengal. One of his biographers says that he was an eminent soldier, and adorned with all the virtues of a military life—pride, cruelty, and insatiable avarice! He amassed immense wealth, and returned home to be as miserable as a guilty conscience and ill-gotten riches could make him, till on this day he terminated his own life at the age of fifty;—a warning to other great men to take care by what means they acquire their wealth and honours."

Tuesday, November 23.

*St. Clement, pope and martyr, A.D. 10th.—Moon's First Quarter, 44m after 11 Morning.*

Plott, in his "History of Staffordshire," page 430, describing a clog almanack, says, "A pot is marked against the 23rd of November, for the festival of St. Clement, from the ancient custom of going about that night to beg drink to make merry with."

November 23, 955.—Expired Edred the Saxon, who was the first monarch styled King of Great Britain. He died of a quinsy in the seventh year of his reign, and was buried at Winchester. Edred was the dupe of that artful and greedy impostor, Dunstan, Abbot of Glastonbury, who lowered him, by filling his mind with superstitious fears, from an active warrior to a mere pusillanimous driveller.

# The Olio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XXIV.—Vol. VI.

Saturday, Nov. 27, 1830.



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## ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE.

### Tales of the Tapestry.

BY HORACE GUILFORD.

#### HUMPHREY THE HOMICIDE;

A TALE OF PYPE-HALL.

For the Olio.

I should have thought of heaven and hell combined,

The morning star mixed with infernal fire,  
Ere I had thought of this!  
Detested of my soul! I will have vengeance!  
Shall groans and blood affright me?—No, I'll do't!

Though gasping life beneath my pressure  
heaved,

I would not flinch! DR MONFORT.

nothing in his life  
Became him like the leaving it. He died  
As one that had been studied in his death  
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,  
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Duncan. There's no art  
To find the mind's construction in the face;  
He was a gentleman on whom I built  
An absolute trust, MACBETH.

On the eighteenth of September, 1558,  
Christopher Heveningham was wedded  
VOL. VI. 2 A

in the chapel of Aston Hall, near Stone, in Staffordshire, to his kinswoman Dorothy, sole heiress to Sir William Stanley of that place.

Such, had newspapers then flourished, would have been the announcement of a splendid match by which the bridegroom, then in his nineteenth year, acquired the broad manors of Aston, Clifton-Camville, &c. in addition to his already magnificent estates. October, that lord of the russet and golden leaf,—of oaks and beeches, bourgeoning with yellow, or ruddy mast,—when hedgerows display

Vermillion hysps, as bright  
As skies at sunset; crimson-colour'd haws,  
The robin's winter store; pale milky nuts  
Nestled in fringy green; the elder, dark  
With purple juice; the black and bloomy sloe,  
Sharp mimic of the plum; the service tree,  
With its ensanguin'd clusters; blackberries  
Of such an hue as if some Pyramus  
Had stain'd them newly; and thy scarlet  
fringe,

Beautiful rowan! mingled with the harsh  
And choking crab, as brilliant in its hues  
As if the orchard were its stepmother!  
White, over all the tendril'd briony  
Her berries pink and waxen hang aloft  
In meretricious loveliness.

October, thus attended (pardon this flighty parenthesis, gentle reader!) had commenced his reign before the bridal revelries had terminated at Aston Hall. It was early in that month that the spacious and majestic mansion of Pye Hall was ordered to be in preparation for the immediate reception of the newly married pair and their friends.

Unprecedented was the bustle displayed by butler, house-steward, and tire-woman, in arranging the great hall, the bower, the buttery, &c., for the accommodation of the bridal train. This, however, once accomplished, the whole household betook themselves right and left earnestly to the celebration of that important event. The long, low, and vaulted apartment appropriated to the domestics of the family, was opened alike to the lusty young yeoman, the blossoming damsel, the broad-fronted farmer, the buxom dame, the sage village politician, the wrinkled crone, and the babbling child who had the good luck to be born under the sway of the Stanleys or the Heveninghams.

It was now late; the brazen-figured clock in the bell tower had already warned the revellers of approaching midnight, and the party had begun gradually to diminish. The stream of viands and the clang of beakers had gradually died away with the laughter and songs they produced. The tenants (who had flocked in groupes to the hall on seeing the banner of Heveningham with a scutcheon of pretence in the centre, bearing the Stanley arms argent on a bend azure, three stags' heads cabossed and attired or,) had by this time chiefly departed to their homes. Few, beside the household servants were crowded round the capacious fire-place, whose hearth, pouring up the chimney a noble blaze, almost drowned with its roar the autumnal gusts that blew heavy and hollow against the strong transomed windows, speedily succeeded by lightning and rain. Tales of apparitions, sorcerers, and fairies, now began to blend with many a legend of treachery, revenge, and bloodshed. These, the usual termination of such merry-makings, seemed, by the subdued tone, the pallid cheek, and the anxious eye of the listeners, to be a very interesting theme, when suddenly a blaze of lightning was seen by those opposite the windows to strike the eastern end of the chapel, unfolding its cross, its gable, and its buttresses in red light,—

Seem'd all on fire—within, around  
Deep sacristy, and altars pale,

Shone every pillar foliage-bound,  
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail;  
Blazed battlement and pinnet high—  
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair.

They who first saw the flash, exclaimed that "the east end of the chapel was on fire!" Old Martin the steward, who had been sitting with his back to the windows, turned round, and as it lingered for the extraordinary space of four or five seconds, he noticed the mantle of light that enveloped and illumined the building, with a most ghastly change of countenance; he had nearly fallen to the ground at the sight, and although it soon vanished,

"Ay!" he exclaimed, "it is not for nought, that wild flash! I have known the time when on every ninth of October it used to gleam and linger over the old courts, but now it only comes when some change awaits their inhabitants!"

All now crowded around him in greedy expectation of some marvellous tale; and, after a pause, which he turned to good purpose by applying devoutly to a large copper Gaun of Burton ale, Martin proceeded to inform his pallid audience, that the ghastly flame they had just witnessed was not the only circumstance of terror that was wont annually to disturb the house on that night.

"For," added he, his voice sinking almost into a whisper, "regularly at midnight some half-century ago, you might hear the bell at the great gateway sounded, and an imperious voice thundering, '*What ho! sir porter! let in your lord!*'—immediately the gates would unfold of themselves, and a knight on horseback, bearing a fainting lady at his saddle-bow, and followed by numerous retainers, in the livery of Stanley, who led a disarmed youth with them, would clatter through the flagged porch. Then would lights glance from window to window, and doors would bang, and heavy steps would sound on the staircases,—although, heaven knows, every inmate, save those who braved the witching spectacle, were slumbering in their beds! These, however, have said and sworn, that a pale but dignified dame, in the fashion of Henry the Seventh's reign, always entered from the interior court, preceded by flambeaux; that, as she approached the armed cavalier, he was wont to lift his vizor, and frowning point to the fainting lady and disarmed knight; and that forthwith the visionary cavalcade used to vanish in that large carved fountain,

called **THE TURK'S WELL**, from the figure of a turbaned Saracen in its centre."

These words had scarcely escaped the steward's lips, when the great portal bell was rung loudly, and the trampling as of a large company was heard amidst the pattering rain and the hollow night gusts. Every one looked aghast; but when a loud voice was heard, "What ho? Sir Porter!" old Martin fell down in a swoon, and his companions, though they retained their senses, looked more dead than alive, while the voice thus continued—

"What ho! Porter! Giles! Bradfoot;—where be the drunken charls! Open forthwith to our master the Heveningham, and his fair bride; they have been detained on their homeward road, and would fain be no longer suitors at their own hall porch!"

Quickly did the scared revellers recall their scattered senses at this appeal. Some hastened to heap fresh logs on the great hall hearth; some jostled hither and thither in their eagerness to light up every torch and cresset they could lay their hands upon; while others, more forward, hurried to the outward gateway, whose heavy valves rolling open ushered in the bridal train.

Drenched with rain himself, impatient at the strange delay, and solicitous for his lady, who, vainly muffled against the storm, rode on a beautiful white palfrey at his side,—her redundant tresses, and rich robes dripping with moisture. Heveningham could yet hardly help smiling at the confused group of menials who, pouring forth from the different passages leading into the quadrangles of this extensive mansion, seemed more like startled burghers tumultuously summoned to repulse the foe, than well ordered vassals, drawn up to receive their lord and his bride.

One broke forth his duteous welcome with an oath, as the rain extinguished his spattering torch; another brandished his flambeau, flaring in the wind, full in front of Mistress Dorothy's Arabian, which, unused to such a salutation, raved and plunged, nearly dismounting his fair rider, who, though an admirable horsewoman, was entangled in the numerous wrappings, with which Christopher's anxiety had invested her.

This last exploit effectually roused the anger of the young bridegroom, who, having first assisted his lady to alight, turned fiercely on the offender, and was beginning an indignant, "How

now, careless rascal!" when the grotesque figure of old Martin, hastening from the passage that communicated with the inner or chapel court, his hair streaming silvery in the wind, his eyes staring, his face like ashes, and his hands bearing a huge vessel of holy water, gave a new turn to Heveningham's astonishment. And well it might—for, tottering up to his master, and exclaiming, "Less wonot serve, since ye're grown so bold!" he dashed the contents of the vessel in his face.

Blinded with the water and annoyed by the shrieks of his wife, the young lord of Pye-Hall had not time to manifest his wrath, ere the other servants, throwing themselves on the steward, convinced him with some difficulty that it was no wandering ghost, but his own liege lord, on whom he had perpetrated this heinous outrage.

By this time Christopher was recognised by the family chaplain, an old Benedictine, who, awakened by the clamour, had, from a high lattice in the court, been making ostentatious signs of the cross, and pressing into his service the most approved phrases for such cases made and provided, "Exorcizote! Vade retro Sathanas!" &c. &c.—when, with a sudden exclamation, as the light flared on the object of his anathemas, he shouted—"St. Mary! St. Chad! St. Giles!—sinner that I am!—it is the Heveningham himself, and no demon after all!"—and disappearing with his lamp from the window, the monk hurried into the court, where he found Heveningham, his lady, and all their suite, bursting with laughter; peal after peal ringing through the vast quadrangles, in spite of the storm, which poured so pitilessly around them; old Martin in the hands of two men, overwhelmed with shame, and the rest of the domestics sheepishly listening to the taunts and invectives of the new-comers. At length one and all seemed to become aware that it might be quite as wise to finish this domestic melodrame in the mansion itself, where a good oak roof might shelter them from *farther* wetting, while warm clothes, a blazing fire, and good cheer consoled them for *that* which they had already endured.

The lofty and noble hall was sheeted with ruddy light as they entered it; the pondrous beams of the carved roof, the storied colours of the broad hangings, and the burnished armour that adorned its sides, together with the high-palmed antlers of many a hart of grease, were all flushed with cheerful lustre from the



fire-place, that gaped (like an altar for hecatombs) on the side opposite the tall lancet windows, whose panes sparkled with the blaze. Here every thing had long been prepared for the expected guests. Large glossy rushes strewed the floor. Golden flagons, massy candlesticks and richly wrought dishes bore testimony to the wealth of the bridegroom; and though the sumptuous viands that should have smoked there, (had the train arrived at the expected hour,) were ushered upon the table in a less tempting form,

"And coldly furnish'd forth the marriage feast;"

yet such was the keen appetite of the guests, thus strangely welcomed, that few, save the bride and her friends, tarried to change their wet garments, ere they had made serious inroads on haunch, sirloin, game and pasty, drained the luscious vintage of Bourdeaux, or quaffed with a satisfied sigh the amber floods of barleycorn. This achieved in earnest and in speed, each betook himself to his chamber, where, throwing off the drenched witnesses of this stormy night, they slept profoundly,—ushered, undoubtedly to their dreamy slumbers by sundry expectations of hearing on the morrow the tradition that produced them so strange a reception. About three hours after midnight all was as profoundly hushed in Pye-Hall as if the inmates had slept since nightfall, and the night gale alone was heard lulling them to rest.

The ensuing day proved unfit for any amusement of hawk or hound. The rain continued to pour on the tinkling lattices, and the wind howling among the huge trees of the Rookery, drifted their sable citizens in every direction, their huge glossy wings in vain strove to stem its violence. The windows of the great hall had their diamond glass partly painted and partly plain, but they were so high from the ground that the gazing ennuyé of the party was obliged to clamber on settle and stool, ere he could gaze through the uncoloured part of the lattice, where he only saw a thick drizzle veiling the distant spires of Lichfield, or ragged mists muffling in opaque gloom the purple distances of Cannock Wood. The broad surface of the adjacent BOWLING-GREEN, with its arbours, stone alcoves and thick yew hedges, looked dank and forlorn; the weathercocks, dimmed and dingy, creaked in the wind, and the heavy, dismal clouds that toiled along the sky, frowned their absolute prohibition of

all out-door amusements. A fitter day, in short, for a fireside legend could hardly be imagined. It is probable, however, that even these contingencies of weather would scarcely have been necessary to detain the whole party in the hall, so anxious were they to have some solution of the last night's ludicrous event. It was then at the united request of all, though Christopher betrayed no slight degree of reluctance, that the old chaplain was directed to produce a parchment manuscript.

The monk then repeated the substance of old Martin's tale, and proceeded to read aloud the following tradition, from whose principal event the spectral appearances were said to take their rise. Chaucer says—

Who so shalle telle a tale after a man,  
He mooste reherse as neighes as ever he can  
Everich worde, if it be in his charge,  
All speke he never so rudely and so large;  
Or elles he mooste tellen his tale untrewé,  
Or feinen thinges or lúden wordes newé.

Now, on the present occasion, we will run the risque of chusing our own style and finding "wordes newe," but in other respects we will as faithfully as possible, obey the poet's injunction.

(*To be continued.*)

### Morals from Flowers.

*For the Olio.*

#### THE ROSE.

INSCRIBED TO J. F.

*By the Author of 'the Philosophic Preceptor.'*

DEAR flower of that bright and adored spot of earth,  
Where beauty, and grandeur, and glory have birth;  
Where the blo-som ne'er fades, and the bloom never dies,  
But blossom and bloom on their ashes will rise;  
Where the blade in high verdure thro' winter is seen,  
And the leaf never falls in its eye-soothing green;  
Where the skies, though they weep, yet remain undefiled  
As the innocent soul of some unweaned child;  
And the tendrils that cling, and the blossoms that move  
At Heaven's balmy breath, seem all cradled in love;  
But where still thou art peerless, bright flow'r, and doth shine,  
To the eye and the heart like a something divine.  
Though the freshness of blossoms drawn forth by the ray  
Of the soul-warming sun may make balmy the day;  
Though the glory of sun-light may waken perfume,  
From the depth of the lotus in fulness of bloom;

And incense let loose by the buzz of the bee  
May rise up to Heaven from each flow'ret or  
tree;

And the moonbeam with tenderest kissing  
may close

The lips of the violet, and guard its repose.  
Though the blossom hangs proudly thro' win-  
ter's dark hour,

Like the hawk on the tempest-breath daring  
its power,

And a thousand bright flow'rets rejoice in the  
beam

Of the sun like young halcyons beside the  
still stream,

Expanding in love their soft forms to the sky,  
In colours that seem all too lovely to die,

And utter strange visions of worlds far too  
bright

To gleam on the web of a mortal's weak  
sight;

As the morning mists rise, and the night sha-  
dows fall,

Yet still, peerless flower, thou art dearer than  
all!

For, whenever we gaze on thy blossoms, we  
find

Some sweet morals springing, like flowers, in  
the mind;

Early love in thy Spring bud some semblance  
may trace,

And thy blush finds an echo in young beauty's  
face,

While those feelings that lie like the pearls in  
the sea,

Too deep for our gaze seem reflected in thee;  
And are back to the spirit resplendently given,

As the unroofed deep shows the brightness of  
Heaven.

Oh, beauty! thou lovely and terrible thing—  
Like the lightning so bright and so withering,

Say, who has not bent, with a trembling knee,  
And a burning brow, like a slave to thee?

From each snow-bound pole to the burning  
zone,

Thy altars are rear'd, and thy worship is  
known;

We lift up our sorrowful eyes to Heaven,  
With the furrow'd brow and bosom of pain,

When the spirit is grieved, and the heart is  
fresh riven,

And all of this world is accounted vain.  
But the joys of youth's morn, and its sunny  
things,

And its newly fledged hopes and imaginings,  
And the soft virgin sigh that escapes the breast

Ere that glorious temple lit up within  
By the God-head's smile, hath been once op-  
press'd

With the sorrows of woe, or the guilt of sin.  
These—these, proud beauty, are offered to  
thee,

In the face of a glorious Deity!

Fair emblem, then, of that power whose laws  
Earth's millions in general throng obey,

Whose smile unfetters the tongue, and draws  
Homage from hearts too fierce to pray.

Fair flower—like to thee doth beauty bloom;  
Thou but to fade—ah for the tomb!

Her fate, like thine, cometh on when the skies  
Seem to brighten whatever they look upon.

'Tis her's to fade ere the summer flies,  
And a few short years—and thou art gone!

The worm in thy brightest and earliest days—  
Ay, even in thy tenderest blossom preys;

And love, like that worm, or some tyrant care,  
Gnaws into the heart, and would surfeit there,

Oh! art thou not cropp'd in thy season of  
Spring?

Placed to the breast—but yet placed to die;  
Then thrown away, like a worthless thing,

Without a pitying tear or sigh?

Alas! alas! frail beauty, 'tis thine  
To feel the compunctionless spoiler's blow,

To be laid for awhile on a glittering shrine,  
Then cast away—and to wither so!

Then vaunt thee no more in thy mirror, maid,  
Nor in eye-bright smiles thy dark tresses

braid;

Though the bloom on thy cheek may possess  
the power

To throw into shade this bright summer  
flower,

With looks of high pride learn no longer to  
prize

The laughless brilliance of those soft eyes;  
Though the amaranth freshness of heart and

mind,

In their sky blue depths of delight seems  
shrined,

Nor let the bright mirror thy young heart  
entrance,

As it dwelleth with many a lingering glance,  
Though the unsullied snow of thy bosom may

speak

Of Heaven's chastened feelings holy and meek,  
Oh! gaze not there with high rapture, while

Thy red lip is bright with a dazzling smile;  
And suffer thy bosom no longer to yearn,

And suffer thy bright cheek no longer to burn,  
With ecstatic joy, when the jewel and gem

Appear all too mean and too rayless for them;  
But turn to this rose in its fulness of bloom,

And linger beside it,—and mark its doom!

W. M.

## THE RIALTO.

From one of Mr. Roscoe's exceedingly  
interesting narratives, which eluci-  
date the splendid plates in the Land-  
scape Annual, we extract the following  
particulars of this famed bridge:—

"The present bridge of the Rialto  
was commenced in the year 1588,  
and completed in 1591; Pasquale Cicogna,  
whose arms appear in the centre of the  
arch, being then Doge of Venice. The  
design has been attributed by Vasari to  
Michel Angelo; and his assertion is  
supported by other authorities, although  
Michel Angelo died upwards of twenty  
years before the completion of the  
bridge. According to Vasari, the de-  
sign was made at the request of Andrea  
Gritti, at that time Doge of Venice.  
Many, indeed almost all the great archi-  
tects of Italy appear to have furnished  
designs for this celebrated bridge. The  
genius of Palladio and Scamozzi was  
exerted upon it, and Sansovino is  
said to have presented a design to the  
Venetians, which was prevented from  
being carried into execution by a war  
between the republic and the Turks.  
Sansovino, however, was the architect  
of the building or exchange adjoining  
the bridge of the Rialto, known by the  
name of the Fabbriche Nuove.

"Besides the historical recollections  
attaching to the old Rialto, it is known  
to have been the scene of many a  
strange and tragic event. Many an act

of appalling vengeance for private injury or hate. Hence it has offered so fertile a field of incidents for the genius of the dramatist, the novelist, and the poet; and not only to its own but to almost every European people. The most remarkable of these, like the plots of *Othello*, the *Merchant of Venice*, *Venice Preserved*, and many of those in our old dramatists, are already familiar to us; but the following incident, of a wholly domestic character, has, we believe, never yet been appropriated to scenic representation, though presenting abundant sources of interest.

"The beautiful and accomplished wife of Antonio de Ricci had long resisted the dishonourable proposals of a rich and powerful noble, allied to the family of the reigning doge. Accidentally discovering the seducer's designs, and his ceaseless importunities, the lady's husband, being known to many of their common friends, publicly charged the tempter of her honour with his base and unmanly perseverance in such a pursuit. Relying on his rank and influence, the patrician, in place of offering the least apology, declared before the assembled merchants on the Rialto, that whether agreeable or not, he was determined to carry his point; it was an affair between the lady and himself. This reply stung Antonio to the quick, and drawing his sword swift as lightning, he flew on his enemy and laid him dead at his feet. He then effected his escape, but a reward was offered for his head; and such were the misfortunes that befel his wife and family, as to reduce them to the last stage of destitution. Learning their extreme misery, and determined to afford them relief, the father and the husband secretly returned to Venice, and accompanied by his wife, two daughters, and his young son, delivered himself up bound to the officers of justice, claiming at the same time from the Council of Ten the sum due to those who brought him there alive or dead. 'That,' he exclaimed, 'is due to this woman and her daughters.' Their tears and cries, however, too truly evinced the kind of interest they took in the prisoner, and so struck were the members of the council with the boldness and magnanimity of the action, that turning to Antonio, after hearing his tale of wrongs and sufferings endured from his powerful rival, they recalled the edict against his life, and restored him to his family and his friends.

"In the year 1578, a stranger suddenly

appeared in Venice, and addressing a noble on the Rialto, inquired if he wished to view an admirable collection of paintings. He went; and after admiring them for some time, happened to cast his eyes over the chamber-door, where hung a portrait of the stranger: he gazed on it. 'This is your portrait, sir,' said the noble. The other signified his assent. 'Yet,' exclaimed the noble with surprise, 'you look only about fifty! this picture is known to be Titian's hand, who died a hundred and fifty years ago! Good God! how strange!—who are you?—is it possible?' 'It is not easy to know what is possible, or who I am,' replied the mysterious being gravely: 'It is no crime to resemble Titian's picture.'—The noble retired; he was haunted with the idea of the stranger. He went next day, and was told he had taken his departure."

#### "THERE WAS AN HOUR."

*For the Olio.*

There was an hour! There was an hour!  
Ere care had tinged my soul,  
When, through the distant future-years,  
Each pleasure seem'd to roll;  
And, in that hour, I never deem'd  
How few those pleasures were;  
Nor dreamt that scenes so sweetly drawn  
Could vanish into air!

There was an hour, when Love had wreath'd  
His roses on my brow;  
And then I scarcely saw the thorns  
That wound so keenly now;  
I deem'd the opening buds would grow  
To flowers as sweet as fair;  
For I thought that blights could scarcely throw  
Their with'ring poison there!

There was an hour, when gentle Peace  
Seem'd smiling on my way;  
But I saw not half the mazy paths,  
Through which my progress lay;  
I thought the heart that would incline  
To meditation's cell,  
Might there in quiet 'scape the storms  
Which trouble's blasts compel.

There was an hour, when Fancy fired  
My yearning soul anew;  
And, on fair Fiction's golden wings  
Imagination flew!  
And I thought the active scenes she gave  
Might well divided be;  
The dark ones to Oblivion's cave,—  
The brighter ones to me!

There was an hour! There was an hour!  
When Truth compell'd my ear,  
To leave the siren Hope's sweet lay,  
Her darker tales to hear;  
When, from my spell-bound eyes she cast  
The gorgeous mist they drew,  
And, driving for th' enchanted scene,  
Display'd a caried view!

There was an hour—oh! sad to tell!  
When love itself could pain;  
And I found that roses, when they're dead,  
Can never bloom again!

When I saw, that cank'ring blights may cause  
The sweetest to decay;  
And that budding blossoms, frequently,  
Die withering away.

There was an hour, when trouble came,  
Like a whirlwind from the air,  
To tear me from my dearest joys,  
And every prospect fair:  
When I learnt that life has more of cloud  
Than of sunshine in its day,  
And that he most feels the gloom who most  
Depended on the ray!

There was an hour, when Fancy's self  
Seem'd sinking from my breast;  
And I felt how lonely 'tis to be—  
By the inward glow unblessed!  
Oh! dark as the deep to Noah's dove,  
When she sought the green-bough tree,  
Was this gloomy solitude of thought,  
In place of my dreams, to me!

There is an hour! There is an hour!  
That sometimes, yet, I know;  
When the joys I've known come mingled with  
Some trace of their early glow:  
When the flowers of love seem blooming still,  
In the sun of the summer sky;  
And it seems (so sweet do they scent the air),  
That their fragrance cannot die!

There is an hour, that still I know,  
When Hope's composing song  
Would almost lead the heart to think  
Its unbelief was wrong!  
When Reason points to nobler themes,  
Than the dreams of youth could tell,  
And beckons on where Virtue mild,  
And meek Contentment dwell.

There is an hour (though once I deem'd  
To me that sun was set,)  
When Hope's sun its milder beams  
Sheds on me brightly yet!  
And as it down the circle tends,  
To where th' horizon lies,  
It leads thoughts where earth appears  
To mingle with the skies!

There is an hour! There is an hour!  
When holiest thoughts will spring,  
And bear the soul its loftiest flight  
Upon their sacred wing;  
Oh, they bear where Virtue, Love, and Peace,  
Their brightest charms display,  
In a beam of bliss that shall not cease  
Through Heav'n's eternal day!

R. JARMAN.

## THE CHARMS OF A FIRST SUIT.

BY A TOM-BOY.  
For the Ollio.

Behold! I have money in both pockets.

TELL me not of the proud arrivals to manhood when the heir comes into his estates and titles; tell me not of the glories which the miser feels, like those of the Jew in Ivanhoe that drops delightedly the genuine shechins into his weighty bag, ringing melody to his ear and sanguine soul. Nothing in natural existence exceeds the heartfelt joy which the boy exults in, when he throws off the nursery coil and flings the infant robes disdainfully aside for ever; when he puts on the new 'Birth Day' suit, the talking subject of the last

year, and fruitive promise of his parents realised. However much the looking-glass is peeped into with complacent glances; though the new shoes hit the floor cloth and skip over the carpets with no merciful touches or unwearied flights: though the braided jacket or frock coat is a most promising garment, and the waistcoat, with its braces, a pretty ornamental covering for the chest; yet the trousers are the *tout au fait*—the trousers are the subject of rapturous exultation! Behold the pockets! How large and deep! Each hand plunged in arm-depth on each side, and with self-sufficient stride the finger tips fathom the vacuum; and the mind is already in possession of the stores given by parents and relatives. Let's see? Uncle and aunt—so much. Thomas the bachelor, and Timothy the merchant—so much. Grandmother and Miss Davies—so much. How rich I shall be. I wonder if the pockets will hold it all! Thus, the fists seem to clench the imagined stores and the treasure with impatience, is in perspective. The old maxim hinted at, and which is a paradox to a youth, is 'mind the money burns not a hole in your pocket!' "Impossible, sir."

Worthy reader!—thou art a misgiving creature if thou wilt not be reminded of this, when thou wert wont to strut in 'no borrowed plumes,' and thy sum of gift-tokens was not 'grievously to be borne,' but almost too great for thy headpiece and arithmetic to count.—Didst thou not fetch the silver sixpences new from the mint, and the coppers out of their hiding-places, and jingle them together, even at church to the annoyance of thy devotional nurse? and, when after persuasions as strong as arguments, thou wast advised to put thy birth-day suit collection into a slit mouthed box to save thee from ruin and a spendthrift choice; but, in defiance, as a right, an inalienable privilege, thou didst venture to the toyshop, and tumbling the said shop topsy-turvy, swagger home with a drum, a sword, and a bugle, in the superb dignity of a liege soldier. Thy grandfather's walking stick was abandoned and the rattle discarded. Whatever those around thee thought of the discord, thy noise was beaten in greater harmony to thy ear; and the supplies of thy pockets yet wrought more tricks and whimsies than a brief sentence can depict. Such, however, are some of the pleasures of a new suit to a boy. And a sigh will be drawn forth when the money is

brought out of the diptote into only *one pocket*. Yet, for all this, the clown may boast of his side slips gulping all its thefts; the Haarlem goblins may have hidden pigmires in theirs; the Cap of Fortunatus may have held plenteous marvels; but, for times past, present and to come, there's nothing like the first day of wearing a large pair of trousers with a voluminous pair of pockets, and always a 'splendid shilling' in each of them. In proportion to the stingy saving or prodigal dispersion of their contents, so may a youth's character in some degree be craniologised for his future destination. P.

### THE STORY OF A LEGACY.

*For the Olio.*

Concluded from p. 363.

It was a dark and comfortless night; the wind was up, and swept over field and forest in fitful wailings; the moon peered from out her cloudy mantle but at intervals. The high-road had become nearly deserted, and the by-paths fearsome and lonely. Henderson pursued his way uninterrupted, musing on the nocturnal prospect revealed by the casual glimpses of the moon. He had arrived at within one mile and a half of Rainstow, when he was startled by the intemperate laughs and furious riding of some horsemen behind him. He had scarcely time to leave the path clear for them, ere they came up with him; when he discovered them to be Squire Rockton and his uncle George Yeateley, the former in a state of considerable elevation, and the latter deeply intoxicated. They were no less remiss, however, in recognising Frederick, by his voice, and the nature of the answers he returned to their temulent interrogatories. Resuming their pace, they galloped onwards, leaving Henderson, not without some forebodings, the origin of which he could not satisfactorily determine.

There was a footpath over the fields which led to Ashby,—a dangerous route after nightfall, on account of a narrow and unguarded bridge, which was merely a plank laid across a frightful chasm called Holm-bank Quarry, an excavation which had many years before been worked for stone; but so deep and dismal had it become, that it was discontinued. A stagnant pool had formed at the bottom, which was overhung by spontaneous trees of long growth, whose tops closed over the noisome water, and, with some slight exception, hid it from

observance. The depth, from the edge of this terrible pit to its bottom, was nearly thirty feet; its width about ten—occupying to its extremities a nook of ground which was enclosed with high fences. The rock at intervals protruded considerably; and the various holes and interstices afforded shelter to the fox, the badger, the marten, and other vermin; in fact, so unapproachable and secluded an asylum did its ruggedness afford, that it was almost invariably the last retreat of poor Reynard when dogged closely by the hounds; the difficulty of getting at the holes precluding the possibility of their being effectually closed up by the earth-stopper: and it was over this appalling gulf that so frail and temporary a bridge had been thrown as to deter any inhabitant of the vicinity from passing that way after dark; and there was no danger of its proving hazardous to strangers, the unfrequented and unknown path being familiar only to those of the neighbourhood. But Henderson was unfortunately an exception; he had invariably taken that road at night, its proximity to Ashby being half a mile nearer than that of the high-road, and the solitariness of the fields suiting more with his disposition.

This fact was known to his uncle Yeateley, for he had aforetime warned him of the risk in taking that route in the dark; but it now left his lips in the shape of an angry wish, of which his sober judgment would have been ashamed, that his nephew's foot might that night miss the plank,—an expression which suggested to Rockton the manner of Henderson's death. He knew well that Yeateley would not second such a design, and he therefore left him, while the latter, growing more and more insensible with the quantity of liquor he had imbibed, unconsciously let go the bridle of his trusty mare, which bore him to his residence at Beechwood Park.

That most expressive phrase in the indictment for murder, 'prompted thereto by the devil,' conveys a no less true than fearful idea of the facility with which such crimes are suggested and perpetrated, a remark which was verified in the contriving of the death of Henderson by the sanguinary Squire. It should be observed, however, that he was half intoxicated when he formed the determination of loosening the plank laid across Holm-bank Quarry, and thus ensuring the perishing of his victim. He had resolved to accomplish this demon-

like act himself; but circumstances threw in his way an agent fully efficient to the compassing of such an inhuman project. Riding forwards, he came in contact with a desperate character, known by the name of "Iron Jack." He was a burglar and incendiary of a long standing; and had escaped the gallows no fewer than three times. There was scarcely a farmer in that neighbourhood whose granary or larder he had not robbed; and the last crime of which he had been morally guilty, though the law had failed to bring it home to him, was the firing of Topton Mill. This casual meeting with, and riding by the side of Squire Rockton at so late an hour, made him more impudent and familiar. He was mounted on a fleet hack, which he had deprived of its shoes, thus rendering his course the more noiseless, and favouring him in his felonious reconnoiterings and escapes.

Squire Rockton, knowing his business admitted of no delay, was not long in broaching his designs to this villain, and soliciting his aid in their execution, which was gained by the promise of reward. They were both in a condition the reverse of being sober, and their plan was accordingly matured with but little deliberation. Spurring their horses across the intervening fields, they soon arrived at the gloomy nook of Holm-bank Quarry, where, kneeling down, in the presence of his guilty abettor, with the slow and tremulous caution of inebriation, Iron Jack laid hold of, and completely dislodged the fatal plank, leaving it resting at one end, on the slender roots of a young ash growing on the verge of the quarry. This task accomplished, they hurried their horses back to the high-road, and made the best of their way homewards.

A quarter of an hour only had elapsed before Frederick arrived at Holm-bank Quarry. A few stars twinkled in the sky,—the night wind howled over desert-like fields—and the wailing of the the bitter was heard on the doleful blast. Frederick tarried for a moment at the foot of the specious snare which was shortly to precipitate him into eternity; dismal apprehensions of death and annihilation involuntarily crept over him; he startled at some "coming sound," which his cooler perception demonstrated to be but the falling of a shrivelled leaf from the chesnut, which, dropping into the black and yawning pit below him, rustled against the several branches of its trees; and which,

though a trifling incident, added to the terrors of the dark and dangerous quarry.

His hour had come;—moving forwards, he placed his foot on the deceitful plank, which bore his weight for about a second,—when, breaking away from its support, it descended beneath the feet of Frederick Henderson, and precipitately whirled him into almost the centre of the chasm. Instinctively stretching forth his hand in his descent, he caught hold of the topmost twigs of a rotten sapling, which snapped like threads of spun glass in his grasp:—he fell through the crackling branches of the decaying trees, and his head coming in collision with the abutting rock, his brains were dashed out, and his body dropped into the pool below, the revolting surface of which closed over his mangled remains!

Such was the untimely doom of Frederick Henderson. His murderers survive; but their wretched existence is a death in life,—the curse of Heaven is upon them; and days of despair, and nights of wandering, point out to the surrounding peasantry the sleepless penitents in the moving tragedy of the "Story of a Legacy." G. Y. H.—N.

#### COMMENTS OF A READER.

*For the Olivo.*

##### *The Poetry of Delta.*

On every gentler scene  
That moves the human breast,  
Pathetic and serene,  
Thine eye delights to rest.

A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

THAT the periodical works of the present times materially contribute to irradiate our literature, and to call forth every gem of native talent, few will deny; but how far this species of light and desultory reading tends to invigorate the public mind, and direct its purity and chastity, is a question that admits of some discussion. It is evident, however, that this important charge—the guardianship of the national taste—is vested in the hands of the periodicals; for the *mobile vulgus*, always panting after novelty, finds in these attractive works, served up monthly between red, yellow, and drab-coloured envelopes, an intellectual banquet, suited to the most fastidious epicure. Whilst this all-directing power is readily conceded, it must be lamented, that it is frequently abused—as frivolity, and sometimes absolute nothingness, seem to characterise many of our periodical writers. An elegant

turn of expression, a felicitous phrase, or an apt alliteration, is their only aim, disregarding the far nobler substance of idea, and studying only to indite "words of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Delta, with many others, deserve honourable mention, as brilliant exceptions to the above general remark. It need scarcely be observed, that this "pyramidal bard" is identified in the person of David Macbeth Moir, a gentleman educated in the medical profession. As the personal history of no incognito writer of equal celebrity is so little known, it may not be irrelevant to introduce a few biographical particulars, the substance of which is gleaned from a northern periodical.

He is a native of Musselburgh, at which place he received the rudiments of his education. The medical profession having been fixed on, he entered into indentures with a surgeon, and finished his studies at Edinburgh, where he obtained his diploma at the early age of 18. In 1820 he formed a partnership with Dr. Brown of Musselburgh, at which place he still continues to reside. Dr. Moir first appeared on the arena of literature, in a letter relative to Phrenology, which was published in *Blackwood*, and Delta made his bow, as early as 1810, since which time he has been a large contributor in every department to that singular work. It would be a difficult task to particularise even a small portion of his lucubrations, scattered as they are through so many pages; neither am I aware of his having produced any lengthy work, by which a strict estimate may be formed of his talents. In his *Poemlets*, he has displayed exquisite skill, and brilliancy and fidelity of colouring in his landscapes and views of nature's loveliness. There is a rich mellowness and dreamy softness about his sketches, on which the mind loves to repose. They are literally studded over with images of visible beauty. He possesses the merits of Wordsworth, without partaking of his faults. He strikes the lyre as nature's poet, the pencil of human life, presenting neither the stern unsocial monsters of Byron, the spirit-stirring scenes and border chivalry of Scott, the depth and pathos of Crabbe, the effulgence and sprightliness of Moore, nor the metaphysical peculiarities of Coleridge and Wordsworth. As a poet, his verse is always clear and harmonious, his imagery pleasing and elegant, and his themes, though of infinite

variety, are uniformly treated with a grace, originality, and judgment, that mark the master hand. In speaking thus highly of Delta's poetry, it must not be disguised, that we frequently meet with trite reflections and acknowledged truisms; take for example the following:—

Yea, all must change. We cannot stay;  
The spoiler, Time, with onward sway,  
All human pride defaces;  
A few brief years revolve, and then  
We are no more, and other men  
Shall occupy our places!

Perfection, unhappily, belongs not to mortals. The slight clouds that occasionally flit across his scenes by no means detract from their general beauty. Many of the criticisms in *Blackwood* are from the pen of Delta; their appearance, under the venerable auspices of the sage Buchanan,\* is a guarantee of their excellence. The Gipsy of Leebretzin, a Hungarian Tale; The Shaving Shop, a laughable sketch; and the Auto-biography of Mansie Wauch, —fond, good, honest, simple Mansie, claim, I believe, Dr. Moir as their author. H. INCH.

### Historic Records.

WITCHES — CONJURORS — ENCHANTERS  
AND ASTROLOGERS.

For the Olio.

"Regard not them that have familiar spirits,  
neither seek after wizards to be defiled by  
them."

It is a remarkable trait in history, that in many instances pretenders to enchantments, astrology, divination, &c. are, though prohibited from practising with their spells, proved to have been possessed of the power of seeing them fulfilled. This very plan has been adopted by Sir Walter Scott in his *Romances*, and which is considered to be rather objectionable than otherwise, as giving examples of second sight being realized, and gaining disciples to a belief in superstitious omens and phantoms, doing no good whatever either to literature or society. Be this as it may, however, there are instances gathered from the people of other days in this article that may elucidate and warn the credulous reader.

*Vitellius* banished all astrologers out of Italy, enacting that if any remained they should be put to death.

*Domitian*, who enacted the same, yet in his old age, being full of fears, he sent for an astrologer and asked him about his death; the astrologer told

\* Alluding to his portrait on the wrapper.

him that it was near at hand. Then he asked him what he thought of himself? He told him that "his destiny was, that shortly he should be torn in pieces with dogs." Domitian, to prove him a liar, commanded him to be slain and his body to be burnt; but while it was burning a tempest quenched the fire, and so his body, half burned, was devoured by dogs.

*Constantine* forbade all to ask counsel of witches, or to use the help of charms, or sorcerers, on pain of death.

*Saul*, when he sought to the witch at Endor, instead of finding comfort, was told of his utter ruin and destruction.

*Natholicus*, the 31st King of the Scots, who had usurped the crown, sent a trusty friend to a famous witch, to know what success he should have in his kingdom? and how long he should live? The witch answered, that he should shortly be murdered—not by an enemy, but by his friend. The messenger instantly inquired, "By what friend?"—"By thyself," said the witch. The messenger at first abhorred the thought of such villany; but afterwards, considering that it was not safe to reveal the witch's answer, and yet that it could not be concealed, he resolved rather to kill the king, to the content of many, than to hazard the loss of his own head. On which, at his return, being in secret with the king, to declare to him the reply of the witch, he suddenly slew him.

*Cleomedes*, a great conjurer in Rome, having practised the death of many little children, their parents sought revenge on him, who, to shun their fury, shut himself in a coffer; but when it was broken open, he had disappeared.

*Piso*, being accused by Tiberius for bewitching Germanicus to death, instead of defending himself cut his own throat.

There was in Denmark, one *Otto*, a great magician and pirate, who used to pass the seas without ship or vessel; and by his diabolical art to raise storms and drown his enemies; but at last, being overmatched by one that was more expert than himself, he was lost in the seas.

There was a conjurer in Saltzburg, who attempted to gather together all the serpents thereabouts in a ditch, and to feed them there; but as he was practising his art, he was stung to death by them.

The governor of Mascon, a great magician, as he was at dinner with some company, was snatched away by an enemy, hoisted in the air, and carried

thrice round the town, to the great surprise of the inhabitants, to whom he cried in vain for help.

*Anno Christi* 1437, in the reign of Charles the Seventh, King of France, St. Giles of Britain, High Constable of France, was a wicked magician, having murdered about 160 infants and pregnant women, with whose blood he wrote books full of horrible conjurations, which, being proved against him, he was adjudged to be hanged and burnt to death.

*Picus Mirandula* writes that, in his time, a conjurer promised a certain prince, that he would present to him the siege of Troy, with Hector and Achilles fighting together as when they were alive; but as he was operating he suddenly disappeared whence none could tell.

The Lord of Orne in Loraine, when noblemen or gentlemen came to visit him, used to serve them very honourably with dainty dishes and viands, but when they departed they found their stomachs empty, having eaten nothing. On a time a lord's servant going from thence, having forgotten something behind him, went back, and suddenly entering the hall, found a monkey beating the lord of the house that had feasted them. Others reported that he had been seen through a chink of a door lying with his stomach along the table, and a monkey scourging him, to whom he would say, "Let me alone, wilt thou always thus torment me?" At last he fell into so great misery and beggary, that he was fain to get into an hospital in Paris, where he ended his wretched life.

*Wierus* says, A. C. 1530, there was in Nuremberg a popish priest, that studied the black art, who coveting riches, Satan shewed him through a crystal, treasures hidden in a part of the city. Thither, therefore, did the priest go with a companion, and having dug a hollow pit, he perceived in the bottom a coffer, with a great black dog lying by it, which, while he beheld, the earth fell on him and crushed him to death.

*C. Agrippa* was a necromancer, and was always accompanied (says P. Jovius) with a familiar spirit, in the shape of a black dog. But when his end approached he took off the enchanted collar from the dog's neck, saying, "Get thee hence thou accursed beast, which hast utterly destroyed me!" After which the dog was never seen, and he died a miserable death.

*Zoroastres*, King of Bactria, an



astrologer and magician, was burnt to death (says Theat) by the devil.

A. c. 1578, one Simon Pembroke of St. George's, London, was suspected to be a conjurer, and used to erect figures, for which he was called in question; but while he was before the judge, he fell down and died, having some conjuring books about him.

*Julian the Apostate*, sending to Delphos to inquire of the devil the success of his Parthian war; while his ambassadors were there, fire descended and destroyed Apollo's Temple, and beat his image to pieces, like to the lightest and smallest dust.

*Tindal*, in his *Life*, says, "being present where a conjurer was, he hindered him so that he could not play his pranks. *"A saint's presence may hinder Satan's elbow-room from doing his tricks."* PYLADES.

### Illustrations of History.

*For the Olio.*

#### ROMAN STANDARDS.

The principal standard of each legion was an eagle, and the ensign of a maniple was either a dragon, a wolf, or a sphinx; the heads always turned in the direction of the enemy. The sculptured ensigns on the column of Trajan at Rome have these devices.

#### ROMAN DISCIPLINE.

The military discipline of the Romans was a perfect model of regularity. When on a march in an enemy's country, a centurion went before with the advanced guard, to choose a fit place for the camp, which was generally on some eminence, and contiguous to a river. The most elevated spot was marked out for the *prætorium*, or pavilion for the general. Its form was circular, and the top was surmounted by a white flag. A legion originally consisted of 3,000 cavalry, but Caius Marius augmented the number to 6,200.

#### ABANDONMENT OF BRITAIN BY THE ROMANS.

The Romans finally abandoned Britain in the year 410. Long before their departure they had quite exhausted the population by repeated levies of men, for the defence of their own empire on the continent. Gildas tells us, that in consequence of these continued draughts the Island was left nearly defenceless.

#### DREAD OF INVASION.

In the reign of Edward the Third, the

inhabitants of the Isle of Wight, dreading an invasion by the French, prepared to quit the island; but that stern monarch compelled them to remain, on pain of forfeiting their goods and estates.

#### ARTHUR PLANTAGENET.

This nobleman, who was an illegitimate son of Edward the Fourth, and created by that monarch Viscount Lisle, was governor of Calais in the reign of Henry the Eighth; but having been accused of a design to deliver up the place to the French, he was thrown into prison. The charge, however, was discovered to be unfounded, and Henry, to make reparation for the governor's disgrace, sent him a valuable ring and a most gracious message. The Viscount was overwhelmed with surprise and joy, which so acted upon a constitution already shattered by a charge as tremendous as it was untrue, that he expired on the night following.

#### EDWARD EARL OF RUTLAND.

Many heavy armed men must have formerly perished in battle without receiving a wound, in consequence of their being unable to rise without assistance when unhorsed or overthrown. Edward Earl of Rutland led the van of the English at the battle of Agincourt; but being a heavy, corpulent man, he was overturned and stifled in the throng.

#### FATAL EXPEDITION.

In the year 1488, Sir Edward Wydeville, captain of the Isle of Wight, embarked at St. Helen's, with forty men-at-arms and 400 yeomen, whom he had raised in the island, and sailed to assist the Duke of Brittany against the French monarch. Each man was clothed in a white coat with a red cross. This gallant company was destined never to return: Sir Edward and his troop fell in the battle of Saint Aubin's, and one lad only escaped to tell the sad tidings.

A.

#### The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-pook,  
M. W. of Windsor.

#### ATTORNEIES.

We are told, that, in the year 1588, an attorney went over to the Isle of Wight to settle there, which aroused the indignation of the inhabitants, who would never permit their island to be polluted with such a being as a lawyer. Sir George Carey, who was at that time governor of the Island, ordered this unlucky wight to be hunted back with

bells about his legs, "and a pounce of lighted candles hanging at his breech."

#### A PROPHECY.

In the year 1538, one Forest, a friar, was burnt, or rather roasted, over a fire in Smithfield, for denying the king's supremacy. Just before his execution, a huge image, called Darvel Gatheram, that had been sent out of Wales, was brought to the place to assist in making the fire. The Welch had a prophecy that this image would set a forest on fire, which was fulfilled in the burning of this unfortunate man.

#### "A GUILTY CONSCIENCE REQUIRES NO ACCUSER."

In the nineteenth year of the reign of Henry the Eighth, during the Christmas festivities, a play, written by a gentleman named Roe, was performed at Gray's Inn, which represented, says the Chronicle, "Lord *Governance* ruled by Dissipation and Negligence, by whose evil order Lady *Publick Weale* was put from governance." Cardinal Wolsey took this play as a satire upon himself, and committed Roe, who was a serjeant at law, to the Fleet prison, although the play was written many years before the Cardinal was raised to such high authority. A.

#### ORIGIN OF MALT LIQUORS.

The invention of malt-liquor appears to have originated from the attention which an eastern monarch paid to the health of his army; as both Hippocrates and Xenophon inform us, that Cyrus, having called his soldiers together, exhorted them to drink water wherein parched barley had been steeped, which they called *Maza*. In all probability this was to counteract the bad effects of impure water in warm climates, as Pliny states, that if water be nitrous, brackish, and bitter, by putting fried barley-meal into it, it will in less than two hours be purified and sweet, and that it may then be drank with safety; and this, says he, is the reason that barley-meal is generally put in bags and strainers through which we pass our wines, that they may be refined and drawn the sooner. This information may be serviceable to nautical men, and to those who travel in tropical climates.

#### OFFICE OF PUBLIC PRICKER.

Sir W. Scott, in his work on Demonology, says:—"The celebrated mode of detecting witches, and torturing

them at the same time, to draw forth confession, was, by running pins into their body, on pretence of discovering the devil's stigma, or mark, which was said to be inflicted by him upon all his vassals, and to be insensible to pain. This species of search, the practice of the infamous Hopkins, was in Scotland reduced to a trade; and the young witchfinder was allowed to torture the accused party, as if in exercise of a lawful calling, although Sir George Mackenzie stigmatises it as a horrid imposture. I observe in the Collections of Mr. Pitcairn, that at the trial of Janet Peaston of Dalkeith, the magistrates and ministers of that market town caused John Kincaid of Tranent, the common pricker, to exercise his craft upon her, who found two marks of what he called the devil's making, and which appeared indeed to be so, for she could not feel the pin when it was put into either of the said marks, nor did they (the marks) bleed when they were taken out again; and when she was asked where she thought the pins were put in, she pointed to a part of her body distant from the real place. They were pins of three inches in length."—Besides the fact, that the persons of old people especially sometimes contain spots void of sensibility, there is also room to believe that the professed prickers used a pin, the point or lower part of which was, on being pressed down, sheathed in the upper, which was hollow for the purpose, and that which appeared to enter the body did not pierce it at all. But, were it worth while to dwell on a subject so ridiculous, we might recollect, that in so terrible an agony of shame as is likely to convulse a human being under such a trial, and such personal insults, the blood is apt to return to the heart, and a slight wound, as with a pin, may be inflicted, without being followed by blood. In the latter end of the seventeenth century, this childish, indecent, and brutal practice, began to be called by its right name. Fountainhall has recorded, that in 1678 the Privy Council received the complaint of a poor woman who had been abused by a country magistrate, and one of those impostors called prickers. They expressed high displeasure against the presumption of the parties complained against, and treated the pricker as a common cheat."

#### BEER.

That the ancients were acquainted with wine is universally known. The

knowledge must have been nearly coeval with the origin of society; for we are informed in Genesis that Noah, after the flood, planted a vineyard, and made wine, and got intoxicated by drinking the liquid which he had manufactured. Beer also is a very old manufacture. It was in common use among the Egyptians in the time of Herodotus, who informs us that they made use of a kind of wine made from barley, because no vines grew in their country. Tacitus informs us, that in his time it was the drink of the Germans. Pliny informs us that it was made by the Gauls, and by other nations. He gives it the name of *cerevisia* or *cervisia*; the name obviously alluding to the grain from which it was made.

But though the ancients seem acquainted with both wine and beer, there is no evidence of their having ever subjected these liquids to distillation, and of having collected the products. This would have furnished them with ardent spirits, or alcohol, of which there is every reason to believe they were entirely ignorant.

#### DYEING.

Idmon, the father of Arachne, is said to have been the inventor of dyeing, and it is related, that the discovery of the purple dye was owing to a dog, which, having caught one of the purple fishes among the rocks, in eating it stained his mouth and beard with the precious liquor; the hue thus acquired struck the fancy of a Tyrian nymph so strongly, that she refused her lover Hercules any favours till he had brought her a mantle of the same colour.

The dye of Tyre became celebrated in all nations, and this city appears to have kept the art within its own walls for many ages. It was esteemed as precious as pure gold, and seldom used but by kings and princes, or in the vestures of the priests. Private persons were forbidden by the laws of most countries to wear the least scrap of it.

#### Fine Arts.

*Illustrations of the Winter's Wreath for 1831.* Whittaker & Co. London, and Smith, Liverpool.

Upon looking into this finished volume, it is with mingled feelings of pride and gratification, that we are enabled with truth to pronounce it equal

to any of its rivals. The paintings are of a very superior character, and the subjects are tastefully diversified. The frontispiece, "An English Flower," after Hargreaves, by Robinson, is a graceful and spirited portrait. Benjamin West's "Three Maries at the Tomb of Christ," by Smith, wants force; it hardly conveys a trace of the vigorous style of the President; nevertheless the engraving is not without merit. Linton's "Delos," by Miller, is superb: the birth-place of Apollo and Diana will never be more skillfully portrayed. The "Cathedral of Antwerp," by Radclyffe, after Wild, is extremely clever; the architectural beauties of this fine gothic structure are depicted with great power and fidelity. "Cologne on the Rhine," by S. Austen, engraved by Goodall, would form an admirable companion plate to Nash's "Ghent" in the *Souvenir*; they are worthy of each other, which is the highest praise that can be given to either. "The Cottage Farm Yard," by Smith, after Barker, gives token of much promise. "La Huerfana de Leon" is a pretty drawing poorly executed; it appears to us that the engraver has been making experiments and has failed. "The Deluge," by Brandard, after Mosses (we believe the brother of the clever wood engraver) is a fearful subject, treated with considerable skill; had it not been for the clumsy figure clinging to a mass of rock in the foreground, we should have given it unqualified praise: the style is good and the execution free and powerful. "Saint Cecilia," after Andrea Celesti, by Robins, is not a picture to our taste; however, the composition is ingenious, and the engraving is soft and clear. "The Bandit's Home," by Millar, after Barber, is a brilliant and glowing picture; such a scene is well adapted for the haunt of wild and lawless spirits, who live by predatory acts, and dread mankind: too much praise cannot be given to this picture. "The Mother," after Westall, by Finden, is pretty; but it has all the mannerism of the artist. "Dovedale," after Barber, by Brandard, is a delightful work of art: this picture is remarkable for its accuracy, as well as for the skilful management of the distance. In dismissing this charming volume we have only to observe, that the illustrations reflect the highest credit upon the artists; and that they far surpass any that have preceded them in the *WINTER'S WREATH*.

## Customs of Various Countries.

### SUPERSTITIOUS PRACTICE OF THE ROMAN AGRICULTURISTS.

That Italy was not free from the most absurd superstition, even in the most enlightened days of the Roman empire, we have an instance in the manner of their cultivating millet. Sparrows and other small birds are apt to make great havock in fields of millet; to prevent which the Roman farmers carried a toad round the field, after it was sown, and before it was harrowed. The reptile was then put in an earthen pot, and buried in the middle of the field. This they were assured, would protect the root from the worm, and the seed from birds. The toad was always dug up before the millet was cut, the neglect of which, they believed, would cause the seed to be bitter.

### Ancientiana.

#### HARDIHOOD OF BEARS.

The following anecdote, which evinces the hardihood of bears, is related in the recently published voyage round the world, performed in the years 1823-4-5, by Otto Von Kotzebue.

"Fish," said the navigator, "forms their chief nourishment, and which they procure for themselves from the rivers, was last year excessively scarce. A great famine consequently existed among them, and instead of retiring to their dens, they wandered about the whole winter through, even in the streets of St. Peter and St. Paul, (Kamschatka.) One of them, finding the outer gate of a house open, entered, and the gate accidentally closed after him. The woman of the house had just placed a large tea-machine, full of boiling water, in the court; the bear smelt to it, and burned his nose; provoked at the pain, he vented all his fury upon the kettle, folded his fore-paws round it, pressed it with his whole strength against his breast to crush it, and burnt himself, of course, still more and more. The horrible growl which rage and pain forced from him, brought all the inhabitants of the house and neighbourhood to the spot, and poor Bruin was soon despatched by shots from the windows. He has, however, immortalized his memory, and become a proverb amongst the town's-people; for when any one injures himself by his own violence, they call him 'the bear with the tea-kettle.'"

### PRINCE TALLEYRAND.

The prince is well known to be one of the wittiest men of his day; and wit upon one's-self is the best defence against the satire of others. A newspaper correspondent giving an account of the prince's landing at Dover, expressed his surprise at seeing in Talleyrand, whom he had expected to look nothing but the cunning diplomatist, "the countenance of an open, candid, and honest character." This was shewn to Talleyrand, who coolly remarked,—"It must have been, I suppose, in consequence of the dreadful sickness I experienced in coming over."

### A SORRY JOKE.

In the year 1418, the French made a descent upon the Isle of Wight, for the purpose, as they said, of "keeping Christmas;" but they were boldly met by the islanders, and repulsed with considerable loss. A.

### A TURKISH HIGH-FLYER.

In England many times, at various periods, has curiosity been excited by the exhibition of persons flying from church steeples and other elevated places to the ground. Nearly a century ago royalty was attracted to St. Martin's in the Fields, to witness a descent of this nature. The feat, whatever other merit it may possess, does not possess that of novelty, for it appears from an old ballad in the British Museum, that as early as the 1650, a Turkish rope-dancer flew to the ground from the top of St. Paul's cathedral. We subjoin the three first stanzas of the ballad:—

A mortal there is, come out of the East,

A mortal of great fame;

He looks like a man, for he is no beast,

Yet he has never a Christen name.

Some say he's a Turk: some call him a Jew;

For ten that belie him, scarce one tells true;

Let him be what he will, 'tis all one to you.

But yet he shall be a Turk.

This Turk, as I said in the verse before,

Is a very fine tawny thing;

If I tell you his gifts, you can ask no more,

He can fly without any wing.

He towers like a falcon over the people,

Before he comes down, he's as high as Paul's steeple,

'Tis strange he makes not himself a creeple

But yet he shall be a Turk.

On a sloping cord he'll go, you'll see,

Even from the very ground;

Fall ninety feet high, where I would not be,

Tho' you'd give me a thousand pound.

First he stands and makes faces and looks down

below,

Would I had twopence for each could not do

so;

By my faith I'd never make ballad mo,

But yet he shall be a Turk.

## Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, November 24.

*St. John of the Cross, Confessor, A.D. 1591.—Sun rises 47m after 7—sets 12m after 4.*

*November 24, 1639.*—The first transit of Venus over the sun's disc ever observed, was seen on this day by Jeremiah Horrox, at Hool, an obscure village 15 miles north of Liverpool; and at the same time, according to his directions, by his friend William Crabtree, at Manchester. Horrox died in 1641, in the 23d year of his age. He wrote an account of his observations, which was published several years after his death, under the title of "*Venus sole visa*," by Hevelius, an astronomer of Dantzic; and his other writings by Flamsteed, in the Philosophical Transactions, 1675.

Thursday, November 25.

*St. Erasmus, Irish Bishop.—High Water 7m aft 9 Morn—45m aft 9 Aftern.*

*November 25, 1766.*—Expired Dr. Zachary Grey, author of a Commentary on Shakspeare, Notes on Hudibras, and other miscellaneous writings. Having named Butler's comic burlesque poem in this place, it may not be amiss to introduce here an anecdote of the witty author. When "*Hudibras*" first appeared, it became at once a general favourite, and the merry monarch Charles II. was never without a copy of it in his pocket. The Earl of Dorset, who was considered as the Mæcenas of his time, concluding that the author of so inimitable a work must be as amusing in his discourse as fascinating in his writings, expressed a desire to Mr. Fleetwood Shepherd, to spend an evening in Butler's company. Accordingly, Mr. Shepherd brought them together at a tavern, as if by accident, and without naming his lordship's quality to the poet. Mr. Butler, while the first bottle was drinking, appeared very fat and heavy; at the second bottle brisk and lively, full of wit and learning, and a most pleasant and agreeable companion; but before the third bottle was finished, he sunk again into such deep stupidity and dulness, that hardly any body could have believed him to be the author of a book which abounded with so much wit, learning, and pleasantry. Next morning, when Mr. Shepherd asked his lordship's opinion of Mr. Butler, the Earl answered, "He is like a nine-pin, little at both ends, but great in the middle."

Friday, November 26.

*St. Conrad, Confessor, A.D. 976.—Sun rises 50m after 7—sets 9m after 4.*

*November 26, 1796.*—The storm which raged so generally at this period in England, was severely felt at Weymouth; seven vessels were lost in the western bay; nearly 1600 bodies were thrown up at different times along the beach, 300 were buried at one time; the bodies would have bred a pestilence but for the assistance of the Gloucester militia, who aided in burying them; the vessels were heavily laden with troops and merchandize for the West Indies.

Saturday, November 27.

*St. Secundin, Irish Bishop, A.D. 447.—High Water 11h 31m Morn—0h 0m Aftern.*

*November 27, 1755.*—At Long Benton, near Newcastle, a violent shock resembling an earthquake was experienced on this day, which disjoined all the houses in the town (though built of stone). The alarmed inhabitants fled into the street, which opened and closed again from one extremity to the other; a gentleman's garden sunk two feet, and many parts of Killingworth-moor to the extent of two miles; happily no lives were lost. It is supposed that the cause of this extraordinary occurrence was the giving way of the pillars which supported the excavations made in Benton colliery.

Sunday, November 28.

ADVENT SUNDAY.

*Lessons for the Day—1 chapter Isaiah, morning—3 chapter Isaiah, Even.*

*November 28, 1695.*—Expired Anthony Wood, the author of the "*History and Antiquities of the University of Oxford*." He likewise wrote a history of all the learned men educated in the University of Oxford, from the year 1500 to the end of the year 1690, a work began, carried on, and finished, with incredible industry. Our author was framed by nature for the study of English history and antiquities, and it was that study which he prosecuted with unbounded perseverance. He was free from ambition, and was a signal instance of self-denial. His mode of study was even and uniform, and he spent the whole of his time for the public, which suffered an irreparable loss in the death of this learned and diligent man.

Monday, November 29.

*St. Saturninus, martyr, A.D. 257.—High Water 0h 59m Morn—26m after 11 Afternoon*

*November 29, 1822.*—Died the Rev. Archdeacon Vince, Pluvian Professor of Astronomy to the University of Cambridge. The professor was a native of Fressingfield, in Suffolk; his parents were in humble circumstances, and were unable to do much towards educating him, yet he discovered at a very early age an aptitude for mathematical studies, which fortunately obtained for him the notice of the late Mr. Tilney, and through him the assistance of more opulent patrons. By their aid he was sent to the University of Cambridge, where he ultimately obtained the highest mathematical honours. Besides his large work on Astronomy, he was author of several other mathematical publications.

Tuesday, November 30.

*St. Andrew, apostle, A.D. 330.—Full Moon, 8m after 3 Morning.*

*November 30, 1762.*—In Dodsley's Annual Register, vol. 8, we find the following curious fact recorded. A man having stolen a sheep at Mitcham, in Surrey, tied its hind legs together, and put them over his forehead to carry it away; but in getting over a gate, the sheep, it is thought, struggled, and by a sudden spring slipped its feet down to his throat; for they were found in that posture, the sheep hanging on one side of the gate, and the man dead on the other.

*In our next, The Will, Lochanvri, a Border Romance, and Lines by Lord C—to his Daughter on her Marriage.*

*Part 3<sup>d</sup>, enlarged to six numbers, will be ready with the Magazines.*

# The Olio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XXV.—Vol. VI.

Saturday, Dec. 4, 1830.



See Page 390

## Illustrated Article.

### HUMPHREY THE HOMICIDE;

A TALE OF PYPE-HALL.

BY HORACE GUILFORD.  
*For the Olio.*

#### THE CHAPLAIN'S STORY.

It was late on Christmas Eve, about sixty years ago, before the accustomed festal ceremonies which distinguish that great vigil were concluded at Pype-Hall, then the residence of Sir Humphrey Stanley, knight of the body to King Henry the Seventh. Among the various festivities peculiar to the season, the well-known Christmas gambol, consisting in change of dress between the sexes, had been freely indulged. Sir Humphrey had commanded the great gates to be kept open, and planks of the drawbridge-tower to remain lowered all day and night. Not only the peasantry, but those also of high degree, mingled in this feudal masquerade—and long after midnight, when the

knight and the chief of his guests had retired to their chambers, parties were perpetually passing and repassing the drawbridge; some returning to the hall from the different mansions they had been visiting; and others quitting it for their several homes, which, in their turn, had been recipients of masquers from Pype-Hall and the neighbourhood.

The chambers and courts were becoming comparatively hushed and lonely, when two masqued figures, attired in the costume of either sex, which, however, at this season, afforded no clue to the actual sex of either, were seen to cross the gallery which overlooked the great hall. The enormous yule-clog flamed roaring up the vast chimney, and flung an illumination brighter than daylight over the whole apartment. Quickly passing from this blaze of illumination, they quitted the gallery:

“Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found,  
In all the house was heard no human sound;  
161

A chain-droop'd lamp was flick'ring at each  
 door,  
 The arras rich, with horseman, hawk, and  
 hound,  
 Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar;  
 And the thick rushes stirr'd along the gusty  
 floor;  
 They glide like phantoms into the broad  
 hall,—  
 Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide.†

When they descended into the quadrangle, every thing looked drearily tranquil. A drowsy domestic or two crossing here and there, glanced cursorily at the pair with unwondering eyes, as they moved to the principal gateway. A deep snow, which had been cleared away from the courts, lay in a thick mantle over the battlements and turret-tops; its hard silvery bosses clung to every knosp and dripstone of the windows and parapets; the grim turban of the Saracen figure over the fountain was swelled to double dimensions by its glittering fleece; while the full moon glared over the whole, picturing the bulky towers and high walls of the quadrangles in bold reliefs of black and white; save when the hollow gusts wafted a cloud over it, or dislodged with a hissing noise portions of the snowy mass from the corbels and machicolations.

Ere they passed the outer gate, which, as we have stated, stood open, signals, apparently preconcerted, passed between them and the porter. A brief and whispered conversation ensued; the man listened and replied with an air of deep respect and interest; bowed low as they left him; and gazing after their forms as they vanished through the drawbridge-tower, he muttered,

"Felix Redmayne! thou wilt smart for this: but no matter; foul befall those that would thwart true love! I am well minded to follow them in their flight, for I'm weary of serving this passionate master of mine; but they have given me my part, and I will tarry till I have played it."

When the fugitives were clear of the moat and walls of Pype-Hall, they changed their stealthy pace for one of greater speed; and it was remarkable that the figure in female attire almost supported the other, as with rapid steps they fled over tracts of gleaming snow that crackled under their feet, and beneath oak-trees whose mighty branches were freakishly loaded with the white and sparkling enamel, forming a ghastly contrast to their black gigantic trunks. At length they reached a deep rocky

lane that led to Litchfield. The snow lay here in deep drifts, the thick trees met over their heads, and the panting breath of the male figure might be distinctly heard, amidst the pausing hoots of the owls in the Abenhall woods, or the intermitted splash of many a little well in the mossy hedge-row, whose musical voice not even the tyrant frost had been able to silence. The female now spoke as her companion paused with weariness, and the first words soon accounted for the apparent contradiction.

"Will my brave, my noble-minded Magdalene droop now? Take courage, love! it is barely a quarter of a mile to Litchfield; there horses and attendants await us—ere morn we shall be safe from thy relentless father!"

"Ay, ay!" murmured Magdalene Stanley (for it was Sir Humphrey's only daughter), "my father! thou hast indeed given me a charm against fatigue in that word. Oh! let us hasten; I am strong—quite strong, Valentine! my father may even now have discovered my escape!"

With these words Magdalene sprang forwards, and Sir Valentine Chetwynd had scarcely any further need to support her till they gained the hostel of the Barbican, situated at a little distance from the northern suburbs of Litchfield. Servants well armed, and wearing the Chetwynd livery, were waiting at the gate; to them Sir Valentine gave a few hasty directions, and then led his companion into the principal chamber of the hostel. There, though at that untimely hour, the Christmas block was blazing in full vigour; the fire-place formed a wide and lofty alcove, stretching across one entire side of the room. Within this household temple were placed, on a heavy oak table, a flagon of wine and other provisions, while the leathern hangings, stamped and glided, the thick and fresh rushes, and the glowing light playing over all, constituted a mute but cheering welcome to the fugitives of this bitter night. Sir Valentine now left Magdalene to the care of the hostess, who entered laden with different articles of dress, dry and warm, it is true, but still resembling the male attire the fair fugitive already wore. As she threw off her cloak and raised her barret-cap, both drenched with the snow-fall from the trees, Magdalene disclosed in the fire-light a figure of the loftiest beauty. There was energy—there was command in her stately face and form, though scarcely ripened

† Keats.

into womanhood; but her noble cheek was pale, and her beautiful lips compressed, and her rich tresses hung down on the loosened doublet and unbuckled belt, all dripping and dishevelled with the snow. The hostess seemed to understand her part; for restraining all needless loquacity, she respectfully assisted the young lady to exchange her dress, and then silently retired.

"The saints forgive me!" was Magdalene's faltered exclamation when she found herself alone; "the saints forgive me, if there be sin in this deed! But what sin can there be? Is not Valentine Chetwynd my equal in birth and rank?—is he not the paragon of manly goodness?—and may we not look that this deadly feud will be staunch by these irrevocable measures? I will hope," she continued, her eye kindling and her cheek glowing, "true, Sir Humphrey is fierce and terrible—but he will hear reason, at least he must listen to the king, for not even my father is higher in Henry's favour than Sir Valentine Chetwynd. His Grace will joy to see those bitter quarrels extinguished for ever, wherein he hath so often mediated in vain! My brother John is prejudiced, but he loves me well; and my mother—ah, my poor mother, I fear me, this will fall heaviest on thee."

Magdalene had risen from her seat under the excitement of her meditations; but the thought of her mother—her gentle—her confiding mother—suffering at once under her loss, and the too probable harshness of Sir Humphrey, who had been austere as a husband as well as father, dispelled at once all her bright visions, and she had sunk on the huge settle in an attitude of the deepest despondence, when Valentine re-entered, (having discarded his woman's weeds,) and hastened to her side.

He was completely armed except his head, and his armour, of German manufacture, was beautifully fluted; its several plates being embossed with the arms of the city where it was made. A cloak richly emblazoned with his family bearings was thrown over his shoulders, and he placed on the table his burgonet (that graceful helmet of the period) superbly engraved and studded, the beaver being enamelled blue and white. Short and thick curls of raven gloss retired from his lordly forehead; while the faultless regularity of his features was redeemed from the charge of effeminacy, by the complexion

of clear brown, eloquent with noble blood, that mantled over them.

"What, Magdalene, all amont? In faith I have made some error, and have stolen—save the mark! stolen my Lady's Page, who trembles at the discipline of the Buttery-hatch."

Magdalene's fine face was once more relumed at the sight and voice of her lover; and, smiling as she pointed to her disguise, asked:

"And at what Buttery-hatch is the truant Page to be disciplined? Hold the broad towers of Ingestre such gear? By yea and nay, Valentine, I will not farther in this mummerly!"

"Be satisfied, my beautiful! retain it but for this night, and yon moon"—(he said, as the planet emerging from a cloud played through the lozenged casement and showed the snowy steeples and houses of the city,)—"yon moon shall not be half so brilliant as the mistress of Ingestre to-morrow. Thou fearest not a distant journey, though at this wild season, if it will place us beyond the arm of Sir Humphrey's vengeance!"

"With Valentine at my side, I can fear nothing; and an angry father is less to be braved than a withering winter!"

"Trust me, my beloved, we tarry at Ingestre only till holy church hath linked us for ever. We will then speed to London, where my rank as gentleman usher to the king will obtain me ready access to his grace. To him our story shall be told; and doubt not, that ere long Magdalene of Ingestre shall be so brave in the court sunshine, that not even a father's ire shall venture to interpose a cloud!"

Magdalene now took the proffered nook of the pasty, and sipped the wine flaggon, while the young knight speedily dispatched a manly share, both of trencher and goblet. He next replaced the cap and cloak on the lady, bestowed a munificent guerdon on the hostess, and led Magdalene to her steed. Valentine then mounted his own gallant gray; four horsemen, armed to the teeth, trotted briskly behind them up the hill to the north, and they were soon far on their way to the towers and woods of Ingestre.

The clear notes of the morning peal from the minster and other churches in Lichfield were wafted through the sunny air, over woods and fields of sparkling snow, to the lofty courts of Pype-Hall. The great bell in the cupola was ringing aloud; horses were in the outer



quadrangle, richly caparisoned, and snorting with impatience, tossed incessantly the long feathers on their chanfrons, and pawed the clattering pavement. Pursuivants, men-at-arms, and other domestics, were bustling to and fro; the groons stamped their feet and blew their fingers, benumbed with the cold, as they stood by the horses' reins, and the baying of the hounds from the kennels, was answered by the screams and jangled bells of the falcons in their mews. The broad banner of Stanley, impaling Lee, floated stately over the buildings, flinging its gorgeous blazon from a staff of pine, into the blue frosty sky,—while the mantle of snow, overlaid by a powerless sun, lay like a golden roof upon the deep and frowning pile.

Sir Humphrey, his family, and their numerous guests, were to distinguish the great festival of Christmas Day, by attending high mass in the Minster, in observance of the conditions by which the knight was permitted to have a private chapel at Pye-Hall for ordinary services. The company were assembled in the baronial hall, whose immense volumes of tapestry were worked with the dazzling scenes of courtly magnificence taken from the book of Daniel—there the guests

"Saw men portrayed on the wall: the images of the Chaldeans portrayed with vermillion, girded with girdles upon their loins, exceeding in dyed attires upon their heads, all of them princes to look to, after the manner of the Babylonians of Chaldea."\*

The table of dais displayed a weighty profusion of mediæval delicacies, which nothing but its massive pillars of oak, carved in the figures of eight bulls rampant, could have supported. Capacious flagons of malmsey, claret, and mead, and richly sculptured vessels of foaming ale, were intermingled with savory collops of veal and beef, dishes of salt and fresh water fish, buttered eggs, honey, and various preparations of milk spiced and sweetened. Canisters piled up with loaves of warm bread, rose like towers here and there, interspersed with the most delicate flaws, manchets, and almond biscuits. The yule-dough, or paste images displayed every where their fanciful figures; while, central and pre-eminent, a gigantic boar's-head displayed his rosemary chaplet, the ruddy orange in his jaws, and his highly gilded tusks. Two tables on each

side the hall, extending at right angles from the dais, were occupied each in their rank by the various domestics of the knight and his visitors: their fare, though of inferior quality, was equally abundant; plum-porridge, Christmas-pies in the shape of cradles, yule-cakes, &c. &c. Mighty boughs of ivy, holly, and yew, each with its green scarlet, and pink berries, were mingled with box and laurel, and smaller but more precious clusters of the mistletoe, whose yellow fruit and dull leaves looked all the ghastly mysteries of the Druids they once adorned.

In the midst of a desultory conversation on the sports of the preceding night, Sir Humphrey, glancing round the table, suddenly exclaimed,

"How now?—where is Madge?—Where is your daughter, my Lady Stanley? She is not wont to be a loiterer either at meal or mass—yet I see her not!"

The lady turned pale with various but *guiltless* fears as her husband spoke, when, following the direction of his broad fierce eye, she saw that the beautiful Magdalene was *not* at the morning meal. Sir Humphrey was a man in the fruitful vigour of life; his person was moulded in all the gigantic symmetry of a Farnese Hercules:—

No airy elegance that fancy sees  
Float in the dance, or flutter in the breeze,  
No shapeless mass of huge colossal plan—  
No Athon laboured to the form of man;  
But true proportions of resistless might,  
Heroic mien, and lineaments, and height.†

His face was intended by nature to be handsome; the light hair, the broad forehead, the aquiline nose, the refined cast of the lips, the fair and ruddy-tinted complexion, were all *there*,—but they were counteracted to an extraordinary degree by *black* hair and *black* eyebrows, the former being as unusually large as the latter were bushy. When to this physiognomical anomaly it is added, that his *passions* had no bounds,

"And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,  
Hope withering fled, and Mercy sigh'd farewell!"

—it may be imagined that his face, in tranquillity, a picture of what woman loves and man envies, was, on the slightest stir of emotion, fearful, and, when under the influence of violent excitement, absolutely diabolical. His dame Ellen, daughter of Sir James Lee, of Stone, (and by whom Sir Humphrey Stanley had added the wealthy manor

\* Ezekiel, xxiii. 14.

† Oxford P. Poem.

and the noble hall of Aston to his ancestral possessions,) was a thin, pale female, whose gentle tones and timid eye required encouragement even from those of milder mood; but which, beneath the stern manner and imperious voice of her lord, habitually quailed into helpless terror.

Lady Stanley began faltering forth her answer to her turbulent husband, "that in the hurry of attending her guests, she had forgotten to arouse Magdalene."

A violent burst of invective from Sir Humphrey cut short her reply: pale and trembling, she sat silent. The guests looked at each other in painful embarrassment; a female domestic was summoned, and as she crossed the gallery overlooking the opposite end of the hall, every eye and ear followed her footsteps; soon after she had disappeared, a faint scream was heard, and rushing back and leaning over the carved pinnacles of the gallery, the maiden proclaimed that Mistress Magdalene's chamber was empty, and that her bed had never been pressed the preceding night.

Sir Humphrey's face began rapidly to darken with its fiendish expression. The porter was summoned. Felix Redmayne entered the hall; a beautiful robust yeoman apparently about four-and-twenty, with the family badge of the eagle and the child wrought on his shoulders and loins. As he approached the dais, a cloud of timidity and awkwardness overcast his bluff but gallant features.

"Mistress Magdalene," he said, "had risen before dawn, and had parted for Lichfield, having vows to pay by the will of her patroness St. Magdalene, in the meadows north-west of the city, and purposed rejoining the company in St. Peter's chapel at the Minster."

Language would fail to describe the paroxysm of fury that dilated and inflamed Sir Humphrey's countenance, impeding his very utterance at these tidings.

"Purposed?" he at length roared out, "purposed? a most maidenly purpose, and a delicate confidant by St. Giles she hath chosen for her purpose; and a worthy warden I have chosen for my walls. Villain! thy life shall answer this!"

"So please you, Sir Humphrey, it was your own order that both gates and drawbridge should be open during the night (as was ever your wont on Christmas Eve) to all outgoers and in-

comers: and it was not for me to battle words, much less offer restraint to Mistress Magdalene."

Sir Humphrey looked as if he would have slain the man where he stood; Lady Stanley, with a faint cry of terror, implored the guests to assuage her husband's mood.

All instantly arose, and two or three of the most distinguished among them succeeded with difficulty in partially appeasing the furious knight, who at length ended by ordering the porter into close custody.

"To horse and forward," he exclaimed, "or we shall be late at mass! We must not let this errant damosel suppose us more laggards in holy things than herself! But by the crest of my father!"—he champed his teeth as he spoke,—"by the crest of my father, she shall say Nones Vespers and Complin in her own closet, and that fasting too!"

The whole company now passed forth into the quadrangle, and amidst much marvel and conjecture mounting their horses and ascending their litters, filed off through the sounding gateway, and ere long the stately pile of Northburgsgate, surmounted by its magnificent tower, admitted them into the Minster Close.

It was some hours afterwards that the burly form of Sir Humphrey Stanley was seen advancing through the snowy lane, leading to the retired precincts of Saint Magdalene's Well. Every tree was so thickly and dazzlingly silvered with incrustations of snow, as to resemble with their arching boughs the crystalline colonnades of a fairy grotto; and when the knight reached the sainted spot, nothing could be more striking than the contrast between the chilly brilliance and breathless silence of the scene, and the tornado of passions that tumultuously agitated its sole spectator! A carved basin, simply laced with open wheelwork and quatrefoils, received the diamond element through a stone rosette in the pedestal that supported the graceful shrine and effigy of Saint Magdalene; bursting thence, the little stream marked its course by a sweeping track of inky blackness through the jagged snow, till it lost itself in the neighbouring brook: the birds flit'd hither and thither, silent as phantoms; and there was a profound hush, only interrupted by the puny tinkle of the well, the sleepy breeze hissing through the hedgerows, the partridges from the dell, or the cold clear notes of the robin, as with large black eye and brown and

crimson vest he perched fearlessly on a pinnacle of the Fountain. In this place of peace, sanctified as it was by the holiest and most beneficent rites of a beautiful superstition, stood one who, if the earth had cleft beneath his feet, and sent forth the visible arch-enemy himself, would have fronted him in the fierceness of his own passions. A single glance sufficed to shew him, that not a footstep had displaced the pure and sparkling surface round the well. The certainty of his daughter's flight was frightfully aggravated by vague but fierce suspicions; and while he writhed beneath their influence, it might have been supposed that some maniac was venting his horrible insanities.

We dare not detail this explosion of a father's anger and a rival's hate. The agony of the first surmise gradually succeeded by a half choked enumeration of every real or fancied cause for hatred which the Chetwynds had inflicted on him,—and this blazing forth into threats and imprecations only subsiding in the deliberate pitiless purpose of revenge, we *dare* not, if we *could* display.

When Sir Humphrey alighted at his hall, the silent fury in his face terrified the old butler; but when, in a calm, unnatural tone, he commanded that Felix Redmayne, the porter, should be brought before him, the old man read such a terrible meaning in his master's eye, that, forgetting all personal considerations, he flung himself on his knees at Sir Humphrey's feet, exclaiming—

"Oh, for holy Mary's sake, Sir Knight!—for *His* sake, who came down to save sinners, let not blood stain thine hands on this blessed festival!"

"Peace, slave! I will only take so much of his blood as shall purge his falsehood from his veins. Bring him up I say. Bid Bartholomew bring his scourge, and let the cook and his assistant attend."

So saying, Sir Humphrey ascended the steps into the hall. Thither Felix was conducted, and as he entered Sir Humphrey said—

"Thou hast done such good service, knave, that it were wronging thee to keep back thy wages a single hour.—Untruss, man!—Be ready to hold him, fellows," he added to two stout men, who now advanced;—"you Styche!" to the cook, a truculent looking personage, "prepare our *badges*;—and you, Amos, scourge him till his bones are bare!"

Felix, while untrussing his points, and taking off his doublet and shirt, turned an unshrinking eye upon his stern master, and said, firmly—

"Sir Humphrey Stanley! you may scourge the life out of me; but every stripe shall make me rejoice that the young lady, as they tell me, is clean escaped from such a tyrant father!"

Sir Humphrey only replied by a signal to two of the servants, who, with evident reluctance, approached Felix; the poor fellow put an arm round each of their necks, and was held by the hands in that posture: and while undergoing a flagellation too severe to be mentioned, he seemed like one asleep, or in the act of an affectionate caress, so entirely did his manhood conceal his sufferings. This punishment over, the two men turned him on his back upon their knees—a third held his feet, while the cook, approaching with a small iron, figured like an *eagle and child*, stamped it hissing on the yeoman's naked chest, which broad and brawny never flinched from its burning salute. The deep drawn breath, however, and the perspiration starting from every pore of white skin, betrayed in spite of himself the unfortunate porter's agony. A suit of clothes resembling the common dress of a peasant was then put upon the tortured Felix; and, without further ceremony, he was thrust forth from the gates of the manor hall.

This savage punishment was witnessed by Sir Humphrey, not only with a pitiless eye, but with the mien of one disdainful of the paltry revenge he was taking on a vassal, and looking to more eminently horrible tokens of his rage.

Redmayne had scarcely strength to walk; but his limbs, in spite of his pains, were of the most masculine strength; and his heart, his courageous heart, no slavish punishment could touch. Heroic was his step and mien, till he found himself beyond the sight of his cruel master; and it was not till the last battlement of *Pype Hall* was hidden by the wintry oak trees from his view, that he yielded to his excruciating torments, and sank exhausted at the threshold of a large wooden gate, leading into the yard of a farm or *homestead* of apparent magnitude.

*To be continued.*

LOCHANVRI;  
A BORDER ROMANCE.  
*For the Olio.*

Rock on rock confused piled,  
Mountain torrents fierce and wild,  
Lian and loch and ravine deep  
Guarded fell Lochanvri's keep,  
Whose towers so wildly high,  
Look'd down on Criffel's stately crest,  
In blooming summer verdure drest;  
And Solway rippling by,  
Reflecting in its glassy breast  
The sunlit summer sky.

But now that sun was sinking fast,  
Its gorgeous dyes no more were cast  
Around the heaven of June;  
That gold and purple blended zone  
Of clouds, that linger'd o'er his throne,  
Had faded into gloom:

But scarcely had their last of light  
Exhaled into the deepening night,  
Ere every eastward bending rim,  
Distinguish'd faint by starlight dim,  
Were silver'd by the moon;  
And as with slow and silent march  
She wended up the spangled arch,  
Her radiant beams begun  
Calm on the giant pile to sleep,  
The rampart wall, the donjon keep,  
And moat and portal dun.

Firm planted on the donjon high,  
Lochanvri's flag of sable dye  
Sail'd heavy in the wind;  
Came on the ear the sullen swell  
Of watchword pass'd by sentinel,  
Whose armour, where the moonbeams fell,  
In dewy lustre shined.

And sweetly stream'd her cloudless rays  
O'er brimming Solway's myriad waves  
Swift undulating on;  
And o'er them fell in rainbow dyes  
The starlight of the sapphire skies!  
Sweet stole the sea-maid's song;  
The curlew circling far and wide,  
And shallop bounding o'er the tide,  
In breezy radiance shone.

Within his chamber's solitude  
Lochanvri sat in musing mood;  
Full fierce his dark eye roll'd,—  
His felon soul developing  
All—all that fiercely strove within  
That baleful lustre told.

Beside him on a table lay  
A lamp, whose feeble, quivering ray  
Could ill dispel the chilling gloom  
That reign'd around the vaulted room;  
Its fitful light fell dim

On corslet, targe and morion—  
On brand that murd'rous deed had done;  
And flood'd with still brighter glow  
The chieftain's darkly scowling brow,  
His blood-streak'd visage grim.

Forth from his belt Lochanvri drew  
A dirk, whose crimson-spotted hue  
Told murder oft time done;  
Seem'd on his cheek a tear to roll  
As down the blade his fierce eye stole;  
That blade he strove to shun.  
Full sudden on his feet he dew,  
A searching glance around him threw,  
And dash'd the lancet wide,  
And hurl'd the blood-stain'd weapon through;  
It sunk beneath the tide.

That moment on the glittering sea,  
What seem'd a wreath of mist to be,  
A gallant ship becam;  
Fann'd by a south breeze, gallantly  
She strove the shore to gain.

As o'er the foamy surge she bore,  
That surge now robed in gloom,  
The sky a changed aspect wore,  
Each cresset seem'd the hue of gore,  
Blood red became the moon.  
Full many a form in frightful guise  
Pace down the decks Lochanvri eyes;  
Full many a startling sound he hears;  
And as the shore the shallop nears,  
Their thrilling revelrie  
Far louder grew,—and thus the crew  
Troll'd forth their mystic glee.

## SONG.

Proudly skim the surges o'er  
Bonny shallop, cheerily;  
Thy shaven decks shall run with gore  
When night scowls dark and drearily.  
The osprey wings her rapid flight  
Across the booming ocean,  
And spreads our barque in goodly plight  
To raise the brave commotion.

Now cringe and cower ye foemen all,  
And hang your heads in sorrow,  
For, lo! our barque o'er the surges dark  
Comes fleet as outlaw's arrow.  
The felon sits within his tower,  
Nor dreams of dool nor sorrow;  
But soon his heart shall feel the smart  
Of Innisfilan's arrow.

Now fast and black the vessel bore  
Along the surge and gain'd the shore;  
One form, the host among,  
Glared fiercely on the chief, who still  
Leant passive on the lancet sill,  
Mute gazing at the throng.  
"Thy hour is come, Lochanvri, now!"  
That form exclaimed,—the chieftain's brow  
Assumed a deadly shade.  
"Look on this steel!—its gory hue!"  
The round moon pour'd her crimson glow  
Full on the blood-splash'd blade.

Loud startling cries Lochanvri heard,  
The clang of mail, the clash of sword,  
And ruddy fire-light fiercely glared  
Amid the gloom beneath!  
Wild exultations loud and long  
Arose one moment from the throng,  
Then sunk profound as death.  
The keep's alarm'd—red taper gleams  
From lancet, loop and grating streams,  
On porch and buttress dun;  
The inmates shouts now join the cries  
That from the castle's base arise—  
Lochanvri's horde in mailed guise  
Pour swift the walls upon.

Hark! hark! the horrid tumult now—  
Behold the fire ascending glow!  
Loud roars the level'd gun!  
Amid the reddening fire-light falls  
Lochanvri's clansmen, from the walls  
Some panic-stricken run;  
But he, high towering 'mid the rest,  
Display'd around his dragon crest,  
Nor sought the foe to shun.  
Fearless he paced the rampart o'er,  
Begrim'd with mire and splash'd with gore,  
Till totter'd on its base of rock  
The giant pile!—A second shock  
Ensued, and in a moment more,  
'Mid wreaths of smoke and flame the tower  
Uprisen, on the rocky shore  
In deafening thunders rung. T. F.

THE WILL: A SKETCH.  
*For the Olio.*

ONE Wednesday, about the middle  
of January, 182—, a knot of persons

were gossiping on the Royal Exchange about the stocks, politics, &c. One of them, an elderly business-like person, who wore spectacles, had the *Times* newspaper in his hand.

"Any news from Spain?" asked a dapper looking broker, with a pen stuck behind his ear.

"No;—but here's something that will surprise you in the home department, under the head of 'partnerships dissolved,' responded the person perusing the *Times*.

"Oh! oh!" whistled the other,— "what's this?—'Sedgwick Simpkins and Company, Broad-street, merchants, so far as regards Jeremiah Sedgwick, Esquire.' Why, how the deuce is this! I thought the firm was as close as the borough of Newark."

"Your surprise is not singular, Mr. Snipe," remarked a third: "they *do* say in the Rotunda—but I say nothing;"—although the wink of the eye, and the knowing twist of the nose, *meant* a great deal.

"What! hey!" exclaimed he of the spectacled nose, hastily pocketing his seven-penny worth of news; "any thing queer, Mr. Parkins?"

"I say nothing," rejoined the said Perkins, with mysterious significance.

There's no knowing what would have become of the hitherto unimpeachable credit of the firm of Sedgwick, Simpkins and Co., had not one of their head clerks accidentally passed, and stopped the tide of calumny, by informing the three gossipers, that the head partner had gone out of the firm on account of the death of a cousin, to whom he was heir, and in consequence of whose demise he had become possessed of a considerable estate in Kent.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," continued the clerk, "for although Colonel Seymour has left his wife and daughter with nothing but their war-office pension, Mr. Sedgwick has come in for a good thing. It is *so* unbusiness-like to die without a will!"

"Oh! Sedgwick will make all that right, I'll be bound," ejaculated Mr. Snipe.

But those who knew Jeremiah Sedgwick better than Mr. Snipe, would not "be bound" for any thing of the kind. He was a selfish, avaricious, nay, grasping character; yet, singular as it may seem, the grand object of his life was to appear liberal; thus, he would not mind paying a *liberal* price for any article he might happen to purchase, let the charge for it be ever so exorbitant;—

but if he were called upon to aid the needy, his natural stinginess would evince itself; and such an application would either meet with a decided refusal, or he would grant the favour with the accompaniment of a long lecture, in which he would laboriously attempt to show how *easily* he could perform a good action. After cogitating on the best manner of making the most of an act that every body else would consider a duty; but which he chose to qualify by the adjective "generous," he resolved to write a long letter, embodying an invitation to Mrs. Seymour and her daughter to share the board and house, which, but for the improvidence of Colonel Seymour, would have been their own. Accordingly, a sheet of foolscap was duly blotted and transmitted to the ladies at Calais. An answer was speedily returned, which, with far more delicacy than he deserved, gave Mr. Jeremiah Sedgwick to understand, that his "generosity" was not so highly appreciated as he expected; but on account of most of her friends being in India, Mrs. Seymour would do herself the pleasure of becoming his guest.

While we leave Mr. Jeremiah Sedgwick to screw the utmost penny out of his quondam partners, and Mrs. Seymour and her daughter to complete their journey to town, we will introduce the reader to a personage of whom we have not yet had occasion to speak,—Mr. Cornelius Sedgwick, son of the aforementioned Jeremiah and his departed wife. Cornelius, although possessed of a sound heart and unquestionable morals, was most egregiously addicted to the romantic. He had imbibed the insipidity of the *Minerva Press* with his pap—Della Crusca was his literary dry nurse—and he was bred up with the fear of Monk Lewis before his eyes, seeing that his mamma was a bit of a blue,— "a silly 'oman as wrote novels and all manner o' stuff." Poor creature! both herself and her books died long before the period to which this sketch refers. It is no wonder, then, that Mr. Cornelius Sedgwick aspired to the honours of literature,—no wonder that he dressed himself according to the most approved print-shop likenesses of Lord Byron,—no wonder that he always turned his shirt collar down, and frequently turned his eyes up; but it *is* a wonder, how his father, a man of the world, could have been so blind as to fancy his son a genius,—such, however, was the fact. When novel-readers, in the course of their researches,

come to a passage which, for aught they know to the contrary, may be Greek, or German, or Sanscrit, they immediately applaud the learning of the writer of the said novel, simply, and for no other reason, than because they do not understand what he has quoted. By a similar course of reasoning, did Mr. Jeremiah Sedgwick become possessed of the like opinion in reference to his son. He had seen several of Cornelius's poetical effusions, and for aught he knew, they might have been sense, or they might have been nonsense; but this he *did* know, that each line began with a capital letter—Byron's productions did no more; there was a similarity of sound in the termination of Cornelius's doggerel; Mr. Sedgwick could discover no greater ingenuity in the compositions of Moore. In short, both father and son fell into the same error, viz. a conviction that the latter was a poet.

In due time, Mrs. and Miss Seymour arrived in town; Mr. Sedgwick settled all his business, and Cornelius having laid in a stock of novels and romances, the whole party took their departure for the estate in Kent. During their journey, Mr. Sedgwick made sundry attempts to expatiate upon his own liberality, but the commanding mien and superior manners of his female travelling companions, prevented him from applying his remarks to their case. Cornelius, as might be expected, fell desperately in love with his cousin, and evinced his passion by reciting some passages from his last new sacred poem, the manuscript of which, (fortunately for his hearers) he had left with his publishers in Newgate Street.

Three months passed away, without the occurrence of any incident worthy of record. Mr. Jeremiah Sedgwick took every opportunity of blazoning his generosity; and Cornelius did the sentimental with Miss Seymour, much to her amusement. Mary was a very pretty, lively, giddy creature,—pretty, because she had a pair of speaking black eyes, a head of glossy hair, a complexion as white as alabaster, and nearly as transparent,—lively, because she was ever enjoying or creating mirth. To mis-quote Shakspeare, she

"Found funs in trees, witt in running brooks,  
Bon-mots in stones, and fun in every thing."

And giddy, because she was pretty, and lively, and seventeen years of age. To such a disposition, a character like Cornelius's could not fail to be amusing. For if, by any chance, Miss Mary Sey-

mour suspected herself of being dull, his company was most welcome, as, in the absence of all other resources, she would say his presence always afforded her "*something* to laugh at."

They were returning from a long walk one evening, and Cornelius was expatiating upon the stars, and attempting to be poetical by comparing them to his cousin's eyes, when the course of his rhodomontade was arrested by the sound of footsteps. Mary turned her head, and when her eyes fell upon the tall figure which was following them, her surprise found vent in a shriek. The stranger rushed forward and embraced her, while Cornelius stood with open eyes and distended mouth, looking for all the world like a Dutch nut-cracker.

The first sounds which met his ear after recovering from his surprise, were those of a fine manly voice, modulated into tenderness. But as he unfortunately did not understand Spanish, he was unable to catch the purport of the stranger's conversation. He gleaned, however, from the satisfaction expressed in the countenance of his cousin, that *she* not only understood every word of it, but that it was anything but disagreeable to her. They appeared to be old friends, and seemed so well pleased with each other's society, that they did not even notice Cornelius, until he reminded them of his presence by muttering audibly about "ungentlemanly intrusion," and quoting from a novel about "revenge." Poor Mary blushed intensely, and made many awkward attempts at introducing the gentlemen to each other. The Spaniard made a stiff bow, which was answered by Cornelius with a theatrical scowl. At length Mary succeeded in making her cousin known to the stranger, and somewhat alleviated his curiosity by introducing him to Senior Isadore Valquez, a young gentleman who had been a friend of her father in Paris.

Although the curiosity of Cornelius had vanished, his dislike for the intruder remained; and during the rest of their walk he had plenty of time to feed it, as his companions were too busily engaged to trouble him much. So, after a train of singular mental argument, he set down the Spaniard as a villain. He wore a large cloak—so did all the villains in his favourite romances; his upper lip boasted of mustachios—so did that of Melmoth the Wanderer; and the only thing wanting to make him a murderer, was the absence of a mask and a slouched hat; he no

doubt carried a stiletto, but that might have been hid under his dress. Our hero, having coolly come to the conclusion that he and his cousin were in the company of a desperado, determined to rid them of it as soon as possible; and after having settled as to the most impressive manner of communicating his ideas to Mary without the knowledge of her companion, he hemmed thrice, and uttered the word "beware!" accompanied with a pressure on his cousin's arm. But the poor girl was too busily engaged in talking Spanish to notice his salutary warning. With like ill-success did he repeat the ominous word three times, consecutively with "Danger." Finding his efforts vain, he determined to separate himself from the party, and secretly watch their movements; this resolution he carried into effect without difficulty, as his absence was not noticed. Accordingly, he lay in ambush in sight of the house, (for they had nearly reached home). Presently he saw Mary and the Spaniard approach the door arm in arm, and what was his surprise and amazement at beholding the Spaniard, despite his cloak, his mustachios and concealed dagger, hand in Mary, and enter the house himself, like an ordinary individual.

Cornelius entered shortly after, with as good an imitation of calm grandeur as he could give, and marched into the drawing-room, where he found the ladies giving and receiving congratulations, &c. in Spanish, and his father grumbling in pretty plain English,—scolding Mary for neglecting his son, and rating her mother for introducing a foreigner into his house.

"Had I known I should have been unable to see whom I pleased," said Mrs. Seymour, "I should never have consented to become your visitor."

"I hate foreigners," retorted the polite old gentleman, "and if you *must* have a parcel of Frenchmen running after you, the sooner you get a house of your own the better."

"Unless I am mistaken in the contents of this packet," rejoined Senior Valquez, in broken English, "you will not have to go far to suit yourself, Mrs. Seymour."

He took from under his vest a sealed packet, which, on being opened, proved to be a large parchment with a seal in the corner, and indorsed, "The last will and testament of Henry Seymour, Colonel in His Majesty's 79th Regiment of Light Infantry," &c. The bearer, after apologising for not delivering it

before, (revolutionary troubles having prevented him,) Mrs. Seymour found herself the sole possessor of the house and estate now in possession of Jeremiah Sedgwick, Esq.

One Saturday, about the end of September, 182—, three persons were seen earnestly conversing together, under the east colonnade of the Royal Exchange.

"So Sedgwick has returned to the old concern, hey, Mr. Perkins?" said a stock-broker with a pen behind his ear; "he did not enjoy his good luck long."

"No; here comes one of his clerks—he will tell us all about it."

Accordingly, they inquired, and were informed by the clerk, that Colonel Seymour, having left his family at Paris to go to Madrid, caught a fever there, made a will in favour of his wife and daughter, entrusted it to a revolutionary officer, and died. This officer, having been engaged in the internal squabbles of his country, was obliged for six months after to play at hide and seek, to save his head; he at length, however, found his way to England, and placed the will in the hands of the widow and her daughter.

When the clerk had finished his narration, an elderly gentleman, with spectacles, read the following passage from the Times newspaper:—"Married on the 21st inst., at Rochester, Isadore Valquez, Esq., to Mary, only daughter of the late Colonel Seymour." Among the hearers of this announcement, was a young gentleman with a novel under his arm, who, when the name of Mary Seymour reached his ears, struck his forehead with his hand, and rushed into the gunsmith's shop just outside the Exchange gates! W. H. W.

WRITTEN BY LORD C—— TO HIS  
DAUGHTER ON HER MARRIAGE.  
*For the Olio.*

Mary, my child!—oh, no! I must forbear  
That tender style, it will offend thine ear;  
So soon so weary of a daughter's name,  
Thy sad deserted father drops his claim.  
Yet, Mary, yet my daughter—oh! thou art  
My daughter still, and mine a father's part;  
Ah! then reflect how hard that task must prove,  
Fraught with the fierce extremes of grief and love!

Must not I grieve while my sense remains,  
Thou cruel cause of nature's keenest pains.  
Must I not love as long as life shall last,  
Thou dear first pledge of nuptial blessings?

past!—  
Past as I thought too soon, too quickly gone;  
Now, heaven be praised, those pangs are mine  
alone!

No mother lives with frantic sorrows wild,  
To share that serpent's tooth—a faithless child!

Heaven saw—with pity saw the future grief,  
Felt for her worth and flew to her relief;  
Preventive mercy kindly bade her go  
To scenes incapable of earthly woe;  
Hence do I learn this self-consoling task,  
Seldom we know what good or ill we ask;  
Thankful for punishment in anger given—  
Unthankful most when most indulgent heaven.  
What shall I say?—reproaches rise in vain,  
Mary's superior spirit laughs at pain,  
Else had she dropped the poison bowl,  
Nor fixed her dagger in her father's soul;  
Else had it stung her with a deep remorse,  
To think what thorns lay scattered in her course.

Painted alike to wound her own rash feet,  
And make the sorrows of my path complete.  
Reproach thee!—no! I dare not, if I would,  
It sounds so like a curse it chills my blood;  
And tho' I blame thee in my secret thought,  
I could not curse thee if a father ought.  
Pity meanwhile has many a plea preferred—  
Pity and nature struggle to be heard,  
With joint persuasion press their eager plea,  
Too sure to find a partial friend in me;  
Yes, my full soul from pity's fertile stores  
Harbours to screen the madness it deplores.  
No less ingenious nature's ready tongue  
Frames a fond paragon for each cruel wrong,  
And tho' in truth parental pride must sigh,  
When all its hopes and all its blossoms die.  
Believe me, Mary, 'tis for thee alone  
These keenest pangs, these agonies are known.  
Well, Mary, I tremble for thy future fate.  
Love rashly formed to often comes to hate;  
The impetuous tide of giddy passions o'er,  
May soon expose thee on a friendless shore;  
No power to rescue—no hand to save  
Thy freighted treasures from the ruthless grave!

Thy ampler store of life's prime treasures  
gone.

Thyself forsaken, shipwrecked and undone.  
Oh, may I prove a faithless prophet here!  
But, Mary, much I love and much I fear.  
Meanwhile thy conscience, at some future  
hour,

Is sure to vindicate its slighted power.  
As thy life (I trust it will) may prove  
In purer luxuries of real love,  
Still wretched thought my child must one day  
find

That worst of enemies—a self-stung mind!  
No heart I fear can always hush to rest  
The loud reproaches of the filial breast;  
Thy sting, ingratitude, of all beside  
The sharpest sure'y that the breast can hide,  
Will make their way, and with resistless force  
Fix in the soul the passion of remorse.  
Ah, me! how fiercely will it rankle there,  
Inflamed with horror, tortured with despair!  
When keen reflection, as thy days decline,  
Shall teach thy bosom half the pangs of mine,  
How would it wring thee with distracted woe,  
Thy poor sad father laid for ever low!  
How wilt thou execute thy broken trust,  
Those fondling arms for ever laid in dust!  
How wilt thou moan!—tender last embrace!  
How feel my agonies thy own disgrace!  
Mercy forbid!—repent my child and live,  
And heaven, as I do, pity and forgive!

## ORATORY.

King James, in his "Instructions to his Son," says, "take heed of your speaking and gesture, since action is one of the chiefest qualities that is required in an orator; for as the tongue speaketh to the ears, so doth the gesture speak to the eyes of the auditor."

## SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A RUNAWAY.

For the *Olio*.

## Moving accidents by flood and field.

In this age of scribbling, and printing, and puffing; when autobiographies, reminiscences, personal narratives, and personal memoirs are surfeiting even those reptalia of readers, the devourers of fashionable novels, the appearance of any thing by so humble an individual as myself may be viewed with disgust and received with coldness: I would, nevertheless, show just my head and shoulders in the literary arena, and, although these, my memoirs, may not be found so redolent of noble black legs and fashionable demi-reps, I still hope that what I may have to tell the "gentle reader" will not be found uninteresting. I have been informed that if I cannot write of routs and card parties; of opera intrigues, and other fashionable scandal, my work will be condemned before it be half read, and myself voted a dead bore: furthermore, I have had it hinted, that unless I set to work to defame some public character, by introducing him under a fictitious name, and working the whole up into a *novel*, I might as well attempt to drain the ocean as aspire to literary fame. Yet, with all this dismal croaking, I venture to put forth my plain "unvarnished tale," in spite of the prophecies of my advisers. It is to be regretted that our countrymen look too much to precedent. Few Englishmen are seen to adopt a fashion, or even an opinion, until the prevailing taste is known. But I, scorning alike both precedent and rule, throw myself upon the good nature of my readers, and commence my narrative.

I was born in the little village of S— in Gloucestershire, of, as the phrase is, "poor but decent parents," who gave me as good an education as their means would allow. I picked up, besides, a little by attending a Sunday school in the neighbouring town, and by the time I was sixteen years of age could not only read well, but could also write a very fair hand, and understood something of cyphering, or 'summing,' as the school-boys call it. But, unluckily, besides this aptitude for learning, I had a fondness for all sorts of mischief; from hunting cats, dogs, and pigs, to terrifying old women, not one of whom in the village but often wished me at the devil. No hoax was ever played; no poultry



was ever stoned to death; no unfortunate dog was freighted with its frightful load, the old tea-kettle, and, (I blush to tell it), no orchard was ever robbed of its inviting treasure, without my bearing a hand in the business. Look not, therefore, courteous reader, in my native village for my character, for not one now living will speak of me as of any other than a mischievous imp, who they believe to have been hung somewhere at home or abroad, or transported to some of the new colonies.

About a quarter of a mile from the village lived a rich squire of the name of C—. He was a haughty, proud, and severe man; very harsh towards poachers and very fond of sporting. He was held in execration by his neighbours, who never failed to annoy him when an opportunity offered. He had a fine orchard well stocked with the best fruit-trees, and I and my companions resolved to ease him of a few of the beautiful apples with which they were loaded. Accordingly, having assembled about a dozen of the oldest boys in the village, a council was held and our plans were arranged. We started on the expedition one moonlight night, well provided with bags and baskets, and having forced our way through the thick hedge which surrounded the orchard, we commenced the work of plunder.

Such was our eagerness to seize upon the fruit, that we, in many instances, tore off whole branches, which we threw down to our companions below, who stripped off the fruit and placed it in their bags and baskets; but, as the devil would have it, before we had secured half a load, some of the Squires' household took the alarm, and sallied out upon us armed with all sorts of weapons. Those who were up aloft scrambled down precipitately and fled with speed. Those who were deputed to do the bagging got the start of them, soon reached their homes and were out of danger, but one of the gatherers fell into the clutches of the enemy, who bore him in triumph to the Squire's hall. Of this capture, however, we were not aware until the morning, as every fugitive shifted for himself, and each took a different course; but when it was known that one of the party had been seized, we all shook in our shoes. Some were for going at once to the Squire's, and imploring his forgiveness; some relied upon the constancy and good faith of their captured companion in the robbery, while I resolved

at once to fly and seek my fortune in the world, for I knew too well the Squire's revengeful disposition, and saw that he would pursue the whole party with the utmost rigour. Accordingly I prepared for flight, and having possessed myself of several pieces of ancient gold coin which my mother kept in a drawer, I left the house early in the morning, having first bid adieu to my companions who were in considerable consternation. I took the road to London—not without a tear, for my parents knew not of my purpose, and not without some qualms of conscience for the robbery I had committed upon my poor mother; but then I consoled myself with the reflection that I had relieved her from the burden of a troublesome and unruly child, for whose loss she could not grieve. As to my father, my only fear was that he might discover my flight, and bring me back with the argument of a good horsewhip. I kept to the fields for the first day, fearing to trust myself in the open road, and towards evening came to a barn at the end of a small village, where I took my rest for the night. I rose early in the morning, and having purchased a loaf and a basin of milk with a few pence which I had in my pocket, I made a hearty breakfast, and then held on my way to London. The sun had set before I reached the town of Reading, where I purposed resting for the night; but when within about a mile of it, I met two ill-looking fellows, whose dusky complexions, dark hair and sharp black eyes indicated their gipsy origin. They eyed me significantly and whispered to each other. This made me quicken my steps, and I looked eagerly forward in the expectation of perceiving on the road some person whose appearance might lead me to hope for protection. But, alas! not a soul appeared in sight, save these two worthies, who, as they approached, I could easily see were bent on mischief.

"Hallo, youngster!" cried one of them, "where are you trudging to, to-night?"

"To the town," replied I, in a voice which betrayed my alarm.

"What have ye got about ye, lad?" inquired the ruffian, laying his hand on my shoulder, "let us see, or I shall overhaul your duds at once."

If I was before alarmed, I was now absolutely petrified with fear, and I heartily wished myself at home again. The vengeance of Squire C— was nothing to the fierce looks of these wretches, whose

countenances were as terrific as that of any bandit in a melo-drama. I had, however, short time for reflection, for the ruffian who had before spoken, now became impatient. "What," cried he, "you don't mean to give us the chink, ay? then d—n me, we'll strip you, my lad, and cut your throat into the bargain." Here his companion spoke.

"Be quiet, Bill," said he, "there's no call for frightening the boy; why his hand trembles so that he can scarcely get it into his pocket," then addressing me, he continued, "Come, now, pull out the stuff, there's a good lad, and nobody shall harm you; only you must be quick, that's all."

"Ay, or I'll slit his weazand by G—d," said the other.

"Hold your yelping," said he of milder mood, "the boy's a good boy, and will give us all he's got, without any more bother, I'm sure. He looks something like a farmer's son, and has, I dare say, some of the ready about him."

Fearing that any delay might provoke them to use me roughly, I drew from my waistcoat pocket the money I had purloined from my mother and gave it to the gentler ruffian. At that moment the other whispered in his ear, and darted a malignant look at me, which I, too, readily interpreted. He was again interrupted by his comrade, who thrust him aside, and said, "Thee sha'nt doo't, Bill—I wont have him hurted." Then turning to me—"Harkee, my boy, tramp off as fast as you can toddle, or this gallows bird will cut your throat: and mind, not a word about us when you get to the town, or"—and he swore a bitter oath—"better you had never been born."

I did not wait a second bidding, but took to my heels, while the rogues, leaping through a gap in the hedge, soon disappeared in a neighbouring thicket. I ran for about a quarter of a mile, hardly daring to look behind me, when I slackened my pace, and pursued my way with a heavy heart. The money upon which I had relied for subsistence, at least for a few days after my anticipated arrival in London, was gone, and I saw nothing but starvation and want before me. In the tumult of my grief, my hands mechanically rummaged my waistcoat pockets, when, to my great joy, I discovered that in my late fright I had left one coin—a Queen Anne guinea, which had crept into a corner, and escaped the fate of the others. (*To be continued.*)

## HAZLITT'S APHORISMS.

A person who does not tell lies will not believe that others tell them. From old habit, he cannot break the connection between words and things. This is to labour under a great disadvantage in his transactions with *men of the world*; it is playing against sharpers with loaded dice. The secret of plausibility and success is *point-blanc lying*. The advantage which men of business have over the dreamers and sleep-walkers is not in knowing the exact state of a case, but in telling you with a grave face what it is not, to suit their own purposes. This is one obvious reason why students and book-worms are so often reduced to their last legs. Education (which is a study and discipline of abstract truth) is a diversion to the instinct of lying and a bar to fortune.

Those who get their money as wits, spend it like fools.

It is not true that authors, artists, &c. are uniformly ill-paid; they are often improvident, and look upon an income as an estate. A literary man who has made even five or six hundred a-year for a length of time has only himself to blame if he has none of it left (a tradesman with the same annual profits would have been rich or independent); an artist who breaks for ten thousand pounds cannot surely lament the want of patronage. A sieve might as well petition against a dry season. Persons of talent and reputation do not make money, because they do not keep it; and they do not keep it, because they do not care about it till they feel the want of it—and then *the public stop payment*. The prudent and careful, even among players, lay by fortunes.

It is some comfort to starve on a name; it is something to be a poor *gentleman*; and your man of letters "writes himself *armigero*, in any bond, warrant, or quittance." In fixing on a profession for a child, it is a consideration not to place him in one in which he may not be thought good enough to sit down in any company. Miserable mortals that we are! If you make a lawyer of him, he may become Lord Chancellor; and then all his posterity are lords. How cheap and yet acceptable a thing is nobility in this country. It does not date from Adam or the conquest. We need not laugh at Buonaparte's mushroom peers, who were something like Charlemagne's or the knights of King Arthur's round table.

We talk of the march of intellect, as if it only unfolded knowledge of good: *the knowledge of evil*, which communicates with twenty times the rapidity, is never once hinted at. Eve's apple, the torch of Prometheus, and Pandora's box, are discarded as childish fables by our wise moderns.

As I write this, I hear out of the window a man beating his wife and calling her names. Is this what is meant by good-nature and domestic comfort? Or is it that we have so little of these, ordinarily speaking, that we are astonished at the smallest instances of them; and have never done *lauding* ourselves for the exclusive possession of them?

I believe in the theoretical benevolence, and practical malignity of man.

Mon. Mag.

### Illustrations of History.

#### DEGRADATION OF A KNIGHT COMPANION OF THE GARTER.

The ensigns of the order are not to be withdrawn from a knight during life, unless he be found guilty of some of those marks of reproach set down in King Henry VIII.'s statutes; viz. *Heresy, Treason, or flying from battle*. It has sometimes been found that prodigality has been made a fourth point, —when a knight has so far wasted his estate as to be incapable of supporting his dignity. The pretence for divesting William Lord Paget, was "his not being a gentleman of blood both by father and mother!" *Felony* comes not within the compass of those statutes, as not being expressly mentioned among the reproaches there summed up, and so it was adjudged in a chapter 14 Jac. I., in the case of Robert, Earl of Somerset, then lately condemned for felony, whereupon his hatchments were not removed.

When a *Knight Companion* is found guilty of any of the offences mentioned in Henry VIII.'s statutes, he is usually *degraded* at the next chapter, of which the *Sovereign* gives the *Knights Companions* previous notice; and then commands the *Garter* to attend such of them as are appointed to go to the *Convicted Knight*, who, in a solemn manner, first takes from him the *George* and *Ribband*, and next his *Garter*; and at the ensuing feast of *St. George*, or sooner, if the *Sovereign* appoint it, publication of his crimes and degradation is made by *Garter*. Next *Garter*, by warrant to that purpose, takes down his achievements, the officers of arms and

*Black Rod* standing around him. He then reads aloud the instruments of *degradation*, after which, one of the heralds placed ready on a ladder set to the back of the convict Knight's stall, at the words "*expelled and put from among the arms*," takes his crest, and violently casts it down into the choir; after that, his banner and sword; and the publication being read out, all the officers of arms spurn the achievements out of the choir of St. George's Chapel into the body of the Church; so out of the west door, thence to the bridge, and over into the ditch. Thus it was at the degradation of *Edward, Duke of Buckingham*, 16 Henry VIII. Their armorial bearing plates are likewise taken down from their stalls, and indignantly thrown away!

*Degradation* alone not being thought sufficient, it was deputed, in chapter 32 Henry VIII., whether the names of such *Knights Companions* as were convicted of treason, should remain in the registers, or be razed out: When it was determined, that wheresoever the actions or names of such offenders should be found, these words, "*Vah Proditor*" should be written in the margin; by which means the register would be preserved fair. There have been instances of *Knights Companions* having suffered degradation living to be restored, being re-elected and re-invested, and their achievements set up by the indulgence of the next reign; as were the *Lord Paget, 1st Mary*, and the *Marquis of Northampton, 1st Elizabeth*, as likewise the *Duke of Norfolk, 1st Mary*.

### The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book,  
M. W. of Windsor.

### WEDDING RINGS.

The ring used in the marriage contract, is supposed to have originated with the Jews, and the custom to have been adopted by the first Christians. The wearing the ring on the fourth finger was common to the Greeks, because as Aul. Gellius informs us, they had discovered from anatomy, that this finger had a little nerve that went straight to the heart, and therefore they esteemed it the most honourable from its being connected with that noble part.

### CHILTERN HUNDREDS.

This appellation is given to a range of hills extending from Tring in Hertfordshire, to Henley in Oxfordshire,

the nominal acceptance of the stewardship of which, with a salary of twenty shillings, and all fees, &c. under the gift of the crown, incapacitates any one from being a member of the House of Commons, and is therefore resorted to by those who are desirous of resigning their seats in parliament.

#### AN ECHO.

Echo is to the ear what recollection is to the mind; each brings back the past, restores lost enjoyments, augments our satisfactions, and enriches our mental store. The man of mind has memory's echo ever at command; his tongue can, after a lapse of time, recover again sweet sounds; his declamation can revive eloquence of another age; the books which he has perused with attention, live fresh in his remembrance, and, like echo, speak to him invisibly, and present themselves again to his view.

#### THE MISLETOE.

Towards the end of this month, the misletoe is in great request, to decorate the rooms, and to give licence to romps and gallantry. The singularity of the growth and form of the misletoe brought it into repute among the Druids, for the purpose of mystical superstition, and its use has thence been continued many centuries afterwards, so difficult is it to eradicate any thing of this sort from the minds of the people, when once it is fairly rooted. It was long thought to be impossible to propagate this plant. In the natural state, the seeds are said to be dropped by the misle thrush, which feeds on the berries. Lately, however, it has been successfully propagated, by causing the bruised berries, which are very viscid, to adhere to the bark of such fruit trees as have been found most congenial to their growth. Upon the bark of these the seeds readily germinate and take root.

#### Customs of Various Countries.

##### GREEK MARRIAGE CEREMONIES.

Webster, in his interesting travels through the Crimea, Turkey, and Egypt, thus describes the solemnization of a marriage according to the Greek rite, which he witnessed.

"A temporary altar was raised, on the right of which were the men, and on the left were the women.—The bride and bridegroom both wore crowns. The bride was dressed as a

girl—her head without cap or kerchief, her hair hanging down behind in a long plaited tail, and flowers over her forehead. Both bride and bridegroom held a candle. The priest presented a tumbler of wine to the lady, which she, crossing herself, tasted, and handed to her future lord. This was repeated thrice, and the last time the bridegroom emptied the glass. The priest then tied the left hand of the man to the right hand of the woman, and led them thrice round the altar, stopping each time, and the people chaunting. He then took off the crowns, which they kissed; and the husband having thrice embraced his wife, the ceremony was finished.

"The bride now, accompanied by all the females, retired into a corner, where she put on the dress of a married woman; her hair was bound up—a handkerchief, worn only by the married, tied over it, and the whole habiliment changed.

"In the meantime, the bridegroom stood smiling and looking up as if he knew not how to look. He then received a carved and gilded picture of the nativity: holding which before him, and attended by his wife he set out, the spectators following in his train."

#### Anecdotaliana.

##### MODERN ITALIAN.

Sola, the well-known performer and arranger for the guitar, was about to publish a song entitled "Guardami," which he requested the music-stamper to place at the bottom of each page. A few days afterwards the proofs were sent him, and he saw to his infinite horror, "G— d— me," printed at the bottom of every page.

##### BON MOT.

Lady L—, who had a very fair skin, said one day to Lady G—, of whom she was a little jealous, "It must be confessed, my dear, that for so beautiful a brunette, you are rather brown."—"I suppose," answered Lady G—, "it is in consequence of being so often toasted."

##### POLITICAL DIALOGUE.

The following dialogue was heard the other day on a hackney-coach stand:—"I say, Ned, I know you are a politician. What's all this here fighting about amongst the Dutch and Belgians?" "Wot's it about? Wy its about their *fundamental* law. The Dutchman wants to make t'others wear their *big breeches*, and they vont."

## Diary and Chronology.

### Wednesday, December 1.

*St. Eligius or Eloy, Bishop, A.D. 659.—High Water 4m after 2 Morn—4m after 3 Aftern.*  
Our saint is called not only Eloy, but Loy, and is vulgarly regarded as the patron of blacksmiths.

December 1, 1782.—Information was received this day from Captain Inglefield, at the Admiralty, of the loss of His Majesty's ship *Centaur*, of 74 guns, which foundered in the Atlantic, near the Azores; nearly all the crew perished, and those which escaped in the boats underwent considerable hardships from hunger, thirst, and fatigue, which caused the death of several; and, out of the whole crew of 650 men, only 12 men, besides the captain and a boy, arrived at Fyaz, one of the Azores, in a most wretched condition.

### Thursday, December 2.

*Sun rises 51m after 7—sets 4m after 4.*

December 2, 1554.—Expired at a village near Seville, in the South of Spain, Ferdinand Cortez, a Spanish general, famous for his conquest of Mexico, but infamous for the cruelties he committed upon the vanquished, without regard to rank, age, or sex. He was born in 1491, at Madella, in Estramadura.

### Friday, December 3.

*St. Sola, Hermit.—High Water 11m after 4 Morn—34m after 4 Afternoon.*

December 3, 1826.—Died John Flaxman, Professor of Sculpture to the Royal Academy. He was an excellent Greek and Latin scholar, and his mind seems to have been early imbued with that classic feeling and taste which it is essential for a historical sculptor to possess; and which laid the foundation of his future celebrity. Among his most celebrated performances may be mentioned the series of designs he made to illustrate the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, *Eschylus*, and the works of *Dante*, whilst resident at Rome; and the illustrations of *Hesiod* made on his return to England; these sublime efforts, with his numerous splendid sepulchral monuments, gained for him a higher reputation than any other artist ever acquired in our country, save Sir Christopher Wren and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

### Saturday, December 4.

*St. Osmund, Bishop, A.D. 1099.—Sun rises 59m after 7—sets 1m after 4.*

December 4, 1771.—In consequence of the great inundations experienced on the northern coast, Solway Moss, which lies on the borders of Scotland, ten miles north of Carlisle, began to swell with the inundation, and rose to such a height above the level, that it rolled forwards like a torrent, and continued its course above a mile, carrying with it houses, trees, and every thing else in its way; it covered nearly 600 acres, and lay in different places from two to twenty feet deep; it divided itself into islands of various extent, from one to ten feet in thickness, upon which were found hares, moor-game, &c.; there were thirty villages of five or six houses each destroyed by it, and a great number of cattle. It began to move on Saturday, and continued in motion for several days; this surprising phenomenon brought multitudes of people from all parts of the country to view it.

### Sunday, December 5.

#### SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

*Lessons for the Day—5 chapter Isaiah, morning—24 chapter Isaiah, Even.*

December 5, 1820.—Expired Samuel Rousseau, author of several works on oriental literature, *Flowers of Persian Literature*, *Dictionary of Mahomedan Law*, *Persian and English Vocabulary*, and other useful publications. For his knowledge of the ancient and oriental languages, he was indebted solely to his own industry and application during the leisure hours of his profession, which was that of a printer, while serving his apprenticeship in the office of Mr. Nichols.

### Monday, December 6.

*St. Theophilus, b. of Antioch, A.D. 190.—High Water 13m after 6 Morn—35m after 6 After.*

December 6, 1870.—To-day was interred Henry Jenkins, in Bolton church-yard, a few miles east of York, a person of obscure birth, but of a life truly memorable; for he was enriched with the goods of nature, if not of fortune; and happy in the duration, if not the variety of his enjoyments; and though the partial world might have despised his humble state, the equal eye of Providence beheld and blessed it with a patriarch's health and length of days, to teach mistaken mortals that these inestimable blessings only attend temperance, a life of labour, and a mind at ease. The subject of our notice lived to the amazing age of one hundred and sixty-nine years; he was in the outset of his life a fisherman, and in the latter part he followed the pursuit of a peasant.

### Tuesday, December 7.

*Vigil of the Conception.—Moon's Last Quar, 16m after 3 Morning.*

December 7, 1815.—Shot for treason pursuant to his sentence, Marshal Ney, at the extremity of the grand alley leading to the Observatory in the gardens of the Luxembourg; and the next day his remains were interred in the burial ground of Pere la Chaise.

*On the 1st of December was published Part 39, enlarged to six Numbers, including the CREAM OF THE ANNUALS for 1831, and illustrated with six Fine Original Engravings.*

# The Ohio;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

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Saturday, Dec. 31 1880.



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## Illustrated Article.

### A SEA STORY.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

So lately as forty years ago, and upward time out of mind, the woollen manufactures of Scotland were principally supplied from the cottages and from the kitchens of the farmers. Over the whole of the lowland districts the *muckle wheel* was plied early and late. The old women carded, and the young ones span; and a more graceful employment for a handsome young woman never existed, as she flew backward and forward over the floor. Many cottagers depended solely on the sale of this yarn for their bread. The Goodman's earnings were laid out in the purchase of wool, which his wife and daughters spun into yarn; and for this commodity there was always a certain demand and ready money; for the country swarmed with yarn-merchants, and among them there was a good deal of rivalry; so that there was little danger of the holder not making the most of it.

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Among other itinerants was one John Robson, a very old man, but a great favourite with the wives. He had plenty of money, plenty of long prayers and graces, and plenty of long romantic stories of battles and perils by land and water; and with those advantages, John contrived to get the best bargains all over the country, and was sure of a snug lodging when night overtook him. Among his stories there was one which I heard him tell twice or thrice over, and which I remember very well, save that I do not recollect the place from whence the vessel sailed on her voyage homeward to the Clyde; but I think it was from some port in Spain. I shall tell it in John's own words, or, at least, in his own peculiar way.

"We were sailing and sailing as sweetly afore a gentle breeze as ever rippled the sea, when ae morning after break o' day, we saw something floating lightly o'er and o'er the waves, like a buoy; and when it was pointed out to the captain, he had some curiosity to see what it was, and made us luff to come up with it. And what was it but

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a boy, sitting crying in a wicker basket ! We were a' terribly astonish'd how the creature was preserv'd ; for the basket was just like another basket ; the water gaed through and through it as fast as it likit ; but the lightness o't keepit it afloat. We hauled in the poor object without a moment's delay, or the least hesitation, and then he cried for his creel, until we were oblig'd to bring it on board likewise.

" As soon as we got time to look at him, we didna like him unco weel. He was a creature about four feet lang, wi' an auld wither'd face, like a fairy, or some o' thae half-earthly half-hellish beings. We gae him different kinds o' meat, and he eatit like mad, and seem'd hardly ever to be satisfied. He spok very readily, and very prettily too, but it was in a language that no ane o' us could understand a word of ; sae we could neither learn what he was nor wha he was.

" But I think he hadna been ten minutes aboard, when we heard a kind o' crash in the rigging o' the top-gallant, and at the same time the ship gae a rock like a cradle. ' What the devil's that ? ' cried the captain. Every man declar'd his ignorance of the matter, for at that time we felt no difference of the breeze on deck, and saw not the slightest symptoms of an approaching gale ; and while we were all standing gazing to see if we could discern from whence the shock proceed'd, we heard a kind of moaning in the shrouds, like a wind wi' a voice in it ; and in a few minutes crash went the upper shrouds a second time, and reel went the ship with double violence. The captain was now terribly alarmed at a thing sae contrair to a' that he had ever seen before ; however, he command'd us to reef with all expedition, as there seem'd a kind o' whirlwind descending on us. Never will I forget that morning ; for, without the least prelude or appearance of a storm, the wind came on us thrd after thud, and aye the last the loudest, till we were soon in the middle of sic a turmoil as e'e o' man never saw. The wind daddit us, and cuff'd us, whiles on the ae side and whiles on the other, till at one time I really believ'd the ship was whirled up in the air. The beam wrappit about backward and forward, knocking a' down that came before it ; the rigging crash'd, and the jib-sail went to tatters. All was utter confusion ; and we were sometimes running in one direction, and instantly again in another. The waves o' the sea werena rowing away

before the gale wi' full sweep, but they were boiling and clashing against each other. The thunder roar'd, the fire flash'd, and the hailstones rattled ; and there were we totering to the cludds, and then down with a dive into the channels o' the ocean. We gaed sae deep at ae time that I heard our keel play rusk against the gravel and sludge in the bottom.

" In short, as the hurricane had an unnatural beginning, so there wasna ae natural thing in it, and it was the greatest miracle that I ever saw how we escapit a' wi' life ; but what need I say that ? for our time hadna been come, nor the number o' our days fulfill'd. At length there comes an auld man astern, and he says, ' Captain M'Nicol, it strikes me that there's an Achan in the camp, a Jonah on shipboard ; and it is better that he share the lot o' the prophet than that we should a' perish.— Take an auld foggie's word for it, captain, this is nae natural convulsion of the elements, and it is my confirm'd opinion that the creature we took out o' the weltering waves, sailing in a creel forsooth, is either a murderer, or a deil, or at the very least a water-kelpie.'

" The words gaed to the captain's heart, for, as he held on with both hands, he spak not a word, but stared wildly round him. There is no doubt that the whole of the circumstances taken together struck him as having a most ominous appearance, but yet he was mair awit than I could hae expectit. At length he said, ' What the deil shall we do ? As it is, we must now go to the bottom in a few minutes, or perhaps seconds, for the sea is going on like a boiling cauldron.'

" ' Just pop the imp overboard into his native element,' said the old man, ' unless you wish every soul on board to perish. There's nae fear o' him ; he'll haud away ower the waves like a toom barrel.'

" ' It is a fearsome and a cowardly thing,' said I, ' to throw a poor little fellow, wham we saved from a watery grave already, into these merciless waves. Let us trust in Providence, and try to weather the gale. The Almighty can save or destroy us, as seemeth good to him ; for, are not the winds and waves at his control, and what influence can a poor object like that have on them ?'

" The captain was puzzled how to act, for the confusion on board had stupified him, and from the commencement of the hurricane he appear'd to me as scarcely himself. But at that mo-

ment there was a great hubbub before the mast, and a mixed body of marines and sailors came rushing abaft to the captain, crying out—'We have caught the devil, sir! we have caught the devil! This little fellow here, sir, is the devil.'

" 'How, the devil!' said the captain.

" 'O, sir,' said one, 'him was running and jumping like a cat on all fours through the rigging in the midst of the fire of lightning, and screaming and laughing for joy.'

" 'And please your honour,' said another, 'I seed him sitting like a monkey with a tail on the top-gallant-mast, chuckling and making faces, and waving the storm to come on.'

" 'Over the side with him! over with him! over with him!' shouted fifty voices at once; and, in spite of my efforts and some others who opposed it, they bore him to the very gunnel, while the creature fought and jabbered in a way that utterly astounded them, making many of them to lie senseless on deck; and he kept repeating one word, 'Batta, batta,' or some such sound, until one said that he was calling for his basket. 'Bring him his basket; keep nothing belonging to him,' cried the captain: and this was the only acquiescence he manifested in the horrid alternative. As soon as the creature got hold of his large basket he held by it like grim death, and overboard he and it were both plunged. The ship, for all the damage she had sustained, must then have been running at a terrible speed, for I only saw him once with his creel gaun skreeving over the rigging of a wave behind us, as swift as the wind. He was then struggling with his basket; and when he reached the verge of the wave, he uttered a rending unearthly scream, dived into the gulf beyond, and was seen no more.

"The people stood and gazed on one another as if astonished at what they had done. But we had soon greater reason for astonishment, for in one minute afterward the storm began to abate, and in five or six minutes more it was as lovely an afternoon as it had been a morning: we saw all around us, and the main ocean appeared never to have been agitated. And what was more curious, though not more wonderful, the rigging and sails, that during the height of the turmoil seemed to be tattered to pieces and flapping about our ears, we found now all standing in state and form: so that the whole repairs did not take above two hours, when we again held on our course,—

But the strangest part of all was, if true, that we were carried in a retrograde direction more than a hundred miles, which I never could believe, although it was affirmed both by the captain and boatswain. I said, if such a thing had taken place, we must have been whirled up out of the sea and borne through the air, and that I once had a feeling of the sort as if we were. So superstitious are seamen, and so terribly were all the latent sparks inherent in their nature aroused that morning, that ere night it was talked of and believed through the whole ship, that we had been heaved out of the sea, and borne a hundred miles through the air!

"Now, I ken you are a' thinking that auld John Robson's story is dune,—and perhaps it's mair than time it were dune; but sae far frae that, it is little mair than beginning yet. For, ye see, the next morning, about the second watch, the man at the mast-head bawled out—'A sail! a sail! Helm-a-lee, you lubber!—ahoy!—smack she goes!' with some other incoherent exclamations of horror. All hurried before the mast, and Lieutenant Jones, being on duty, was there himself the very first; but, perceiving nothing, he shouted to the look-out man, inquiring what was the matter. 'We are struck, sir; there's a sail down,' was the reply. The lieutenant swore the man was raving, for there was no shock; however, he put about ship, and lay-to. But all was quiet; there was neither voice heard nor wreck seen; and when the man was examined, he affirmed that he saw a light vessel coming full sail a-head on an angle of six, and that she ran her ledges right against our prow and went down; that he perceived one man on board, and felt a slight shock. It was noted that Captain M'Nicol looked wistful and pale, but all on board besides only laughed at the story. He was heard muttering to himself—'So, then, we are not to get past this same latitude—this cursed spot!'

"But, behold, about the break of day it became apparent that the ship was water-logged. She ran deep before, refused the helm, and appeared to be fast sinking. All was now commotion and dismay; for, the hold being searched, there was no water found, and the pumps were soon drawn dry. Then there was such heaving of stuff out of the fore-castle, and such searching; but all to no purpose, the leak could not be found; and in the mean time the ship continued to sink deeper and deeper: the crew



became unmanageable, and had already cut the fastenings of the long-boat, when one of the searchers set his head out of the fore-castle, and cried, 'O Lord! come an' see what's here!' There were soon plenty to rush to the spot, and behold! there lay what they called 'the deil's basket,' the very individual machine which they had lifted from the waves, with a wretched human creature in it, and committed to the waves again! And as the group stared upon one another in utter consternation, they were startled by an unearthly chatter of a laugh behind them, and, on turning round, there was the creature itself sitting on a cask, with a countenance of stern and fearless defiance. The whole of the crew now fled from the face of the creature; but it pointed always downward to the cask on which it was sitting, and made signs and motions, as if it wished to have the cask to itself, or to have it examined. None, however, durst venture near it; but they began to think, from its signs and its gestures, that it wanted a word of the captain. When they told him, he became like one beside himself, and cried out to shoot it — to throw it overboard; and then to put out the long-boat, and let him escape. Lieut. Jones and the boatswain opposed this, and proffered to accompany him to this strange visitant, as, perchance, it might be a mean of saving his Majesty's ship; and then, half by force, they led him away to the concealed corner where the wretch was sitting on its cask. Now this cask had never been seen by any of us before. It had been covered up with lumber and trunks, ever so deep, in its corner, till uncovered that night in the search for a leak that existed not. The creature jabbered, and spoke, and pointed to the cask, while its eyes had a strange gleam of exultation, and still it beckoned the captain to approach. When, at last, he was forced near it, it sprang from its seat and whispered only one word, or rather a name, in his ear, and then again took its place on the cask, shaking its head at him in a menacing manner.

"The horror of the captain was now quite unspeakable. So much was he overwhelmed with terror, that his officers wondered how so brave a man could be so much affected. He was completely in a state of derangement; and, indeed, an indefinable terror and confusion reigned on board. The ship grovelled and wallowed in the waves like an unwieldy hulk, and the seamen and marines were running about with-

out order. Jones did all that a brave officer could to preserve subordination; for he ran about swearing terribly, belabouring some, and knocking down others. As for the captain, all his orders were about *the evil one*, or *the ghost*, as he now called it, which no one would face. This new appellation was unfortunate. The sailors were not so much afraid to face the devil; they were brought up in the knowledge that he was their enemy, and a cunning and a dangerous one, whom it was their duty to contend with. But the idea of being haunted by a ghost had an implication that shook their very souls. The captain at first took shelter in the cabin; but the feeling of confinement shocked him, and terror lest the being should enter the companion-door between him and the open air, and cut off his retreat, shook his nerves, and from thence he flew to the top of the round-house, where, in a voice that trembled with agitation, he ordered both boats to be put out, and the ship to be set on fire. 'Over with the boats, over with the boats!' now resounded from one part of the crew, and 'No, no!' from another; and, in the midst of this confusion, out comes the creature from the fore-castle, carrying its cask and a hatchet, as if with intent to have it broken up; and, with its gleaming eyes fixed steadily on the captain, it made straight toward him. The crew fled from before it, some into the shrouds, and some into one place, and some another; but the captain, with a maniac yell of the most dreadful horror, jumped on deck, threw himself overboard, and disappeared.

"The creature then uttered an eldritch laugh, flew to seek its basket, and with that in both its hands jumped overboard after our unfortunate captain. The yawl was put out and manned by the boatswain and other two; but ere ever they could get free of the ship (for they were not over-fond of their employment) those on board saw the demoniac creature pick up Captain M'Nicol and drag him into the infernal basket, and away it went with the twain, like a blown-up buoy before the wind. We heard a few broken, short cries from the sufferer, and that was all. They were soon out of sight, and never more seen or heard of either on sea or land.

"The moment that the captain and his persecutor left the ship, she heaved. She did not rise gradually to her former draught, but came up at one spring,

which I both saw and felt, and can therefore bear testimony to its truth. But the most curious thing of all was this, which I cannot attest, not understanding these things; but it seems that we were carried a great way south by the hurricane, and on the intervening day having been sailing the same ground over again, it so happened that this last catastrophe befel us on the very same spot with the first; and of this the captain was doubtless aware when he said, 'So then, it seems we are not to get past this latitude—this cursed spot!'

"What had been transacted there on former days was only left to conjecture; and that you may all conjecture as well as any on board, I must tell you that as soon as we got our vessel again into sailing trim, the first thing that we did was to open the cask about which our hellish visitant had made so much ado. This was done on deck before a hundred witnesses, and all that it contained was the body of a young woman, which was disembowelled, cut in twain, and stuffed into a barrel of pickle. And it appeared further, that the woman had been murdered by the cutting of her throat; and this is all that I know for certain. I did hear afterwards, but that was long after I had come to Ayrshire, that once, on a former voyage, Captain M'Nicol having had two handsome young foreigners aboard, who were coming to Liverpool, the young man disappeared, and it was certain the captain took possession of his mistress. But, as to whether this was her body, or not her body, I cannot tell. There is little doubt that some great and crying sin had been committed at or near to that spot on the high seas at which our captain met a fate so terrible. And it ought to be a warning to a' you young fo'ks wha hae the world afore ye, never to do ony dauring deed o' wickedness in hopes that it will remain in darkness. If ye will think but o' the chances that it has to come to light, and what shame and ruin would be attendant thereon, it will amaisht restrain ye, if ye be nae perfect slaves to your own vicious inclinations. But at any rate, ye may aye depend on this—that there is a day coming when every foul deed done in the flesh shall be laid open and exposed to the derision of men and angels."

*Forget-me-Not.*

## Morals from Flowers.

### THE SNOWDROP.

*For the Olio.*

Thou living pearl, that to the snow  
Droops sweetly thy untainted bell,  
Doth not thy lovely aspect show,  
Doth not thy speckless blossom tell,  
Far more than mortal hand can trace,  
Of virgin chastity and grace,

When all around is chill and drear,  
And many a cloud begrim the sky,  
Thy form peeps forth to glad and cheer  
The lingering heart and anxious eye;  
Gives token of the bud and bloom  
That with more sunny hours will come.

So hope should cheer us when we feel  
The evil of life's wintry day,  
And throw her buds around, and steal  
In blossoms o'er our dreary way,  
And yield a charm more bright than gold,  
Where all is sad and all is cold.

So faith within the Christian's breast  
Doth meekly live and blossoms still,  
Though all around may be depress'd,  
And many a frost may strive to kill;  
Nor falls in darksome days to bring  
Tokens of an Eternal Spring! W.M.

### CORNELIUS AGRIPPA.

*For the Olio.*

A correspondent of the Olio, who signs himself PYLADES, gives some curious particulars relating to supposed Conjurers, Witches, and Astrologers; amongst which is an anecdote of Cornelius Agrippa, "who," says Jovius, "was always accompanied by a familiar spirit in the shape of a black dog," and further that, "when his end approached he took off the enchanted collar from the dog's neck, saying, 'get thee hence, thou accursed beast, which hast utterly destroyed me.'" In the present age, this relation will only excite a smile in the reader; but it shews with what malignity Agrippa was persecuted. He was a most learned but a most eccentric man, and his frequent exposition of the subtle practises of the clergy brought upon him their bitter hatred, as well as the envy and jealousy of the learned whom he so far exceeded. His three books, *De Philosophia Occulta*, (the fourth, supposed to be written by him, is spurious) together with his "*Discourse concerning the apparition of Spirits*," procured for him the title of magician; and hence arose all the ridiculous stories related of him, amongst which is that invented by the pensioned libeller, Paul Jovius, whose reasons for abusing those who attacked the members of the catholic church, are obvious. To vindicate himself from the aspersions which were

cast upon him, in the publication of the above works, Agrippa put forth an apology, in which he shewed that what he did was performed by art alone, without the aid of familiar spirits. It is not probable that this great man *died* miserably, as has been alleged, although his life was one of storm and contention; his eccentricities constantly exposing him to the malice of his enemies, who were many, and would have condemned him to the flames, but for the intervention of the great and powerful. Agrippa's principal works were *De Vanitate Scientiarum*, which has been twice translated into English, once in the year 1569, and afterwards by Sir Roger L'Estrange in 1684; *De Laudibus Feminarum*, a most singular performance, of which there has been no English translation, although there have been several editions in French. In this book, Agrippa maintains the superiority of women over the male sex by a variety of singular and pertinent arguments, alleging that the great creator of all things would not have put forth the last work of his hands imperfect, and that woman exceeds man no less in disposition and temper than in personal comeliness. This great man wrote many other works, amongst which are commentaries on Lully's *Ars Brevis*; a *Discourse on the Art of War*, with a variety of tracts, consisting of orations, remonstrances, &c. &c. If the reader will take the trouble to refer to L'Estrange's translation of *De Vanitate Scientiarum*, published a year or two after the appearance of *De Philosophia Occulta*, he will find that Agrippa expresses his regret at having written the latter work; it is not, therefore, likely that he should have relapsed into the opinions of his youth in his last days; so that the story of his miserable end is as worthy of credit as that of the vulgar relation of the black dog, both of which are evidently the creations of that hired slave of the monks, Jovius.

ALEHA.

## HORRIBLE STANZAS.

Fear haunts me like a sheeted ghost, there comes no rest to me,  
The swelling thoughts have sunk and fled which buoy'd my spirit free.  
A form of ill, unchanging still, a dark embodied shape  
Weighs my crush'd heart, and grimly waits to shut me from escape;  
Dim-seen, as goul by starlight pale, gorged with his hideous fare,  
Yet all-distinct upon my soul there comes his wolfish glare.

The heaven is dark, as if a pall were spread upon the sky,  
And earth is like a grave to me, with vultures gather'd by;  
And though I breathe, my soul lies dead, and o'er it floats a troop,  
Long-bill'd, of birds obscene and vile, prepared for bloody swoop;  
One—fierce, deadlier than them all—one floats upon my heart,  
And half I laugh in bitter joy, to think no blood will start!

No blood, no blood to wet his maw! that blessed torrent's flow  
Was suck'd by countless beaks and bills,—dried up long years ago!  
'Tis thus I dream, yet not in sleep; for sleep, the torturer, brings  
Before my closed eyes a train of bright and noble things:  
The smiles of maidens fair and young, the glance of beauty bright,  
And tones remembered long ago,—all fill me with delight.

Then happy—like the Indian chief between his pangs of pain—  
I quite forget in present ease the torture and the chain.  
A dream is mine. Sweet, mellow, faint, as if from o'er the sea,  
Or some calm lake, at evening heard, when hush'd the breezes be,  
A strain begins,—and o'er mine ear the blessed music falls,  
Bathing my heart, as moonlight bathes some donjon's craggy walls;

A spell of power—a talisman each anguish to allay—  
And memory's wand brings back again the long-departed day,  
The proud young time, when, free as air, I walk'd beneath the moon,  
And listen'd to one gentle voice, that sung its witching tune;  
I bend, in sleep, to kiss her brow, as ends that falling strain—  
Gone! Gone!—The agony comes on!—The fiend is here again!

Close, close beside me glooms the form that haunts me night and day;  
The phantom stands beside my bed, in morning's twilight grey,  
Dim, undefined, and terrible. Ah! well my thrilling blood  
Told me that, foe to human kind, a demon near me stood.  
It spoke at last: and o'er my soul death's shadows flit—  
"I take ye up for debt," it said, "and this here is the writ." Black Mag.

## SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A RUNAWAY.

Continued from p. 397.

For the *Olio*.

DOUBTLESS, the thieves made the best of their way from the scene of their violence, little dreaming that my having left my home without the knowledge of my parents would effectually shut my mouth, and prevent me taking any steps to apprehend them. I soon arrived at Reading, glad enough that I had, in my

fright, been so fortunate as to leave enough in my pocket to support me, if I lived frugally, for several days in London. I got my old guinea changed at a public-house in the town, where the landlord gave me seventeen shillings for it, saying that such old coin was not at that time worth more. I knew that it was, but pocketed the change, and, for obvious reasons, said not a word of remonstrance to this mean rascal.

I found that, from having walked farther than I was wont, I had become footsore, and this obliged me to get a lift by one of the road waggons, which started on the following morning for London. The waggoner himself was a simple good hearted fellow, and generous to an extreme; for he fed me at his own cost until we arrived in the great metropolis, which we reached about three o'clock in the afternoon, two days afterwards. Judge of the surprise which all I saw excited in my simple mind. The splendid mansions in Piccadilly (we entered at Hyde Park Corner); the gorgeous equipages of nobles and gentlemen; the elegantly dressed females who now and then whisked past us,—all filled me with astonishment. The dusty waggon had its full contrast with the coronetted carriages, and the very tinkle of the horses' bells was lost in the hum and bustle which surrounded us. I continued to stare and wonder until the waggon reached its destination—an inn in the Old Bailey, and my good friend the driver kindly offered me a share of his bed for that night,—an offer which, you may be sure, I, with my slender finances, did not refuse. I slept soundly enough, for even my eyes were tired with gazing on so many new objects. I arose early in the morning and walked into the Old Bailey, when, on looking towards the Newgate-street end, I beheld a large concourse of people, above whose heads a huge gallows reared its frightful frame. I made my way towards the throng, and, on inquiry of a bystander, found that a criminal was to be hung at eight o'clock. This was a spectacle I had never witnessed, and I hastened back to the inn, got my breakfast, which I soon devoured, and then repaired again to the fatal spot where so many have suffered. The crowd had become more dense, and a bell was tolling. At length several persons appeared upon the scaffold, among whom I could perceive the culprit, the ordinary and the meagre-looking execu-

tioner. Much as I had lately desired to witness this scene, I now wished myself out of the crowd again; but I found it was no easy matter to make my escape, for the throng every moment increased. The wretched criminal advanced to the front of the scaffold, and the hum of voices was stilled in an instant; he spoke, but I was at too great a distance to distinguish what he said. I then saw him take his stand under the fatal beam, and I turned away my head with a sensation of sickness and an involuntary shudder. When I again looked in that direction, I beheld the body of the unhappy man suspended in the air, and writhing in the agonies of death: the sight filled me with horror, and I could ill conceal the mingled sensations of pity and disgust which I felt;—pity for the fate of the wretched man who had forfeited his life, and disgust at the manner in which that forfeit had been exacted. The sight of a human creature dangling in the air, like some unclean animal, must at all times be afflicting to a sensitive mind; and yet, to their shame and disgrace be it said, there were many females in the crowd who had come from a great distance to witness the execution. I found, however, that this was by no means an uncommon occurrence, and that, spite of the repeated animadversions of the public press, women constantly attended sights of this disgusting description. I perceived, too, that the dreadful spectacle made but a slight impression upon the male part of the spectators; for many around me cracked their jokes and made their brutal comments upon the demeanour of the wretched man who had just forfeited his life; and, to crown the whole, I beheld a pickpocket "plying his vocation" right before me. He was emptying the pockets of a fat farmer, and handing their contents to a companion. I was just about to call out to the farmer, when some person knocked my hat over my eyes, and by the time I had raised it, the plunderers and the plundered were gone.

I hastened back to the inn with any thing but a favourable opinion of the Londoners, and found that my good friend the waggoner returned to Reading on the following morning. I sincerely regretted the departure of this honest fellow, and, although I had not been much in his company since our arrival in London, I felt, when he was gone, that I was now alone upon the world, and that if something did not turn up, I should certainly be plunged

into deep and overwhelming distress; yet, nevertheless, my spirits did not forsake me, and I determined at once to go from shop to shop, and obtain, if possible, a situation of some sort. My first essay was at a stationer's on Ludgate Hill. I entered the shop with great diffidence, and modestly asked a respectable looking white-headed man, who sat at a desk behind the counter, "if he knew of a situation?" The person I addressed was busily engaged in writing, and I waited for some moments for an answer, when I again ventured to repeat the inquiry. I roused him this time; he looked up over his spectacles and cried in a voice of thunder, "What the devil do you want here? Be off, or I'll send for the street-keeper!" I did not wait a second bidding, you may be sure, but walked indignantly out of the shop. This rebuff, however, did not prevent me making inquiry amongst his neighbours, none of whom were in want of assistance of any kind. Some told me that they had really not enough to do for those already with them; others more considerate advised me to return to the country immediately, for "London was already overrun with young hawbucks like me;" while in many places I was tauntingly asked, "what I thought I was fit for?"

I continued my rounds for several days, under the cheering reflection that my small stock of money was fast consuming. I left the inn immediately after my friend the waggoner had quitted London, and had taken a bed-room in a house up one of the courts in the Old Bailey, at the rate of three shillings per week. The room was a sorry one, to be sure, and the bed still worse; but, in my situation, to repine was out of the question. My money, as I said before, was nearly all gone; I had not enough, indeed, to pay for my room at the end of the week, and when the day of reckoning arrived, I begged a little time of my landlady, who liberally granted it. But the next week came, and want and famine with it—I had not a penny left! I quitted my lodging in the morning in a state of mind bordering on distraction, and walked down Ludgate Hill, hardly knowing whether I went. After wandering through several streets, and calling at many shops without success, I began to feel hungry, but I had not enough in my pocket to buy even a roll. I still kept walking about, for the agitation of my mind would not allow me to sit down. Noon came, and the reeking of the many cook-shops which I

passed mocked my hunger. I looked despairingly on the tempting viands displayed in the windows, but it was only to remind me that I was penniless. Evening was advancing, and I felt myself growing faint for want of sustenance. In the extremity of my misery, I strolled into St. James's Park, and, overcome with fatigue, sunk down on one of the seats. The thought of my destitute situation made me weep, which attracted the attention of the passengers, many of whom would, doubtless, have bestowed an alms upon me, if I had been dressed in meaner apparel; but my clothes, though plain, were good, and I could not be mistaken for a beggar.—The tears I shed were truly those of mortification and repentance, for I now clearly saw my folly and heartily wished myself at home with my parents. I felt, like the prodigal son, that they had "enough and to spare," while nothing was left to me but to starve and die. My situation was, indeed, wretched, and the thought of suicide stole more than once upon my bewildered senses. I sat until the clock at the Horse Guards chimed six, when two young men, dressed in the first style of fashion, passed by, and as one of them drew his handkerchief from his pocket a russia leather note case dropped on the ground without his perceiving it. I eagerly snatched it up, and thrust it into my waistcoat pocket; but a moment's reflection told me that I was acting wrongly and I instantly ran after the owner, and presented it to him. He seemed pleased at the recovery of it, but still more so at my honesty, and turning to his friend whispered to him, and then looked at me attentively.

"You are very careless, Alymer," said his companion, "and deserve to lose your money—who but you would carry such a sum in his coat pocket?"

"Pshaw! never mind that," said the young man, "tell me how shall I reward this lad?"

"Give him a guinea," replied the other.

"Ay," continued the owner of the note case, handing me a guinea, together with his card—"Here, young man, take this, and call on me to-morrow by ten o'clock—I will do more for you."

I took the card and thanked him in a voice almost inarticulate from surprise and joy, and making a low bow, hastily quitted the Park.

*To be continued.*

## HUMPHREY THE HOMICIDE;

A TALE OF PYPE-HALL.

BY HORACE GUILFORD.

*For the Olio.*

## THE CHAPLAIN'S STORY.

Continued from p. 390.

THE butchering scene at Pype-Hall was scarcely concluded, when the rest of the cavalcade returned from Litchfield, their countenances evincing so many nameless evidences of dislike, discomposure or downright offence, that Sir Humphrey, after stern and short ceremony, accepted their excuses and farewells; and when the courts and drawbridge had rung to the last departing horse-hoof, he retired to visit upon his wife and son the terrors of his frown and voice. Thus were marred the Christmas festivities of Pype-Hall.

Humbler, but not less liberal, and certainly not so inauspiciously, concluded, were the Christmas festivities at the Grange of Brentwood. This was a large farm-house on the south-eastern verge of Cannock Heath, built in all the picturesque uncouthness of the period, in whose heavy walls huge beams of timber, rudely carved and arranged in grotesque patterns, predominated far over their proportion of stonework. The farmer and his wife, Gaffer and Gammer Redmayne, had assembled not only the different branches of their family, (if so lofty a term may be applied to the *vulgar* sons and daughters, and sons-in-law and daughters-in-law, of a hard-working but prosperous couple),—together with their neighbours, but also their numerous hinds and maidens, with their respective sweethearts. Boisterous was the mirth, and most abundant the cheer. When the noon-tide meal was ended, the young men went out for a shooting match, their target being a white patch rudely painted on the great barn-door; their lady loves looking on with blue noses and tingling fingers. For it was the season,—

When icicles hang by the wall,  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in pail;  
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
To-who!

Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot,

In the lofty kitchen, Gammer Redmayne, with her white coifed cronies, were seated in state on a large wicker settle with a high back, beneath the soaring vault of the chimney, nowise resembling the funnels of modern days,

but an enormous pyramidal structure, through whose aperture the family could gaze on the heavens as they sate by the fire. No festal draperies hung over this 'bower of dames,' but huge flitches of bacon and joints of dried beef were prized as its most elegant furniture. Many an old legend did the matrons chirrup within this ample recess, the flame giving an unwonted colour to their withered cheeks, and the ale posset in which the brown crab simmered awakening not a little the eloquence of their ancient tongues. The sturdy Gaffer, meanwhile, was still plying his silver-headed contemporaries from brown mantling horns of ale, that "*drank divinely*," at the clumsy but well-covered table that stretched by the wall of the wide apartment.

The level beams of the cold pale sun were now shooting athwart the snow-covered stably cowsheds and barns, and glimmered through the leafless file of wild pear-trees and birches that marked off the homestead from the wide white surface of Cannock Heath. The young men had concluded their archery feats, and their shivering sweethearts had gladly consented to seek the more genial atmosphere of the farmhouse kitchen, for the favourable game of *DUN'S IN THE MIRE*. The gossips in the *Chimney-wing*, and the wagging greybeards at the board, all willingly rose to view this popular amusement. The bulky block representing Dun the cart-horse, was heaved by five or six men into the midst of the room, and a general cry of "*Dun's in the mire!*" was raised around. Two men then advanced from the circle, and strove to extricate the poor beast from his painful plight; their efforts proving unsuccessful, two more came with cart ropes and failed, or pretended to fail in their struggles. More help was summoned, till at length the whole party of young men joined in the attempt. The pith of this rustic gambol consisted in the awkward and affected attempts of the crowd to raise the log, and loud and long was the laughter on all sides as they contrived to let the ends of the heavy block fall upon each other's toes.

"Ah!" at length exclaimed Gammer Redmayne, "if our Felix were here, he would soon have Dun out o' th' mire!"

The words had scarcely passed the mother's lips, when a stout figure emerged from the oaken partition that divided the room from the outer door,

pushed himself among the athletic competitors, and putting his brawny arm to the bulky log, at one effort hurled it, like a bowl, amidst the company. It trampled their feet, it tripped them up, it made even the old folk separate, while the maidens screamed and sprang in all directions, as the great wooden log rolled along the floor. A shout of "Felix! Felix Redmayne, welcome!—That's our own Felix's mischievous trick!—How came he here?" succeeded to the momentary pause of surprise that left the hero of this exploit standing alone on the floor.

"See, now," he exclaimed, as throwing his cap down on the ground, he stood erect in nature's own majesty and beauty of strength; "see if brand and scourge have not left me some strength still!"

"Brand and scourge!" said the gray-haired Gaffer, taking his son's hand, and gazing earnestly on his flushed countenance, while Gammer Redmayne hung on her darling's neck in a transport of astonishment and joy.

"Ay, good father! I have played truant, and I have paid for it! Sir Valentine Chetwynd thought the hollow walls of Pye-Hall too cold a shelter for its rose, and I agreed with him; by ill luck, Sir Humphrey Stanley *disagreed* with our notions:—I bear no longer the Eagle badge on my coat, but faith, I have gotten such a grip of his talons on my flesh as I shall carry with me to my grave!"

All thronged around Felix as he detailed the circumstances already known to the reader, and, to their mingled exclamations of anger, grief, and fear,—to his mother weepingly offering her assistance, and to his father, shaking his white hairs in sorrow,—he replied at once,

"A truce to your clamour, my kind companions! you cannot help me. Mother, be pacified! my hurts have been kindly tended by Dame Witherton at the Woodhouses. What, father, though it be hard to have rogue written on one's shin, while one knows that true man is stamped on the heart; yet manhood and honesty lie too deep for whip or iron. And my pretty Judith here surely will not give me one kiss the less for the unmerited marks of shame on her true-love's body?"

"I would love thee, Felix," said a very beautiful young woman, clasping with her round white arms his broad neck, "I would love thee though they bore thee to the very death, and though

every one heaped shame upon thee, yet would I believe every one false, ere thee dishonoured."

Her lover answered with a hearty smack, and then, taking his father and mother by the hand, he said, "I am about to quit you, and how long it will be before I see you again Heaven knows. Sir Valentine offers me a post in his household far above my merits, and I go to Ingestre to-morrow; I have left in my *old* service the sympathy and love of my fellows, and I hope to earn trust and value from my superiors in my *new*! When you see me again be sure it will be as one who hath done somewhat to shew that a tyrant's cruelty cannot unnerve an honest man's heart!"

Judith Waters (the daughter of a wealthy yeoman then present,) turned paler at these words than she did at hearing the sufferings of her lover. —Felix, watching the expression of thoughts more eloquent than language, grasped her hand with warmer fondness,—he attempted to speak, but after many vain efforts, he turned to his companions, and was entreating them to renew their sports, when old Gaffer Waters, advancing and leading away his daughter to the other end of the room, left poor Felix in angry suspicion of this strange movement.

"Ay, ay," he said, "thus the world wags! the whipped and discarded Felix is no longer to be regarded as the Felix high in favour, and higher in prospect, at Pye-Hall! Cannock, in its wildest range, doth not contain such a crabtree as that old Waters!"

During these hasty interjections, those who stood near Gaffer Waters observed that the old man's tones were affectionate and mild, and that the maiden's pale hue was turned to one of scarlet. Felix at length was interrupted in his ireful mood by Gaffer Waters leading up to him his only child amidst the suspended breath and eager looks of all present. The sire thus addressed him,

"Felix Redmayne, you love my daughter; I have encouraged your suit, and had all things gone prosperously with you, I would have waited a fitting time to surrender my claims in her by making her yours for ever. But now—"

"But now," said Felix, impatiently, "but now, God wot! she must look out for some lover with a whole skin!—Thou needest not finish, Gaffer Waters, full well I trow thy text!"

"But now," continued the senior, his hard features utterly unmoved by this interruption, "now, *that* fitting time

must be dispensed with, and to-morrow's sun shall see her *your's for ever*, at the Priory of Fairwell,—unless, indeed, you would leave her there a nun,—for one of the two the spoiled chit vows *she will be!*"

A burst of joy from all around followed this speech. The young men crowded to congratulate Felix; the maidens drew closer to their sweet-hearts; the elders wept aloud; Gaffer Redmayne grasped his friend heartily by the hand; while his Gammer enfolded the young couple in her wrinkled arms, sobbing forth blessings upon them. As for Felix, he looked like one in a dream; the colour mantled richly to his cheek and brow, then left them white as statuary marble; he gazed around; uttered an incoherent *something*; till at length, clasping his betrothed wife to his bosom, he buried his face in the full soft tresses that escaped from her kerchief, and tears such as the extremity of bodily pain could not have wrung from him, streamed from his eyes upon her snowy neck. We have too many melancholy incidents to record in this tale, not to indulge ourselves with something like relief in its progress,—but our narrow limits compel us to drop the curtain abruptly on this rustic scene: and we must now transport our reader to a very different one, the royal Council Chamber in the Tower of London.

Suppose, then, Sir Humphrey Stanley arrived in London, furious for revenge, and eager to lay his wrongs before the King in council; calculating *highly* on his own favour and rank in the royal household,—*much* upon his name, than which there was none more powerful at this period,—and not a *little* on the influence of his cousin, Sir William Stanley, the Lord High Chamberlain. It was in the early part of January, 1479, that Sir Humphrey, ascending the grand staircase in the north-east turret of the White Tower, and traversing a narrow vaulted gallery, found himself in the presence of the most heartless and sordid sovereign that ever burdened the English throne. The Council Chamber was a stately apartment, ninety feet long, occupying the uppermost story of the White Tower. The roof, of majestic altitude, was supported by massy beams of timber, disposed in horizontal and transverse frame-work, coloured and gilded in various fashions; these were sustained in turn by two rows of heavy wooden pillars, highly carved, marking off the apartment into something like aisles. The painted panes of

the round Norman windows receiving only a secondary light from the exterior lattices of the surrounding galleries, transfused a troubled but solemn splendour upon this divan of England's wisest and noblest.

The unwonted agitation on sedate features, which not often were permitted to betray the inward emotion,—the indescribable stir of consternation half suppressed,—but chiefly the dubious smile on Henry's passionless countenance,—might have shewn Sir Humphrey that some disturbance had already occurred in the Council Chamber. Engrossed, however, in his own feelings, he had already knelt before the King,—stated with vehemence the outrage on his honour and happiness committed by Sir Valentine Chetwynd,—and had received his highness's command to rise,—when, struck by his peculiar tone, he raised his eyes to Henry's face, and saw there that portentous smile, like a dull lamp in a dismantled chamber, only increasing the dreary gloom. But how was the devil unchained in Sir Humphrey's heart; when, glancing to the King's right hand, he beheld it resting on the shoulder of Valentine himself, while (a basilisk to his eye) his daughter, now the Lady Magdalene Chetwynd, stood a little behind her husband. Her manner was as one who, struggling for the firmness she knows to be necessary, assumes a dignity she does not feel; her attitude was firm, her eye steadfast, but her cheek was deathly pale; an almost imperceptible tremor at times passed over her frame, and more than once she seemed to be instinctively clasping her hands, but always as suddenly did she repress the impulse. The last drop was now poured into the cup of Sir Humphrey's fury; forgetful of the presence in which he stood, regardless of the penalty attached to the deed, he sprang forward, and his arm was actually upraised to strike Sir Valentine, when it was arrested by two or three of the noblemen present. The whole chamber was instantly in confusion. The King alone remained unmoved: commanding silence, he sat rigidly upright in his tall backed throne; his hat of purple velvet glooming over his smooth fallow brows, and his long straight hair combed down on either cheek, he looked like some animated image as he addressed the furious knight,—

"We have known Sir Humphrey Stanley as a good and loyal knight,—we have known him as one chary of his reputation,—but we had yet to learn what



he hath now taught us, that a gentleman of so many descents, a subject so high in his sovereign's favour, could so far forget our rank and his own honour, as to brawl in our very presence!"

Sir Humphrey, who by this time began to see the extent of the heinous outrage he had attempted, again threw himself on his knees, and said, (his deep chest heaving with subsided tempest, and his large eyes glaring like half extinguished torches),

"Your royal grace will surely deign to pardon the burst of a robbed father's feelings at first sight of the robber. If that may not be, here is my right hand," (stripping his large and hairy wrist,) "let mallet and cleaver do their work upon it. She who was in sooth my right hand hath been lopped off already."

There was a softened and a saddened change in Stanley's voice as he concluded this sentence, which much assuaged the indignant mood of those who had so recently witnessed his turbulence; and even Henry addressed him with something like compassion.

"Be appeased, Sir Humphrey! we love you much; no less, indeed, than we prize our trusty Knight here of Ingestre."

The father of Magdalene groaned and gnashed his teeth.

"Who," continued the Tudor, "hath, we trust, by his gentle audacity, put an end for ever to the feud between two honourable houses, wherein even our royal self has hitherto interfered in vain."

Another explosion from Sir Humphrey interrupted this speech; but it was not one of anger, but of unfeigned astonishment and dismay. His eye had for the first time alighted on his kinsman, from whose powerful interference in this their family affair he had expected so much. Wild and incoherent were the exclamations that burst from his lips, when he beheld Sir William Stanley, his mine-never robes rudely disordered, his face pale, his limbs trembling, and his whole appearance denoting the deepest dejection, in the custody of the Earl Marshal. Henry proceeded, however, in his address to Sir Humphrey, as if nothing had interrupted him.

"Say not, Sir Knight, that your house is to be trodden into the dust, for your branch hath by this marriage been grafted on so stately and flourishing a stock, that it must needs put forth fair blossoms and rich fruit, even if our royal favour did not shine upon it, as surely

it *shall*. As for our trusty and beloved Chamberlain, we credit not the charge against him, and have only permitted this arrest that he may have occasion openly to convince all men of his loyalty. In sooth, this pretended Duke of York, this Peterkin or Perkin Warbeck hath grievously troubled our estate; and certes, we bear him the less good will that his intrigues against our crown and dignity have glanced upon one to whom we owe so much. Ill can we spare the counsellor we shall lose if Sir Robert Clifford's accusation be true," and again the odious smile glimmered ghastlyly over Henry's clayey features.

The person last mentioned, who stood near the King in the soiled and disarranged attire of one arrived from recent travel, turned haughtily upon his heel, muttering,—

"Thou hast won me, and *hardly*!—but had I thought such a falsehood could have polluted thy lips, I would have laid my head as the first step, but I would have lifted Warbeck to thy throne!"

(*To be continued.*)

### Londoniana.

For the Olio.

#### BUCKLEBSBURY.

To "smell like Bucklersbury in *simple* time," is a phrase of Shakespeare's, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. It was then chiefly inhabited by druggists, who sold all kinds of herbs, green as well as dry. Their houses were observed, in the time of the plague, to be kept free from visitation. Decker, in "The Westward Hoe," a comedy, printed in 1607, says, "Go into Bucklersbury, and fetch me two ounces of *preserved melounes*,—look there be no tobacco taken in the shop when he weighs it;" and again, "Run into Bucklersbury for two ounces of dragon-water, some spermaceti and treacle."

The tower that stood here, called Cernes-tower, was amortized (made over) by Edward III. in the thirty-second year of his reign, to the Dean of St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster.

#### CRANBOURN ALLEY.

In this passage the celebrated Hogarth was apprenticed to Mr. E. Gamble, a silversmith, with whom his chief employment was to engrave cyphers and armorial symbols. He remained here about six years, till the year 1718.

## FENCHURCH STREET.

This street took its name from the Lang-bourne, a rivulet, that arose near the place, which is now Magpie Alley, and spreading near the spring-head, rendered the contiguous street so moorish or fenny, especially about the church, which stood in the broad way, between Mincing-lane and Rood-lane, that it from thence obtained the name of Fenchurch-street.

## ST. BENNET, GRACECHURCH.

The churchwardens account of parish expences here for the year 1553, contain the following curious entry:

'Paide upon Maie last to a prieste and six clerkes for singing the Te Deum, and playing upon the organs for the birth of the Prince, £1. 8s.'

Whence we gather that Queen Mary's ideal pregnancy not only cost the parish of St. Bennet, Gracechurch, a considerable sum, but that the very sex of the infant was determined on.

## POPE'S HEAD ALLEY.

When Peacham published his "*Complent Gentleman*" in 1622, this place appears to have been celebrated for print-shops. Speaking of Hubert Goltzius, he observes, "His prints are commonly to be had in Pope's Head Alley."

## NEW GRAVEL LANE, SHADWELL.

Was named from the carts loaded with gravel, which passed through it to the Thames, where the gravel was employed in ballasting ships, before ballast was taken out of the river. It obtained the epithet of New, to distinguish it from Old Gravel Lane, which was used for the same purpose long before. J.

## The Naturalist.

## TURKEYS.

(For the *Olio*.)

It is generally allowed that the turkey was originally brought from America. In its wild state it is considerably larger than our Devonshire birds. Michaux, in his *Travels to the Allegany Mountains*, says, "The wild turkeys, which begin to be very scarce in the Southern States, are plentiful in those to the westward. In the most uninhabitable parts they are so tame as to be easily killed with a pistol shot. In the east, on the contrary, and particularly in the neighbourhood of the sea-ports, they cannot be approached without difficulty: they are not alarmed by a noise, but they have a very quick sight, and as

soon as they discover the hunter, flee away with such rapidity, that it takes a dog several minutes to come up with them; and when they see themselves on the point of being caught, they escape by taking to flight. The wild turkeys generally remain in the swamps, and by the sides of rivers and creeks, and only come out in the morning and evening. They perch on the tops of the highest trees, where, notwithstanding their bulk, it is not easy to see them: when they have not been frightened, they return to the same trees for several weeks in succession. To the east of the Mississippi, in a space of more than 800 leagues, this is the only sort of wild turkey which is met with. They are larger than those reared in our poultry yards. In autumn and in winter they feed chiefly on chesnuts and acorns; and some of those killed at this season weigh 35 or 40lbs. The variety of domestic turkeys, to which the name of English turkeys is given, in France, came originally from this species of wild turkey, and when they are not crossed with the common kind, retain the primitive colour of their plumage, as well as that of their legs, which is a deep red. If, subsequent to 1523,\* our domestic turkeys were naturalized in Spain, and thence were introduced into the rest of Europe, it is probable that they primarily came from some of the more southern parts of America, where there doubtless exists a species different from that of the United States."

In the *Elements of Natural History*, the turkey is said to eat, when young, garlic and nettle, but is killed by the fox-glove (*digitalis purpurea*). This bird is so well known as not to require description: their colours vary, but in all of them the tuft of black hair upon the breast is prevalent. Turkeys are bred in great numbers in Norfolk, Suffolk and other counties, whence they are driven to the London markets in flocks of several hundreds. The drivers manage them by means of a bit of red rag tied to a long pole, which, from the antipathy these birds bear to this colour, acts as a scourge, and effectually answers the purpose.—The hen turkey begins to lay early in the spring; is very attentive to the business of incubation, and will produce fifteen or sixteen young at one time, but seldom has more than one

\* It is remarked in an old ditch, enumerating the good things of which this island was destitute, prior to this period, that

Turkeys, carps, hops, pickerell and beer,  
Came into England all in one year.

hatch in a season in this climate, (they are said to have three broods in the West Indies.) The poults, on their first extrication from the shell, are very tender, and require attention in rearing them. The cottagers who bring up this peculiar sort of poultry, annually make them a part of their families during the breeding season: they are subject to a variety of diseases arising from cold, rain and dews; even the sun itself, when they are exposed to its more powerful rays, is said to occasion almost immediate death. As soon as they are sufficiently strong, they are abandoned by the mother, and are then capable of enduring the utmost rigour of our winters. The motions of the male turkey, when agitated with desire or inflamed with rage, are very similar to those of the peacock: it erects its train, and spreads it like a fan, whilst the wings droop and trail on the ground, uttering at the same time a dull, hollow sound; it struts round and round with solemn pace, assumes all the dignity of the most majestic of birds,—and thus expresses its attachment to its females, or resentment to those objects which have excited its indignation. D.

### Sketches from Oblivion.

Out of the old fields cometh the new corn.  
SIR E. COKE.

#### HENRI QUATRE.

The following curious letter of this distinguished ornament of the French throne to his mistress, Gabrielle d'Estrees, we think will not prove unacceptable to our readers.

"My beauteous love!

"Two hours after the arrival of this courier, you will see a cavalier who loves you much; they call him *King of France and Navarre*, which are certainly honourable, though very painful, titles; that of being your subject is infinitely more delightful: all three together are good; and let what will happen, I have resolved never to yield them to any one. HENRY."

#### THE TABLE TALK OF KING JAMES I. VIRTUE.

Virtue is easier than vice, for the essential difference betwixt virtue and vice is truth and falsehood; it is easier and less painful to tell truth than to utter lies; and for vices of the senses, custom is all in all, for to one that hath lived honestly, it is as much pain to commit sin, as for another to abstain from it.

#### A REBUKE.

Upon his Majesty's arrival in England, an English nobleman presented himself to the king, and protested what a faithful servant he had been to Queen Elizabeth, who permitted him to have the liberty of a free-man at her court, and to frequent all companies. When he could learn any thing which he thought fit to inform her Majesty of, she was pleased to accept his intelligence; and so he was desirous to offer his services to his Majesty, if he would be pleased to employ him. To which base proposal, the king replied, "My lord, I never had use of any secret service to betray my subjects, and therefore you may save your labour. That which belongs to me, is my own; but that which is my subjects, is theirs; my prerogative cannot alter."

#### ROUGH AND READY.

King James observed one day, upon Colonel Gray's coming to him out of Germany, in the rude garb of a soldier, buckled up in a buff jerkin, a great belt, a huge sword, and a case of pistols,—"This town appears well fortified, if it were vidualt it would be be impregnable."

#### PUBLIC CLAMOUR.

The people desire war till they have it, thinking that success must attend their arms: but one overthrow, one unsuccessful movement, or taxes imposed to maintain it, they require peace as much.

#### A SIMILE.

Preachers are like courtizans, they may be made to say any thing for their advantage.

#### THE JEWS.

Not only the delivery of the Jews, till they come to the land of promise, but even their daily preservation was miraculous; for we do not find that Jerusalem ever was infested with a plague, although situated in a hot climate; which, if it had been, would have endangered the whole nation, as it was customary for the people to assemble there three times every year.

#### The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-pook.  
M. W. of Windsor.

#### LOTTERIES.

Mr. Blunt, in his "Vestiges of Ancient Manners and Customs discoverable in modern Italy," has endeavoured

to trace the practice of lotteries to classical times. A lottery, it appears, was an agreeable afternoon pastime with the Romans. Augustus was accustomed to sell tickets, varying greatly in their value, and would in the same manner dispose of pictures with their faces turned to the wall, in order that he might amuse himself with the pleasure or disappointment of the purchasers. Heliogabalus used also to distribute tickets amongst his guests, with such prizes as ten camels, ten pounds of gold, ten pounds of lead, and ten eggs.

## DEFINITIONS.

The *glimpse* is the action of the object appearing to the eye; the *glance* is the action of the eye seeking the object: one catches a *glimpse* of an object, one casts a glance at an object; the latter, therefore, is properly the means for obtaining the former, which is the end; we get a *glimpse* by means of a *glance*. The *glimpse* is the hasty, imperfect and sudden view which we *get* of an object; the *glance* is the hasty and imperfect view which we *take* of an object.

## FEES OF KNIGHTHOOD.

A Bill of Fees due to the King's Servants from all persons that receive the honour of Knighthood. Viz.—to the

Earl Marshall of England .. ..	£3 13 4
Garier King at Arms, &c. ....	8 10 0
Lyons King at Arms for Scotland, &c.	8 10 0
Gentlemen Ushers Daily Waiters ..	5 0 0
Gentlemen Ushers of Privy Chamber ..	5 0 0
Gentlemen Usher Assistant .. ..	1 5 0
Grooms of the Privy Chamber .. ..	5 0 0
Gentlemen Ushers Quarterly Waiters ..	4 0 0
Knight Harbinger .. ..	3 6 8
Wardrobe .. ..	2 5 4
Pages of the Bedchamber .. ..	4 0 0
Gentlemen and Yeomen Harbingers ..	5 6 8
Robes .. ..	4 0 0
Serjeants at Arms .. ..	5 0 0
Serjeant Porter .. ..	1 0 0
Barber .. ..	1 0 0
Office of the Trumpets .. ..	3 0 0
Sewer of the Chamber .. ..	1 0 0
Pages of the Presence .. ..	0 10 0
Surveyor of the Ways .. ..	0 10 0
Yeomen of the Mouth .. ..	1 16 0
Gentlemen of the Buttery and Cellar ..	1 12 0
Surveyor of the Dresser .. ..	0 10 0
Exons of the Yeomen .. ..	5 0 0
Yeomen Ushers .. ..	1 0 0
Master Cook .. ..	1 5 0
Keepers of the Council Chamber .. ..	1 0 0
Footmen .. ..	2 0 0
Coachman .. ..	0 10 0
Porters of the Gate .. ..	1 0 0
Closet Keeper .. ..	0 10 0
Register of the College at Arms .. ..	1 8 2
Six Pages of the Bed Chamber, for being knighted within the verge thereof .. ..	3 0 0
	£92 18 2

## CURE FOR ENVY.

Bishop Berkeley, that acute reasoner, contrived a lucky antidote for the suffering of envy. "When I walk the streets," says he, "I use the following natural maxim, viz. that he is the true possessor of a thing who enjoys it, and not he that owns it without the enjoyment of it: to convince myself that I have a property in the gay part of all the gilt chariots that I meet, which I regard as amusement to delight my eyes, and the imagination of those kind of people who sit in them gaily attired, only please me; by which maxim I fancy myself one of the richest men in Great Britain."

## Anecdotaliana.

## TICK REFUSED.

"Open the doore, now Polly my darling," said Barebones, "I want a naggin on skoare."—"Waite awhile, honey," says Polly, (who keeps the Cuckold in Banagher) "warrent you drinken in at Mock Turtell's, tell me that now?"—"No sure, not my own self" replied Barebones.—"Its false, you lying gossoon, I seen you walk yourself in wid you, with my two blessed eyes, and sure they diddnt desave me."—"Och, an is it there you'd be after driving, then not to tell you one word of untruothe at all, at all, about the bisness; faith, myself and father Cohen, and little Johnny Hooly, slipt in *unobsarved*, to have the value of a *pig-fine*. But to tell the crame of the hithory, when my pocket was drunkt dry of whiskey—bad luck to myself—but I was very undasantly wheeled into the street; and now an't I just come to ax you for a naggin on tick."—"Sure, then, cush la ma cree," says Polly, "as you havnt just not got the money, and you diddnt come here when you had, be off wid yourself, you baist; bad luck to your assurance, dickens a thimble-full will you get here, you devil—so go *coff* where you *get cold*."

## A LONG TIME TAKEN TO DO NOTHING.

The following anecdote is related by BACON:—"Mr. Popham, when he was speaker, and the house had sat long and done in effect nothing, coming one day to Queen Elizabeth, she said to him, "Now, Mr. Speaker what hath passed in the Commons House?" He answered, "If it please your Majesty, *seven weeks*."

## A LORD CHANCELLOR'S DESCENT.

His lordship on being asked by a flatterer, while Lord High Chancellor, "if he was not descended from the great Secretary Thurloe?" is said to have replied as follows:—"There were two of that name in my country, Sir. The one, Thurloe the statesman; the other, Thurlow the carrier. I am descended from the latter."

## STONEWARE.

The manufacture of stoneware vessels

was known at a very early period of society. Frequent allusions to the potter's wheel occur in the Old Testament, showing that the manufacture must have been familiar to the Jewish nation. The porcelain of the Chinese boasts of a very high antiquity indeed. We cannot doubt that the processes of the ancients were nearly similar to those of the moderns, though I am not aware of any tolerably accurate account of them in any ancient author whatever.

## Diary and Chronology.

## Wednesday, December 8.

*Conception of our Lady.—High Water 52m after 7 Morn—22m after 8 Afternoon.*

December 8, 1752.—BORN Dr. Vicesimus Knox, the distinguished writer on subjects of education and Belles Lettres. His Essays obtained for him great reputation by the eloquence of the language and style; his *Winter Evening's Lucubrations* are also a very agreeable collection of papers on literary topics. He also formed those popular compilations, the *Elegant Extracts*, *Frose, Verse*, and *Epistles*. As a writer on religious subjects and divinity, he has not published much; but his productions in this line have been highly commended by those two eminent prelates, Horsley and Porteus. The learned Doctor closed his mortal career in his 70th year, on Sept. 6, 1822.

## Thursday, December 9.

*The Seven Martyrs at Samosata, A.D. 297.—Sun rises 3m after 8—sets 57m after 3.*

December 9, 1565.—EXPIRED Plus IV., æt. 67, after having sat five years. The attention of this Pope was more directed to the aggrandizing of Rome, than to the Council. He appears to have had scarcely any other end in view but that of perpetuating his name by the erection of magnificent structures, for he commanded the ancient monuments to be preserved, and the streets restored at his sole cost; he also caused the aqueducts which conveyed the water from the suburbs to the city, to be again repaired, and it was he that rebuilt and converted the baths of Dioclesian into a church and monastery, which he personally consecrated, and called Sancta Maria Angelorum.

## Friday, December 10.

*St. Eulalia, Virgin Martyr.—High Water 13m after 10 Morn—48m after 10 After.*

December 10, 1809.—On this day Gerona, a small but strong town in the province of Catalonia, in Spain, capitulated, after an heroic defence made by the gallant Alvarez, to the French under Marshal St. Cyr. At various periods this town has been fated to be the seat of war. It was taken by the forces of the Archduke Charles in 1705, and again by the French under the Duke of Noailles, in 1711.

## Saturday, December 11.

*St. Damascus, Pope, A.D. 384.—Sun rises 5m after 8—sets 55m after 3.*

December 11, 1282.—SAIN Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, whilst retreating before the victorious army of Edward I., by a warrior named Adam Franchton. The Welshmen, upon the death of their leader, were dispersed, and the country reduced, after having preserved its liberty for 800 years against the efforts of the English monarchy. The head of the ill-fated Llewellyn, with that of his brother David, (who was taken in arms) were placed, crowned with ivy, on the Tower of London, as a gloomy example for the future exposure of traitors.

## Sunday, December 12.

## THIRD SUNDAY AFTER ADVENT.

*Lessons for the Day—95 chapter Isaiah, morning—86 chapter Isaiah, Even.*

December 12, 1504.—EXPIRED. æt. 86, Alderman John Boydell, who distinguished himself as a liberal encourager of the arts of painting and engraving. He collected at a vast expense the paintings which composed the well-known "Shakespeare Gallery," which, in the spring of 1804 was disposed of by lottery, and he had the satisfaction to see every ticket sold, but died before the decision of the wheel. The worthy alderman was born at Dorrington, in Shropshire.

## Monday, December 13.

*St. Lucy, Virgin Martyr, A.D. 304.—High Water 0h 24m Morn—0h 56m After.*

December 13, 1818.—DIED Lord Ellenborough, late Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench. The merits of his lordship consisted in long and painful study; a vigorous and manly address; a strong discriminating judgment; an utter contempt of fear; and a bold and nervous eloquence, that scorned to stoop to embellishments. These qualities enabled him, in the race for fame, honours, and wealth, to outstrip all his competitors.

*The Letters of Hugh Delmore, Esq., delayed by the indisposition of our kind contributor, will be resumed in our next number.*

*With No. 163, will be published our second SUPPLEMENT, containing the Cream of those Annuals published since our last*

*A note is left at the Olío Office for W. Cole.*

# The Olio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XXVII.—Vol. VI.

Saturday, Dec. 15, 1850.



See Page 170

## Illustrated Article.

### THE DEAD AND THE LIVING HUSBAND.

By the Author of "Letters from the East."

It is said, that there are realities in life more sad and wild than the boldest inventions of fancy; and when they occur at the gate almost of the calm dwelling, and near the happy fire-side, they startle us far more than if met with in wilder scenes, on the stormy wave, or on the desert shore. Yet the wave and the bold shore were not wanting in the strange scene of the following tale, which is perfectly authentic and occurred in the year 1812, in a mining district of the west of Cornwall.

In the month of August, one of the chief directors of the mine of Poldice, by name Capt. William Nicholas, went under ground in his accustomed duty, to see how the work advanced, and view the several pitches or tracts of earth that were then being excavated. He had been to the bottom levels, and was on his way up, when he called at one of

the pitches that was worked by two men: it was the last he had to enter, and was at the depth of about twenty-three fathoms from the surface.

There is generally in a mine, as in a ship's crew, one man, at last, more noted for his wit and intelligence than his comrades, and a kind of oracle among them. Pascoe, one of the two, was an old man, and celebrated for his almost inexhaustible fund of stories, and jokes, and conversation. His earlier life had been passed at sea, and he had wandered to many parts of the world, and his memory retained most that he had seen. Their habits of life, that often place these miners in lonely groups in the bowels of the earth during the whole day or night, of necessity make them social and communicative. Pascoe was a treasure to these men, and glad was the party who could get him among them.

The battle of Salamanca had just been fought, and Captain Nicholas was very desirous, ere he ascended, to have some talk with the old man, for he had been in Spain. Fate does not leave its vic-

tim sometimes without kindly whisperings, that if obeyed would save. More than once he felt a strange reluctance to stop, and again mounted the ladder to go to his home, where his wife, whom he tenderly loved, was expecting him. But curiosity prevailed, and he turned aside towards the spot, which he soon after entered, where the two miners were now eating their repast and conversing; he stuck his candle against the wall and sat down beside the old man. He bade the other go above ground; he was a young man, the son of Pascoe; and he said afterwards, that as he was leaving the spot at his captain's bidding, Nicholas turned to him with a singular smile, and observed, he did not know what it was come over him, but believed that his dream the night before had brought a gloom upon his mind; that he thought he was buried in a vast tomb in the middle of the earth, and the waves were rushing all around him, and his lonely candle that he held in his hand never went out. The miners are a very superstitious people, and often have omens and warnings of their fatal mischances. He had been married but one year to a young and handsome woman, and was himself in the prime of life, being much esteemed for the gentleness and kindness of his manners, and his skill in the conduct of the mine. His dwelling was on the side of the hill that fell abruptly into this wide valley: in spite of the sea-winds and the soil, he had raised a sweet little garden in front, and from his windows could overlook every part of the busy scene beneath. Here she was often seated, watching for his coming—for the moment when he rose out of the shaft, with his candle flickering in his hand at the sudden gleam of day, his large flannel garments dripping with water, and the face pallid with the damps of the region below.

Their attachment was of many years' duration, and was hopeless till he received this appointment; and then they repaired joyful to their lonely dwelling, to which the stranger's foot seldom came. A chance relative, or a friend, at long intervals, would call and taste of their hospitality, and look wistfully on the waste scene around: he did not envy them. The vale had few exciting sights or sounds, save that, in the dead of winter—for it was a dangerous shore—the signal-gun was fired, and the alarm-lights hoisted, of some vessel driving on the cliffs; and they could hear the shrieks of despair, and see the

wreck drifting, not far from their walls. But for the excitement of his profession, and its strong contrasts, the mind of Nicholas might have wearied also of the scene; but no Arab of the desert felt keener joy, as the lonely palm and the fountain met his eye afar off, than Nicholas did, in the midst of his gloomy toils, as the hour of his ascent to his loved home approached. And when he sat there beside the fire, and his wife was nigh, and bent over him with warm kisses and endearing words, and evening was closing on the bleak cliffs, and on the restless deep, that fell with a hollow sound on the beach—he felt that he was happy, inexpressibly happy.—Such a moment was never more to come to the doomed man!

In the mean time he was still seated far beneath, by the side of Pascoe, conversing earnestly, when they suddenly heard a rumbling noise, as if the ground was giving way near them. There was an instant pause in the old man's talk—they looked wildly round for a moment on the gloomy sides of the cavern that enclosed them, and then on each other. The noise was like distant thunder, or the moan of the rising tempest; it lasted but a few moments, and then died utterly away. "It is only the men working on the opposite side of the shaft," said the old man, after listening intently: his companion seemed of the same opinion, and they resumed their discourse with the same ardour. The mine, in the centre of which they were seated, is one of the oldest in Cornwall; and was worked some hundred years since. It happened that the noise they heard, instead of arising from the men working opposite, was occasioned by the ground beginning to run in at a level about ten fathoms under them; there was an ancient shaft of the former mine, unknown to any one, that yawned like a gulf to receive them. The sound now rose suddenly again, with a quick trembling of the earth on which they were seated: strongly alarmed, they sprang to their feet, but all too late. The noise was now incessant and awful: they saw the roof and sides of the cavern tremble on every side, as if by an earthquake. In all the horror which men feel for the last few moments which precede inevitable death, they ran to and fro, calling wildly for aid: no human power could save them in that hour. The earth that had given way slowly on every side beneath now sank at once, and the whole extent, of ten fathoms deep, between the

mouth of the ancient shaft and the spot where they had sat, glided down with the swiftness of an avalanche, bearing the unhappy men with it, while their candles, stuck in the wall above, still gave their light, as if in mockery. The abyss into which they fell was fifty fathoms deep, and half full of water: there was a faint struggle for life, a dying cry: the old man's voice rose louder than that of his companion—and then all was silent.

The son of the former, who was bade to go above ground, by his captain, lingered in the ascent; it was by his means the event was first known: he was at the moment of his parent's engulfment climbing slowly, and turning aside from time to time in search of discoveries, about fifty feet above the place where he had left his father and Nicholas seated. After the noise, the cause of which he could not divine, had subsided, he called out loudly to know if all was right; but was rather offended that he could not get them to answer him: he could see their candles sticking fast to the walls underneath, and thought that his father and Williams were still seated beside them. He continued to pass over the brink of a tremendous precipice, not aware at first of his danger; but still receiving no answer to his calls, he scrambled nearer, and the dim horror of the scene was then opened to him; the two solitary lights cast their glare on that sudden grave: he could see but a small part of its depth; all below was the "blackness of darkness" up which came at intervals a sudden splash, caused by the falling of fragments of rock or stones into the water. Once he thought he heard a voice calling for mercy, and that it was his father's: he stayed not long to look there, but ascended fast to the summit, and shouted for succour.

The wife of captain Nicholas was anxiously waiting his coming: the dinner-hour, a very early one in these scenes, was past: she thought some unexpected occurrence or discovery detained him; but as the time passed on, she stood at the window, whence every object in the mine was distinctly visible: suddenly she saw a man appear at the mouth of the shaft, with gestures of despair, and he cried with a loud and bitter cry; then there was a great rushing of the people to the spot. And she, too, rushed from her dwelling, and descended the hill without a pause, and mingled with the crowd: their looks were all turned upon her, and she saw there

was anguish in them, but no one told her the cause of it; on the contrary, they said a part of the ground had merely fallen in, and obstructed the ascent of her husband, and that they would quickly extricate him. It is easy to command our words, but untutored men cannot shroud the strong emotions of the heart; and in the gloomy and pitying eyes of the stern miners around her, the widow saw that all was over.

"My father—my father!" said the young man, wildly, "will you not save him!—you loved him in life—will you not rescue the old man!"

Then a wild shriek passed over the crowd, and the words of the youth were hushed, and the men, and even the children turned from him to the wife, for all felt that the love of woman was more commanding than that of a son. She bent over the fatal gulf and shuddered: "My husband!—is *that* your grave?" then a sudden movement rose among the people, and they said one to another that all should be done that men could do for their captain; and seizing their heavy tools, they hastened under ground, by different ways, to the scene of death. As she stood at the mouth listening: each sound of the heavy pike as it struck, and then the rolling away of the earth and stones, came up the gulf faintly, yet horribly.

"O harm him not!" she said; "for God's sake, do not let the stones fall upon him!—Can you see him—can he move his hand?—take the black earth from his face that he may breathe."

It had been mercy had they found the body; but this last consolation was denied: they tried all that day, and the following days, but the unhappy men might as well have sunk in the heart of the ocean; it was not that the earth closed over and entombed them; but the water into which they fell was believed to have consumed them quickly, even like fire; such was the strong property of the mineral with which it was impregnated; the mundic water they called it. For experiment, they tied a piece of meat to a string, and throwing it down into the water, it was in a few days totally eaten away; then they were persuaded that the bodies also were consumed.

Soon after this, the working of the lower parts of the mine was suspended; a partial decay fell on the concern; many of the people sought other scenes of toil and speculation. The aspect of the valley was no longer the same. The sun rose as sublimely, and the sweep of



ocean beyond was as glorious; but fortune dwelt no longer there.

The widow lived alone for some time in the desolate dwelling, the only good one in the region; the others were only cottages of the miners or fishermen. Beneath the bold precipices, the boats were moored during the day, and at eve they pushed to sea with the wind off-shore. The widow, still young and handsome, refused to forsake her husband's home. The garden went to decay, like the once busy scene beneath. It was observed that she always shunned to walk near the fatal place, but chose the summits of the cliffs; and would sit there for hours, looking at the vessels in full sail, or at the fishermen on the sands beneath, pursuing their toil. It so happened that, after five years, this state of life grew irksome. There came a man, in the prime of life, and of some property, who sought her love; and she married him; and they continued in the same dwelling on the hill-side. Whether she was happy there, was doubtful. A melancholy look settled on her countenance as well as her heart; and the tenderness of this second husband, who was strongly attached to her, could not dispel it.

Ten or eleven years after the fatal occurrence, it was determined to again work the mine to its full extent. Many of the old miners came eagerly back to the vale; for the red stream, the decayed heaps, the sea-beat cliffs, were dear to their eye. With great and prolonged efforts the water of the deep shaft was drawn away, for they sought to pursue their discoveries in that direction. The body of the old man was found first, and at last, standing in an upright posture, even as it fell, that of the unfortunate Nicholas was discovered. But, instead of being dissolved, it was in a perfect state of preservation; the hand of corruption was not on it; the strange property of the water had congealed and preserved it. The limbs, the features, the clothes—all were there. The attitude was not that of a man who had died in horror. They looked on it in astonishment for some time, and then bore it to the surface. The men gathered strangely round the form of their ancient captain, and, after consulting briefly, resolved to bear it to his widow's dwelling. When they drew nigh, the people came in such numbers around, that it was difficult to pass through them.

The second husband and his wife were seated in their parlour, when a

confused clamour, that grew louder every moment, approached their door, and at last they heard the voices of many people, in pity, in wonder and fear. But ere they could know the cause, the door opened, and the miners entered, and laid the dead husband at the feet of the living one. The wife looked wildly for a moment into the face of the latter, and then knelt beside the body. Those who witnessed it said it was an awful thing to see her dabbling with the hair and fingers, and kissing the cheek and lips of the dead, who had been the prey of the grave for twelve years. The love of woman has been called, by a great writer, "a fearful thing;" here it was a glorious and indelible thing, that could thus laugh the king of terrors to scorn, and gain the victory over him. The living husband did not think so; he sat in gloomy silence; he dared not speak; his feelings, that second husband: but he could not bear this outpouring of tenderness—this bursting forth anew of affection, that he had thought buried in the tomb. Perhaps no man could support unmoved the sight of his wife's kisses lavished on the former husband of her bosom, and her tears falling in torrents on his cheeks, and her moans coming from a heart, tried almost more than it could bear, for he had been the love of her youth—a handsome, a gentle, a generous being; such was not the present partner of her life.

"William, my own William," she said, clasping his nerveless hand almost in frenzy in her own, "sent to me back again, thus! God has sent you back—in mercy! Oh! in mercy!"

Concluded in Supplement, p. 440.

## THE POSTHUMOUS LETTERS OF HUGH DELMORE, ESQ.

For the Olio.

### LETTER VI.—THE MUTINY.

Continued from p. 267.

THE boatswain, though strongly attached to the captain, had, in common with most merchant seamen, an utter dislike to any appearance of what, in *forecastle parlance*, is designated 'man-of-war law;' and he looked wistfully in his face, hoping, perchance, to discover some appearance of relenting: but the ominous cloud still lingering there, he seized in his herculean grasp (he was a huge, loosely-built Shetlander, with sinews of iron) the nearest fellow, and, assisted by the petty officers, in two minutes consigned the trio to "du-

rance vile" upon the poop; the man whose arm the captain had broken being delivered over to the care of the surgeon. And where were the remainder of the so lately excited crew? They, indeed, exhibited their utter dissatisfaction of the summary measures adopted towards their co-mates; but their ire—doubtless, a little qualified by the appearance of fire-arms, and the resolute air of our party—merely vented itself in curses and threats, emphatic and damnatory enough, but at the same time equally harmless—at least, *at that time*.

Once more we had a quiet ship beneath us; but it was the unnatural interval that precedes the bursting of the tempest. The people were thoroughly incensed; they had been ill-used in every respect: hardships and privations, which were inevitable, they ascribed to the wilful perverseness, or reckless indifference of their officers, and their just remonstrances, and attempts at resistance, had been met with violence and oppression,—could they then view such men with any but eyes of detestation? could they obey them with cordiality or willingness? I do not pretend to say that any designs against our safety, or that of the ship, ever entered the minds of the people; nor do I believe they had contemplated any fixed or definite purpose, unless it were to alter the ship's course, and bear up for Calcutta; but they had so allowed each petty annoyance to foment and increase their irritation, that I suspect they rushed on the extremes they did, merely at the impulse of its ungovernable and half-maniac dictates. Then Capt. Green, deeply mortified in his tenderest point—determined, silent pride—now evinced not even a semblance of consideration for their condition, but issued his commands with a sternness, and insisted upon their execution with a strait-forward determination, that, considering all circumstances, had something in it very nearly verging on petty and vexatious tyranny; and the bitter heart-burnings of the crew increased as they perceived and smarted beneath its effects. Meanwhile, the elements wore the same unfavourable aspect: the dim and struggling light of day appeared only to usher in are petition of the gusty squalls that occasionally broke upon the monotonous moaning of the monsoon; and with the almost palpable darkness of the night, its relentless and sullen current generally increased, accompanied by a thin piercing rain. It was impos-

sible that the human energies could combat with and overcome such accumulated difficulties. Many of the men declared their utter incapacity of any longer doing the duty of the ship. The desertion of the first few of these was unregarded, or, at least, unnoticed, by the captain; but, when the number had increased to eight or ten, and the remainder, despite his accustomed show of abrupt imperiousness, went about their duty with unwillingness, and performed it but indifferently and carelessly, then Green deigned to notice their defection.

A night of harassing squalls was succeeded by a morning comparatively tranquil. The sun, piercing through and dispelling, in part, the dense vapours which hung, rather than floated in the atmosphere, seemed the harbinger of brighter and more favouring weather; for, as he arose in the horizon, the wind shifted round from the eternal S.W. to E.S.E.; from whence it blew in a gentle and steady current. The Portuguese mate (Terrasso), who was on deck, and doubtless imputed the happy change to the ceaseless prayers with which he had been *dunning* St. Antonio, the patron saint of seamen, and who, Ulysses like, (in *his* idea), held the prisoned winds in thrall—I know not whether in bags, as the "crafty old Greek," or how—immediately commanded the watch to trim the few sails we had carried during the night, and to loosen others, in order to make the most of the "*blessed God-send*."

It was about six o'clock in the morning, and the jaded, discontented seamen had composed themselves here and there—beneath the top-gallant fore-castle, the lee-side of the long-boat, or where else they could find shelter from the blast and rain; and poor Andreas's (Terrasso) impatient summons, therefore, was but slowly obeyed; or rather, called forth no other symptoms of obedience, save surlly and sleepy expressions of discontent and fatigue.

"Here's the old game," muttered a weather-worn tar of thirty years standing, (I omit the expletive that succeeded) "I've sailed in many craft, from your pile-driving channel-pelter, to your *riglar liner*, but curse me if ever I *seed* such capers as they *cuts* in this old tub."

An angry exclamation from Terrasso, shouted at the very top of his lungs, broke in upon the old worthy's soliloquy.

"Ay, you may shout, you Portuguese

trumpery," pursued the poor fellow;—"devil a step will Jack Derrick budge for ye. A pretty sort of—(I must omit what)—to set over *riglar* bred seamen and Englishmen—dam'me, if I stir!"—and with this magnanimous resolution, Derrick wrapped himself closer in his pea-jacket, and resumed his recumbent position.

But the Portuguese, lightly as Master Derrick appeared to esteem him, was a man of spirit, and had, moreover, no trifling opinion of his own merit and importance. He was already on the main-deck, with vehement gesticulations and amazing volubility, urging the tardy seamen from their lairs.

"Up wid you, men!" he appealed to a groupe, who had ensconced themselves beneath the weather bulwarks; "you vas grombling at de foul vinds, and now dat it has changed, you care not von dam to make sail upon de ship,—vat, curse moine eyes, vy dont you jomp up, and brace round de yards!—Boatswain, shake out all de reefs of de top-sails, and loose de fore and main-top-gallant sails."

One or two stragglers only, in addition to the boatswain, obeyed him, and the enraged Portuguese capered and stamped about in his disappointment and anger.

"I tell you what it is, Master Terrass," growled a surly fellow, shaking off his slumbers, and rising upon his legs;—"its hard enough for men to be harassed by their own *natural* officers, let alone such an unlucky swab as you:—away aft with you, and leave us to get, while we can, half an hour's rest."

"But the vind has hauled round to de east," shrieked the Portuguese, in an agony of impatience, and pointing to the pale blue element visible in patches through the broken and swiftly flying scud.

"What then?—by the time we've made sail upon her, 'twill have got back to its old quarter again; and then hurry scurry to strip every rag from the masts," exclaimed another; "no, blow foul, blow fair, 'tis all the same to us."

The noise occasioned by this altercation had, by this time, aroused the captain, who, immediately he came on deck, perceived the change of weather, and the little progress making to set additional sail.

"How now, Terrasso," he angrily exclaimed, "what are you about?—Send all the hands up,—instantly," he added, as the Portuguese turned to make some reply.

Terrasso still remained in his passive attitude, shrugging his shoulders, and looking prodigiously puzzled.

"D—the fellow!" shouted the captain and thundering through a speaking trumpet, "All hands, make sail, ho!" shook a fellow who stood beside him, with folded arms, looking insolently into his face: "Come, sir, clap on that topsail brace—let go the weather-main-top bowling," he continued."

The man whom he immediately addressed, instead of obeying the captain, laughed aloud and walked forward.—Green followed him a pace or two, with uplifted arm, as though about to strike him, but suddenly letting it fall, moved into the midst of a considerable number of the crew, who had assembled by the lee-gangway. With a stern expression he regarded the groupe for a moment, and then began:—

"So, a worthy set of fellows, truly—I thought I was master here, but it seems rather the reverse; and who,"—here his voice rose into a tone of ineffable and disdainful anger,—“and who is the fellow among ye will justify to my face this insolent and mutinous spirit?"

It would seem, however, that the spell by which he had hitherto maintained so remarkable an influence over the people was now broken, for, not one or two, but the whole number, simultaneously stepped forward, firmly exclaiming, "I will, and I and I—all—all!"

It must have been utter astonishment—fear it could not be, the emotion was momentary—that blanched the lips and cheeks of Green to an ashen hue. Recovering his self-possession, with a grim laugh, he resumed—

"Well, well,—the cards at present are in your hands; recollect, though, the game's not decided."

So saying, he coolly turned to his own party, and commanded us to do the best we could in making sail, without deigning another word of remonstrance or entreaty to the refractory seamen, (who amounted to more than two-thirds of our whole number.)

"If they will not work, Delmore," said he to me, in the course of the morning, "they can hardly expect indulgence from us; we must not starve the dogs, but not a drop of liquor shall they have with my good will—recollect!"

This command, though I well knew it was but pouring oil on the flames, I dared not resist; and accordingly, at noon, when the boatswain "piped to

dinner," and the crew came aft to the *grog-tub*, the worthies, who had acted so decided a part in the drama of the morning, found their usual "supplies" cut off.

Contrary to my expectations, the information was received in sullen silence, and for a day or two the subject was no more thought of. And now the whole duty of the vessel devolved upon the officers, passengers and a very few of the seamen, whose better feelings had preserved them from the contagion of their shipmates example. This was harassing enough, with a leaky ship and such weather; yet we managed tolerably enough for some time, though the greater portion of us were necessarily on deck, both day and night; the people forward remaining apparently in a quiescent state.

But as we approached the entrance of the Bay of Bengal, the occasional slants of fair wind became more frequent, with clearer weather and a less troubled sea. Our disasters thus appearing likely to terminate in the ship's arrival in port, occasioned, I imagine, some unpleasant misgivings in the minds of the mutineers, as to the probable consequences of their notable proceedings; with a strong, though half reluctant, desire to make concessions to the "offended powers."

*Certes*, as Amber and myself were one night in the middle watch, conversing on the poop, and congratulating ourselves on the altered state of the weather, the man at the wheel (an honest fellow and a good seaman) suddenly observed, in reference to an observation that fell from me, to the effect that we should, in all likelihood, reach the Isle of France in less than a fortnight.

"Ay, gentlemen, 'tis pleasant enough for you to look forward to—but the poor men forward——"

"What!" exclaimed Amber laughingly, and clapping the fellow on the shoulder; "dost thou, honest Derrick, after sticking by us through thick and thin, turn round at last?"

"No, no, Mr. Amber," replied the man, eagerly; "but I *do* pity the poor fellows; and some of 'em, I think, scarcely knew what they were about;—then, sir," continued he, exerting all the power of persuasion he was capable of, "it was rather a *roughish* time for men, yonder in the Bay."

"But you, and I, and friend Delmore here, weathered it, without shewing our teeth; and here we are safe enough,

with the starry sky above, and tranquil sea beneath us, hey?" rejoined Amber, in the same gay tone he had before used.

"It's very true," said Derrick, humbly; "yet—yet!"—and I could see in the faint starlight, the man's athletic figure clumsily rock to, and fro in his anxiety and hesitation to utter what was uppermost in his mind.

"I'll lay my life," I observed coming to his relief, "Derrick would be a peace-maker between the captain and the crew."

"Yes, sir, yes," replied the man, quickly, "sorry enough the people are now; and I'm sure Capt. Green is too good a man to push matters hard with 'em."

Amber looked at me with a meaning smile; but he, as well as myself, was anxious that these unpleasant differences should be arranged without the interference of a higher and more severe tribunal, and we determined to use our influence (which, according to honest Derrick's account, was omnipotent,) with the captain, to bring about a reconciliation.

After breakfast we opened our commission. Green looked at us closely for a moment, walked across the back of the poop hurriedly, with a changing countenance, and at last turning to Amber, bid him send all the people aft.

It is needless to dwell upon the particulars of the scene that took place: Green sharply rebuked the men, and then expressed his satisfaction that they had at last come to their senses.

"But I cannot sanction mutiny," said he, in a determined voice; "and while I pardon and forget the past, I must except those men:"—naming about half a dozen of the mutineers.

The countenances of the whole lengthened prodigiously at these words. "And we," muttered one; "are to be given up to the first man-of-war we fall in with?"

"I enter upon no explanations," said the captain, coldly; "you have delayed the voyage, endangered the safety of the ship, and all on board; and, worse than all, corrupted your fellows,—and you must take the consequences."

"Then, once for all," burst forth the rascally mate (Bingham), "let us stand or fall by each other. Capt. Green, you are a great tyrant, and may find yourself in the wrong box at Port Louis."

Amber's blood boiled at this insult, and he was about to spring upon the fellow. The captain held him.

"Let him alone, Amber," said he,

scornfully ; " the fellow is a viper, whose touch is abominable, as his venom is powerless."

Thus ended the interview. Some few returned to their duty ; but the majority still remained contumacious.

*To be continued.*

### SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A RUNAWAY.

Continued from p. 408.

*For the Olio.*

HAVING satisfied my hunger at a cook's-shop in a court leading out of the Strand, I hastened to my lodging in the Old Bailey and paid my arrears of rent. To be brief: the next morning saw me at the house of Mr. Aylmer in Berkley-square. The clock of a neighbouring church chimed the hour of ten as I knocked at the door, which was opened by a servant in handsome livery. I entered, and was shortly ushered into a small breakfast parlour, in which, at a table, covered by several delicacies, sat Mr. Aylmer, taking his morning's meal. He was picking the devilled leg of a turkey, and sipping his chocolate ; at times taking up a magazine which lay before him, then throwing down a tit bit to a poodle dog which stood with its fore paws resting on his master's knees, whilst I stood fumbling with my hat for several minutes before he spoke.

" So, young man," said he, eyeing me for a moment, " you are punctual—sit down ; I will talk to you presently."—He then resumed his magazine, and having, I suppose, finished the article he had been reading, and fondled with the poodle, he asked " if I could write a good hand?"—I answered, " that I could write tolerably well, and that I would do my best if he should think proper to employ me." " But," he added, " I do not want you for this alone—do you know your way about town?" I told him that I had but just arrived from the country, and that I had never been in London before."—" Well never mind that," rejoined Mr. Aylmer ; " reach me that inkstand and writing-case."

I placed both before him, and he hastily wrote a note, which he bade me carry to his tailor in Piccadilly, saying that I was to wait and have my measure taken for a suit of livery. I received this order with no pleasurable feelings, for the idea of wearing such a badge of servitude was always hateful to me ; indeed I inherited this dislike from my father, who was the son of a once

wealthy farmer, who had suffered a reverse of fortune. I have often heard him speak contemptuously of the servants at 'Squire C——', and even my destitute situation did not make me forget that I had frequently joined with him in expressing our contempt of those who were voluntarily doing the meanest offices for the sake of a well clothed back and a well filled belly, while they affected to treat with disdain the hard working and honest day labourer. I was about to stammer a reply, when, observing my confusion, Mr. Aylmer spoke.

" What," said he hastily, " are you unwilling to enter my service?"

To this I answered respectfully that, " I owed him much for his kindness in assisting a friendless and destitute boy, but that I would rather perish than wear the garb of a livery servant."

He made no reply, but rose from his seat, walked up and down the room, whistled part of an opera air, and then sat down again. At length he spoke again—

" You are a strange lad," said he,— " very strange—but you are trustworthy, and I do not mind giving way to your humour. By G—d you have a proper spirit though ! I don't like you the worse for that. Go with the note and order yourself such a suit as you think becoming you, for those clothes you have on will not do for this region."

I bowed and proceeded to the tailor's, ordered a plain but respectable suit, and returned to Mr. Aylmer, whom I found in his study, busily engaged in writing a novel. He gave me two or three sheets of the manuscript, with orders to make a fair copy of them. I set to work immediately ; but, from the agitation arising from my anxious wish to write in my very best manner, the task, as is often the case, was not well performed, and ere I had completed it Mr. Aylmer came and looked over my shoulder. I expected to hear him complain, but was greatly surprised to find him commend my handwriting, and my doubts and fears were removed in an instant. I was employed every day in copying as he wrote, and when he was not thus engaged I was sent out with letters and messages ; but this did not occupy the whole of my time, and having a taste for reading, I did not neglect to improve myself by means of the library, which contained many hundred volumes, comprising the works of all our popular authors, as well as those of Spain, France, and Italy. Such was my

assiduity, that in one twelvemonth I learned more than I had ever been taught at school. My master, for such, of course, I must now call him, about this time fell desperately in love with a young lady, who resided with her family at Richmond, and in consequence of his frequent visits to his beloved the completion of the novel was sadly delayed; but at length the whole was ready, and my copy of it was carried to a celebrated bookseller, who undertook the publication. It was evidently a satire upon that part of society in which Mr. Aylmer moved, and the style was sharp and caustic. It came forth, a few months after, in three octavo volumes, and was well puffed by the editor of a paper which was the property of the publisher of the novel! Nay, start not, courteous reader (for courteous thou needs must be if thou canst read with patience my dry narrative), the thing is common enough *now*, and hired puffs and paragraphs have ceased to astonish those at all acquainted with the means of cramming the maw of the public with a new work. The novel appeared, and created a great sensation amongst the most heartless part of society. The shrunken and withered hags of fashion knit their shrivelled brows, demireps turned up their noses and tossed their heads in disdain, and black legs swore that the fellow who penned it ought to be "called out," whilst the author remained perdue and laughed in secret at the storm he had raised. He did not, however preserve this incognito long, as the sequel will shew. About three months after the publication of the novel a cabriolet drove up to the door, and two men dressed, as the newspapers say, in the first style of fashion, alighted, and enquired for Mr. Aylmer, who was then engaged in dictating a letter to me. The strangers were shown into an adjoining room, and I distinctly heard their hurried steps as they paced up and down the apartment. Mr. Aylmer now left me to wait upon his visitors. I felt at that moment that something unpleasant was about to take place, and I listened attentively. I heard the door close after my master as he entered to his visitors, and the next moment could distinguish voices in high altercation.

"It's of no use talking," said one whose accent betrayed the land of his birth: "By me sowl, sir, your subterfuge won't do."

"But," cried the voice of Mr. Aylmer, "not one of the characters I have drawn

in that novel is personal: the portraits might each suit a thousand in London."

"Ho! ho! you confess yourself to be the author, then," said another voice—"then do'n't spare him, captain."

Sounds like the strokes of a riding whip, and a confused noise of persons struggling immediately followed. Without a moment's reflection I dashed down my pen, flew out of the room, and hastily opening the door, entered that which was now the scene of a violent contest between the strangers and Mr. Aylmer. My master lay on the floor struggling with his assailants; one of whom was belabouring him with a riding whip, while the other was kicking him in the most violent and brutal manner. The sight rendered me furious with indignation; I rushed to the rescue, and being both tall and stout for my age, and moreover a tolerable boxer, I dealt the man with the whip such a tremendous "facer," as the fancy term it, that it tumbled him on the floor. The other then attacked me, but I stopped several of his blows, and was about to repay him, when Mr. Aylmer's valet and the domestics, alarmed at the noise, rushed into the room, and put an end to the contest. The prostrate men recovered their feet, and the tallest of the two assailants, whom I had knocked down, seemed anxious to renew the contest, although his face was streaming with blood, but was prevented by those present.

"Let all quit the room but yourself, Edward," said Mr. Aylmer to me.

The servants retired.

"And now, sir," said he to his tall adversary, "this can be answered in one way only—name the place and time of meeting."

"Oh, your own time and place," was the reply.

"Then to-morrow morning at seven—the place, Kensington Gravel Pits," said Mr. Aylmer firmly, and left the room.

*To be continued.*

## HUMPHREY THE HOMICIDE.

A TALE OF PYPE-HALL.

BY HORACE GUILFORD.

*For the Olio.*

THE CHAPLAIN'S STORY.

Continued from p. 412.

An embarrassed silence now ensued, which was broken by the King harshly asking Sir Humphrey whether he were willing to gratify his sovereign by a voluntary act of reconciliation with Sir Valentine Chetwynd?

"Never!" roared out Sir Humphrey, "by the honour of my house, never! I will die amidst the torments of twenty traitors, rather than clasp in friendship one whom my soul loathes as my flesh creeps at him!"

To this discourteous speech Henry vouchsafed not to reply, but motioned to the clerk of the council, who in a sharp high voice said,

"Sir Humphrey Stanley will then be pleased to quit the King's presence, the precincts of the Court, and the good city of London; on pain of his life he is to avoid all and each of his highness's palaces, and to confine himself to his manors in Staffordshire, till the pain of banishment from the royal presence may teach him the obedience that will regain it."

Stanley's eye grew dark, and the gathering scowl of his inflamed features menaced if it did not startle majesty itself; but he turned haughtily away, and was quitting the Council Chamber, when Magdalene, no longer able to controul her feelings, broke from Sir Valentine's grasp, and clinging to her father's mantle, knelt till she was almost prostrate, imploring forgiveness and a blessing. The Knight's first impulse was to tear his mantle from her hands, but, as his fierce eyes looked down upon his suppliant and weeping daughter, his heart began to soften, and broken but gentler words were trembling on his lips, when Sir Valentine Chetwynd, indignant at this humiliating display, raised his wife from the ground, exclaiming,—

"There is no need, my Lady Chetwynd, for this degradation; if your father disdains the friendship of the House of Ingestre, let him know that we equally defy his hostility."

All Sir Humphrey's fury rushed back with redoubled violence, and though the coldly politic Henry himself descended from his state to further Magdalene's supplication, the ungovernable Stanley turned fiercely on them, and said,

"I will forgive thee, girl, only when thou art made as miserable by the loss of thine husband as he hath made thy father by the loss of thee!"—and without obeisance or ceremony he quitted the presence.

Sortly after this eventful interview, Sir Valentine Chetwynd was dispatched by the king to Spain, as one of the commissioners to negotiate the marriage between Arthur Prince of Wales, and Katherine the third daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella: he was accom-

panied by his wife. Felix Redmayne was among his numerous suite, and high in his confidence.

Sir Humphrey Stanley retired to Pype Hall, devouring and devoured by his animosity: and his discontents we may imagine received no alleviation from the execution of his kinsman the Lord Chamberlain, which took place about a year afterwards on Tower Hill.

The story must now overleap about five or six years, to the period when the negotiations for the Spanish match was at length concluded, by the royal plenipotentiaries at Bewdley; and in October 1501, Katherine of Arragon arrived in London with a magnificent train of Spanish and English nobility.

It was on the morning of the nuptials between Prince Arthur and this Lady, that a Knight attired in all the festal splendour of the period, accompanied by a lady of striking beauty, withdrew from the royal cortege, of which they had formed a part, and striking into a retired aisle of St. Paul's Cathedral, was followed by a stout male attendant, who led by the hand a noble looking boy about six or seven years old.

At the narrow arch leading into St. Andrew's chapel, they paused a moment, and the lady laying her hand on her companion's arm, said in eager and fluttered tones:—

"But thou art certain, Valentine, that my father and mother have been commanded to attend?"

"Can we doubt it, when his Highness the Prince himself assured me that he had persuaded the King to recal Sir Humphrey, in the hope that time and absence may have mitigated his mood: trust me, a most gracious message hath been sent!"

"But no conditions?"

"None, we must make our own peace. Henry hath confessed to me that he dares not disoblige any further the house of Stanley. Faith, he hath disobliged one of them with a vengeance."

"I consent then!" said Lady Chetwynd, "there is risque in what Felix proposes, but"—

"Risqué, sweetheart! not a whit, but in thy fond fears. Thou knowest thy father best, however, and if by other means"—

"Oh, no! no! I see no other: nought less will move him. Heaven send that this *may!* Marmaduke hath his grandsire's bright hair, his eagle eye (mark how the boy glances fear-

lessly around him!) his chest, his limbs, his port! Ah, Valentine, they will go further for him in Sir Humphrey's good graces than if he had the dark eye and jetty hair that won his foolish mother!"—and Magdalene wreathed her white fingers in her husband's sable locks.

"Well, love," said Chetwynd; "so they but win one, whom for thy sake I grieve to write *FOE*, I would my own locks were sandy, and my own spindle shanks (here Valentine looked down smilingly on the graceful symmetry of his limbs) were something more resembling millposts."

"Oh hush, Sir Valentine, I must not, even in joke, hear my poor father jeered. Alas! who knows but to careless jibes like these thou owest all his dreadful enmity?"

"Faith 'tis like enough, for I certainly used to love harassing him with my guips, and have laughed to see how his heavy artillery—but a truce to this, or by that flashing eye I shall find Sir Humphrey hath a daughter. Felix, hither!" and at the word our old acquaintance Redmayne, who stood at a respectful distance, approached.

"Repair to the aisles of the nave, watch the entrance of Sir Humphrey Stanley, and then"—he concluded by a whisper,—and then raising his voice added—"Keep the lad in view but be not seen thyself."

"It shall be done to the letter, my master," was Redmayne's reply; "and as to keeping out of sight, trust me six years absence have not made me anxious to renew our acquaintance."

"How now Marmaduke, my prince," said Chetwynd to his son; "art minded to see more of this gay shew?"

"I'm minded to see more of the good knights and fair dames than this old gloomy hole is likely to show me," replied the child; "for I am to be a knight some day myself, and I must learn how to carry myself, and I shall wed a gay lady too, and must see how they are to be wooed. But Felix so holds me in."

"And if Felix lets thee loose wilt not run away, if any bold knight lays hand on thee?"

The child coloured, and with a tiny stamp, pointed to his gilded lath dagger, and said—"He shall brook this ere I budge!"

Valentine laughed aloud, and glancing at Magdalene, who was gazing with a mother's delight on the boy's dauntless bearing.

"Our good father's mood will not

lack a representative thou seest, any more than his *thews and sinews*."

"Away, away!" said Lady Chetwynd, "we lose time. Felix watch the child heedfully, thou art thyself a father, think of Judith and thy little ones at Ingestre: thou hast many, but this is our only one."

Felix kissed the hand that was extended towards him and withdrew, Marmaduke bounding gleefully by his side, while the Knight and his lady entered the chapel, dimly lit by two large tapers, though it was then high day, and kneeling at the altar, after crossing their brows from a fluted stoup of holy water, were absorbed for some time in deep devotion. They then arose, and without further colloquy rejoined the royal train, who after making offerings at several shrines, had now approached the high altar.

Sir Humphrey Stanley, in obedience to the royal command, had repaired to London with his lady, and a numerous train of attendants; and, on the morning of the bridal, was preparing to set forth from his lodging, a handsome mansion assigned to him by his noble cousin of Derby, when a man of foreign garb and feature was ushered into his chamber, with whom he remained closeted for some time; the man then quitted the house, and Sir Humphrey repaired with his lady and suite to St. Paul's.

The ceremonies were now nearly concluded, and Marmaduke watched at a distance by Redmayne, who was amusing his boyish curiosity near the great west door. Many a knight and lady had attracted the free gaze and elicited the frank observations of the child, and many had paused to admire and caress him. But the nave was now nearly deserted, and he began to grow weary, when his sudden exclamation aroused Felix.

"Ah! here comes another at last, and the bravest of them all."

With these words Marmaduke bounded forward, (certain of the accustomed caress) so suddenly, that a personage of noble stature, superbly habited, and leading a lady, whose sad demeanour and pale features ill accorded with her sumptuous dress, nearly stumbled over the boy. The gentleman stopped, and with a deep and hasty accent, exclaimed—

"And what would ye with me, my young peascod!"

"In faith, nothing, I," replied the lad proudly, "an ye be pleased to look



so black and speak so like old father Austin, that sets me my tasks at home."

"But what if I speak thee fair?" said the knight, struck in spite of his sullen mood, as Magdalene had predicted, with Marmaduke's air and voice.

"Why then, I will say that thou art the gallantest gentleman that hath entered Paul's this day."

"And what wilt thou say of *me*?" asked the pale lady, partaking in a stronger degree of her husband's emotion.

"Ah!" said Marmaduke, and there he stopt.

"Speak, my brave fellow," said the gentleman, and motioning his followers to stand apart, he seated himself on a stone seat under the flat arches in a side aisle, and took the boy between his knees, while the lady bent wistfully over him.

"Why then, if she were not so white, she would be like my mother."

The knight's face became blood-red, and in the next moment ashy pale, and the lady caught by the massy pillar to prevent her falling. A silence ensued broken by Lady Stanley's faltering tones.

"And who is thy mother, my beautiful boy?" she gasped for an answer.

"How—know ye not my mother? all whom I have seen to-day knew her; nay, then, I shall be chidden, they ever chide me when I prate as they call it," and Marmaduke struggled to extricate himself from the gentle yet strong grasp of Sir Humphrey, in whose bosom, Nature, so long outraged, began imperiously to resume her sway; even self-love here joined her cause, for never was miniature so faithfully delineated, as the robust form and bluff features of Sir Humphrey Stanley in the budding frame of Marmaduke Chetwynd.

"Stay, child," he said, almost clasping him to his breast; "stay, and tell the lady where we may send the roan poney and the new bow and arrows, that shall be for thine own use."

Marmaduke's face brightened as his grandsire spoke, but as suddenly it became overcast.

"Ah, but it will chafe my father, and grieve my lady mother, and I must not do that for—"

"For why my child?"

"For she often tells me what a heavy sin it is to grieve a parent, and then her eyes are all wet with tears; and she tells me how she once offended her parents, and has never been quite happy since."

Sir Humphrey groaned, and Lady Stanley sobbed aloud.

"And thy father," resumed the knight, speaking through his teeth, "doth he chide her when she weeps!"

"Oh no, my father speaks gently to her, and always says how he wishes he could gain her father's pardon, and then they say their prayers."

A pause of ineffable emotion ensued; soon broken, however, by Marmaduke, whose confidence seemed now to be completely won, and playing with the gilded hilt of his grandfather's sword, he continued—

"But, Felix and Judith, and the rest of them, tell me that my grandsire was a cruel and bad man, and that I ought to hate him, and that some day I must do battle against him."

"And wilt thou?" asked the knight, a tenderness new to his rugged heart gradually overpowering him, "wilt thou?"

Marmaduke was silent.

"Wilt thou bear sword against thy mother's father?"

Still the boy spoke not, but his cheek glowed, and his bold eye was down-cast.

"Tell me, wilt thou add thyself to thy grandsire's foes?"

"No!" answered the child in a low voice, "for, once I told my mother that I *would*, but she wept so and said the thought would kill her, and so—I wept too, and promised if I *could* to love her father."

The loud sudden swell of the organ, and the voices of the distant choristers, now pealed through the Minster, and the royal company began to pour through the great arch that separated the choir from the Nave. As the gorgeous procession, uncoiling its flood of colours, swept up the Nave, canopies and banners floating over crowns, coronets, and mitres, (let the pageant-loving Hall give the particulars,) Felix Redmayne, who had watched the propitious event of his scheme, had quitted the nave to impart it to Sir Valentine and his lady. The groupe whose affecting colloquy we have just detailed were in a dusky aisle sufficiently screened from observation, but as the van of the procession gleamed from under the distant archway, Sir Humphrey starting up hastily, resigned Marmaduke to his grandame, (who was loading the child with caresses), and seemed to be struggling to resume his haughty state, when a light hand was laid on his shoulder, a few words of imperfect English melted

on his ear, and as he turned, a youthful female met his view, whose countenance, at once amiable and majestic, (though its comeliness was somewhat clouded by habitual gravity,) needed not the bridal crown and costume to announce the future Queen of England; while, at her side, a young man also with a crowned brow, and in cloth of gold, whose purple tissue denoted a Prince of the blood royal, stood, the phantom of that regality which he was not destined to share with his bride.

Marmaduke was at once forgotten by both Sir Humphrey and his lady, and off he hied, not loth to be released, in search of new amusement, while Stanley and his wife hastily threw themselves on their knees before the royal pair, and offered their dutious congratulations.

"Rise, friends," said the prince, "for such we would fain esteem those who are so nearly allied to one whom we love and honour. Think not it is on a sleeveless errand we have quitted yonder gay company. Our royal father himself hath despatched us, and though we looked for you earlier, Sir Knight, we trust we are not too late to ask and to obtain a boon on this our bridal day."

The Prince then condescended to plead earnestly for the Lady Chetwynd, aided by Katherine, whose sweet tones rendered her broken English the more irresistible. But we really have dilated, and continue to dilate so much, that our story will never end unless we briefly say what was not briefly done,—that after many struggles, Sir Humphrey's pride and passion, already much weakened, at length gave way, and that once effected, it was with sincere love that he clasped his forgiven daughter to his heart, and with kindness grasped the readily extended hand of Sir Valentine. The Princess now inquired for her little godson.

*To be continued.*

### **Snatches from Oblivion.**

Out of the old fields cometh the new corn.  
SIR E. COKE.

#### **LETTER OF DRYDEN THE POET.**

The distress and consequent humiliation of mind to which Dryden was reduced, have long been urged as proofs of the shameful neglect which has generally been shewn to men of genius. The subsequent letter of "glorious

John" will not have the effect of rendering us doubtful of so unfortunate a circumstance. It was written to the noble lord who was prime minister to Charles the Second:

*March, 1673-4.*

My Lord;—I know not whether my lord Sunderland has interceded with your lordship for half a year of my salary; but I have two advocates, my extreme wants, even almost to arresting; and my state of ill health, which cannot be repaired without my immediate retiring into the country. A quarter's allowance is but Jesuit's powder to my disease; the fit will return a fortnight hence. If I durst, I would plead a little merit, and some hazards of my life from the common enemies, and my refusing advantages offered by them, and neglecting my beneficial studies for the king's service; but I only think I merit not to starve. I never applied myself to any interest contrary to your lordship's; and, on some occasions, perhaps not known to you, have not been unserviceable to the memory and reputation of my lord your father. After this, my lord, my conscience assures me I may write boldly, though I cannot speak to you. I have three sons growing to man's estate; I bred them all up to learning, beyond my fortune; but they are too hopeful to be neglected, though I want. Be pleased to look on me with an eye of compassion; some small employment would render my condition easy. The king is not unsatisfied of me; the duke has often promised me his assistance; and your lordship is the conduit through which their favours passe. Either in the Customs, or the appeals of the Excise, or some other way; meanes cannot be wanting if you please to have the will. 'Tis enough for one age to have neglected Mr. Cowley, and starved Mr. Butler, but neither of them had the happiness to live till your lordship's ministry. In the mean time, be pleased to give me a gracious and speedy answer to my present request, of half a yeare's pension for my necessities. I am going to write somewhat by his majesty's command, and cannot stir into the country for my health and studies till I secure my family from want. You have many petitions of this nature, and cannot satisfy all; but I hope from your goodness to be made an exception to your general rule, because I am, with all sincerity,—Your lordship's most obedient humble servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

## Fine Arts.

### THE KEEPSAKE.

Whatever difference of opinion there may be with respect to the literary department of this volume, no one will for a moment deny that its graphic beauties far—very far surpass those of any of the *Annals*. A more elegant and tasteful volume than the one before us never issued from the press. Of the engravings—several of which are by the master hand of Charles Heath, a name sufficient to guarantee their excellence—it would be impossible to speak too highly, they are truly gems of art. The presentation plate is in Corbould's best style. The vignette title-page pleases us much; it is a clever adaptation of one of Flaxman's beautiful creations, light, delicate and classical. *Haiden*, engraved by Heath, from a painting by Eastlake, realizes the beautiful description of the poet; we know not which to admire most, the perfect drawing of the portrait, or the skill with which it has been transferred to the plate. We are not so well pleased with the *Gondola*, by Stephanoff, although the engraving is rich and beautiful: many of this artist's figures are imperfect, and the features are not properly defined.—*Juliet*, from the clever pencil of Miss Sharpe, is a delightful plate; and so is *Mima*, engraved by Heath, from a drawing by Crisall; but there is little that can interest in scenes of this description. *The Use of Tears*, and *The Swiss Peasant*,—the one engraved by Rolls, the other by Heath—cannot be surpassed: the engraving of the latter is most delightfully executed; it would be difficult to give an idea of its richness and beauty. There is an elaborate scene, *Milan Cathedral*, from the pencil of that very clever artist, Prout, engraved by W. Wallis. The time is the hour of High Mass, and the multitude of figures assembled, although minute, are given with extraordinary effect. *Nantes*, and *Saumur*, from drawings by Turner, and *a View on the Coast of Cornwall*, by poor Bonnington, are scenes of great fidelity and beauty. We do not like *Adelaide*, by Chalon, although the name of our most gracious Queen has been bestowed upon it: this gentleman sometimes delights in outstepping the bounds of nature. The drawing may be a portrait, and we shall therefore not be severe, because we ourselves are a parent; but we must say, that the countenance is not indicative of 'happy childhood': it is too arch by a good deal for a child

of that tender age. If we looked to the engraving alone, we should not hesitate to pronounce *The Orphan Boy* the gem of the book, although the subject is one of little or no interest; but, in works of this description, all tastes must be consulted, and happy is he who can please every one. We must tear ourselves away from this beautiful *Annual*, but cannot do so without acknowledging that we have never seen a more beautiful series of engravings than those contained in the *Keepsake* for 1831.

### Illustrations to Sir Walter Scott's *Demonology*, in a Series of Etchings, by George Cruikshank. London.

Here is a batch of drollery sufficient to drive all the blue devils to the poles. We really mean no offence to Mr. Cruikshank, but we must be allowed to say, that his Knowledge of the Devil and all his works appears to exceed that of any other mortal. His acquaintance with all manner of diablerie is most extensive, and his satanic portraits are hit off in the style of a master, witness the ludicrous representation of the "old one," in this clever series, who, "with spectacle on nose" is examining the point of one of the elfin arrows. Then there is a representation of an unfortunate wight, a hypochondriac, tormented by a thousand fantastic shapes; the chairs, the tables, the very poker and tongs appear to his disordered vision like so many spectres all ready to pounce upon him: the two arms of the elbow-chair are thrust out in an attitude which Dutch Sam, or any other adept in the fistic art might envy, and the shape evidently intends to plant a body blow in the "bread-basket" of his victim. Apropos, we suspect our friend to be at times a martyr to the blues, for none but he who has suffered by their visitations could depict such a scene. There are ten more sketches, full of humour; the best, perhaps, is that in which the elves have capsized a huge woman as she descends the stair. We would recommend all who possess a copy of Sir Walter's *Demonology*, to get without delay a set of these clever etchings to bind up with it.

### The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.  
M. W. of Windsor.

### NEW INVENTIONS.

We have lately seen at the shop of Mr Pembroke, in Cheapside, a

newly invented golosh, formed entirely of Indian rubber. The advantages which this invention, or rather adaptation, possesses over that of every other, are obvious. These goloshes are, of course, impervious to wet, and perfectly elastic. Their value as slippers to the invalid must be great indeed; the flexibility of the material of which they are composed allowing them to yield to every motion of the foot.

#### STARCH.

The manufacture of starch was known to the ancients. Pliny informs us that it was made from wheat and from *sili*, which was probably a variety or species of wheat. The invention of starch is ascribed by Pliny to the inhabitants of the island of Chio, where in his time the best starch was still made. Pliny's description of the method employed by the ancients of making starch is tolerably exact. Next to the Chian starch that of Crete was most celebrated; and next to it was the Egyptian. The qualities of starch were judged of by the weight; the lightest being always reckoned the best.

#### CURE FOR BROKEN SHINS.

Make a paste of charcoal and water, and apply it to any sore place, caused by the skin being rubbed off. This will immediately allay the smart and remove the inflammation.

#### Customs of Various Countries.

##### CHRISTMAS EVE AT COURLAND.

By the peasantry of Courland, Christmas Eve is kept with several superstitious and ridiculous customs and singular ceremonies; they lay a great log on the hearth, and let it leisurely burn till the next morning; what remains they lay up carefully till the next spring, when they split some pieces, or chop some chips of it, and fling them across the entry of the gateway through which their cattle the next day must pass into the common. Such of the cattle that hit their legs against the chips will absolutely either die, or be devoured by the wolf, or receive some hurt or other.

On the same eve the single men and maidens derive their sport by informing themselves whether they shall be married that year. The maidens go into a sheepfold in the dark, and what they first lay hold of they bring out. If it happens to be a ram, then she promises herself a husband before the Christmas

following; but if it be a ewe, she concludes that she shall not be married that year. The young men do the like: if they take hold of a ewe, they promise themselves a sweetheart or wife; but if a ram, to continue a bachelor all the next year. They have also on that eve a custom of melting wax, and pouring it into the clean water, and from the forms and figures it makes, they prognosticate many strange things that shall happen regarding marriages,—whether the party will be young or old, rich or poor, how many children they shall have, and whether they will be sons or daughters. All these gambols they perform with panic fear, lest the parson of the parish should be informed thereof, who always shews himself very angry at such people as he can discover to be guilty of such follies; but the people are commonly true to one another, and can keep secrets.

#### Anecdotiana.

##### STREET WIT.

A butcher's boy carrying his tray along on his shoulder, accidentally struck it against, and somewhat discomposed the huge bonnet of a lady fashionably dressed—"The *deuce* take the tray," cried the lady in a passion. "Ma'am," replied young rump-steak, very gravely; "the *deuce* can't take the *tray*."

##### MAKING USE OF LIBERTY.

Valerius Maximus tells us, that Lentulus Marcellinus, the Roman Consul, having complained of the overgrown power of Pompey, the whole people answered with a shout of approbation. "Shout on, citizens," said the Consul, "shout on, and use these bold signs of liberty while you may; for I do not know how short the time may be that you will be allowed them."

##### TWO WAYS OF SEEING.

It is related of Rousseau, that being asked the difference between a learned and a sensible man? he replied, that a learned man saw every thing *behind him*; and a sensible man every thing *before*.

##### MR. CURRAN.

This celebrated orator, once passing through an obscure alley in Dublin, observing a broken pane patched by a page of a very dull book, exclaimed to his companions, "'Tis the first time, I believe, that the author has thrown light upon any subject."

## Diary and Chronology.

Tuesday, December 14.

*St. Nicastus, Bishop of Thelme, and others, 5th Cent.*

About this period usually commences that customary part of the Christmas festivities, commonly called the Waits. The following particulars illustrate their origin. Wakes or Waits are supposed to have been formerly poor minstrels, part of whose duty it was during the Winter nights to parade and guard the streets, and occasionally to call the hour. In a pretty descriptive poem entitled Christmas, allusion is made to these seasonable serenades :

“ ———— oft amid the gloom  
Of midnight hour, prevail the accustomed sounds  
Of wakeful Waits, whose melody, composed  
Of hautboy, organ, violin, and flute,  
And various other instruments of mirth,  
Is meant to celebrate the coming time.

Wednesday, December 15.

*St. Florence, Irish Abbot.—High Water 53m after 1 Morn 9m after 2 Afternoon.*

December 15, 1755.—Expired the celebrated artist Giovanni Battista Cipriani. Our artist, at the foundation of the Royal Academy, was chosen one of the founders, and was also employed to make the design for the diploma which is given to the Academicians and Associates at their admission. For this work, which he executed with great taste and elegance, the president and council presented him with a silver cup, ‘As an acknowledgment for the assistance the Academy received from his great abilities in the profession.’ The great excellence of Cipriani was in his drawings, while the fertility of his invention, the grace of his composition, and the seductive elegance of his forms, were only surpassed by the probity of his character, the simplicity of his manners, and benevolence of his heart. These designs were disseminated over all Europe by the graver of Bartolizzi, and bought up with avidity.

Thursday, December 16.

*St. Adelbert, 1st Bish. of Magdeburg.—Sun rises 1m after 8—sets 53m after 3.*

December 16, 1804.—Died Christian Felix Weizsäcker, a German poet and dramatic writer of considerable powers. This author, whilst living, had the reputation of being one of the most useful, if not the most shining writers in Germany. The best of his dramatic works are *Richard the Third* and *Romeo and Juliet*, both original; of his lyric poems the *Songs of the Amazons*, and the *War-Songs of Tyrtæus*, possess the most merit; and the most considerable of his works on Education is *Der Kinder Freund*, from which Berquin has borrowed the major part of his *Ami-des-Enfants*. Weizsäcker enjoyed, for more than half a century, the love and esteem of his fellow-countrymen, and died universally regretted, not merely by his friends and relations, but by all Germany: the public funeral which his countrymen honoured him with, was more splendid than that of any other German poet, save Klopstock.

Friday, December 17.

*Sts. Rufus and Zosimus, Mar. A.D. 116.—High Water 2m after 3 Morn—30m after 3 After.*

December 17, 1816.—Anniversary of the death of Earl Stanhope. To possess a competent idea of his lordship’s merits as a philosopher and a man of science, it is only necessary to recollect his opinions and his pursuits. The Stanhope Press,—the improved Stereotype,—the Stanhope Monochord,—the preservation of buildings from fire,—the return stroke in the Franklinian System,—the facilities afforded to Home Navigation, by means of his improvements in the locks of canals,—and the advantages hereafter to be reaped from both domestic and foreign navigation by means of the new agent of Steam,—all connect this great man with the history not of England or Europe alone, but with the imperishable annals of the arts and sciences!

Saturday, December 18.

*Sun rises 1m after 8—53 after 3.*

December 18, 1658.—Anniversary of the arrival of William Prince of Orange at St. James’s, where he received the congratulations of the nobility and persons of quality.

Sunday, December 19.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER ADVENT.

*Lessons for the Day—30 chapter Isaiah, morning—32 chapter Isaiah, Even.*

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.—As that hospitable season, Christmas, is fast approaching, when all grades of society banquet, ‘the rich and the poor,’ we cannot refrain from introducing some small account of the Christmas Carol, now almost obsolete. Carols, from the Italian *Carola*, are songs of joy and exultation, as well as of devotion; and both are united in those which commemorate the appearance of Christ on earth. Carols like the *Juul* songs they superseded, appear to have been usually written by superstitious and illiterate persons; but some authors gravely assert, that the angels first introduced these divine songs, by joining in an harmonious concert at the Incarnation. Other authors, less prophane, state the courtly New Year’s Ode to be merely a polished *Ule*, or Wassail Song, or a Christmas Carol.

ERRATUM.—In our number for last week, at p. 406, for ‘cast upon him in the publication of the above works,’ read ‘cast upon him in consequence of the publication of the above works.’

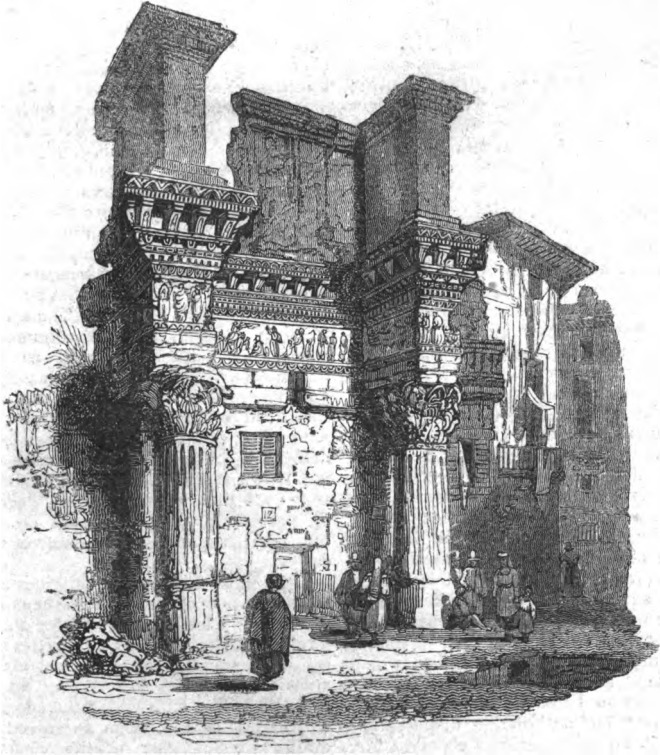
With this number is published a SUPPLEMENTAL SHEET, containing the CREAM OF THOSE ANNUALS not noticed in our last Supplement.  
If our Romford Correspondent will favour us with his Address, we shall feel obliged.

# The Olio;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XXVIII. Vol. VI. Supplement.

Saturday, Dec. 13, 1830.



THE TEMPLE OF PALLAS.

## Cream of the Annuals for 1831.

IN accordance with our promise, we again take up the subject of the Annuals for 1831—five or six of which are before us. The first that claims our attention is

### *The Landscape Annual, \**

*Edited by T Roscoe.*

Of the great beauty of its numerous illustrations some idea may be formed from the Engraving given by us in this number. The descriptions are accompanied by numerous traditions, incidents

and anecdotes relative to the various Cities and Palaces represented in the Engravings.

The subject chosen for our illustration, and to which is appended the subjoined interesting account, is

### THE TEMPLE OF PALLAS.

Quivi templo sublime  
Sacro all' eternita con aurea chiave  
Vertu gli aprio: quindi spiego le penne  
E luogo in ciel fra gli altri numi ottenne.

FULVIO TESTI.

THE same doubts have been started by antiquaries respecting the proper

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designation of this temple as of most others in the eternal city—a title to which, were it not for the immortality of her people, and the unfading lustre which memory casts upon the spot, would be less properly applied to Rome than to any other city of the earth: for where has ruin so wrought her perfect work! where is time seen the conqueror and man the victim so clearly and so awfully as there! The death of a strong man fills us with a deeper sense of human frailty than that of a weaker being; and Rome in ruins—the mightiest and proudest monument of the earth crumbled into dust—makes us feel as if the pillars of the round world itself were unloosened. The image of eternity seems to have been raised of adamant to be dissipated in air, and dreaming of Rome as clothed in her bridal garments and the spouse of hundred-throned victory, we wake to tread upon her ashes, her name only remaining immortal.

Of the almost infinite number of temples which adorned this city, not a dozen can be said to exist even in ruins; and of those of which vestiges remain, a very few are known for certainty to be ascribed to the right deities. So numerous were these edifices during the flourishing times of the empire, that some antiquaries have excused themselves from naming them all by saying that such a task were endless; and those who have commenced the undertaking have ended with fixing the names to two or three ruins as temples, which the next generation of critics has determined to be basilicas, baths, or palaces. "The antiquarian disputes began at an early period," observes Mr. Hobhouse; "and where nothing but a name was left, there was still some pleasure found in the struggles of conjecture. The *mica aurea* has not been seen since the ninth century; but it afforded an opportunity of quoting Plutarch, Ammian, and Martial, to show that it might have been a *Greek girl*, or a *bear*, or a *supper house*. The actual remains were found to be no less uncertain. The two vaults of the church of St. Maria Nuova were believed by Pomponius Lætus the fragments of a temple of *Æsculapius* and Health; by Martianus, of the Sun and Moon; by Blondus, of *Æsculapius* and Apollo; by Poggio, of Castor and Pollux. They are now called the Temple of Venus and Rome." In the same manner the Temple of Maria Egizziaca has been at different times supposed to be a chapel

of Patrician Modesty; a basilica of Caius and Lucius; a temple of Good Fortune; a temple of Manly Fortune; while at the time Mr. Hobhouse was in Rome it was generally believed to be, as at first supposed, the Temple of Modesty. And thus it has been for ages past with almost all the ruins on which the antiquary gazes with most pleasure; each having his own opinion, and delighting himself sometimes with his favourite theory, at others, with the splendid visions which belong to the spot, if that theory be true. The temple, however, we are at present contemplating is one of the most beautiful ruins in Rome. It consists of two Corinthian columns, eleven feet in circumference, and supposed to be thirty-one feet high; but the soil has been so long suffered to accumulate around them that but half their height is to be seen. The architrave supported by these columns is strikingly beautiful, as well as the frieze, which is magnificently adorned with bas-reliefs, descriptive of the mythological character of the goddess to whom the temple is thought to have been dedicated. Above the whole rises an attic story, but in a totally dilapidated state; all that remains, in any degree of preservation, of this part of the building being a supposed statue of the deity.

How different are the religious associations now connected with the name of Minerva's temples and the seat of her former grandeur! How changed is the spectacle which throngs the way to the spots where stood her ancient fanes, and the feeling with which the adoring multitudes hallow them as sacred to divinity! Speaking of the customs prevalent in the sacred city during Lent, the author of "Rome in the Nineteenth Century" thus describes the procession to one of these consecrated spots, now the site of a christian church. "Before the Holy Week," it is said, "our sufferings began. We were disturbed the very morning of our return from Naples with the information that it was a grand festa—the festa of the Annunciation; and that a grand *funzione* was to take place at the church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, preceded by a still more superb procession; and that we must get up to see it, which we accordingly did, and drove through streets lined with expecting crowds, and windows hung with crimson and yellow silk draperies, and occupied by females in their most gorgeous attire, till we made a stop near the church, before

which the pope's horse-guards, in their splendid full-dress uniforms, were stationed to keep the ground; all of whom, both officers and men, wore in their caps a sprig of myrtle as a sign of rejoicing. After waiting a short time the procession appeared, headed by another detachment of the guards, mounted on prancing black chargers, who rode forward to clear the way, accompanied by such a flourish of trumpets and kettle-drums that it looked at first like any thing but a peaceable or religious proceeding. This martial array was followed by a bare-headed priest, on a white mule, bearing the Host in a gold cup; at the sight of which every body—not excepting our coachman, who dropped down on the box—fell upon their knees, and we were left alone, heretically sitting in the open barouche.

"The pope, I understand, used formerly to ride upon the white mule himself: whether in memory of our Saviour's entrance into Jerusalem on an ass, or no, I cannot say; and all the cardinals used to follow him in their magnificent robes of state, mounted either on mules or horses; and as the *eminentissimi* are, for the most part, not very eminent horsemen, they were generally fastened on, lest they should tumble off. This cavalcade must have been a very entertaining sight. I understood that Pius VI., who was a very handsome man, kept up this custom; but the present pope is far too infirm for such an enterprise, and so he followed the man on the white mule in his state coach, at the very sight of which he seemed to have made a jump back of two hundred years at least. It was a huge machine, composed almost entirely of plate-glass, fixed in a ponderous carved and gilded frame, through which was distinctly visible the person of the venerable old pope, dressed in robes of white and silver, and incessantly giving his benediction to the people by a twirl of three fingers, which are typical of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, the last being represented by the little finger. On the gilded back of this vehicle—the only part, I think, that was not made of glass—was a picture of the pope in his chair of state, and the Virgin Mary at his feet. This extraordinary machine was drawn by six black horses, with superb harness of crimson velvet and gold. The coachman, or rather postillions, were dressed in coats of silver stuff, with crimson velvet breeches, and full-buttoned wigs well powdered, without hats.

"Three coaches, scarcely less anti-quely superb, followed, with the assistant cardinals and the rest of the train. In the inside of the church, the usual tiresome ceremonies went on that take place when the pope is present. He is seated on a throne, or chair of state; the cardinals in succession approach and kiss his hand, retire one step and make three bows or nods, one to him in front, and one on the right hand and another on the left, which, I am told, are intended for him (as the personation of the Father), and for the Son, and for the Holy Ghost, on either side of him; and all the cardinals having gone through these motions, and the inferior priests having kissed his toe—that is, the cross embroidered on his toe—high mass begins. The pope kneels during the elevation of the Host, prays in silence before the altar, gets up and sits down, reads something out of a great book which they bring to him with a lighted taper held beside it (which must be eminently useful in the broad daylight), and having gone through many more such ceremonies, finally ends as he began with giving his benediction with three fingers all the way as he goes out. During all the time of this high mass, the pope's military band, stationed on the platform in front of the church, played so many clamorous martial airs that it would have effectually put to flight any ideas of religious solemnity—if any there had been."

Leaving this charming work, and all its attractions, we next take up

### The Keepsake,

Edited by F. M. Reynolds.

Of its illustrations, we have given our opinion in the accompanying number, and we now proceed to glean an article or two for the amusement of our readers. The following particulars relative to the celebrated Lord Chesterfield, will, we are persuaded, be read with interest. We leave out the prefatory matter to this paper, which is not remarkable for correctness of language, although the noble author has laboured hard to give effect to his subject.

### CHESTERFIELD AND FANNY, BY LORD MORPETH.

OF the commencement of the intimacy between "Chesterfield and Lady Fanny Shirley," the following letters, which have never yet been published,



give rather an amusing account. They were written by Thomas Coke, Lord Lovell, afterwards Earl of Leicester, whose singular character has been imitatively drawn by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, in his poem, entitled "Isabella, or the Morning;" in which he describes the circle of admirers of the Duchess of Manchester:—

"But, hark! a louder knock than all before—  
'Lord!' says her grace, 'they'll thunder down  
my door!'"

Into the room see sweating Lovell break!—  
The duchess rises, and the elders wake.  
Lovell—the oddest character in town—  
A lover, statesman, connoisseur, buffoon.  
Extract him well, this is his quintessence:  
Much folly, but more cunning, and some sense;  
To neither party in his heart inclined,  
He steer'd 'twixt both, with politics refin'd,  
Voted with Walpole, and with Pulteney dined.

Lovell, as we shall see from his own confession, was a rival of Chesterfield; which circumstance renders his communications the more curious. The letters are addressed to his friend, Lord Essex, at that time ambassador at the court of Turin.

Holkham, Dec. 31, 1735.

"MY DEAREST LORD,

"La Roche's present, by being the occasion of my hearing from you, afforded me as great pleasure as the present itself (though very agreeable and fit for my new house) will do. You have opened my wounds by speaking of Lady Fanny. She is quite lost to me: that foul fiend Chesterfield has bewitched her; and, under pretence of serving me, has entirely defeated me, and is in full possession of the lady's soul. In the inclosed, which I beg you'll deliver, I have eased my heart a little to La Roche, and told him of my misery. For since my secret is like never to be any secret at all, I find great ease in discoursing of it, and tiring all my acquaintance with my grief. My rival triumphs so publicly that I hear of nothing from London but his success. All summer, parties by water, rides in Bushy Park, &c.; and the old ladies begin to be censorious; which the nice lady, however, stands, and, since she herself knows there is no harm, does not mind what others say. This plaguy peace, that is like to unhinge the measures of the seditious, and make them have nothing to do, will give Chesterfield still more time to love. I cannot bear London while things continue thus, though I must be there in about three weeks. I hear, from true judges,

† William (Capel), third Earl of Essex, K.G.

Veracina's opera is the finest that ever was, though I don't hear how it fills. Being obliged to write to his Grace of Grafton, per post, I acquainted him about Lord Euston, and shall remember you to all friends, even Chesterfield, when I come to town. Our club at Dels would be overjoyed to have your company. \* \* \*

"Your most faithful and  
"Entirely humble servant,  
"LOVELL."

London, Jan. 25, 1736.

"MY DEAR ESSEX,

"I have this moment received your obliging letter, by which I perceive you have not received mine, which I wrote in answer to your last, which brought me the first bill of lading, and inclosed in it one for La Roche, thanking him for his obliging present. I shall inquire at our officet by what neglect that letter miscarried. That beauty you think so cold shows herself warmer than any lady in England, but not with me. All I can flatter myself with at most is, the having made myself convenient to her. I attacked (though not boldly) in front; dazzled by her beauty, I could scarce approach, while that sly Chesterfield, like the toad in Milton, came privily behind, and fastened on her ear. In short, they live together, ride together, walk, go by water, &c. &c. in the face of the whole world; and this cold, shy beauty, as you called her, bears up, I do assure you, more than ever I yet saw married or unmarried lady. The great trouble they have is, that when they ride out, his lordship is forced to stand on his stirrups, while she makes her back ache with stooping to hear him; but I am now in treaty for a monstrous tall horse that is showed as a show here, which I will present to his lordship; for we are generous rivals and good friends yet.

"Your friend, his Grace of Newcastle,† has a cook *qui fait trembler toute l'Angleterre*, and the whole discourse of the town is on him. He gave us a most fine dinner the other day, where were assembled Chavigny, the D. of Richmond, Pembroke, and all the nice critics in eating. We there drank champagne—some sent by Wal-

† The post-office. Lord Lovell was at this time postmaster-general.

‡ Thomas (Pelham Holles), Duke of Newcastle, for so many years the incapable minister of this country.

degrave,\* some by you, and, though both were excellent, yours was preferred, and reckoned the best in England. To-morrow I dine with Scarborough,† where I shall see many of your friends, who I will acquaint of your kind remembrance of them. The club goes on well, and we always remember you, and wish for you amongst us.‡ Operas don't do so well. I missed hearing that of Veracina, which the best judges say is Squisitone. Lest this letter should miscarry, I shall send it to the gentleman at the Treasury that brought it, who promised to carry it to your lordship.—I am, with the most unfeigned sincerity, regard, and respect,

"My dearest Lord,

"Your most faithful

"And obedient humble servant,

"LOVELL.§"

We are enabled to trace the attachment of the lovers several years after the writing of these letters of Lord Lovell, from a passage in the poem of "Isabella," from whence a quotation has been made in a preceding page. The following lines immediately follow the character of Lord Lovell already given; and from them it would appear, that Lord Lovell was still supposed to feel considerable bitterness against his more successful rival.

"His lordship makes a bow, and takes his seat,  
Then opens with preliminary chat:  
'I'm glad to see your grace—the general|| too:  
Old Charles,¶ how is it?—Dicky,†† how d'y'e do?

Madam, I hear that you were at the play—  
You did not say one word on't yesterday.  
I went, who'd no engagement anywhere,  
To the Opera.'—'Were many people there?'  
The duchess cried.—'Yes, madam, a great many.'

Says Lovell:—'There were Chesterfield and Fanny,

In that eternal whisper which begun  
Ten years ago, and never will be done;  
For though you know he sees her every day,  
Still he has ever something new to say.

\* Lord Waldegrave was now ambassador at Paris.

† Richard (Lumley), second Earl of Scarborough. He killed himself in 1740, in consequence, as it is said, of having betrayed a state secret to the Duchess of Manchester, for which he was reproached by Sir Robert Walpole.

‡ The preceding passage in the text is rather interesting, as giving a picture of society nearly one hundred years ago.

§ The originals of these letters are preserved in the MS. collection of the Earl of Essex.

|| General Churchill, the lover of the celebrated Mrs. Oldfield.

¶ Charles Stanhope.

†† Richard Bateman, the brother of Viscount Bateman. He is said to have been the person who first introduced the plant of *mignonette* into England.

There's nothing upon earth so hard to me  
As keeping up discourse eternally.  
He never lets the conversation fall;  
And I'm sure Fanny can't keep up the ball;  
I saw that her replies were never long,  
And with her eyes she answer'd for her tongue.  
Poor I am forced to keep my distance now—  
She won't e'en curtsy if I make a bow.  
'Why, things are strangely changed,' the general cried.

'Ay, *fortune de la guerre*,' my lord replied.  
'But you and I, Charles, hardly find things so,  
As we both did some twenty years ago.'

'And take off twenty years,' replied her grace;  
'I would do no harm to Lady Fanny's face.'

My lord, you never see her but at night,  
By th' advantageous help of candlelight;  
Dress'd out with ev'ry aid that is adorning:—  
Oh, if your lordship saw her in the morning!  
It is no more that Fanny once so fair:  
No roses bloom, no lilies flourish there;  
But hollow eyes, and pale and faded cheek,  
Repentance, love, and disappointment speak.'

How long Lady Fanny continued to exhibit her waning charms to the unsparing criticism of her female friends, or, in other words, how long her intimacy with Lord Chesterfield endured, does not exactly appear. All that we know with certainty is, that she lived long enough to repent of her errors, whatever they may have been. She is mentioned by Horace Walpole in "The Twickenham Register," written about the year 1758, as residing there, and occupied in a life of devotion.

Here Fanny, ever blooming fair,  
Ejaculates the graceful prayer;  
And, 'scaped from sense, with nonsense smit,  
For Whitfield's cant leaves Stanhope's wit.

Lady Fanny had retired from the world, and adopted the religious tenets of the celebrated Whitfield; and, in spite of the sneer contained in the above lines, there is no reason to doubt of the sincerity or the soundness of her repentance: but "Strawberry Horace" was clearly no fit judge of such matters. Besides, at the time he wrote, the very name of Whitfield and methodism was a by-word for ridicule; as Cowper, writing a few years later, has so forcibly pointed out, in his beautiful character of that ecclesiastic.\* Those days of prejudice are now happily passed away, and we are enabled to view Whitfield as he really was—an able and truly religious teacher of the word of God, according to the doctrines he professed.

Lady Fanny Shirley continued to her death in the practice of piety, and in the enjoyment of a religious course of life; possessing thus, in the end of her

\* Those well-known lines in the poem of "Hope," beginning with  
*Leuconomus* (beneath well-sounding Greek,  
I slur a name a poet must not speak,

days, that tranquil happiness, to which in her earlier course she must have been a stranger.

Far other was the evening of Lord Chesterfield's career. He remained to the last not only a seeker after the vanities of the world, but also after the youth which he had lost. He occupied himself in a constant but wretched endeavour to be more young and more frivolous than was becoming his age and character. "He lived at White's gaming, and pronouncing witticisms among the boys of quality\*." The consequence was, as we find from his own letters, both published and unpublished, that his old age was one of fretfulness and disappointment. He was always attempting to keep up his former reputation, and he constantly found it sinking under him; for the liveliness and frivolity which is graceful in youth becomes disagreeable and contemptible in older life. He had never read, or, at least, had never put to heart as he ought, the admirable advice of Pope—

Learn to grow old, or fairly make your will—  
You've eat, and drank, and loved, and laugh'd  
your fill;

Walk sober off before a sprightlier age  
Comes tittering on, and shoves you from the  
stage;

Leave those to trifle with more grace and ease,  
Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please.

So far was Lord Chesterfield from profiting by these lines that he went on drinking a life of folly to the dregs, laughed at by the young, pitied by the old, and, finally, when he died, unregretted and unlamented.

Of his old age, the best picture is the one given of that of General Churchill by Sir Charles Hanbury Williamst, than which, undoubtedly, nothing can be well conceived more hopelessly miserable:—

His old desire to please is still express'd;  
His hat's well cock'd, his periwig's well dress'd  
He rolls his stockings still, white gloves he  
wears,

And in the boxes with the beaux appears;  
His eyes through wrinkled corners cast their  
rays,

Still he bows graceful, still soft things he says;  
And still remembering that he once was young,  
He strains his crippled knees, and struts along.

In looking over the poetry, we cannot compliment the Editor on the lines bearing his name; we have seldom met with any thing so dull and unintelligible. There are, however, some clever specimens of versification, and here is one of the best:—

\* Memoirs of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford  
† In the poem of 'Isabella, or the Morning.'

## THE RETURN.

BY MISS L. E. LANSON.

Nants is a fair city, but it seemed the very fairest in the world to the traveller, for he had been absent years; he left it poor, but he came back rich; and the home of his youth was again to be the home of his age.

"Draw down your oars, the waters trace  
Their own path fast enough for me;  
Life sometimes asks a breathing space—  
Such I am fain this hour should be.

"Fair city, I am come once more;  
Travel and toll are on my brow;  
With all I thought so great of yore—  
With all I think so little now!

"Sorrow for friends I left behind—  
Misgiving fears were with me then;  
And yet I bore a lighter mind  
Than now I see those walls again:

"Hope is youth's prophet, and foretells  
The future that its wish reveals;  
The energy that in us dwells  
Then judges but by what it feels.

"And it feels buoyant spirits, health,  
And confidence, and earnestness;  
And it ascribes such power to wealth  
Which but to seek is to possess.

"The future was my own; my life  
Has passed as many men's have past;  
Adventure, trouble, sorrow, strife,  
Yet with success, and home at last.

"But Hope has fled on morning's wings,  
And Memory sits with darken'd eye;  
And I have learn'd life's dearest things  
Are those which never wealth could buy.

"Affection's circle soon grows less—  
The dead, the changed, what blanks are  
there!

And what avails half life's success,  
No early friends can see and share?

"My heart has still turn'd back through years,  
Whose shadow now around me falls;  
I dread to turn to truth the fears,  
The hopes in yonder city's walls.

"How fair a scene, the morning light  
And human life's most cheerful sound;  
The banks so glad, the stream so bright,  
I hear my native tongue around.

"Oh! for some voice I used to hear,  
The grasp of some familiar hand;  
So long desired, and now so near—  
On, boatmen, on, I long to land."

We have made a powerfully written Cornish tale, by Mr. Carne, from this Annual, the subject of an illustration in our ordinary number, and give herewith its conclusion.

## THE DEAD AND THE LIVING HUSBAND.

Concluded from p. 420.

The husband could endure no longer, and strove to lead her away; but she passionately refused, saying, that they had been parted twelve years—that the grave had been made to forsake its prey, and should *she* forsake it? And then she spoke wildly and hurriedly, as if

addressing him—that his aged mother had died of grief—that their infant child, that she had borne after his loss—then she rose suddenly, and rushed from the apartment. The friends and relatives, and the rest of the people who had looked on in strange surprise, and even horror, strove to prevent her design, and entreated her not to persist in it. But the mother was awake; and neither bars, nor bolts, nor armed men, could withstand her power in this moment. She drew with her into the chamber her only child, a girl of nearly ten years of age, and pointing to the body, made her kneel beside it, and said it was her father! The child shrieked and drew back, and refused to put its hand into the cold one of the dead, or to press her lips to his. The second husband was the only father she ever knew, and what was the lost to her? nothing but a fearful and ghastly object; she would not love or embrace it, she said. But “the worms were not around it;” he could not say to them “thou art my mother and my sister.” What a world of meaning is in this! We cannot know, perhaps, for we have never been tried, with what fondness, what ardour, we should hang over them we have loved and lost, if decay never came there; would the husband turn away from the wife of his youth, if the parting smile and look still slept on her face, and the beauty of that face fell not, and knew no change! Would the mother not lie down beside her lost one, and press the cold but imperishable form to her breast, as if life and joy could wake there again! So felt, no doubt, the tried and agonized woman. “Just as he fell!—O God! just as he fell!” she murmured, as her thoughts fled back to the vale by the sea, where they had lived so happily, till the morn when he dreamed of death ere it came, and took a sad and kind farewell of her, as if a foreboding even then was on his mind.

And now the husband sternly interposed, and said that he would endure no longer; that for years he had striven to sooth her mind and chase away the gloomy remembrances of her loss, and the dreadful manner of it; and now the wound was opened afresh, and would never close; and the kindness of the living would be lost in the woman’s heart in the love of the dead. They looked on him, and saw that his mind was greatly troubled, and that his passions were roused. Strange that jealousy of the dead should thus enter into the mind of the living.

He stooped and spoke some words to her as she knelt, that were not heard by those around; they seemed to move her strongly for the moment; for she looked wistfully in his face, the expression of which was sad and menacing; then she rose slowly, took her child by the hand, and left the apartment. Her relatives saw there was no time to be lost; that to leave the unpurified form of her first husband beneath her roof would only sow dissension and useless sorrow; that it could not and must not be. What had he to do in this breathing and busy world? Why was he thus cast forth, after his time, when the wife could not claim, and the child would not own him? With all care and reverence, they removed the body to an upper chamber, where the same attentions and duties were given as if he had been newly slain; but no mourners came, no one wept over him; he was so long lost as to be almost forgotten; to the second husband he had ever been a stranger. The latter, after the form was removed from his sight, as well as the misery of his wife, behaved well and calmly. After a time he spoke, in words suited to the sad occasion, to those around, and said that the remains should be treated with as much honour as if they were those of his brother.

There was another trial of his temper; the wife insisted that the body should be laid in their own bed—it was the same in which she had slept with her first husband; the head rested on the same pillow. It was night when it was placed there, for many hours had now passed. He came and stood beside it a few moments in silence, but showed no emotion; her hand had strewed flowers around it, and placed lights at the head and feet; but nothing could ever induce him to sleep in that bed again.

On the third day after this, Nicholas was borne to the grave, followed by his wife and child, and a great concourse of people. Andrews also followed, but not as a mourner. The deceased was buried in the parish church-yard that stood solitary on the summit of a hill at no great distance; the gray tower could be seen far off at sea, and often served the mariners as a landmark. Three years after this, Andrews died also, and was buried in the same spot, but not in the same grave. The widow was again left desolate. This desolation was, however, less bitter than the first; she no more gave way to useless repinings;

the dwelling on the hill-side, that overlooked the mine, was no longer that of despair! the garden was kept carefully neat, for Nicholas had loved it, and trimmed it every day with his own hand, when he ascended from the depths of the mine and his daily toil was over. The care of her child was a sweet and endless office; and now she could tell of her father; of his strange end and stranger restoration; how fond, how kind a man he had been; how suddenly he was taken away; and how God had restored him, but for a few moments only, to comfort her; and she wept bitterly on the neck of his first-born, and the child wept also. The stern eye of the second husband was no more upon them; he slept in peace: and to his grave the widow sometimes repaired—to the burial-ground on the hill—at evening; but not to *his* grave, at least the neighbours said so. There was another beside it, planted with flowers, and a handsome tablet over it.

The children of the hamlet, who sometimes played wildly in the cemetery, and chased each other over the fresh as well as the neglected graves, never dared to tread on *his*, they remembered his strange finding, and they looked on it with awe. She knelt there, and the child knelt beside her; her little hands were taught to pluck every stray weed away; and she gazed in silence and love on her mother, as she prayed, with clasped hands and tears fast falling. The prayer was too deep and heartfelt for words; but the moving of the lip, the heaving of the breast, the eager, agonizing expression of the eye, appeared as if a strange and wild hope mingled with her petition to heaven. To the stranger's eye she seemed to say, "Incorruption yet on thee, my husband! Wilt thou again burst the cerements of the grave? Ten years he lay undecayed!—Surely, surely, the worm is not on thee!"

She had many offers, even after this, to marry again. She was not yet more than thirty, and sorrow had not quite wasted her comeliness; but she never would listen to them, and continued to reside in the lonely dwelling on the hill side, looked upon by all as a woman with whom Heaven had dealt strangely, yet mercifully. The rude fishermen, who plied their trade near the noble cliffs just beyond, would often bring to her door their choicest fish, ere they travelled inland to seek a market. The miners, whenever she passed by the scene of their toils, paid her

market respect, and looked curiously on the only child, who, as years passed away, grew to be a beautiful yet delicate girl; the women of the hamlet said how like she was to her father, yet that no good would come to her, born in such a way, and under so dark a doom.

With the above selections must conclude our notice of 'The Keepsake,' which is as much entitled to praise as any of the preceding volumes.

The next on our list is

### **The Amulet,**

*Edited by S. C. Hall.*

This elegant Annual has, for six years, maintained a high character for excellence, and it again appears with undiminished brilliancy. The pictorial display, which is rich in the extreme, may vie with those of any of its class, in point of excellence, and the literary articles are no less deserving of public favour. From among those pieces which have delighted us most, we take the following.

### **THE RESIDUARY LEGATEE.**

A TRUE STORY.

*By Miss Mitford.*

ABOVE half a century ago—for to such a date does my little story refer—Red Lion Square was accounted a genteel, if not a fashionable, place of residence, and numbered amongst its inhabitants some of the principal London attorneys—solicitor was not the phrase in those days—to whom its vicinity to the inns of court rendered that neighbourhood particularly convenient. Amongst the most respectable of these respectable persons was Mr. Mordaunt, a widower with five children, whose mingled strength and kindness of character rendered him the very man to educate and bring out his motherless family; just as the union of acuteness and integrity, for which he was distinguished in his professional life, had placed him deservedly at the head of one of the most flourishing firms in the metropolis. He was not rich, for he had begun the world with nothing but industry and talent, had married a lady in the same predicament with himself, and had preferred giving his children the inalienable possession of an excellent education to the accumulation of money for their immediate portions; but, in the prime of life, with an excellent income and still brighter prospects, he lived as became a man of liberal habits and

elegant tastes; and generous, both from temper and principle, refused no indulgence to his family, except such as appeared inconsistent with their station, or with that wise and liberal economy which is as essential, perhaps even more so, to the affluent as to the poor.

The young people were all of high promise. The eldest, Charles, a youth of extraordinary ability, bringing up to the bar, was on the point of leaving Oxford, where he had distinguished himself greatly, and had recently been entered at the Temple. George, the second son, was in his father's office: and of the three daughters, Catherine, the eldest, a girl of eighteen, was eminently pretty; Sarah, two years younger, and less handsome, had something of her brother Charles' talent; and little Barbara, the pet and plaything of the whole house, was that charming creature—a lively and good-humoured spoilt child.

One evening, in the beginning of July, this amiable family were assembled in their pretty drawing-room, fresh hung with India paper, where gorgeous birds were perched amongst gorgeous flowers, and Chinese processions, gorgeous and immovable as the birds, stuck amidst gay pagodas and gilded temples—a bright but unmeaning pageant. The furniture consisted of French chairs and settees covered with blue damask, at once handsome and uncomfortable, with window curtains to match; a japan cabinet: a mahogany bureau, of which the top formed a small bookcase with glass doors; a harpsicord—for pianos were not yet in use; two large looking-glasses between the windows, and marble tables with gilt legs underneath them; a Pembroke table in the middle of the room, and a large fire-screen, with a stupendous bunch of flowers in embroidery, the elaborate work of the fair Catherine, in one corner.

Mr. Mordaunt was writing a letter at one table; his eldest daughter working, or, to use her brother's phrase, flourishing, at another: the young men were lounging at the windows; and Bab (for the dignity of that aristocratic name, so often seen in the peerage, and so seldom elsewhere, was in this young lady's case sadly pretermitted—the very housemaid who dressed her called her Miss Bab) was playing with her doll on the floor.

Sarah's employment was different from the rest. She was standing at the harpsichord, busied in arranging, in China vases, a quantity of flowers with which it was strewed, and which had

just arrived from a small country house, which Mr. Mordaunt called his farm, on Enfield Chase. With intuitive taste Sarah had put the honeysuckles, so pretty by themselves and which mix so ill with gayer flowers, in a large jar on the centre of the mantle-piece, flanking it with a small pot filled with white Provence roses—so elegant and delicate amongst their own green leaves—on one side, and one of that rose called the maiden's blush on the other; whilst the rest of the old-fashioned beau-pot, pinks, lilies, larkspurs, sweet-williams, and sweet-peas, she gathered together in a large China bowl, and deposited on the harpsichord between a pile of music-books and a guitar-case.

"How I wish these flowers had arrived before poor Mrs. Sullivan went away!" exclaimed Sarah, after standing before them for some minutes to survey and admire her own handywork. "She seemed so out of spirits—poor woman!—and some of these beautiful flowers would have comforted her and done her good; at least," added she, seeing her elder brother smile and shake his head, "I am sure they would always have cheered me, let me be as melancholy as I might; and she is as fond of them as I am, and was always used to them in her father's fine garden."

"Kindness must always do good under any form, my dear Sarah," observed her father, looking up from his letter; "but I fear that poor Mrs. Sullivan's depression is too deeply seated to be touched by your pretty remedy, and that any thing which reminds her of her father's house is more likely to increase than to remove her dejection."

"Mr. Darrell, then, continues implacable?" enquired Charles, with much interest.

"Yes," replied Mr. Mordaunt, "and I fear will remain so. I am writing to him now in his daughter's behalf, but I have no hope from the result. He sent for my partner yesterday to make his will, evidently to avoid my importunity in favour of these poor Sullivans. Her elopement was a most foolish act—a wrong, a foolish act; but ten years of penitence and suffering might have softened my old friend towards his only child, and one who, spoilt by his indulgence and her own position in society—a beauty and an heiress—can so ill support the penury and neglect under which she now languishes."

"Was she beautiful?" asked Catherine: "I see no remains of former loveliness."

"She is much changed," answered Charles; "but even I can remember her a most splendid woman. She had the presence and air of a queen, or rather of a young lady's notion of a queen. Fancy a stately and magnificent creature, with high features; a dark, clear, colourless complexion; a proud, curling lip; large black eyes—sometimes soft and languishing, but which could light up with a fire as bright as the glow of a furnace; a broad, smooth forehead; a dark, flexible brow; and a smile exquisitely sweet, and you will have some idea of Sophia Darrell before her imprudent and unfortunate marriage. Poverty and her father's displeasure have wrought this change, and perhaps her husband's death."

"Chiefly want of money," observed Mr. Mordaunt, sealing and directing his letter. "She had pretty well got over the loss of Captain Sullivan. Want of money is the pressing evil."

"I wish I were as rich as Mr. Darrell!" cried Sarah; and then she blushed and stopped, adding, in a hesitating voice, "what a pity it is that good wishes can do no real good!"

"Except to the wisher, Sarah," replied her father: "the slightest emotion of disinterested kindness that passes through the mind improves and refreshes that mind, producing generous thought and noble feeling, as the sun and rain foster your favourite flowers. Cherish kind wishes, my children; for a time may come when you may be enabled to put them in practice. In the meantime," added he, in a gayer tone, "tell me, if you were all very rich, what you would wish for yourselves—for your own gratification, ladies and gentlemen?"

"Oh, papa," exclaimed Sarah, "a great library!"

"And I," said Miss Bab, from the floor, "I'd have a great doll."

"I'd go to Italy," said Charles.

"I to Oxford," cried his brother.

"And I to Ranelagh," said Catherine, laughing. "In the meantime," added she, as the footman—it being now six o'clock, for they had dined at the usual hour of three—brought in the tea equipage, followed by the silver kettle and lamp:—"in the meantime, we may as well go to tea, and afterwards take a walk in Gray's Inn Garden as we meant to do, for the evening is beautiful, and my new hat is just come home."

About two months after, the same party, with the exception of Mr. Mordaunt, were assembled at nearly the

same hour in a very different scene. They were then passing the long vacation at the farm, and, it being Bab's birthday, had adjourned to the root-house, a pretty rustic building at the end of the garden, to partake of fruit, and cakes, and a syllabub from the cow, which the enchanted little girl had been permitted to compound herself, under the direction and superintendence of the housekeeper. It was a scene beautiful in itself, and full of youthful enjoyment. The somewhat sombre root-house, with its Gothic painted windows, its projecting thatch, supported by rough pillars clothed with ivy, clematis, passion-flowers, and the virgin-in-the-bower, looked out on a garden, gay with hollyhocks, balsams, China asters, African marigolds, the rich scarlet geranium, and the sweet marvel of Peru. The evening sun gleamed brightly around, shining on the old farm-house, whose casement windows peeped through a clustering vine, on a small piece of water at the end of the garden, and the green common and forest beyond, with an effect of light and shadow, just, as Sarah observed, "like a real picture;" and the figures scattered about would have pleased a painter's eye almost as well as the landscape in which they were placed.

Catherine, radiant with innocent gaiety, blooming as Hebe, and as airy as a sylph, stood catching, in a wicker basket, the large bunches of grapes which her younger brother, with one foot on a ladder, and one on the steep roof of the house, threw down to her and Charles, who was at once steadying the ladder and directing the steps of the adventurous gatherer. Little Bab, the heroine of the day, was marching in great state down a broad gravel walk, leading from the house to the root-house, preceding a procession consisting of John, the footman, with a tray of jingling glasses—the housekeeper, bearing the famous syllabub, her own syllabub—and the housemaid, well laden with fruit and cakes. Sarah, faithful to her flowers, was collecting an autumn nosegay—cloves, jessamine, blossomed myrtle, mignonette, and the late musk-rose—partly as an offering to Miss Barbara—partly for her father, whose return from town, whither he had been summoned on business, was anxiously expected by them all.

Just as the young people were collected together in the root-house, Mr. Mordaunt arrived. He was in deep mourning, and although receiving with

kindness Sarah's offering of flowers, and Bab's bustling presentation of a glass of syllabub, which the little lady of the day insisted on filling herself, was evidently serious, preoccupied, almost agitated. He sat down without speaking, throwing his hat upon the table, and pushing away Catherine's guitar, which had been brought thither purposely to amuse him. He had even forgotten that it was poor Bab's birthday, until reminded of it by the child herself, who clambered upon his knees, put her arms round his neck, and demanded clamorously that her dear papa should kiss her and wish her joy. He then kissed her tenderly, uttered a fervent benediction on her, and on all his children, and relapsed into his former silence and abstraction.

At length he said, "My sadness saddens you, my dear boys and girls, but I am just come from a very solemn scene, from Mr. Darrell's funeral."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Charles, with much emotion: "I did not even know that he was dead."

"Nor I, till I reached London yesterday," replied Mr. Mordaunt.

"Poor Mrs. Sullivan!" cried Sarah: "did her father forgive her before he died?"

"He sent her his forgiveness on his death-bed—an unspeakable comfort!—but still his angry will remains unrevoked. She and her children are starving, whilst his immense fortune descends to one unconnected with him by blood or alliance, or any tie save that of an old friendship. After a few trifling legacies to friends and servants, I am left residuary legatee. The property is large, my children; larger, perhaps, than with your moderate views and limited expectations you can readily apprehend. You may be rich, even beyond the utmost grasp of your wishes, and Catherine may revel in innocent amusement, and Charles in tasteful travel; college with all its advantages is open to his brother; Sarah may have endless books, and Barbara countless dolls; luxury, splendour, gaiety, and ambition, are before ye—the trappings of grandeur or the delights of lettered ease; ye may be rich, my children, beyond the dreams of avarice—or ye may resign these riches to the natural heir, and return to peaceful competence and honourable exertion, reaping no other fruit from this unsought-for legacy than a spotless reputation and a clear conscience. Choose, and choose freely. My little Sarah has, I think, already

chosen. When, some weeks ago, she wished to be as rich as Mr. Darrell, I read her countenance ill, if the motive of that wish were not to enrich Mrs. Sullivan. Choose, my dear children, and choose freely!"

"Oh, my dear father, we have chosen! Could you think that we should hesitate? I answer for my brothers and sisters, as for myself. How could *your* children waver between wealth and honour?" And Charles, as he said this, threw himself into his father's arms, the other young people clinging round them—even little Bab exclaiming, "Oh, dear papa, the money must be *all* for Mrs. Sullivan!"

The relator of this true anecdote had the gratification of hearing it from one of the actors in the scene—the Sarah of her little story, who is now in a green old age, the delight of her friends, and the admiration of her acquaintances. Her readers will probably be as glad to hear as she was, that the family, thus honourably self-deprived of enormous riches, has been eminently happy and prosperous in all its branches—that the firm distinguished by the virtues of its founder still continues one of the first in London—and that a grandson of Mr. Mordaunt's, no less remarkable for talent and integrity than his progenitor, is at the present time a partner in the house.

#### DARKNESS.

BY THE LATE REV. R. POLLOK.  
*Author of "The Course of Time."*

STILL margined with gold are the clouds of the west.

The last steps of day on the mountains are seen;

Haste, haste ye away, to the isles of the blest.  
Let darkness unmingled envelope the scene.

In me, lone and friendless, the fair eye of light

But points out a laugh to a world of scorn;  
Kind, kind to the wretched, the shadows of night;

But bitter and taunting the looks of the morn.

Come, daughter of night, gloomy darkness come forth!

Why tarry so long in the place of thy sleep?  
Dost thou dwell in the cold icy halls of the north,

Or slumber the day in the caves of the deep?

Deep muffle the moon in the garments of night,  
Roll back from the welkin the stars' twinkling sheen;

By fits, from thy clouds, send the red meteor's light,

And let thy dread visage be awfully seen.

Sweet, sweet is thy brow, to a soul wed with grief!

The broad, idle gaze of the world in vain  
Seeks for mirth in my face:—I ask not relief,  
Burst, my heart, when thou wilt, but never complain.



As watches the wand'rer for way-pointing fires,  
 As the maid for her love by the moon's dewy  
 light,  
 As the sailor looks out for the land of his fires,  
 So wait I the slow-coming footsteps of night.  
 The notes of thy minstrel, the grave-watching  
 owl,  
 The voice of the wind through the sad piny  
 grove,  
 The roar of the torrent, the waves' distant  
 growl,  
 When shrouded in gloom, make the music I  
 love.  
 Oh, when wilt thou take me, dark night to thy  
 place,  
 Where the sleep-frighting footsteps of day  
 never tread,  
 Where no cold eye of pride scowls on misery's  
 face,  
 Where Death makes the weary and friend-  
 less a bed?

Having borne testimony to the merits  
 of the Amulet, we turn to

### *The Remembrance,\**

*Edited by T. Roscoe.*

This new candidate for favour does not answer our expectation. Its illustrations, with the exception of the portrait of our gracious Queen, and Stothard's characteristic design, John Gilpin, is 'a thing of shreds and patches.' The acknowledged good taste of the publishers led us to expect something better; but it is evident that much has been sacrificed to pecuniary interest. The literary department contains some clever original articles, full of energy, which we regret to find intermingled with tales that no longer possess the charm of novelty. We have only room for the following pieces.

### THE ORPHANS.

BY W. H. HARRISON, ESQ.

In a quiet valley, about a mile from the village of B—in Kent, stood the cottage of Mary Bloomfield. It was almost buried in wood; indeed it seemed as if a space had been cleared in the copse to make room for it and the little garden by which it was encircled. It was a small, but trim and snug-looking dwelling; its white walls, partially covered with sweet briar and honeysuckle, forming an agreeable contrast to the weather-stained and moss-grown thatch.

Mary had been early left a widow with two children, a girl and a boy, whom, endeared though they were by the memory of their gallant father, who fell in his country's battles on the plains of Egypt, she loved most affectionately for their own sakes; and whom, by her industry, she had been enabled to sup-

port in respectability and comfort.—Before, however, the elder had attained her eight year their mother was attacked by a malignant disease, which baffled the power of medicine, and, in six weeks, brought her to the "gates of the grave."

It was on a calm and beautiful summer evening that she was reclining upon that bed from which she was destined never more to rise. A hand of each of her little weeping darlings was clasped in hers, and at her feet, in deep but silent sorrow, stood her youngest and beloved sister, Hannah. Mary felt that she was dying: yet there played upon her pale features a smile to which the setting sun, as he flung his golden beams into the chamber, imparted an almost supernatural radiance, as if a foretaste of a blissful eternity had been vouchsafed to smooth her passage from a world to which, with all its troubles, she was bound by many a tender tie of parental and sisterly affection. It was a smile of thankfulness and confidence: of thankfulness for the strength that had been given to her in that hour of trial, and of confidence, for which she had many a blessed warrant in the book of life, that the great and good Being would not desert her little ones when the hands that had laboured for them were cold in the dust. She had the further consolation of knowing that her sister Hannah, who had promised to be a mother to them when she was gone, would endeavour to bring them up in the path into which it had been her chief care to guide their infant feet.

The scene soon closed: the last struggle between the aspirations of the soul and the lingering infirmities of mortality was over, and, in the following week, I beheld the burial train of Mary Bloomfield wind slowly through the village church-yard. The simple but touching melody of the funeral anthem was floating on the summer breeze, and was, to my ears, infinitely more solemn than if it had been chanted by white-robed choristers, over the grave of a conqueror, and echoed by the 'long drawn aisles' of a cathedral. Its allusion to our frail and perishable nature—to our being cut down as the 'grass of the field,' was strikingly illustrated by the flowers which were springing up in the path of the mourners, and blossoming upon the very verge of the grave.

Her melancholy duty being performed, Hannah returned with her adopted children to the cottage, there to seek consolation from the holy volume whose

\* Jennings and Chaplin.

light had guided her dear sister through the dark 'valley of the shadow of death,' to that blessed region where the tear shall be wiped from the cheek of the mourner, 'where there shall be no more sorrow nor sighing, neither shall there be any more death.'

Hannah, at the period of which I am now writing, was scarcely nineteen, with a countenance remarkably only for its expression of modesty and good humour, which well accorded with the delicacy and single-heartedness that reigned within. These qualities, however, combined with her domestic accomplishments—and they merit the title as much as do the more refined acquirements of polished life—procured for her many and very advantageous offers of marriage; but, friendless though she was, she would listen to nothing that could interfere with the sacred stewardship to which she had so generously devoted herself. And well and faithfully did she discharge it, and abundantly did she feel rewarded, as well by the consciousness of performing her duty, as by the love of the dear orphans, who were growing up in the paths of virtue beneath her eyes. They were children of good capacities, which she did not suffer to remain unimproved,—affectionate towards each other, and warmly attached to their aunt Hannah.

For three or four years, this exemplary young woman managed, by the most persevering industry, to support herself and young charges; but when a season of national distress arrived, and provisions became dear, she found herself no longer competent to the task.

Things became gradually worse—they were often reduced to a meal a day, and that meal was a crust; while, on the other hand, the want of proper nourishment rendered her less capable of exertion, and she began to look forward to the alternative, from which her mind had always revolted, of resigning her darlings to the parish.

Still, however, though she mourned over this reverse of circumstances, she did not repine; while the natural buoyancy of youth, co-operating with the contentedness of their dispositions, kept up the spirits of the children; nor, as they knelt down, each morn and evening, in united prayer, were their hearts less grateful, than when their board was spread with a more bounteous hand.

It happened, one day, while their affairs were in this unpromising posture, that little George had been dispatched to the village, on some errand,

by his aunt, and, as he was returning, his natural civility and obliging disposition prompted him to open a gate for a gentleman on horseback. George, without waiting for thanks, continued on his way, when the horseman, calling him back, flung him a sixpence for his trouble; and, perceiving the boy to return to the village as soon as he had made his bow for the present, became somewhat curious to know in what manner he would dispose of it. He accordingly pulled up his horse, and watched the little fellow into a baker's shop, whence he soon emerged, carrying a loaf under his arm, and was indeed most welcome, for they had tasted nothing the whole day.

On the following evening, Hannah was sitting at work in her little kitchen; George and his sister, the former on a form and the latter on her knees, were amusing themselves with a draught-board on the head of a barrel, which, as a substitute for a table, was placed upright between them. Their kind aunt, occasionally looking from her work upon their happy countenances, sighed deeply when she considered of how short duration their happiness was likely to be, and how soon they would be compelled to exchange her roof and care for the workhouse, and, it might be, hard task-masters. On a sudden, they heard the tramp of a horse's feet on the gravelled road which led up to the cottage, and, the next moment, the door was opened by a person whom George recognized as the donor of the sixpence, and Hannah as the owner of a title and a splendid domain in the neighbourhood.

With the frankness and urbanity which, to the honour of the British nobility, the majority of them exhibit to their inferiors, he explained to Hannah that the behaviour of her nephew, on the day before, had excited his curiosity, and led to inquiries which resulted in his being made acquainted with her past history and present circumstances, and that his admiration of her conduct had determined him in doing all he could to serve them. Now his lordship, although very wealthy, and generous even to lavishness, was a sensible man, and well knew that the happiness of persons, so far from being promoted, is often marred, by their being suddenly lifted out of the sphere in which they have been accustomed to move. He therefore proposed to Hannah that, as he was about to go abroad with his establishment for a consider-

able period, she should act as house-keeper at his mansion in his absence, and take her little niece with her; while he would place George, of whose abilities he had heard a favourable report, under his steward, promising him encouragement commensurate with his merits.

It is scarcely necessary to say that this proposal was joyfully embraced, and it gives me pleasure to be enabled to add, that his lordship, when he returned to England, was so well satisfied with the conduct of all the objects of his benevolence, that he continued to take care of their fortunes, and so effectually that, at the present moment, Hannah has been some years married to a substantial farmer on the nobleman's estate; George has succeeded to the office of steward, while his sister is high in the favour and confidence of his lordship's daughter as lady's-maid.

I am conscious that the sole recommendation of these 'short and simple annals of the poor' is their moral, which, as it must be obvious to all, will, I trust, be thrown away upon none. Primarily, it illustrates the solemn, yet consolatory truth, that a well grounded confidence in the mercy and providence of God has power to make the death scene of the righteous, with all its anticipated bereavements, calm and happy. It will teach, also, that if, among the catalogue of Christian virtues, there be one which hath 'the promise of this life,' it is charity. An extended observation, though, alas! a limited personal experience, has convinced me that a kind action, however it may occasionally be met by ingratitude, is never without its reward. Further, let it inculcate the utter worthlessness of the maxim, that 'charity begins at home,' the plea (for reason it is none) of the selfish and the cold hearted, which, however it may avail them before men, will be no justification before Him who hath commanded us to love our neighbour as ourselves.

#### A VISION.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

The night-mare came to my silent bed,  
In the peaceful hour of night,  
When at rest was laid my heavy head,  
And the ink-horn vanish'd quite.

Oh think of the horrible shape it wore!

It was not a demon grim;  
Nor a dragon with scales and tails a score;  
Nor a head without a limb;

Nor a mocking fiend with a maddening laugh;  
Nor the whirling sails of a mill;  
Nor a cup of blood for the lip to quaff,  
In despite of the shuddering will;

Nor a monstrous bird with a funeral note; .  
Nor the black dog on my breast;  
Nor the ghost of Burke with its gripe on my throat,  
That came to disturb my rest:  
But my sister Poll with a grey goose quill,  
And an Album—night of sorrow!  
"Get up," she cried, "and a whole page fill;  
For this book must go back to-morrow!"

With the REMEMBRANCE we close our notices of those *Annuals* intended for "children of a larger growth," and proceed to scan the merits of some of those designed for the 'tender juvenile:' first and foremost stands the

#### New Year's Gift,

Edited by Mrs. A. Watts.

How delighted should we have been, in our early days, had any kind friend presented us with such an attractive book as this! Truly the young masters and misses of the present day will not lack amusement, for even dunces may experience pleasure in gazing on its embellishments.

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT contains many articles that reflect great credit upon the writers, as well as on the taste and discrimination of the editor.

Here follows a specimen of prose, which, we think is well entitled to praise.

#### THE COCK, THE FOX, AND THE FARM-YARD DOG.

AN APOLOGUE.

By Cornelius Webb.

A Cock, the pride of the farm, and terror of all feathered rivals in his neighbourhood, was quietly roosting in a barn, surrounded by his wives and children, and secure, as he deemed, against all inroads from without, when his attention, not yet asleep, was drawn to a strong snuffling noise, made by some intrusive nose thrust under the barn-door, accompanied by a tolerably audible scratching up of the earth at the barn-door sill.

"Who comes so late," demanded he, "to disturb these hours sacred to sleep and silence?"

"It is I,—Scout, the farm-yard dog," replied a fox, on the prowl for poultry.

"Well, honest Scout, and what is your business with me?"

The wily creature, delighted that his imposition had so easily gained credence, replied, "I know, good neighbour, that you wake hourly; and as I have orders to fetch up a flock for our excellent master at midnight, will you announce that time louder than usual, to rouse me if I should sleep?"

"Certainly, neighbour Scout," answered the Cock, "you may depend upon me. But stop, good Scout, why could not you have asked me to perform this act of neighbouring kindness when I met you on the common to-day behind our master's sheep?"

"Indeed," replied Fox, "it was somewhat remiss in me; but I was then counting the heads of the flock, and if I had stopped to speak with you, it might have put me out."

"Well, well," said the Cock, "then at midnight I will call you up. So now good night, neighbour, good night; for my wives and children must not be disturbed at this late hour by further conversation."

The Fox, chuckling over his success, then pretended to retire, but skulked in the immediate neighbourhood.

"If my senses did not deceive me," ruminated the Cock, "that was not honest Scout, the farm-yard dog, but some ruffian fox, who thinks to surprise me and mine; but I fancy I have lived as long in the world as he, and am almost as cunning. I shall not call him up!" And thus resolving, he settled himself once more on his perch, and resumed his doze.

Two hours elapsed, and it was now a little past midnight, when the feathered monarch was again roused by the same snuffling and scratching noises at the barn-door. "Who comes now?" demanded the Cock in a tone of anger.

"It is I,—Scout," replied Reynard.

"Your business now, good fellow?"

"Those who have it in their power to confer favours have short memories, for you forgot to call me at midnight," answered the Fox.

"How know you that?" asked the Cock, sharply.

"I was awake, and listened," replied he of the brush.

"Ho so! were you!" rejoined the Cock, "then it is plain you did not require me to wake you."

Reynard was here somewhat wanting in his accustomed shrewdness; but recovering his coolness of mind immediately, he remarked, "I was curious to see how much one might depend upon the good offices of a neighbour in the hour of need."

"But," rejoined the Cock as quickly, "I was not so sure as I wished to be, that you were the honest fellow you represented yourself. If you are indeed Scout, my master's dog, let me hear you bark, for I should know his voice from a thousand."

This request put Reynard into a complete quandary, for bark he could not, not being of the barking kind of foxes; but, however, that he might not quite betray himself by refusing to comply with so simple a demand, he commenced a sort of imitative growl, and then apologised for his failure by pretending to have a cold, and a wish to avoid waking the family of the Cock.

"It is very well," said the Cock sarcastically, "I am convinced you are what you were born," plainly insinuating that he was more fox than dog. "It is true," continued Chanticleer, "that I did not announce the midnight hour: I left it to my son, who—"

"Hah! have you a son?" interrupted Reynard, with great eagerness. He was answered in the affirmative.

"And is he as noble in carriage, as splendid in plumage, and as renowned for courage and wisdom as his princely father?" inquired the Fox.

The Cock could not forbear being pleased by this well-flavoured flattery, though he despised the creature who bestowed it; and replied in rather a pompous manner, "My son is worthy of his ancestors."

"And does he fulfil the quaint proverb, 'as the old Cock crows so crows the young one!'" inquired Reynard.

"To the letter," answered the flattered father.

"What! and is his voice as lofty as thine, as capable of waking the entire world, and as musical?"

"Not quite so musical," replied the Cock, swelling with pride, "nor so lofty, and capable of waking the whole world from the indolence of slumber; but there is not, nevertheless, a bird from hence to Barbary, who can boast of nobler powers."

"I feel that I am becoming interested in this promising representative of so noble a lineage. May I not behold this prodigy of princely birds?" requested Reynard.

"Not now, neighbour Scout, not now," answered the Cock, "he is at roost under his noble mother's wing, some other time you shall pay your homage."

"Well, well," consented Reynard, "some other time be it then."

During this conversation, the Fox had plied his fore-paws diligently but silently, and was fast working a hole under the barn-door, large enough to give him entrance, which the wary king of fowls had not failed to observe, and was prepared, in case of necessity, to

rouse up and drive his feathered family, on the instant, to a station impossible for Reynard to reach, admirable climber as he was. But there was a faithful friend and protector at hand to prevent the worst—no other than Scout himself, who had overheard the entire dialogue; had witnessed with honest indignation the attempt of the impostor to assume his name and nature; had laughed contemptuously at his ridiculous endeavours to imitate his own full-mouthed bark; had smiled in pity at the vanity of his old friend the Cock, who could consent to relish flattery even from a foe, and who was then waiting to defeat the enterprise of the enemy of the feathered race, and punish his temerity.

This honest guardian, with scarcely less craft and skill than Reynard himself would have displayed in circumventing his prey, had approached the foe with such stealthy steps, and had taken up such a position of attack as made escape impossible, when, finding the Fox entirely in his power, he broke suddenly forth in this indignant strain of invective. "Thou arch impostor, liar, robber, and midnight murderer! now art thou fairly caught in the snare intended for another!" This rough salutation caused the Fox to start aghast; and he was preparing to steal away, but found escape impossible.—His wit, however, never failing him at a pinch, he began to protest in a tone of affected levity, that having tasted too liberally of some fine ripe grapes in the neighbourhood, the delicious juice had disposed him for a frolic;—nothing more, he assured the farm-yard guardian upon his honour and reputation. At this piece of assurance, Scout, who had a spice of humour in his composition, could not resist laughing; and Chanticleer, as much amused by the impudence of the Fox, might be heard chuckling in the barn.

"Thy honour and reputation!" reiterated Scout, satirically; "why thou art reputed for the veriest purloiner and common pilferer of these parts; and as for thy word of honour, it would not get thee credit for a bunch of grapes, if thou wert to offer thy brush as a pawn for it! But I have better employment than to parley with a knave of thy breeding—so prepare for the worst that may befall thee!" And saying this, he sprang upon the trembling culprit, who had crouched in conscious cowardice to the earth; and in a moment the piercing teeth of the courageous dog met through his throat. The struggle was

not long, for Reynard, being somewhat feeble from age, was no match for an antagonist in the prime of youth and vigour, and in a short time he lay dead at his feet; whereupon the Cock crew as triumphantly as if he had partaken in the contest. As for the faithful Scout, he kept guard over the vanquished foe till the morning light broke in, and revealed to his generous master the vigilant watchfulness he had maintained, and the victory he had won over the enemy of all farm-yard fowls.

Beware of him who assumes a disguise, and lurks in the dark; beware of his pretensions, for they are lies,—of his flatteries, for they are lures.

### The Christmas Boy.

Those young friends who may be fortunate enough to receive this pleasing offering at the hands of their relations or friends, as *affection's tribute*, will possess a gift of much value.

In the CHRISTMAS BOX, the sister arts of poetry and painting are happily blended, and among its contents will be found many pieces of sterling merit; that would not discredit a miscellany of much higher pretensions. Here is one

#### THE BRIGAND.

BY J. F. HOLLINGS, ESQ.

The scorner of pursuing bands,—  
The fire, the steel, the chain,—  
Beneath whose fierce and ruthless hands  
The cry for aid is vain,—  
He sits, where day's young beams illumine  
The ocean's quivering bed;  
Yet idly on that brow of gloom  
The smile of heaven is shed:  
Deeds veil'd, but silenc'd not, by time,  
And deep and sullen care,  
And scenes of meditated crime,  
Are darkly written there.  
But at his side a stripling child,  
In youthful grace array'd,  
With gesture innocent and mild,  
Has sheathed the gleaming blade:—  
A silent call!—if yet within  
The heart of peace bereft,  
Unlighted by the power of sin,  
One better germ is left:  
To cast its inward weight aside,  
And seek that only rest,  
To guilt's last moments undented,  
By faith's last hour possess.

[NEARLY a dozen of the ANNUALS have now passed in review before the reader. We have spoken impartially of their several merits, and have given in extracts such portions, as in the perusal have pleased us best. We are aware that, in making such a selection, we have many tastes to please, and whilst one party coincides with us, the other disapproves, and taxes us with prejudice; but the above comments are made without reference to the many popular names of both artists and authors who have contributed to launch these splendid volumes upon the ocean of public opinion.]

# The Ohio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XXIX.—Vol. VI.

Saturday, Dec. 25, 1830.



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## Illustrated Article.

### THE NEAPOLITAN LOVERS.

*For the Ohio.*

ISANA DE VALDICINI, a Neapolitan lady of remarkable beauty, was beloved by the rich and haughty Count Friedman, insomuch, that failing to secure her affections, he resolved to destroy his more fortunate rival, Count Ismund, and bear the lady away to his castle. Friedman was a man of fierce and violent passions, and any scheme that suggested itself to his dark imagination he rarely failed to carry into execution.

It was on one of those exquisitely bright and balmy evenings, common enough in Italy, but which are of rare occurrence in this dull clime of ours, that the Senora de Valdicini perambulated the delightful gardens of her chateau ; the sun was setting in full effulgence, and the cool evening breeze, fraught with a thousand odours, wafted

lightly on her cheek. Sunset was rapidly succeeded by twilight ; the shadows of evening gradually deepened around, and the clear blue heaven, with its multitude of stars, lay quietly reflected in the bright waters of the bay. The gardens terminated in a handsome terrace, partly shaded by a range of stately cedar trees, while the blossoms and tendrils of numerous luxuriant and odoriferous plants sported over the carved balustrade, and swung their dazzling foliage on its tessellated pavement. At one end of the terrace stood a little alcove, which commanded a fine view seaward ; here it was Isana's custom to resort, and await the approach of her lover, who was wont of an evening to row his gondola in that direction. The lady accordingly moved towards the terrace, and gazed for some moments across the waters ; at length, however, she retired into her little bower, and touching the strings of a lute which it contained, she accompanied herself to the following words :—

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Ascend, effulgent lamp of night,  
From yonder dimpling sea,  
And lend thy rays of heavenly light  
To guide my love to me.

Thy herald star hath kiss'd the wave,  
And gleams on tower and tree,  
And bids thee leave Endymion's cave,  
To light my love to me.

Towards the conclusion of her song, the planet whom she had invoked arose bright and beaming from the waters, and bathed the luxuriant foliage of the gardens, the rich and fragrant groves of orange, citron, and myrtle trees, the terrace, with its mantle of dew-weeping flowers, the festooned alcove, and the lovely nymph it contained, with its mild and silvery splendour. At this moment Isana beheld her lover's boat, and hastily throwing her lute aside, she hurried forth to welcome him; but, instead of meeting Count Ismund, she found herself in the grasp of a tall ruffianly figure, cloaked and masked, who without waiting a moment's parley, hurried her down the steps of the terrace, and leaping into the boat which awaited him, he gave his commands in a rough tone to five or six others, who were stationed at the oars, and the vessel shot across the waters with the rapidity of lightning.

So suddenly was the capture of Isana effected, that all chance of resistance was entirely cut off, though it would have been vain and even dangerous had she offered any, for the villain, with a fearful execration, threatened if she made the least alarm, to plunge his stiletto into her bosom; the instrument, as he spoke, gleamed in his uplifted hand, and she beheld its point already tarnished with blood, a drop of which drizzled upon her neck—it was blood then newly spilt—good God! could it be Ismund's?—had he been entrapped and assassinated?—The idea was too probable, and so paralyzing was its effect on Isana, that she fell into a swoon, from which she did not recover until the lapse of several hours.

So soon as she returned to consciousness, she found herself in a spacious apartment, powerfully illuminated by a huge iron lamp, which hung from the ceiling; beside her stood a tall, grim visaged figure in whom she at once recognised her detested suitor.

"Isana de Valdicini," he exclaimed, in a voice of ill-suppressed rage, "thou seest before thee Count Friedman de Valenquez—him, haughty lady, whom

thou hast treated with scorn and contempt,—behold him still a suppliant at thy feet. Nay, frown not, recollect thou art in my power! Swear to renounce Count Ismund, and accept the hand that will not be offered thee again."

"Never," answered Isana firmly,—"never will I renounce my love! Villain, I fear thee not, my Ismund lives, and will shortly rescue his Isana from thy tyranny."

"Thou art deceived, proud minion," shouted Friedman, chafing with rage; "thy Ismund—ha! ha! ha! the raven hath scented him ere this, and gorges on his bloody corse. Once more I offer thee my hand—reject it, and by hell this dagger, red with Count Ismund's blood, shall quickly mingle with thine own."

"Strike then, ruffian," cried Isana, throwing herself back in her seat,—"tis the only kindness thou canst yield me."

At this moment a wild outcry, mingled with a violent clashing of weapons, was heard in the lower apartments of the castle, while a deep clear voice, which made itself plainly heard above the din, commanded a party of men up the turret stair; the door which the Count had slightly fastened was quickly beaten down, and a party of soldiers, led on by a tall and stately figure in half armour, rushed sword in hand into the apartment; Isana started up in amazement, and fell with a scream of joy into the arms of her beloved Ismund; meanwhile the Count, who at first seemed paralyzed with terror, shook off those who had seized him and leaping with the fury of a tiger on his hated rival, he struck at him with his full vengeance; the next moment saw him dashed from the window of the apartment into the tide, which lay glittering in the moonlight at a tremendous distance beneath.

In conclusion, it is necessary to inform the reader, that a page of Isana's, who had been absent on some excursion, and happening to return about the time when Ismund chiefly visited the chateau, was accordingly taken for the Count himself, and received the dagger of Friedman in his breast as he was about to land. Isana's capture was immediately succeeded by the arrival of Ismund, who learnt from the dying page the fate of his mistress. Without a moment's delay, the Count procured a sufficient force, and sought the dwelling of his savage rival, from whose power, as we have already recorded, he effected

the rescue of the Senora de Valdicini, though not without receiving a slight wound from Friedman's dagger, which had it not been for his steel breast-plate would have proved fatal.

T.F.

### Morals from Flowers.

FOR THE OLIO.

THE VIOLET.

*By the Author of the Philosophical Preceptor*

Dost thou not love the lonely glade,  
Where sun beams seldom come,  
And though thy bed be in the shade,  
Put forth thy form, in bloom  
As sweet as that of proudest flower  
That ever graced a monarch's bower.

Though many a briar and many a thorn  
Thy meek-eyed bloom conceal,  
Yet from thy lips some charms are borne  
That more than bloom reveal,  
Odours that no rude thorn can kill,  
That speak of thee, though hidden still.

So many a poet pours his lay,  
As thou thy fragrance, lone  
And hidden from the genial ray  
That might have made it known,  
From haunts obscure with shaded mien,  
Would charm and bless the world unseen.

So many a spirit sweet, like thee,  
Can bear the rude world's frown,  
And blossom in obscurity,  
Unhonour'd and unknown;  
Yet no less heaven's own native gem  
Than those who wear a diadem.

THE WALLFLOWER.

Tell me, oh, tell me, thou lovely flower,  
Dost thou not scorn the brightest bower,  
And the halls of pride and state,  
For the broken wall and ruined tower  
Where all is desolate?

How sweet to see through some arch which  
time  
Hath overthrown in his march sublime,  
Thy ever cheering form,  
In blossom and fragrance and fondness direct,  
In spite of wind or storm.

And thus to impart a reviving cheer  
Unto what would else be dark and drear,  
And throw a beauty where  
Gloom her umbrageous crest would rear  
The standard of despair.

Say, doth not thy bloom some feeling wake  
Which life's vain tumults could never shake,  
For those by fate cast down;  
And teach us to charm, for pity's sake,  
Misfortune's deadly frown?

Oh, may then a lesson so divine,  
Through every passing hour be mine,  
That I may love to throw  
Bloom o'er the desolate heart, and shine  
A comforter in woe. W. M.

### THE FATE OF GENIUS.

FOR THE OLIO.

IN the last number of the OLIO is a copy of a letter from John Dryden, earnestly begging an advance of his salary. Few can read this without feelings of pity for the writer, but it must be remembered that Dryden stood not alone in misery, and that greater geniuses than he have experienced more cruel reverses of fortune. It has been said by some, that the poverty of men of genius is attributable to their own improvident and profligate way of life, and no one will deny that this charge, as regards many men of talent, is founded on truth. To shew, however, that misery, whether owing to their improvidence or their misfortunes, has been a close attendant upon men of genius in all countries and in all ages, let us take the following examples:—Homer begged his bread; Terence was a bondsman; Boetius died in prison; Paul Borghese, although acquainted with many trades, could with difficulty support himself; Bentivoglio was refused admittance into an hospital which he had founded at his own cost! Cervantes literally died of hunger; Camoens breathed his last in an almshouse; Vaugelas left his body to the surgeons as a means of paying a portion of his debts. The great Lord Bacon, overwhelmed with shame and disgrace, which he so justly merited, must have died miserably; Sir Walter Raleigh perished on the scaffold; Milton ended his days in obscurity; Otway perished from disease occasioned by hunger; Lee breathed his last in the street; Savage was imprisoned for a debt of eight pounds, and died in confinement; and Chatterton, turning his back upon the world, died by his own hand! Burns, amidst the sneers of the rich and proud, led a life of want and misery, and Lord Byron breathed his last in a foreign land surrounded by strangers. This, though an imperfect one, is a frightful list of the misfortunes which have overwhelmed some of the brightest geniuses the world has produced. A.

THE SUPERSTITION.

'Twas twelve o'clock by Chelsea chimes  
When all in hungry trim,  
Good Mr. Jupp sat down to sup,  
With wife, and Kate, and Jim.  
Said he 'upon this dainty cod  
How bravely I shall sup!  
When whiter than the table cloth  
A ghost came rising up!



'O, father dear, O mother dear,  
Dear Kate, and brother Jim,  
You know when some one went to sea,  
Don't cry, but I am him!

You hope some day with fond embrace  
To greet your absent Jack;  
But, oh, I am come here to say  
I'm never coming back!

From Alexandria we set sail,  
With corn, and oil, and figs;  
But steering too much Sow', we struck  
Upon the Sow and Pigs!

The ship we pump'd till we could see  
Old England from the tops;  
When down she went with all our hands,  
Right in the Channel's chops!

Just give a look in Norey's chart,  
The very place it tells;  
I think it says twelve fathom deep,  
Clay bottom, mix'd with shells.

Well, there we are till 'hands aloft,'  
We have at last a call;  
The pug I had for brother Jim,  
Kate's parrot too, and all.

But, oh! my spirit cannot rest  
In Davy Jones's sod,  
'Till I've appeared to you and said,  
Don't sup on that 'ere cod!

You live on land, and little think  
What passes in the sea;  
Last Sunday week, at 2 p. m.,  
That cod was picking me.

Those oysters, too, that look so plump,  
And seem so nicely done,  
They put my corpse in many shells,  
Instead of only one.

O, do not eat those oysters then,  
And do not touch the shrimps:  
When I was in my briny grave  
They suck'd my blood like imps.

Don't eat what brutes would never eat,  
The brutes I used to pat;  
They'll know the smell they used to smell,  
Just try the dog and cat!

The spirit fled, they wept his fate,  
And cried, alack, alack!  
At last, up started brother Jim,  
'Let's try if Jack was Jack!'

They call'd the dog, they call'd the cat,  
And little kitten too;  
And down they put the cod and sauce,  
To see what brutes would do.

Old Tray licked all the oysters up,  
Puss never stood at crimps,  
But pump'd the cod; and little Kit  
Quite feasted on the shrimps!

The thing was odd, and minus cod  
And sauce, they stood like posts:  
O, prudent folks, for fear of hoax,  
Put no belief in ghosts!"

*Hood's Comic Annual.*

#### REMINISCENCE OF LISTON IN "SWEET-HEARTS AND WIVES."

FOR THE OLIO.

"Sure mortal man is born to sorrow;  
"Grief to-day and grief to-morrow."

A clever man will generally succeed  
in whatever he attempts; and this ap-  
plies to Liston in the picture which he

gives to the audience, as "Billy Lackaday." From the beginning to the end of the piece, in which he appears, he is an irresistibly diverting character. Though the song he sings, is, in his phraseology, as "sour as *vargies*," yet he makes it to the ear, as sweet as honey. His dress and his address bespeak our favour and we are interested in his welfare. We laugh at his ignorance and vanity, but are not willing to part with either. After we have beheld him in his "official capacity" as waiter, and not as a "mineral servant," we are almost persuaded that he was found, like "Tom Jones," as a "fondling" in a basket, and wrapped in straw, near a post under the sign of "the Hog in Armour." We recognize him in a spruce hat with a flower attached to it, his hair fastened round his head, a charity kind of coat, a work-house waistcoat, stitched stocking and tights divided equally between the calves and halves of his legs, as though they waited for his knees to reach them for a suitable fit; or, that their owner had grown so fast as to oblige them to forsake his ancles and run upwards, like himself, out of conception. Liston is not the only "Billy" that greases the backs and dogsears the leaves of a sentimental Novel. The Spirits of Romance that feed upon the issues of the "Minerva Press," and belong to the retinue of chivalry, are especially privileged. Who, that has seen Liston lolling in a chair, and in a tremulous tone spelling those enchanting words, "when Anna Maria entered the room," can forget the effect of an imagined sensibility, or not be in humour with the simply affected ridiculous?

J. R. P.

#### RANDOM IDEAS OF A SCRIBBLER.

FOR THE OLIO.

It is not what a man possesses, so much as what he is contented with, that constitutes real wealth: the labouring peasant would deem that great riches, which his lordly master spurns from him as a trifle.

None should be selfish but hermits: if we reap all the advantages society affords, we surely can do no less than contribute something ourselves to the common stock of comfort.

Time is the treasure we all inherit from our forefathers; and, although some of us have a larger portion than others, yet, each has a competency.

He that hath diligence, will do more good should he live thirty years, than he that has not, during an existence of a century.

To die is the lot of all; and, it is on this account only, that so few think seriously upon death. Were it not for this insensibility on our part, the fear of death would wither the few flowers with which life's path is strewn, and add to the pain inflicted by the thorns, which render our progress through it so weary.

The drunkard is the most pitiable object in the creation, losing by intemperance his natural spirits, he flies to artificial stimulants to recruit them; each dose, like a slow poison, brings him nearer his end, while the folly that has taken possession of him still draws him, with the fascinating power of the rattle-snake, along the fatal path, till the sure follower of intemperance, an untimely death, carries him off, scarcely lamented by his nearest connexions: he leaves the world, in which he has been useless, almost as helpless and as ignorant as he entered it; and goes, with his sins (which this vice cannot palliate) unatoned for, with his talents wasted and his time misapplied, to meet, in another world, with the lot of those who in this have done but little, which little has been mischief.

A scarcity of time is often pleaded, in excuse of the neglect of attaining any particular knowledge, in the same way, as want of means is often assigned as the reason for not assisting some charitable work.

The old proverb, "Where there's a will there's a way," will apply with unusual force, in both these cases. Many, who cannot find a few hours per week in which to attain some useful accomplishment, will spend days, and even months, in some comparatively trifling pursuit; and, there are hundreds, who, while they have not a penny to spare to a starving mendicant, find pounds to lavish in the purchase of some elegant or fashionable toy.

Even the best of our race have no virtue to spare; and, therefore, should be always striving to increase in goodness. There is a weakness in human nature, which causes us to wander from whatever route we pursue, and to tire in whatever path we tread. Let us remember, that he will reach heaven first who walks thither most directly and with the most speed.

Every blessing is seen to the best advantage, and enjoyed to its greatest extent, when received through the medium of hope. Every misfortune, whilst at a distance, is magnified by our terrors; and, when actually endured, seems wonderfully diminished.

R. JARMAN.

### COLLOQUIAL APOSTROPHIES TO A CATERPILLAR!

FOR THE OLIO.

"I have ranged over the graceful and majestic scenes of Hagley, and have feasted my eyes with elegance and variety at the Leasowes."

EMPRESS of the many coloured, velvet-trains! Vari-formed, vested creeper from the webbed ovarious nests of thy million gem-egged progeny! How mine eye doth glisten as thou climbest from thy silken hold up thy throne-steps, the young fibres, traced by veins, and tilled with juice, spreading in the sun, and bearing rain-drops on their stooping tips in suspension, till the air waves them down to their roots, refreshing, like liquor to a thirsty taste, every parching spot. To thee the Egyptian beauties, the Mosaic queens, the chivalrous damosels, the daughters of Lebanon, and the courtly matrons of triumphal magnificence, paid their sedulous devoirs, to derive new tints for their costly robes of needle-work, and tapestried histories of tilt and tournament. Hail, thou many-footed caterpillar, that feedest where it is sweetest, and consumest, like as doth disease consume beautiful loveliness, the gentlest, tenderest growths which the spring and summer can give to the vegetable world. O! thou nicest apician! thou dainty epicure! thou never-sated appetit! what treasures of floral innocence thou dost devour! To the topmost budding apex of a virgin rose—or the pinnacled germination of a pea blossom; into the secret interstices of the hearting cabbage, or under the spinal horns of the fragrantly scented geranium, thou art equally successful in partaking of the choicest portions which nature has so bounteously provided for the elucidations of her inexhaustible providence. To nature, also, thou owest every thing, both in thy attractions, repasts, and transitions. Sometimes, thou art seen in sleek and insinuating forms, like flattery, rifling beauty of her dearest buds and petals. What flower, what plant, what germ, can resist giv-

ing thee unwonted and wooing reception! Like an accomplished courtesan, thou art specious and volatile. Thy life is spent in continual aggenerative amalgamation. Thou indulgest thyself in moistured morceaux and sumptuous edibles, till the leaves are dissected and the tree is a skeleton. From the powerfully-chested sphinx, the purple-eyed swallow-tail, the potato-moth, the vine leafed flutterer; from the currant-bush butterfly, extending her spotted wings in the calm shine of summer, to the lesser tribes, that make coquette visits to the sweet May-blossom, sickly as newest made hay in gentle gales, and the maiden-blush gelder-rose, and cornucopia-spired honeysuckle, in which the bees hum their happy sonatas—from the mealy moth, wandering in the bushy harbourage of rich pastorets, and that plays in roving company, like dancers of sonorous gnats, over water and amid leaves, warming their palms to the glimmering rays.—From thee the bands of all sizes and colours, exquisitely tinted, with attenuated horns, tendrilled, and their muscular breasts, formed for mounting and receding in the sullen gusts of the wind, to the courageous flyers through the air in starlight and moonbeam reflection, like Oberons silently skipping over fountains, and pirouetting the banks and fruitful hedges, and displaying their festooned draperies of scarlet, pink, white, and crimson, ambers, and mottled fancies, leoparded with spots, ermined with dents, barred with gold and silver, and pictured with images, relieved by chased and filigree fantasies of nature's depeinture, never to be excelled, and immutably instinctive.

How sweetly particularised art thou, O! virgin Caterpillar? Well, thrice gladly well; it would, indeed, be, could the allusions to thy race be all in unison with the simple beauties of thy unparallelled vestures and pleasures. O! could the silkworm's praise be unqualified in thy superb exterior—but shades of other effect must be hallowed over thy presence and cloud thy devastating reign, and except thee from universal admiration. Like man, thou risest from a natural origin, and art a delineator of rapacious gluttony. Like an insatiable monster thou takest strong hold of the weaker; and agreeably with thy class, robbest the youngest of its energy. Like man, thou art a being of passion, and this, like the miser's, is di-

rected to one object. What a wreck only one day's work by thee and thine associates will make! All the florist's care, the botanist's art, and the gardener's perseverance, cannot, sometimes, preserve their exotics from thy bite. But should thy visits be ascertained, how uncertain thy career! Thou art shook in thy filaments from the bud, stretched in the fillets of infancy on thy birth-day patch, rooted out of the branch, crushed with thy tendinous myriads, cleansed with thy film and forgotten. Sometimes, when escaped in fimbriated pride, a bird, with diamond eye and scarlet stomacher, bears thee to her callow young. But thou, nevertheless, art emblematic. Thou obligeest man to toil by the "sweat of his brow," and preventest him from being "clothed with rags." Like Pleasure, thou diversifiest the natural world, and having completed thy caterpillar state, weavest thine own shroud, and enterest thy chrysalis in true Egyptian security of monumental preservation. Thus teaching mankind the swiftness of time and the passage of the brightest days, their vanity, uncertainty, and motive; and directing their energies by an assumption of immortality and quiet inheritance. P. P.

#### SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A RUNAWAY.

Continued from p. 425.

*For the Olio.*

THE two ruffians immediately quitted the house, and leaping into their cabriolet, drove off through the square. Mr. Aylmer retired to his room, and having removed the marks of the late scuffle, he descended to the library, whither I was summoned.

"Edward," said he, as I entered, "your conduct to day has won my heart." I was about to say that what I had done was no more than what I should do in any case where an attack was made upon a person in so cowardly a manner, when he interrupted me—

"I believe it, Edward, I believe it; but you are not the less entitled to my gratitude—you know that I am now engaged in an affair which involves my life. If I fall"—here he paused and appeared to be deeply affected, but making an effort to repress his feelings, he continued—"If I fall, bear this (he placed a sealed letter in my hand) to Miss L——, and deliver it to her only;

and now, remember, not a word of to-morrow's meeting to any living soul!"

I was much perplexed at receiving this command, for I had intended to prevent the duel by going to the police-office, and begging the magistrate's assistance.

Mr. Aylmer continued, "I would have you accompany me to-morrow; my friend Morton will be my second; I shall drive over to him in the afternoon—remember, I depend upon your silence."

I shall not dwell on all that followed, previous to the next morning. Before day-break, Mr. Aylmer, his friend, Mr. Morton, and myself, were seated in the carriage, which was proceeding at a smart pace towards the scene of action. I saw that my master appeared much distressed, in spite of his friend's endeavours to cheer him, but I sat in silence and in sorrow on the opposite seat, to meditate on the result of the encounter. We arrived at the fatal spot a few minutes before seven o'clock. It was a cold, dull, foggy morning, and not a soul seemed to be stirring. The carriage stopped, and my master and his friend alighted and prepared themselves. The clock struck seven, but no one appeared in sight, and Mr. Aylmer became impatient, when his friend persuaded him to retire and return home. Mr. Aylmer was about to reply when a post-chaise came in sight; it stopped hard by, and my master's antagonist, accompanied by his friend, who had so cowardly aided him in their brutal assault, hurried to the spot.

"You are early, gentlemen," said the Irishman, in a tone of native impudence; but Mr. Morton cut him short with an order to prepare himself without a moment's delay. A few minutes more, and each man was in his place, at twelve paces distant. Mr. Morton clapped his hands three times—at this moment my brain became dizzy, and I was almost falling to the ground, when the report of the pistols aroused me to a state of consciousness—I looked towards Mr. Aylmer, and, oh! gracious God! saw him leap breast high in the air, and fall on his back. I threw myself by the side of my poor master, and grasped one of his hands, which I fancied returned, for a moment, the pressure of mine; but it might have been fancy only, for he spoke not, nor moved a limb, the bullet had passed right through his neck, and a pool of blood reeked in the morning air, on the frost covered ground.

I remember little else of this tragical scene, for I sunk on the ground in a kind of stupor, from which I did not recover until the carriage, with its miserable burden, reached Berkley-square. The corpse of my poor master and friend was borne into the house amidst the tears of his servants, by whom, notwithstanding his extravagancies, he was much beloved, while I repaired to weep in secret for the loss of him who had so singularly and so disinterestedly befriended me. Thus ended my engagement with the unfortunate Mr. Aylmer. Should the reader be not already satisfied with my narrative, I may, at some future period be tempted to give some further passages in the *Life of a Runaway*.

E. M. A.

#### ON DEATH.

CHILD of Mortality! why dost thou despond to think death awaits thee? Is he your enemy, or your friend? He is *not* your enemy, for he conducts you to immortality:—he *is* your friend, for he rescues you from the sorrows of the world! Child of Mortality! weep not at his approach; he comes to bring you peace and repose.

Youth! look upon that pallid corse, stiffened by the freezing touch of Death:—thus shalt thou one day become: and in like manner be rendered cold and senseless. That cheek, sunken and pale as it now appears, once bloomed with the roseate hue of health; those lips, now still and colourless, have breathed as warmly, and uttered sounds as enlivening as thine do; those eyes, closed for ever, have sparkled as gaily as thine; those fingers have moved as willingly as thine do; those feet have supported that frame as firmly as thine support thee; that frame itself was as vigorous as thou art; the blood which supplied to it life and strength played through its veins as freely as thine now does; and the muscles which moved it were once as pliable as thine. But now, how changed! how altered! The muscles have lost their strength; the blood has ceased to flow, and nothing remains but a cold clammy corse. To this end, young man! thou must come; and thy frame must undergo the pangs of dissolution. Look, then, well to thy goings, "ponder the end thereof!"

The end of Man's mortal career is Death; but Death is not THE END OF

MAN! The silence of the tomb will be broken; the corruption of the grave will be overcome, and Immortality, glorious and happy Immortality, will burst upon its inhabitant! Child of Mortality!—weep no longer when thou reflectest upon DEATH, for it is the harbinger of ETERNAL LIFE!

R. JARMAN.

### HUMPHREY THE HOMICIDE.

A TALE OF PYPE-HALL.

BY HORACE GUILFORD.

For the *Olio*.

THE CHAPLAIN'S STORY.

Continued from p. 422.

"Where is Marmaduke, Redmayne?" asked the Lady Chetwynd, but no Redmayne answered; the mother's fears were instantly in arms, she looked eagerly around, and observing neither Marmaduke nor his attendant, she uttered a cry of terror, while Sir Valentine, more composed, but equally anxious, chid Magdalene for her unreasonable fears.

"Doubtless," he said, "Felix hath taken him to view the procession; but I will seek him myself."

From aisle to aisle, from chapel to chapel, flew the fond father; the Galilee, the Baptistry, nay, the very Crypts themselves were searched, but in vain. One whom he met informed him that he had seen a boy seemingly of noble nurture roaming towards the choir as the procession approached. Another stated that shortly after he had been wildly interrogated by a man in some knight or nobleman's livery, respecting the same child, while a third, who knew Felix Redmayne, said that he had seen him about half an hour since, descend like one possessed the steps at the South Gate,—throw himself on a horse, and gallop off in the direction of Black Friars.

On returning in the keenest agonies to the aisle where he had left his party, he found there only a single attendant, who informed him that shortly after his departure Sir Humphrey Stanley had seemed like one to whom a horrid dream suddenly recurs, and wildly exclaiming, "The Spaniard! the Spaniard!" had rushed abruptly from the church, after giving brief orders to his attendants, who dispersed in all directions. The Lady Magdalene had been conveyed in violent fits to the palace, whither their highnesses in great grief had accompanied her. In short, the child was lost, and Felix Redmayne was no more to be seen.

The result of this most unhappy affair soon involved both parties in still deeper evils. Sir Humphrey, in the first agonies of his remorse, accused himself before the King and Council of having hired a Spanish attendant of Chetwynd's, who had some grudge against his master, either to assassinate Sir Valentine, or make away with the boy, as he found opportunity. And though this was done in the most pathetic strain of repentance (for Sir Humphrey's smallest impulses of good or evil knew no bounds,) the avaricious Henry seized the golden occasion which he never neglected, of converting offences into a source of lucre to himself. A fine to the enormous amount of 1500 marks was levied on Sir Humphrey's estates. It may be expected that Sir Valentine could not effectually conceal his dislike of an enemy who, though repentant, had thus cruelly bereft him. Even Magdalene could now scarcely look upon her father without shuddering. Thus beset, the unhappy Stanley's remorse, long preying on his own fierce heart, at length sought relief by venting itself in his *old hatred*,—and the darkest and most determined purposes of revenge took possession of his turbulent mind. His was now a mixture of feelings, wherein real sorrow for the injury, which had recoiled upon himself, was strangely blended with increased animosity towards him whom he had injured. He even endeavoured, with the sophistry common to desperate crime, to encourage himself in his hatred by imputing to Valentine the miseries he had brought upon himself, and he was heard one moment to mourn bitterly over his lost grandchild, and the next to rejoice that the house of his enemy was left desolate.

For about the space of a year after the occurrences we have described, Sir Valentine and Lady Chetwynd remained in strict seclusion at Ingestre, and even then it was with difficulty that they forced themselves to comply with the solicitations of the Lord Ferrers, who, with a view to dissipate their deep melancholy, had pressed them to visit him for a space at his Castle of Chartley. This noble pile, destined ere long to be a deserted and dismantled ruin, was then adorned with all the feudal appendages, of boldly-sweeping ramparts, spacious courts, and lofty buildings. The tall and massive Donjon, with its state apartments, the chapel within the area, the great and gloomy gateway, with its turrets and machioco-

lations, the grand but irregular circuit of the outer walls, and the picturesque variety of the towers, round, square, and octagon, broad and heavy, or tall and graceful, still gleamed in the sun over their green woods and grassy glades. The power of the feudal nobility was now, however, thoroughly broken by the politic Henry. Most of them finding that the advantages they used to derive from their gigantic holds no longer existed, began with one accord to desert them for more commodious habitations: and shortly after the period of this story, the fortress of Randal Bondeville shared the fate of other baronial castles. Thither, then, did Sir Valentine and Lady Chetwynd repair, and mingled in the usual amusements of the day. The sylvan domain of Chartley, with its breed of wild cattle, its herds of deer, and flights of wood and water fowl, afforded abundant opportunities for hunting and hawking, and Sir Valentine willingly strove to forget for awhile his griefs in the stirring excitement of these sports.

One day, as the lordly train went galloping over the magnificent drawbridge over the Trent near Haywood, consisting of forty arches, their feathers streaming in the air, their bridles ringing, and their gay attire glancing gorgeously in a calm October sunshine, Sir Valentine Chetwynd, who was the last of the party, was joined by a horseman, who, as well as his steed, showed every token of furious riding. The effect of this fellow's intelligence (whoever he might be,) was wonderful; the pale dejection of his brow vanished, gleams of long absent joy lighted up his beautiful countenance, and after an eager and rapid interchange of questions and replies, he gave his able horse the head, and returned at full speed, accompanied by the strange horseman to Chartley Castle.

The gloomy grandeur of the towers and forest-trees of Ingestre were glowing in the western light of a red tempestuous sunset, when Chetwynd and his lady, with a small attendance, amongst whom was the strange horseman, passed from under the autumnal foliage of a thick coppice upon the dreary range of Tixal Heath. The evening mists were rising, and the evening gusts swept over the moor with the hollow moaning sound prelude of the rising storm, and as the horse-hoofs fell noiseless on the blue harebell and yellow tormentil that sprinkled the short herbage of the mossy turf, you might

hear the wind hissing among the beds of purple heather and golden gorse, and clattering the black pods of the spiky broom.

They were approaching those two mounds called the King's and the Queen's Low, when they perceived in front a considerable body of men coming at full speed from the opposite verge of the moor. As they drew near, Valentine and Magdalene observed that they were completely armed, and the former, turning fiercely upon the strange horseman, exclaimed,

"Villain! you have betrayed us!"

"You have betrayed yourself, Sir Knight," said the man, looking anxiously to the troop that now rapidly advanced upon them, and at the same time retreating from Valentine. "I am true to my master—he bade me promise you tidings of your son, and from him, doubtless, you will hear them."

"Thou, at least, shalt not triumph in thy treason," said the Knight; and drawing his sword, spurred his horse against him; but by this time they were completely surrounded by the armed men, who called upon him to surrender.

"Fly, Magdalene!" said Sir Valentine; "that road to the left will bring thee in ten minutes to Ingestre; thou mayest send those who will save or avenge me! Berdmore and Langtry, do as I do!"

And with these words he made a desperate onset on the left of his opponents, and assisted by his two men, succeeded in making an opening, through which Magdalene's horse darted, and skimmed like lightning along the heath in the direction of Ingestre. This accomplished, Valentine fell back to his other followers, about six or eight in number, and with them maintained for some time a valiant but hopeless fight against a score of men, for their antagonists were of that force. His attendants were at length slain or disabled, but not till they had thinned the ranks of their assailants.

Sir Valentine himself had engaged hand to hand with their leader, whose gigantic figure spoke too plainly *who* he was, and the desperation with which the Knight of Ingestre fought, equalized for some time the odds of bodily strength between the combatants, when a piercing cry from Magdalene, whose flight had been pursued and overtaken, threw him for a moment off his guard, and a dreadful thrust from his adversary, grinding through his shoulder and bo-

som, stretched him senseless on the heath, just as the Lady Chetwynd was brought back by two horsemen.

Midnight had passed on this eventful day, and Lady Eleanor Stanley was alone in the chapel at Pye-Hall. The wind groaned through its narrow aisle, and the two waxen tapers fluttering in the gusts, shed their melancholy ray down the darkness, from the altar before which the sad lady was kneeling in perturbed devotion. An accumulation of griefs had worn her fragile frame to a mere skeleton, and the frightful apprehensions which now haunted her, seemed to shake her very life. To see her now wringing her attenuated palms in prayer; now lifting her eyes in tearless agony to the light: and ever and anon bending sidelong her haggard cheek, and shuddering as if she listened amidst the pauses of the storm for other sounds more terrible, you would have thought that soul and body were about to be torn asunder.

At length, the lady's terrified expectations seemed realized; the great bell at the gateway was rung violently, the trampling of men and horses were heard in the courts; and at the sound, though trembling violently, Lady Stanley quitted the chapel, and summoning her attendants, who preceded her with lights, repaired to the outer quadrangle.

Mere narrative would vainly attempt to convey an idea of the spectacle which there presented itself. The whole household summoned by the bell had flocked into the courts; their blazing torches flinging a swarthy and umbered light upon the tall buildings; while the figures that stood revealed by the flambeaux—appalling enough in themselves—shewed in the smoky red lustre, like the hideous phantasmagoria of a dream. In the midst was the huge form of Sir Humphrey still on horseback; his vizor was up, and his features, writhed into their most fearful expression, received additional horror from several streaks of blood, which also painted his armour, and mingled with the flecks of foam upon his sable steed. He was in the act of speaking as Lady Stanley entered the court, and his arm was extended towards the wounded and blood-streaming figure of Sir Valentine, who, supported by two attendants, only gave evidence by short thick gasps that he still breathed. On the other side was the miserable Magdalene, in almost as piteous a plight as her husband; her dress dishevelled, her hair streaming in the wind, and her countenance ex-

pressive of a vague horror, resembling that of a maniac.

"Welcome, welcome!" shouted the savage voice of Sir Humphrey; "welcome gallant bridegroom to our halls; if you left them somewhat too privately, at least you have returned to them with public honour! And you, Mistress Magdalene, have you learnt at last what a father can do when his child has made him mad? Ha! ha! had you left me amongst you a gleam of reason, I had never ordered this gear so bravely!"

Lady Chetwynd gazed on her father for a moment, and then with a desperate cry she burst from the men who held her, and rushing to her husband knelt by him, took his languid head on her knees, staunching with her scarf his flowing blood, and bent over him murmuring low such broken ejaculations of grief and affection, as might have melted a heart of stone; but Stanley's was a heart of fire at that moment.

"Tear them asunder!" he exclaimed, "hurl them into the Mazmorra and let him live or die as he may!"

But here the Lady Stanley interfered. She approached her cruel husband, and though her frame trembled with emotion, her eye was lighted up with awful energy, and her voice was that of authority.

"Husband!" she said, laying her hand upon his bloody rein, her deep clear tones thrilling through every heart. "Husband, your reason hath deserted you, and if mine is still spared amidst horrors that might well unthrone it, 'tis because heaven wills that I, a weak woman, I a wife, that never yet questioned your pleasure, should now assume the command which you can no longer exercise. You cannot—you dare not—you *shall* not proceed in this horrible work!"

A wild stare and a laugh too dreadful to be imagined, was Stanley's only answer, and his wife resumed—

"You shall not complete a deed which will make these very walls crash over our heads. I, Ellen Lee, forbid it!—Vassals!" she continued, "convey forthwith Sir Valentine Chetwynd to the best chamber; let the leech be in waiting, and on your peril see that his hurts have careful tendance."

She then approached Lady Chetwynd, who, regardless of all around, hung in agony over her bleeding husband—

"Alas! Magdalene," she began; but here the mother's fortitude gave way, and crying in accents of maternal

anguish, "My child, my poor, *poor* child!" Lady Stanley threw herself on her knees beside the ill-fated pair, and burst into a paroxysm of tears and sobs.

"Mother!" at length said Magdalene, looking ghastfully up from her palpitating husband, "dear mother! bless you for your kindness!—Oh, let them bear him in immediately; much may yet be done!—but, heavens! look at my father!"

She might well exclaim, for Sir Humphrey, spurring his steed, which reared and plunged under him, drew his sword, and waving it over his head, roared out—

"A rescue! a rescue! rebellion in mine own house!—treason! treason!" as he spoke, his arm dropped, he reeled in his saddle, and would have fallen, but his vassals caught him in their arms, and while some quieted the frightened steed, others lifted up their master and found that he was even in a more deplorable state than his wounded victim. His stormy passions, that so long had revelled in his heart, had now mounted to his brain, and he was borne to his couch in furious delirium.

Sir Valentine was treated with the greatest tenderness, but the leech, on inspecting his wounds, gave no hopes of his recovery.

*To be continued.*

### Reviews of New Books.

*Journal of a Tour in Italy, and also in part of France and Switzerland.*  
By James P. Cobbett.

THIS volume is full of curious matter; every object which came under the eye of the author is faithfully described, and there is a quaintness in his style which renders this instructive book highly amusing. The author is an Englishman, but free from the vulgar prejudices of his countrymen, he has faithfully examined the habits and manners of the people of the sunny land through which he has travelled, and diligently compared them with those of the inhabitants of our own island. He has not visited the Continent to brag and boast of our superiority over other nations; to turn up his nose at acts of mistaken, but well-meant piety; to perform, indeed, one of the characters in "*Les Anglais pour rire*;" but, bearing in mind the hacknied yet excellent proverb, "when at Rome, do as Rome does," offended none by his English

prejudices, and has here given us the result of his observations—an impartial account of all he heard and saw on his tour. We make the following extracts at random:

"His Holiness, (PIUS VII.) who is sixty-eight years old, and whose manner appeared to me very paternal and condescending, was sitting under a canopy, with some papers on a table before him, at one end of a long saloon, the walls of which were decorated with tapestry and the floor paved with marbles. He was dressed in white satin throughout; a satin robe with a row of buttons all down the front, satin shoes, and a small close cap of the same material on the head. The *form* that is required to be observed in the presence of the Pope is no more than that of kneeling to him, and he is always addressed by one or other of the appellations, *Vostra Santità* (Your Holiness) or *Santo Padre* (Holy Father.) The act of genuflection, on entering, has to be thrice performed: first, as soon as you come into the audience-chamber; secondly, when you have got half-way across it, and lastly, on nearly approaching the person of his Holiness. The *kissing of the toe*, a ceremony so horrifying to some Protestants, is not a *sine qua non* in visiting the Pope; that is just according as the conscience or curiosity of the courtier may or may not move him to solicit the favour."

"I went early this morning to the top of St. Peter's church. The path leading to the pinnacle of this piece of ambition was far more convenient than that of our St. Paul's. I have been told that a pope once drove a pair of mules half way up; which really would not be impracticable. At the lantern of the church, which is just under the ball, I saw a small *fig-tree* and a bit of the plant called *roving sailor* growing between the stones of the building."

"Coming from *Albano* to *Castel-Gandolfo*, a short distance, we passed through a lane called the *Galleria*, or Gallery. I was struck with this lane before, when on my road to Naples, when I was not aware of its celebrity. It is the most picturesque *lane* that I ever saw; and the beauty of it is in the old trees of ilex or evergreen oak that grow along it, which are exceedingly fine and various in shape. They grow in such forms as if on purpose to be put into pictures. Almost every tree in the Gallery has its *nightingale*, which sings here both night and day.



The whole lane rings with music from one end to the other. Nothing in rural poetry seems complete without the nightingale. How could the Italian poets do without their "*vago angelletto*," this charming little bird?—ARJOSTO makes her sing as far north as Scotland, where her song was never heard."

Before closing our notice of this volume, we cannot refrain from remarking the low price at which it is published. Here is a book well printed, and contains 383 pages for four shillings and sixpence. Will not some of our London booksellers take a hint from this?

*Temporis Calendarium; or, an Almanack for the Year of our Lord 1831.*  
By William Rogerson.

A neat and useful almanack, well printed and done up in an appropriate cover. Besides the usual astronomical observations, it contains a List of the Quarter Sessions—the Law and University Returns—Assessed Taxes—Fairs—Public Buildings, &c. We cannot say much of the remarks by Mr. Rogerson, but those who want a good Almanack will not stay to criticise the style of the compiler.

*The Article on the Six Acts, reprinted (by permission) from the Westminster Review, No. XXIV.* Strange.

A neatly printed pamphlet, containing, as the title intimates, a reprint of an able article which appeared in the Westminster Review for April last.—The object of the celebrated Six Acts, is too well known to be pointed out by us. We venture, however, to say that this pamphlet will be read with interest by all those who have a relish for politics.

## Illustrations of History.

### TOURNAMENTS.

The first authentic mention of a tournament is to be found in the Chronicle of Tours, which records the death of Geoffrey de Priuli in 1066; adding the words *qui torneamenta invenit*—who invented tournaments. From the appearance of these exercises in Germany, about the same time, we may conclude that this date is pretty nearly correct; and that if tournaments were not absolutely invented at that precise

period, they were then first regulated by distinct laws.

In England they did not appear till several years later, when the Norman manners introduced after the conquest had completely superseded the customs of the Saxons.

Thus much has seemed necessary to me to say concerning the origin of tournaments, as there are so many common fables on the subject which give far greater antiquity to the exercise than that which it is entitled to claim.

The ceremonies and the splendour of the tournament of course differed in different ages and different countries; but the general principle was the same. It was a chivalrous game, originally instituted for practising those exercises, and acquiring that skill which was likely to be useful in knightly warfare.

A tournament was usually given upon the occasion of any great meeting, for either military or political purposes. Sometimes it was the king himself who sent his heralds through the land to announce to all noblemen and ladies, that on a certain day he would hold a grand tournament, where all brave knights might try their prowess. At other times a tournament was determined on by a body of independent knights; and messengers were often sent into distant countries to invite all gallant gentlemen to honour the passage of arms.

The spot fixed upon for the lists was usually in the immediate neighbourhood of some abbey or castle, where the shields of the various cavaliers who purposed combating were exposed to view for several days previous to the meeting. A herald was also placed beneath the cloisters to answer all questions concerning the champions, and to receive all complaints against any individual knight. If, upon investigation, the kings of arms and judges of the field found that a just accusation was laid against one of the knights proposing to appear, a peremptory command excluded him from the lists; and if he dared in despite thereof to present himself, he was driven forth with blows and ignominy.

Round about the field appointed for the spectacle were raised galleries, scaffoldings, tents, and pavilions, decorated with all the magnificence of a luxurious age. Banners and scutcheons, and bandrols; silks and cloth of gold, covered the galleries and floated round the field; while all that rich garments

and precious stones, beauty and youth, could do to outshine the inanimate part of the scene, was to be found amongst the spectators. Here too was seen the venerable age of Chivalry—all those old knights whose limbs were no longer competent to bear the weight of arms, surrounding the field to view the prowess of their children and judge the deeds of the day. Heralds and pursuivants, in the gay and many-coloured garments which they peculiarly affected, fluttered over the field, and bands of warlike music were stationed near to animate the contest and to salute the victors.

The knights, as they appeared in the lists, were greeted by the heralds and the people according to their renown; but the approbation of the female part of the spectators was the great stimulus to all the Chivalry of the field. Each knight, as a part of his duty, either felt or feigned himself in love; and it was upon these occasions that his lady might descend from the high state to which the mystic adoration of the day had raised her, and bestow upon her favoured champion a glove, a ribbon, a bracelet, a jewel, which, borne on his crest through the hard-contested field, was the chief object of his care, and the great excitement to his valour.

Often, too, in the midst of the combat, if accident or misfortune deprived the favoured knight of the gage of his lady's affection, her admiration or her pity won her to supply another token, sent by a page or squire, to raise again her lover's resolution, and animate him to new exertions.

### The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book,  
M. W. of Windsor.

### BEARDS.

An antiquarian writer has discovered that the custom of shaving off the beard was introduced with the doctrine of transubstantiation, which was first taught by Peter Lombard, 1160. Innocent III. established it with the monks, at the council of Lateran in the year 1200; and the reason which induced the council to make the injunction for shaving beards was, lest in the ceremony of receiving the sacrament the beard might touch the bread and wine, or crumbs and drops fall and stick upon it. The clergy, however was averse to this change, and it appears that, in France, from 1515 to 1547, Francis I. made the priests pay a

large sum for wearing their beards.—The Christian priests seem to have adopted the custom of wearing beards from opposition to the heathen and Egyptian priests who shaved themselves. Adrian was the first Emperor who wore his beard, and he did so in order to conceal a large wart.

### PHILLIDOR.

It is said that this eminent chess-player died of a broken heart, on his ill success in a contest at chess with the Turkish ambassador. The ambassador having heard of Phillidor's great fame, was desirous to play with him. Phillidor attended, and summoned up all his powers for contention. The ambassador obtained an easy victory in six successive games; and observing a strong expression of chagrin and mortification in poor Phillidor, endeavoured to comfort him by saying that he himself knew very little of the game, for that many persons at Constantinople could give him a *castle*. This anecdote is so extraordinary, considering the superiority which Phillidor maintained over the best players in Europe for nearly half a century, that we hardly know how to give credit to it. Such, however, is said to be the cause of an inquietude that preyed upon the mind of Phillidor for some time before his death; and if it be a fact, it can only be accounted for by supposing that his faculties were impaired by age and bad health.

### SANDWICHES.

Lord Sandwich, while minister of state, was so addicted to the detestable vice of gambling, that upon one occasion he spent twenty-four hours in a gaming-house, so occupied by his playing, that during the whole time he partook only of some slices of beef between toast, which he ate without leaving the table. This new kind of *viande* afterwards obtained the name of the minister.

E. A.

### GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

Voltaire, in his Life of Charles XII., says that, when Gustavus shook the throne of Ferdinand II., and afforded protection to the Lutherans in Germany, he was privately assisted by the Pope, who stood more in awe of the Emperor than in fear of heresy. A.

### ABORIGINAL INHABITANTS OF NORTH AMERICA.

Concerning the origin of the numerous tribes of North American Indians

various opinions have been entertained. Of their own history the Indians, beyond the traditionary records of two or three generations, they know nothing; and the strange notions which some of them entertain of their origin need not surprise us. According to the unambitious belief of the Osages, a people living on the banks of one of the lower tributaries of the Missouri, they are sprung from a snail and a beaver. The Mandans believe their ancestors once lived in a large village under ground, near a subterranean lake; that by means of a vine tree, which extended its roots to their cheerless habitation, they got a glimpse of the light; that informed by some adventurers, who had visited the upper world, of the numerous buffaloes pasturing on the plains, and of the trees loaded with delicious fruits, the whole nation, with one consent, began to ascend the roots of the vine; but that, when about the half of them had reached the surface, a corpulent woman climbing up, broke the roots by her weight; that the earth immediately closed, and concealed for ever from those below the cheering beams of the sun. From a people who entertain such fanciful notions of their origin, no valuable information concerning their early history can be expected.

*Cabinet Cyclop.*

ARMOUR.

Plutarch tells us that Demetrius ordered two complete suits of armour to be made for himself and his Captain Alcimus, of *six score pounds weight each!* The armour in ordinary use at that time weighed but half that weight. Marcellinus, speaking of the armour of the Parthians, says, "they had arms so artificially worn as to have the scollops fall over each other like the feathers of a bird, which did not hinder the motion of the body, and yet were of such strength that our darts hitting them would rebound." In the celebrated pictures of Le Brunn (the Battle of Alexander) the Parthian archers hold a conspicuous place, and add greatly to the effect of his picturesque groupings. In the sixteenth century the manufacture of armour appears to have reached its acme. I have seen many exquisitely finished suits of the date, some of German, others of Venetian and Italian workmanship. It is said that, at the battle of Pavia, many knights who led the van were cased in harness perfectly invulnerable, and that several of them being left in the field *alive*, but in con-

sequence of the weight of their armour, unable to rise, the country people, who came to strip and plunder the slain, were seen with sledge hammers and huge axes, endeavouring to uncase the overthrown knights whom they mutilated in a horrible manner. A.

AN EFFECTUAL CURE FOR CORNS.

Bathe the part in warm water, and apply an ivy leaf, which had been previously steeped for twenty-four hours in vinegar. Repeat the steeped leaf each day, till the corn is eradicated, and the space it occupies becomes smooth, which in most cases will happen in a week.

BARBAROUS ACT OF KING JOHN.

In the reign of King John, a clergyman, while pursuing his studies at Oxford, had the misfortune to kill a woman by accident. Alarmed for his safety the priest fled immediately, and the mayor of the city repaired with his officers to the spot, where they found the body of the woman. The slayer was beyond pursuit, but three other priests who were living in the same house with him, were seized and committed to prison, although they did not even know of the accident. John, glad of this opportunity to wreak his vengeance upon the clergy, sent, a few days afterwards, orders that they should be immediately hung without the walls, *without trial!* This infamous mandate was obeyed by the civil authorities, upon which nearly three thousand scholars, as well as the masters, instantly quitted Oxford, and retired to Cambridge and Reading. Some left the country entirely and proceeded to Paris, and the University of Oxford was left almost empty. A.

The Naturalist.

CAMELOPARDS.

Camelopards were known to the Romans, and were exhibited in the Circæan Games by Cæsar the dictator. The Emperor Gordian afterwards exhibited ten at a single show; and tolerably accurate figures of this animal, both in a browsing and grazing attitude, have been handed down by the Prænestine pavement. During the darker ages, and for some centuries after the revival of learning, it seems to have remained unknown to Europeans; but, about the middle of the sixteenth century, the Emperor of Germany, Frede-

ricus Anobarbus, received one from the Sultan of Babylon. Lorenzo de Medicis was also presented with a live camelopard by the Bey of Tunis; and in our own times they have been received by the kings both of France and England from the (late) Dey of Algiers.

*Edin. Cab. Lib.*

#### PARROTS.

The Greeks and Romans became acquainted with this branch of the feathered race, in consequence of certain species of these birds having been imported from the East soon after Alexander's Indian expedition. The Alexandrian parrot, especially, so remarkable for its elegant form and docile disposition, is generally supposed to have been brought to Europe about that time from the island of Ceylon, the ancient Tabrobane. In the reign of Nero, the Romans introduced other species from different quarters of Africa. They were highly prized by that luxurious people, who lodged them in superb cages of silver, ivory, and tortoise-shell; and the price of a parrot in those days frequently exceeded that of a slave. Nordid Ovid think it beneath him to write a lengthened elegy on the death of Corinna's parrot,—a bird which, in the love it bore its mistress, seems to have emulated that of the dying Greek for his country:—

"Clamavit moriens lingua, Corinna, vale!"

It is only in these degenerate days that the keeping of a cockatoo is brought forward in a court of justice in proof of an alienated or imbecile mind. We trust that, in some instances, at least, such inference may be fairly classed as a "non sequitur."

One of the earliest imported of the African species appears to have been the gray or ash-coloured parrot (*Psittachus erithacus*), still remarkable for its easy loquacity and general imitative powers. To this species probably belonged the individual mentioned by Cælius Rhodoginus, and which belonged to Cardinal Ascanius. "I cannot," says that author, "omit an extraordinary wonder seen in our times. This was a parrot at Rome, belonging to Cardinal Ascanius, who purchased it for a hundred gold pieces, and which, in the most articulate and uninterrupted manner, recited the Apostles' Creed as well as the best reader could have done, and which, as a most extraordinary and wonderful thing, I could not pass unnoted."

*Id.*

#### Customs of Various Countries.

##### INDIAN FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

The tribes on the Columbia construct long narrow sheds, in which they deposit the dead, carefully wrapped up in skins, and covered with mats. The Killamucks, a tribe living near the shore of the Pacific Ocean, on the south of the Columbia, inclose their dead in an oblong wooden box, which they place in an open canoe, lying on the ground, with a paddle and some other articles of the deceased by his side. The Chinooks, Clatsops, and neighbouring nations, support the canoe on posts, about six feet from the ground, and reverse a larger canoe over it. The whole is wrapped up in mats made of rushes, and fastened with cords usually made of the bark of white cedar. But instead of laying the body in a box like the Killamucks, they roll it carefully in a dressed skin. Vancouver saw canoes, containing dead bodies, suspended from the branches of trees, about twelve feet from the ground. The Chopunnish, a tribe living on the western side of the Rocky Mountains, lay their dead in burying places constructed of boards, like the roof of a house. The bodies are rolled in skins, laid over each other, and separated by a board above and below. They devote horses, canoes, and other kinds of property, to the dead. Carver mentions some tribes on the St. Peter's, which annually carry their dead for interment to a cave on the banks of the Mississippi. It appears that some others occasionally burn the dead, or at least the flesh, and afterwards bury the bones.

*Cab. Socy.*

#### Æneidottiana.

##### NO CEREMONY.

In the church register at Lymington, we find the following entry:—"In the year 1736, Samuel Baldwin was interred without ceremony." It appears that the deceased had left express orders to be buried incognito, to thwart his wife, who had declared she would dance over his grave.

##### SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

When this brave man took his last farewell of his associates, he thus addressed them:—"Love my memory, cherish my friends; but above all, govern your will and affection, by the will and word of your creator; in me behold the end of this world, and all its vanities.

## Diary and Chronology.

Monday, December 20.

*Vigil of St. Thomas the Apostle.*—High Water 52m after 4 Morn.—11m after 5 Afternoon.  
December 20, 1767.—On this day, at the public mass-houses throughout Ireland, prayers were put up for his late Majesty George III., the Queen, Prince of Wales, and all the Royal Family, being the first time the Royal Family have been publicly prayed for by the Irish Papists since the Revolution.

Tuesday, December 21.

*St. Thomas the Apostle.*

December 21, 1641.—Expired Maximilian de Bethune, Duke of Sully, a Marshal of France, Prime Minister to Henri Quatre, and one of the ablest and most honest statesmen that France ever had. His "Memoirs" are deservedly ranked amongst the best books of French history; they contain a most particular account of what passed from the peace of 1570, to the death of Henry IV, in 1610; and acquire additional value for the many curious anecdotes preserved in them; their style and manner are highly interesting. They were translated into English by Mrs. Lennox, 1757, not with entire justice to the original. As a warrior, Sully signalized himself on many important occasions, especially at the battles of Coutras, Arques, and Ivry, and at the sieges of Pavia, Noyon, Rouen, and Laon.

Wednesday, December 22.

*St. Cheromon.*—Moon's First Quarter, 42m after 10 Afternoon.

December 22, 1788.—Died, aged 76, Percival Pott, F.R.S., who, for nearly half a century, had been surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital; and, by an active mind, and unremitting attention, had arrived at the summit of his profession. His numerous publications are generally allowed to evince strong marks of genius, to display the soundest judgment, and to be replete with utility. The day before his decease he said: "My lamp is almost extinguished; I hope it has burned for the good of others."

Thursday, December 23.

*The Ten Martyrs of Crete.*—High Water 16m after 6 Morning—41m after 6 Afternoon.

December 23, 1790.—A dreadful storm came on from the south-west, attended with thunder and lightning, and heavy showers of hail and rain; the copper roofing of the Six Clerks' Office was torn up and blown into Chancery-lane, rendering it impassable; thirteen trees were torn up in Lincoln's Inn gardens, and several in other places; two persons were killed by the falling of chimneys; the damage done to houses and other buildings was too numerous to particularise. So destructive a storm had not been witnessed for several years; it was equally violent in other places, more particularly at Windsor, Buckingham, Horsham, and Whitehaven; North Wales also felt severely the effects of it.

Friday, December 24.

*Vigil of the Nativity.*

*Winter Winds.*—Tusser, in his "Five Hundred Points," describing the properties of the winds at various seasons of the year, thus particularises those usually experienced during the winter quarter:—

"North winds send hail, south winds bring rain,  
East winds we bewail, west winds blow amain:  
North-east is too cold, south-east not too warm,  
North-west is too bold, south-west doth no harm."

December 24, 1828.—In the "Journal of a Tour in Italy," by Mr. J. P. Cobbett, noticed by us, at some length, at p. 459 of this "OLIO," we find the following remarks on the midnight mass, performed at the church *Chiesa de Cavalieri*, at Pisa, on Christmas Eve. Our author says, "The Vigil of the Nativity" is "a ceremony observed in all Catholic churches. This church has been called *de Cavalieri*, after the knights of St. Stephen, the bones of which saint are said to be here deposited. There was a great many people at the mass. A great deal of good music; and the organ, they say, is the finest in Europe. Some of this music, however, (the music we hear in the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church,) is very surprising to Protestant ears. It is any thing but consistent with our notion of *sacred music*. The gayest airs seem to be adopted in the church service; and the Catholic often worships God of a Sunday morning with the same tune that he has been dancing a quadrille to, perhaps, only the night before."

Saturday, December 25.

*Christmas Day.*—Sun rises 7m after 8—sets 5m after 3.

That quaint old moralist, Tusser, who has an apt verse for all seasons, gives us the following pleasing description of the festivities customary at the anniversary of our Saviour's nativity:—

<p>At Christmas we banquet, the rich with the poor, Who then, but the miser, but openeth his door? At Christmas, of Christ many carols we sing, And give many gifts in the joy of that King.</p>	<p>At Christmas in Christ we rejoice and be glad, As only of whom our comfort is had: At Christmas we joy altogether, with mirth For his sake, that joyed us all with his birth.</p>
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Sunday, December 26.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

*Lessons for the Day*—37 chapter Isaiah, Morning—38 chapter Isaiah, Evening.

Our Readers and Correspondents will be pleased to observe, that the publication of this Work is removed to 15, Wine Office-court, Fleet Street, where all Communications for the Editor (post paid) will be received.

# The Olio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XXX.—Vol. VI.

Saturday, Jan. 1, 1881.



See Page 468

## Illustrated Article.

### THE MYSTERY OF GENSANA.

FOR THE OLIO.

No one ever possessed less taste for the romantic, than my very excellent friend, Doctor Scarlatti, of Rome. He was, when I became acquainted with him, a merry, corpulent, little man, of about forty-five years of age, with a placid, and somewhat self-satisfied cast of features; and withal, extremely addicted to an indolent enjoyment of the comforts of this life, the *otium cum dignitate* of our modern philosophy.

Yet fate (who seems to delight in bringing her playthings, human beings, into situations the most opposite to those which nature has designed them) sometimes contrived to entrap the worthy Doctor into adventures altogether unsuited to his character and inclinations; thus making him, in spite of himself, the hero of the following mysterious occurrence:—

It was in one of the sultry evenings of an Italian summer, that Scarlatti,

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2 G

mounted on his trusty mule, was slowly returning from the little village of Gensana, where his professional pursuits had engaged him.

It chanced that the case of the patient whom he had just left, was one of a very interesting nature to a medical professor; and so absorbed was he in his meditations on the subject, enriched too as they were with some floating visions of the beloved easy chair, and *lacrymæ christi*, which awaited him at home, that when he first opened his eyes to objects around him, he discovered (what very abstruse thinkers are apt to discover) that he had entirely lost his way.

To add to his perplexity, the short but beautiful twilight of a southern clime, was rapidly yielding to the obscurity of night, so that his barely recovered senses were well nigh put to flight again, in his apprehension of the banditti, with whom that part of the country was said to abound.

Under these circumstances, however, he did all that a man placed in such a dilemma could do: he fastened his mule to a tree, and aided by the back of the

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animal, contrived, in spite of his figure, to mount to some height in its branches, in hopes of espying a land mark, by which he might judge of his future course.

To his great joy, he perceived a glimmering light in the valley beneath; and leaving his mule still fastened, he hastened to explore the somewhat sombre and precipitous descent.

This was a task of more difficulty than he had anticipated, for the path was tangled with underwood, and diversified with a pleasing variety of swamps, crags, and stumps of trees; so it was not until he had encountered many a slip, and one actual prostration, that he reached the spot from whence the light proceeded.

It was a solitary cottage, of the humblest pretensions to architecture: lovely in situation, and desolate in appearance; just such a habitation as a fanciful mind might conjure up as the abode of misery, or the hiding place of crime; so that in spite of his fatigues, and certain qualms of hunger which were growing fast upon him, he had scarcely resolution to rouse the inmates for admission.

This trouble was spared him, for the rough voice of some one within, as if disturbed by his approach, challenged him with a "Who goes there?" "An unlucky traveller that has lost his way," said Scarlatti; "and has no means of reaching home to-night."

"Then pass on," answered the voice, "we have no accommodation here, signior, for travellers." Less daunted at this refusal than might have been expected, and perhaps prompted by an instinctive feeling, that there was but little danger to be apprehended from those who sought to avoid him, the Doctor recommenced his entreaties, with all the eloquence he was master of, summing up his oration with an offer of liberal reward for his night's shelter. Whether his eloquence or his promises were most persuasive it might be ungenerous to enquire; but at this juncture a female voice joined in the conversation, and after a very lengthy discussion within (which was carried on in a low whispering tone) the door opened, and our hero walked in.

There was nothing of a prepossessing nature in the appearance of the tenants of the cottage. The one was a woman of a tall and commanding figure, who might once have possessed some beauty, but sorrow, or perhaps some less worthy feeling, had given her features a

harsh, and almost ferocious character. The other, her husband, was a stern, dark browed peasant, of about forty, with so very sinister an expression of countenance, that Scarlatti involuntarily started as he looked upon him; and for a moment hesitated in his progress to a chair, which was left vacant at his approach.

The man, however, either saw not his embarrassment, or heeded it not, for placing some of the coarsest viands before his guest, he roughly apologised for his reluctance to admit a stranger, attributing it to his fears of a banditti who infested that neighbourhood.

Our hero was of too forgiving a disposition to quarrel with such satisfactory excuses, and seating himself at the table, he eagerly commenced an attack upon the provisions within his reach. Yet, alas! as the unlucky epicure forced down part of a tough brown loaf, and moistened his throat with some of the sourest wine that ever passed his critical palate; he could not but regret the unfortunate mischance which had brought him in contact with such execrable fare.

But this was not his only source of disquietude, he could not avoid remarking that his hosts were engaged in an earnest debate, carried on entirely in whispers; apparently too, upon some mysterious matter connected with himself; for ever and anon, looks of the most significant meaning were directed towards him. It was in vain that he attempted to mingle in the conversation, an air of sullen apathy and gloomy reserve, on the part of both peasant and his wife, defeated his most condescending endeavours; and at length, he felt glad enough to plead fatigue as an excuse, for requesting at an early hour, to be shown to his sleeping apartment.

"Stop! Signor," here interrupted the female, in an agitated voice, and suddenly turning to her husband; "Filippo, you forget that the bed is not prepared, you must attend to that immediately!" Scarlatti did not exactly understand why Filippo should be selected to do the honors of his bed chamber; but he said nothing, and quietly re-seating himself, as the husband left the room, his mind unconsciously wandered over the events of the evening, and he gradually fell into a profound reverie.

From this he was disturbed by a strange and startling noise over his head, as though some weighty body had fallen, and was then being dragged heavily along the floor.

His glance accidentally fell upon the peasant's wife, who sat near him; her features were fearfully agitated with some sudden emotion, and as he gazed upon her pale and changing countenance, suspicions of the most horrible nature, rushed across his mind. It was, however, too late to recede, and Filippo returning soon after, he took the lamp from his hand, and wishing his hosts a good evening, ascended to his apartment with as much show of resolution as he could muster for the occasion.

His first care, nevertheless, was to bar the door very circumspectly, as soon as he found himself on the inside; his next, to examine very carefully the place in which he was about to pass the night; but vain was every search for trap doors, for secret closets, or concealed assassins; fruitlessly was each chink and crack in the partitions of his chamber subjected to the most rigid scrutiny. Nothing met his eye to confirm suspicion; and after heartily recommending himself to his favorite St. Antonio, he undressed, rolled himself into the intricacies of the bed clothes, extinguished the lamp, and fell asleep.

The fatigues and anxieties of the day, conspired to render the doctor's slumbers broken and confused; night-mares pressed upon his bosom; visions of the most horrible nature crowded on his imagination; amongst others, he fancied himself awaking in the same room that he actually occupied, every thing seemed dark and still around him, when suddenly the door opened, the figure of Filippo stole softly in, and cautiously drawing forth a dagger, crouched down and crept softly beneath the bed. This was too much for his nerves, Scarlatti now awoke in earnest, alarmed and trembling, and so strong an impression had the vision left upon his mind, that with a desperate feeling of excitement, he could not help starting up and thrusting his hand under the bed! God of heavens! what was his horror to find that his fingers grasped the cold face of a corpse beneath.

His head swam round, the clammy dews of agony burst out upon his forehead. In an instant he rushed to the window, it was not more than a dozen feet from the ground; and scarcely stopping to put on the most indispensable articles of a gentleman's toilet, he lowered himself down, darted across a small enclosure at the back of the hut, and ran for more than a mile, without hazarding one single glance behind him.

At first every falling leaf, every breath of air startled him as he fled, he saw an enemy lurking in every bush, an assassin seemed gliding from every tree; but just as his breath and strength were about to sink under such unusual exertions, he began to discover that his flight was unnoticed, or at least his steps unpursued; and taking courage in perceiving that day was beginning to break, he coiled himself round at the foot of a tree by a road side, and completely exhausted with fatigue soon fell soundly asleep.

How long his slumber continued the doctor knew not, but the sun was high above the horizon, when he was awakened by the ginging of bells, and upon starting up he beheld, to his great joy, a Muleteer driving a team of mules in a wine cart, and shouting aloud a merry carol as he went.

"Stop, stop, my good friend," roared Scarlatti, for the love of heaven, save my life:—"Eh Corpi di Bacco," exclaimed he, upon seeing the face of the very Muleteer who was in the habit of conveying his favorite wine from Gensana to Rome. "Is it you, Pepe? then heaven be praised."

"And is it you, Padrone?" said Pepe, in unfeigned astonishment, "and have the banditti stripped as well as robbed you?"

"This is no banditti's work," said the doctor. "Pray friend Pepe, do you know the proprietors of that white cottage in the valley on the left of yonder wood?"

"Know them, to be sure I do," said Pepe, "and excellent good people they are, poor indeed, but as honest"

"Honest!" screamed the astonished Scarlatti, "listen to me." Upon which he recounted to the Muleteer his adventures of the preceding night.

"It is very terrible, to be sure," said Pepe, crossing himself most devoutly when the doctor had finished, "and I think this matter ought to be looked into. Now, Padrone, I am well armed, and if you will trust yourself to my care, we will leave the mules here, and cross over at once to friend Filippo's, before he thinks of making his escape."

Scarlatti did not much relish the arrangement, but afraid of showing any symptoms of cowardice before so gallant a protector, he at once led the way to the cottage, flourishing a huge broadsword, which his friend Pepe had lent him for a defence.

His astonishment was considerable, upon arriving at the scene of all the



horrors of the previous night, to observe the peasant's wife in earnest and apparently sorrowful discourse with a priest at the cottage door. "You may sheath that weapon, Signor," said the latter, advancing to meet our hero; "if you are, (as I should guess by your appearance,) the gentleman who slept here last night, and made so unceremonious an exit from the window. Poor Bianca has told me all the circumstances, and although appearances were alarming enough, I believe you will allow that appearances, only, have caused you all this anxiety."

"You will never persuade me," (interrupted the doctor, with great energy) "that I did not find a dead body under the bed?"

"I will not attempt to do so," said the priest, scarcely repressing a smile. "It was indeed the body of this poor woman's son, who expired but a few hours before you arrived, and was actually laid out in the room above, when you entreated shelter for the night—the whispering which so much alarmed you, was only a discussion as to where it could be removed. The noise you heard over head, its actual removal to the only place of concealment in the house, beneath the very bed on which you were about to sleep. Poverty, Signor, and the tempting reward you promised, induced these poor people to commit an act so repugnant to their feelings. They saw and lamented your suspicions, but hoped all might escape discovery. If, Signor, you wish for further confirmation, and will wait here with me, the procession for the interment of the dead body is now on its way hither, and must speedily arrive."

To conclude my narrative, Scarlatti regained both his clothes and his mule, and the poor peasants had no reason to regret becoming (although by such untoward circumstances) the future objects of the doctor's liberality.

VIATOR.

22nd Nov. 1830.

### PAIN IN A PLEASURE BOAT.

A SEA ECLOGUE.

I apprehend you!—SCHOOL OF REFORM.

BOATMAN  
Shove off there!—ship the rudder, Bill—cast off! she's under way.

MRS. F.  
She's under what?—I hope she's not—good gracious, what a spray!

BOATMAN  
Run out the jib, and rig the boom; keep clear of those two brigs.

MRS. F.  
I hope they don't intend some joke by running of their rigs.

BOATMAN  
Bill, shift them bags of ballast aft—she's rather out of trim.

MRS. F.  
Great bags of stones! they're pretty things to help a boat to swim

BOATMAN  
The wind is fresh—if she don't scud, it's not the breeze's fault

MRS. F.  
Wind fresh, indeed, I never felt the air so full of salt

BOATMAN  
That schooner, Bill, harn't left the roads, with oranges and nuts

MRS. F.  
If seas have roads, they're very rough—I never felt such ruts

BOATMAN  
It's neap, ye see, she's heavy laden, and couldn't pass the bar.

MRS. F.  
The bar! what, roads with turnpikes, too? I wonder where they are.

BOATMAN  
Ho! brig a boy! hard up! hard up! that lubber cannot steer!

MRS. F.  
Yes, yes,—hard up upon a rock! I know some danger's near!

Lord, there's a wave! its coming in! and roaring like a bull!

BOATMAN  
Nothing, ma'am, but a little sloop! go large, Bill! keep her full!

MRS. F.  
What keep her full! what daring work when full, she must go down!

BOATMAN  
Why, Bill, it lulls! ease off a bit—it's coming off the town!

Steady your helm! we'll clear the *Pint!* lay right for yonder pink!

MRS. F.  
Be steady—well, I hope they can! but they've got a pint of drink!

BOATMAN  
Bill, give that sheet another haul—she'll fetch it up this reach.

MRS. F.  
I'm getting rather pale, I know, and they see it by that speech!

I wonder what it is, now, but—I never felt so queer!

BOATMAN  
Bill, mind your luff—why, Bill, I say, this yawing—keep her near!

MRS. F.  
Keep near! we're going further off! the land's behind our backs.

BOATMAN  
Be easy, ma'am, it's all correct, that's only cause we tack.

We shall have to beat about a bit—Bill, keep her out to sea.

MRS. F.  
Beat who about? keep who at sea?—how black they look at me.

BOATMAN  
Its veering round—I knew it would! off with her head! stand by!

MRS. F.  
Off with her head! whose? where? what with?—an axe I seem to spy!

BOATMAN  
She can't not keep her own, you see; we shall have to pull her in!

MRS. F.  
They'll drown me, and take all I have! my life's not worth a pin!

BOATMAN.  
Look out you know, be ready, Bill—just  
when she takes the sand!

MRS. F.  
The sand—O Lord! to stop my mouth! how  
every thing is plann'd.

BOATMAN  
The handspike, Bill—quick, bear a hand!  
now, Ma'am just step ashore!

MRS. F.  
What! an't I going to be kill'd, and welter'd  
in my gore?

Well, heaven be praised! but I'll not go a-  
sailing any more.

Hood's Comic Annual.

### THE ADVENTURES OF GEOFFREY TETE-NOIR AND AMERGOT MARCELL.

TOWARDS the close of the fourteenth century, the north western provinces of France were infested by numerous hordes of banditti, who styled themselves Free Companions. They owned no king or country, but assembled in towns and castles, where they made their living by force, and at the expence of the neighbourhood.

Among the numerous leaders of these sons of rapine, who made the province of Auvergne in particular their haunt, "two were distinguished (says the author of the new series of *Tales of a Grandfather*), above the others by their courage, intelligence and activity; their names (at least the epithets by which they were distinguished in the wars) were Amergot Marcell and Geoffrey Tete-noir, that is, Black-head. They both professed to espouse the English cause; but it may be supposed that they only chose it because it afforded the most unlimited privilege of plunder. Froisart's account of the death of these two celebrated Companions is one of the most picturesque passages of his lively work, and will make you better acquainted with the lawless men who existed in that disturbed time, than a long dissertation from me.

Geoffrey Tete-noir obtained, by bribing a domestic, the means of obtaining possession for himself and company, of the strong castle of Ventadour, belonging to an aged earl of that name, a quiet, peaceful man, whom the robbers dismissed without injury: such indeed had been the bargain of his treacherous squire, who surrendered the place. Geoffrey Tete-noir here prosecuted his profession with great success. "He was a hardy man," says the historian, "who knew neither fear nor pity, and would put to death a knight or squire as soon as a peasant, for he cared for

no one; and he was so much dreaded by his men, that none dared displease him." This chieftain assembled a band of 400 men, to whom he paid high wages monthly with the utmost regularity. He protected the country around Ventadour, so that no one dared to make incursions upon the territory.

In his castle he held a kind of open market, where goods and furniture, cloth of Brussels, peltry and mercery, with iron and steel ware, leather and other commodities, were to be found as plentiful as in the city of Paris. The castle was fully victualled for a siege, had it been to last seven years. Nay, occasionally, to show his independence, Tete-noir chose to make war on the English as well as the French; and this jovial course of life he led for many years, more dreaded than any lawful authority in the country where he lived.

But when the French interest began to recover itself in these districts, the nobles and knights united themselves together, for the purpose of besieging the forts and castles of which these robbers had possession, and delivering the country by fair means or by force, from these lawless Companions.

Accordingly, Sir William Lignac, Sir John Bon-lance, and many other knights of Auvergne of the district of the Limousin, formed the siege of Ventadour, for the safety of which Tete-noir was no way distressed, having plenty of ammunition and provisions. But one day, as he was leading his men in a sally, he received a cross-bow shot in his face. The medical persons thought that the wound was unattended with danger, had the patient observed the regimen prescribed; but he was a free-living person, unwont to self-dial of any kind. The consequence of his careless course was, that the wound proved mortal. When Geoffrey Tete-noir felt himself very ill, he summoned the principal officers of his Free Company to his dying bed. He reminded them that he had long been their true captain, and, being about to die, was desirous to see them unite to choose a chieftain in his stead, who might be able to defend this strong and well furnished castle, until the French should raise the siege. "I have served," he added, "chiefly under the shadow of the king of England,—holding the service to be one in which there is much to be got; and you will do well to choose one who shall follow the same policy." The Companions heard their commander's words in silence, and when they answered, it was

to offer to Tete-noir the choice of his successor. Having named a kinsman of his own to this office, the patient proceeded to make his will; and it was one which, while it shows the wealth acquired by such people, is a curious evidence of their superstition, and their wild irregular ideas of property, even when it was their own.

"In yon chest," said the dying brigand, "are 30,000 marks. I will give them according to my conscience. First, to the Chapel of Saint George, in this castle, 1500 marks, to be spent in repairing the same; next, to my mistress, who has truly and faithfully attended me, 2500 francs; to Allan Roux, whom I have named your captain, 4000 francs; 500 to the varlets of my chamber; 1500 to the officers of my household; the rest I give and bequeath thus:—Ye be about thirty Companions, all of one band; ye ought to be brethren without debate, anger or strife among you. Having paid these legacies, I will that you divide the residue of the money, which you shall find in yonder chest, truly and equally among you thirty. But if you be not content with my bequest, and that the devil do set debate amongst you, there stands a stont axe, break up the coffer, scramble for the money, and get it who can!"

The residuary legatees replied, that as they had always regarded their captain, while living, with love and awe, so they would follow his behests when dead.

They continued to respect Geoffrey's testament after his death. But his successor, Allan Roux, being surprised in a piece of intended treachery, was put to the sword, and the Castle of Ventadour taken.

The history of Amergot Marcell, whom we have mentioned as a brother in the trade of war, and an occasional partner of Tete-noir, gives us a similar picture of their life. This worthy had, in like manner, acquired the strong castle of Aloys, in Auvergne; from it he made many successful inroads upon the country, which produced him a revenue of 20,000 florins. But about the time of Tete-noir's death, the Earl of Armagnac, and several French lords, were commissioned to get these robbers out of the country by bribery, if that should be necessary, since force was a doubtful and dangerous remedy. Marcell was after a time persuaded that he had better accept the offer made him, renounce his unlawful and violent proceedings, and, by means of the trea-

sure he had acquired, live in future a peaceful life. In these sentiments he delivered up to the Earl of Armagnac the Castle of Aloys, situated in the very heart of Auvergne.

But when he had resigned this stronghold, he began to repent of having done so, and of having adopted reformed courses. He felt that there was a diminution of the respect and awe which he formerly inspired whenever his name was pronounced. The bribe, and is said to have lamented his change of condition to the old companions of his rapine; and his recollections, as delivered by the historian, gives a lively picture of his successful robberies.

"To pillage and rob," he said, "all things considered, was a good life!" and so he repented him of his good resolutions, and thus addressed his old companions:—

"Sirs, there is no sport or glory in this world among men of war, but to use such a life as we have done in times past. What a joy was it to us when we rode forth at adventure, and found sometimes by the way a rich prior or merchant, or a route of mules of Montpellier, of Narbonne, of Toulouse, or of Carcassonne, laden with Brussels' cloth, or with furs, coming from the fairs, or of spicery ware from Bruges, from Damascus, from Alexandria!—Whatever we met, all was ours, or else ransomed at our pleasure. Then for our living, the peasants of Limosin daily brought to our castle wheat, flour, ready-baked bread, forage for our horses, good wines, beeves and fat sheep, pullets and wildfowl. We were furnished as though we had been kings. When we rode forth, the whole country trembled for fear; all was ours, going and coming. How we took Carlushe, and James the Bourge of Compeigne; and how I and Perot of Bernois took Chalucet! How did we scale with little aid the strong Castle of Marquell, and how I received in ransom thereof 5000 francs, told down on a fair table, and showed my gentleness by forgiving another thousand, for respect to the dauphin's children! By my faith, this was a fair and good life! and I repute myself sore deceived when I rendered up the fortress of Aloys; since, well victualled as it was, I could have kept it against all the world."

Marcell's regret for the licence of his early life, naturally led to his resuming his former profession. It would be useless to trace his further exploits, though they are singular enough. His

mode of life was rendered more difficult by the close alliance of the French knights, which, as we have already noticed, had for its object the suppression of the Companies. Nor did the English afford him any effectual support, there being a truce between the kingdoms at the time. At length he intrusted himself to the confidence of one of his kinsmen, called Turnemine, who delivered him up to the French. When he was brought to Paris, Marcell offered threescore thousand francs for his ransom. The cold reply was, that the king was rich enough.

The brigand was dragged on a cart to the Halles, and, being first exposed on the pillory, was afterwards hanged and quartered, his quarters being placed over the gates of the city.

These two leaders of banditti, their sentiments, and their fate, may serve to give you some idea of the life they led, and the manner in which France was finally relieved of them.\*

#### INN YARDS.

##### THE GOLDEN CROSS—CHARING CROSS.

"Tho gan I loke about and se  
That there come entryng into the hall  
A right grete companie withall,  
And that of sondrie regions,  
Of all kind of condicions."—

HOUSE OF FAME.

*To the Editor of the Olio.*

SIR—Most of your readers are acquainted with the movements in popular 'inn yards,' in the milder months of the year; but, they may not have visited such an active revolution as is effected in the Christmas time in the court-yards and offices of the 'Golden Cross, Charing Cross.' As many persons in the neighbourhood of St. Martin, are busily engaged with their 'houses about their ears,' so the approaches to this coach depot, are enough to appal the 'insides' and 'outsides,' necessarily connected with 'going down' and 'coming up.' I had occasion to be detained the other day, in and about this spot, and just at the postman's evening hour, when the greasy slipping beneath, the hazy moon above, and the fog around, gave me an opportunity to be an 'observant pedestrian,' without caring for the policeman's approach with his 'hasty stare,' in his oilcased shoulders, and one eye strapped in front of his 'bread box.' The din of carriage wheels and busy 'hum of street literature,' with the advancing and

receding of the coachmen's goggling orbs, fairly looking all objects on each side of the road, 'out of countenance,' that the horses might speed their ways unobstructed,—for a while, drew off my attention from the immediate purpose of my visit here. A rush of wheels, clatter of feet, and the cry,—'why the d—l d'ye stand there, gaping?' led me into a closer view of the 'sayings and doings,' emblematically, worthy of notice, and I divested my oracular capabilities of the coarser materials of this immaterial 'Cross' of fluxions and refluxions, by admitting to my perceptions the more substantial fares which keep the parts of life together. The 'coffee room' was sprinkled with ladies and gents waiting, and being waited on, for a change of passage, and some being drowsy, and others impatient, their relative feelings gave me an idea of their hopes and fears.\* Well muffled, well clad, and well fitted for travel, they were evidently out of their element, till in the pursuit of 'journeying mercies.' Once, twice, and thrice, was the 'coffee room' sprinkled and cleared as the different coaches drew up and departed. "Five minutes too late," a cloaked and furred gentleman arrived—finding his situation and fare alike unfortunate, he raved at the inconstancy of his watch—the deceit of his boon companion, with whom he had been taking rather too much, and made his 'exit' as suddenly as his 'entrance.'—The 'booking-office' acquired more interest—here parcels and packages—live and dead game—contents in bulk, and treasures and trifles in miniature, were entered and booked, for a safe delivery. The agreeable 'carriage paid' to the presents, which were preponderating over the due entrance of commercial commodities, brought into the 'booking office' a 'pretty considerable sum' of the ready, and the fat, as well as the thin clerk, by practice, possessed the faculties of 'Ready Reckoners,' 'Town Guides,' 'General Directories' and 'Statistic References.' Places were taken by halves, and pledges given by the interesting initials in the porter's clasped delivery books. Here, indeed, the booking office portrays a complete wholesale and retail business—keeping every thing on the qui vive, regulated by the dial and governed by circumstances, disappointing some persons, and satis-

\* Many a sweet kiss and hearty shake are here exchanged, and sometimes never repeated.

fying others. The foreign booking-office, is, however, of a more reclusive class, unless visited now and then by a pretty demoiselle, and an infuriated Francois, whose garbled English with fluent French, really distracts the ear, and agitates the muscles. If the vast number of coaches pass and return, there follows what pairs and relays of horses there must be on 'the foot.' The stables here, are like the dark abodes of the 'Forty Thieves,' and the hostler and his subordinates, are alive to the demand of 'open sesame,' with the jack o'lantern in the perspective. The extreme points of the 'Pole' lie in the yards, and the 'Chain Piers' are ready to be thrown across any channel. The 'five tiers of chambery,' are all in readiness for a warm bed, a long nap, a late lie down, an early rise, or a quiet nod. If such little worlds are centered in only one of the inns of this metropolis; if motion is the evidence in them of things not seen,—who shall detail the actions! 'Life in London,' is but a similitude of 'general life.' Every pulse has its journey, from 'Infancy to Age:—Every heart its receptions of pain or joy. Every mind its passions, of which 'conscience' is the 'booking office.'—'Reflection' and 'justice' are the 'clerks.' Time makes payment, and 'good conduct' is an acceptable 'Present' to the Deity and society. 'Breath' is the steed, or locomotive steam; and the 'Human Fabric,'—the coach; May heaven be the inheritance and happiness, the end of Life's Journey! and, as all travellers, early or late, go to Gravesend, may the 'Golden Cross of Virtue' direct, both the short and long stages to benevolent intercourse, and convey their luggage by the welfare of the 'coachmen of knowledge' and 'guards' of morals, to the desirable emancipation from *care* and *slavery*, to an imperturbable banquet.

P.

#### THE CASTLE OF VINCENNES.

This palace, which has suffered greatly by the ravages of time, is situated about three miles from Paris. It can boast of the most remote antiquity, for we find it often used as a royal residence by several of the early kings and queens of France.

The erection of the castle was commenced by Philip of Valois in 1327; it was increased in height to a third story by king John; but its erection was not completed till the reign of Charles V.

under whose auspices it was finished. It has the appearance, and possesses all the advantages of a fortress, particularly that part known as the dungeon.

In this ancient fabric, no less than four sovereigns have expired, the first of whom was Lewis the Xth; Charles V. also closed his mortal career here in 1380. He was the first prince of France that bore the title of the dauphin, and from his great prudence he acquired the surname of the Wise. To that fierce and remorseless persecutor, Charles IX. this chateau also proved fatal. He died here miserable at the early age of 25 years, in 1574, two years after the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew. The following anecdote shews that the last hours of this cruel man were embittered by those horrors, which attend the death-bed of the guilty; a few days before Charles's death,\* he called his physician to him, and addressed him thus:—"Ambrose, I know not which has possessed me; my mind and body are strangely disordered, whether I sleep or wake, the massacred bodies seem to present themselves, before me, with hideous faces, and covered with blood;" then fetching a deep sigh, he added, "I wish the weak and innocent had been spared." Here, too, the brave and accomplished hero of Agincourt Henry V., breathed his last, after a short, but singularly brilliant career. In addition to the above illustrious characters, may be mentioned the death of Cardinal Mazarin, which took place here in 1661.

In more modern times there are some curious historical incidents connected with the castle of Vincennes, which are not unworthy of notice: during the last two centuries, it has often been appropriated by the French Government to the same purpose as that at present; and the same building, which at this time serves to immure the ex-ministers of France, has been the prison of many personages of rank and talent.

Here, in 1617, in some apartments of the castle, still to be seen, was confined the Prince of Conde, and forty years after, the great Conde became a tenant of the building, in which his father had been incarcerated. The celebrated Count Mirabeau also had the misfortune to be imprisoned four years within the walls of this edifice; during which

\* Murray says that Charles IX. died of a lady, in which the blood gushed out of the pores of his body.

period he wrote the admirable letters between Gabriel and Sophia.

At this place, the gallant and generous Duke D'Enghein underwent a mock trial. At midnight, on the 10th of March, 1804, he was roused from his bed and put on his trial for a political conspiracy, of which he was totally innocent, and though there was not the least tittle of evidence, the court-martial appointed by the brother-in-law of Bonaparte, Murat, condemned him to death, notwithstanding it was beyond the jurisdiction of a court martial to try a conspirator, and against the laws of France to hold any trial at midnight. However, with the dawn of the morning of the 21st, the duke was conducted to the ditch of the castle, and there shot, pursuant to his unjust sentence. He was thrown into a grave with his clothes on, a circumstance which served to identify his body when search was made for it; on the 20th of March, 1815. His remains were then carefully collected and deposited in the chapel of Vincennes. The morning after the duke's execution, his favorite dog, who had passed unnoticed was found howling over the grave of his beloved master.

Such is a slight sketch of the history of this structure, the name of which is now, in consequence of the late political events, again familiar to the ear of the public.

### THE SCRAPE BOOK.

"Luck's all."

Some men seem to be born lucky, happier than kings. Fortune's wheel has for them no revolutions. Whatever they touch turns to gold—their path is paved with the philosopher's stone. At games of chance, they have no chance; but, what is better, a certainty. They hold four sorts of trumps. They get windfalls, without a breath stirring—as legacies. Prizes turn up for them in lotteries. On the turf, their horse—an outsider—always wins. They enjoy a whole season of benefits. At the very worst, in trying to drown themselves, they dive on some treasure, undiscovered since the Spanish Armada; or tie their halter to a hook, that unseals a hoard in the ceiling. That's their luck.

There is another kind of fortune, called ill-luck: so ill, that you hope it will die;—but it don't. That's my luck.

Other people keep scrap-books; but I, a scrape-book. It is theirs to insert bon-mots, riddles, anecdotes, caricatures, facetiæ of all kinds;—mine to record mischances, failures, accidents, disappointments: in short, as the betters say, I have always a bad book. Witness a few extracts, bitter as extract of bark.

April 1st. Married on this day: in the first week of the honey-moon, tumbled over my father-in-law's beehives. He has 252 bees; thanks to me, he is now able to check them. Some of the insects having an account against me, preferred to *settle* on my calf. Others swarmed on my hands. My bald head seemed a perfect humming-top! Two hundred and fifty-two "stings"—it should be stings—and arrows of outrageous fortune!" But that's my luck. Rushed bee-blind into the horse-pond, and *torn out* by Tiger, the house dog. Staggered incontinent into the pig-sty, and collared by the sow—sus. per coll, for kicking her sucklings; recommended oil for my wounds, and none but lamp ditto in the house; relieved of the stings at last—what luck! by 252 operations.

9th. Gave my adored Belinda a black eye, in the open street, aiming at a lad who attempted to snatch her reticule. Belinda's part taken by a big rascal, as deaf as a post, who wanted to fight me, "for striking a woman." My luck again.

12th. Purchased a mare warranted so gentle that a lady might ride her, and, indeed, no animal could be quieter, except the leather one formerly in the show-room, at Exeter Change. Meant for the first time, to ride without Belinda to the Park—put my foot in the stirrup, and found myself on my own back, instead of the mare's. Other men are thrown by their horses, but a saddle does it for me. Well—nothing is so hard as my luck—unless it be the fourth flag, or stone, from the post at the north corner of Harley Street.

14th. Run down in a wherry by a coal-brig, off Greenwich, but providentially picked up by a steamer, that burst her boiler, directly afterwards. Saved to be scalded!—But misfortunes with me never came single, from my very childhood. I remember when my little brothers and sisters tumbled down stairs, they always hitched half-way at the angle. *My* luck invariably turned the corner. It could not bear to bate me a single bump.

17th. Had my eye picked out by a

pavior who was *axing* his way, he didn't care where. Sent home in a hackney chariot that upset. Paid Jarvis a sovereign for a shilling. My luck all over!

May 1st. My flue on fire. Not a sweep to be *had* for love or money!—Lucky enough *for me*—the parish engine soon arrived, with all the charity school. Boys are fond of playing—and indulged their propensity by playing into my best drawing-room. Every friend I had dropped in to dinner. Nothing but Lacedemonian black broth. Others have pot-luck, but I have not even pint-luck—at least of the right sort.

8th. Found, on getting up, that the kitchen garden had been stripped by thieves, but had the luck at night to catch some one in the garden, by walking into my own trap. Afraid to call out, for fear of being shot at by the gardener, who would have hit me to a dead certainty—for such is my luck!

10th. Agricultural distress is a treat to some. My old friend Bill—I must henceforth call him Corn Bill—has, this morning, laid his unfeeling wooden leg on my tenderest toe, like a thresher. In spite of Dibdin, I don't believe that oak has any heart; or it would not be such a walking tread-mill!

12th. Two pieces of my usual. First, knocked down by a mad bull. Secondly, picked up by a pick-pocket. Any body but me would have found one honest humane man out of a whole crowd; but I am born to suffer, whether done by accident, or done by design. Luckily for me and the pick-pocket, I was able to identify him, bound over to prosecute, and had the satisfaction of exporting him to Botany Bay. I suppose I performed well in a court of justice, for the next day—“*Encore un coup!*”—I had a summons to serve with a Middlesex Jury, at the Old Bailey, for a fortnight.

14th. My number in the lottery has come up a capital prize. Luck at last—If I had not lost the ticket!

HOOD'S COMIC ANNUAL.

### HUMPHREY THE HOMICIDE.

A TALE OF PYPE-HALL.  
BY HORACE GUILFORD.  
*For the Ollio.*

#### THE CHAPLAIN'S STORY.

Concluded from p. 459.

WE must now make another space of about two months from this event, and change the scene to a large but

neglected garden, belonging to the manor-house of the Abenhalls, whose estate joined that of Pype: it had been forfeited in the last reigns for its adherence to the Red Rose, and had not yet been restored. The mansion, partially dismantled, was tenanted only by two labourers and their families.

It was the noontide, and never sun shone on a fairer or a sadder scene. The broad turf walks had run rank and wild, the massive yew-hedges were untrimmed, the fountains dry and moss-grown, the statues overturned, and stamped with the grey and golden lichens. A lonely peacock was perched upon the sundial, affronting the yellow sun with the Iris radiance of his painted train. A large summer hall arose in one of the grass-plots, but the vanes on its turrets were dimmed with rust, and its open galleries or balconies broken down. The old mansion itself looked in melancholy pomp over the deserted pleasance; its windows disclosed shattered colours of story and blazon, whose ivied apertures ushered the sunlight (an unwelcome intruder) into chambers of tarnished gilding, of faded tapestry, and shrivelled damask.

Three persons had entered this deserted inclosure by a latticed gate, leading from the oak-lawns of Pype-Hall; and with what they may be pleased to say we must fill up the chasm we have made.

The first to be noticed was the Lady Magdalene of Ingestre, and when we state that she was attired in that most affecting garb—a *widow's*, it may be imagined that the freedom of her gait was chastened, that her majestic figure was less elastic, and that her beautiful face was thin and pale: but if we add, that she led by the hand a gallant-looking boy, whose bright eyes and glowing cheek bore a powerful contrast to his mourning dress,—we need scarcely say, that her grief, though profound, as it might well be, carried with it no feature of *despair*.

The two principal figures in the groupe being thus introduced, it will be no matter of surprise that the third was Felix Redmayne, of whose *whereabout* since we last left him we must say a few words.

When Marmaduke had disappeared in that mysterious manner from the aisles of Saint Paul's, Felix, stung to the heart by his involuntary neglect, had made a vow that he would never see his master, or his home at Ingestre again, till he had recovered the child.

A hasty letter to Judith informed her of his purpose; and from her, of course, it passed to Sir Valentine and his lady. Thus their hopes were buoyed up during the year that ensued; and it was by employing this report, (which Felix justly termed a seething of the kid in its mother's milk) that the relentless and indeed half-mad Sir Humphrey succeeded in decoying Chetwynd to his destruction.

Shortly after the Tixal affray, a man desperately wounded in a night-brawl had been rescued by Redmayne in some obscure street in London. Felix attended him home, and in that home Marmaduke Chetwynd was found. It seems that compunction had seized the Spaniard who had kidnapped the boy. Though he durst not restore him, he had treated him kindly; and the heir of Ingestre, squalid as he was in his attire, was returned to his mother nowise injured in his health or bodily appearance.

"Go, Marmaduke," said Lady Chetwynd, as soon as she found that they were secured from intruders in that garden-wilderness,—“go, darling, and play with the peacock till I call ye.”

Off ran the glad child, and a close conversation ensued between his mother and her attendant.

"Was then the change so sudden in Sir Humphrey?" asked Felix.

"It was wonderful! he arose from his sick couch an altered man!—All that was ill in his nature seemed utterly banished,—all that was brave and generous and kind remained!"

"I heard that he caused his gates be thrown open the moment King Henry's pursuivants, with their people, appeared?"

"He did; and in their presence sent for me—(I had not seen him since my husband died)—he clasped me in his arms, wept over me, and then suddenly kneeling at my feet, confessed the dreadful deed, implored my pardon for it, and declared that he still trusted to make some reparation."

"And you, lady—"

"Sprang to his heart as fondly as if it had never harboured a thought against my happiness; and kissed his hand as fervently as if—(shade of Valentine forgive me!)—I saw not thy blood there!"

"But men say, and (pardon me, lady) with indignation say, that the king hath offered to compromise this foul murder, by an additional fine on Sir Humphrey's still large estates."

"And if they say so, they say true," sighed Magdalene.

"He is safe then?"

"Ah, you know not my poor father! Extreme in good or ill,—the severity of his penitence exceeds the enormity of his guilt: he hath refused the conditions with firmness and even scorn."

"Alas! then, lady, his estates are lost to your brothers and yourself, for he will die a convicted felon!"

Magdalene's colour leapt to her pale cheek, till the veins in her noble brow seemed bursting with it; her eyes flashed, and her whole frame trembled, as she said—

"Felon! how darest thou, born-vassal as thou art to the house of Stanley, brand, in the hearing of a Stanley, one of her kindred with that foul word?—Nay, nay, forgive me, Felix!" she added; and then, in a lower voice, "Alas! thou knowest not the spirit of our family—felon will never be written against my father's name!"

"How mean ye, my lady?"

Magdalene was unable immediately to reply; at length the answer came, choaked with emotion,—

"He will stand *mute* on his arraignment!"

Felix started, and after pausing a moment, while various emotions chased each other over his fine features, exclaimed—

"I forgive him—I forgive him my scourging, my brandishing, I forgive him all!—he is still my own gallant master, as he was ere this fatal feud unhinged him! Thus, and thus only, can he defeat the sordid Henry, and preserve his estates to his family;—but, oh, lady, the penalty is fearful."

"He will be pressed to death!" murmured Magdalene. "We have knelt to him for hours to dissuade him, but in vain!—it is too horrible!"

"Horrible, indeed! I saw Sir Roger Calverley suffer; he was a man of great lustihood, like Sir Humphrey, and he was three days in dying."

Magdalene, shuddering, closed her eyes; she leaned against a stone balustrade, and seemed near fainting, when Marmaduke came bounding up the walk to her; seeing her situation, he checked his joyous pace, and stealing softly up to her, put his arms gently round her neck: this action, slight as it was, afforded the mother instant relief in a passionate flood of tears.

Felix retired to a respectful distance, but after a pause Lady Chetwynd called him to her, and said—



"Felix, there is an idea that haunts me—it is too horrible to be entertained for a moment, but still it besets me—that I have brought my poor father to this. Were it not for thee, my orphan boy!" she added, holding Marmaduke at arms length, and gazing on him with tearful affection—"were it not for thee, I should account the hour that I fled with thy sire the most miserable as well as most sinful of my life!"

Shortly after this, they quitted the desolate garden of the Abenhalls, and returned to Pye, where Magdalene immediately repaired to her mother's cabinet. It was well for her widowed daughter in this agonized state, that the Lady Stanley had so long been injured to suffering, that the dreadful event now pending only added a gentle step to that decline which had long been undermining her life. She was like the tree, that, while its trunk weakens and decays every hour, still continues year after year to put forth leaves and blossoms, till the last fibre that held it to the earth is softly unstrung.

In a few days Redmayne set forth for Stafford, to pray for Sir Humphrey, who was there imprisoned, his consent to a last interview with his wife and daughter. The die was now cast;—Stanley had peremptorily refused to plead, and the barbarous sentence inflicted on such recusants had thrilled in his unshrinking ears.

Felix had never seen his former master since that fatal Christmas Day, and his manly heart was overcome by the fortitude and gentleness of the once terrible Sir Humphrey. The knight dwelt with great calmness on all the particulars of his impending punishment, and requested Felix to be with him in that dreadful hour. But with the most affectionate messages to his wife, and blessings to his daughter, he entreated them, for his sake, to forbear a further interview. His cruel sentence was to be executed at noon the following day, and Felix promised to be with his master. That promise he faithfully performed.

When he left Pye Hall on the fatal morning, the Lady Stanley and her daughter were preparing to pass the day and night in the chapel in penance, prayer and fasting.

When he arrived at the prison-gate of Stafford, he was informed that Sir Humphrey, attended by the priest and the executioners, had already descended to the Press-Room, and thither, with a sickening heart, Redmayne repaired.

As he descended the numerous steps, which left day-light far behind, the murmur of earnest prayer burst upon his ears; but it had died away ere, finishing his toilsome descent, he found himself in a low, narrow room, whose floor of earth, without pavement or straw, reeked with damp, and where the only light was the smoky glare of torches that seemed half-strangled in the unwholesome dungeon. The first object that met his eye was the athletic figure of Stanley, stript naked, except a pair of linen drawers that reached to about the middle of his thighs. Near the culprit were two savage-looking men, who were rearing against the wall a broad, massy board, cramped with iron, and iron weights of various sizes were piled around. The knightly criminal himself might, but for his bared body, have been taken for an unconcerned spectator; and, unclothed as he was, the quiet courage in his eye, the colour on his cheek, and his noble yet modest mien, might have resembled him to a Grecian wrestler, or a Dacian gladiator, whose sinews, in a state of grand repose, were soon to swell into terrible action, instead of being stretched out passive subjects of a lingering and unresisted torment.

He clasped the hand of Redmayne with great warmth—

"Now, Felix," he said, "I trust you have forgiven me! I once caused and beheld *your* sufferings. At least you will witness for me that I know how to suffer as manfully as yourself! I thank the saints my heart is penitent, and I trust that my humble prayers will be accepted. The torment I am about to suffer will make to my wife and children the only reparation in my power, since it will secure to them the inheritance they never deserved to forfeit."

Then turning to the executioners, he said—

"I trust I may be allowed the sharp timber under my back, to shorten my pain?"

He was informed that in his case it had been specially prohibited.

"Well, it will be but a few struggles more. Redmayne, I am glad thou art come, for I have resolved in no wise to assist in this execution, lest I be guilty of self-murder, and I would not have these fellows touch my body; lay me down, Felix, and, with this holy father, pray for me till my soul flies from her tortured mansion."

With a trembling hand, and eyes that swam with tears, Felix took his naked

master in his arms, and laid him along the ground. The executioners then approached; thick ropes were fastened around his wrists and ankles, stretching at full length his arms and legs to the four corners of the dungeon, where the cords were fastened to huge iron rings. A napkin was then laid upon the criminal's face—the board was heaved upon his body—the weights were heaped over it,—gasps and groans filled the uncouth dungeon with sounds of horror—But we must drop the curtain over the writhing agonies of the dying and penitent Homicide.

### Snatches from Oblivion.

Out of the old fields cometh the new corn.

SIR E. COKE.

#### FATAL CURIOSITY.

To the Editor of the *Olio*.

SIR.—I beg leave to forward you the accompanying extract from an old folio volume in my possession. I have copied it *verbatim*, and trust that the original tale upon which Lillo founded his play of "Fatal Curiosity," will prove interesting to your readers.

Your constant reader,

E. M. A.

"A fact of wondrous note happened at Perinin (Penryn) in Cornwall, in Sept. 1622; a bloody and unexampled murder, by a father and mother upon their own son, and then upon themselves. He had been blessed with ample possessions and fruitful issue, unhappy only in a younger son, who taking liberty from his father's bounty, and with a crew of like condition that were weary on land, they went roving to sea; and in a small vessel southward, took booty from all whom they could master, and so increasing in force and wealth, ventured on a Turk's man in the Straights, but by mischance their own powder fired themselves, and our gallant, trusting to his skilful swimming, got ashore upon Rhodes with the best of his jewels about him, where offering some for sale to a Jew who knew them to be the governor's of Algiers, he was apprehended, and as a pirate, sentenced to the gallies amongst other Christians, whose miserable slavery made them all studious of freedom, and with wit and valour took opportunity and means to murder some officers, get aboard of an English ship, and came safe to London, where his Majesty and some skill made him servant to a Chyrurgion, and sudden pre-

ferment to the East Indies, there by this means he got money, with which returning back, he designed himself for his native county, Cornwall; and in a small ship from London, sailing to the west, was cast away upon the coast, but his excellent skill in swimming, and former fate to boot, brought him safe to shore; where since his fifteen years absence, his father's fortunes much decayed, now retired him not far off to a country habitation in debt and danger. His sister he finds married to a mercer, a meaner match than her birth promised, to her he at first appears a poor stranger, but in private reveals himself, and withal what jewels and gold he had concealed in a bow case about him, and concluded that the next day he intended to appear to his parents, and to keep his disguise till she and her husband should meet and make their common joy complete. Being come to his parents, his humble behaviour, suitable to his suit of clothes, melted the old couple to so much compassion, as to give him covering from the cold season, under their outward roof; and by degrees his travelling tales told with passion to the aged people, made him their guest so long by the kitchen fire, that the husband took leave and went to bed, and soon after his true stories working compassion in the weaker vessel, she wept and so did he, but compassionate of her tears, he comforted her with a piece of gold, which gave assurance that he deserved a lodging, to which she brought him, and being in bed shewed her his girdled wealth; which he said was sufficient to relieve her husband's wants, and to spare for himself; and being very weary, fell fast asleep.

"The wife tempted with the golden bait of what she had, and eager of enjoying all, awaked her husband with this news, and her contrivance what to do; and though with horrid apprehensions he oft refused, yet her feeling fondness, (Eve's enchantments) moved him to consent, and rise to be master of all, and both of them to murder the man, which instantly they did, covering the corps under the clothes till opportunity served to convey it out of the way.

"The early morning hastens the sister to her father's house, where she with signs of joy enquires for a sailor that should lodge there the last night; the parents slightly denied to have seen any such, until she told them it was her brother, her lost brother, by that assured scar upon his arm, cut with a sword in his youth, she knew him, and

were all resolved this morning to meet there and be merry. The father hastily runs up, finds the mark, and with horrid regret of this monstrous murder of his own son, with the same knife cut his own throat; the wife went up to consult with him, where in a most strange manner beholding them both in blood, wild and agast, with the instrument at hand readily thrust it into her body and slew herself. The daughter doubting the delay of their absence, searches for them all, whom she found out too soon, with the sad sight of this scene, and being overcome with horror and amaze of this deluge of destruction, she sank down and died, the fatal end of this family.

"The truth of which was frequently known, and flew to court in this guise, but the imprinted relation conceals their names in favour to some neighbour of respect, and akin to that family. The same sense makes me silent also."

### Illustrations of History.

#### NEW YEAR'S GIFTS IN DAYS OF YORE.

In the year 1756, Dr. Miller, then Dean of Exeter, afterwards Bishop of Carlisle, laid before the Society of Antiquaries a large parchment roll, containing a list of New Year's Gifts, presented to Queen Elizabeth on the 1st of January, 1584-5, signed by the Queen and countersigned by John Astley, Esq. master and treasurer of the jewels. By this it appeared, that the greater part, if not all, of the peers and peeresses of the realm, all the bishops, the chief officers of state and several of the *Queen's* household servants, from her apothecary, even down to her master-cook and sergeant of the pastry, gave New Year's Gifts to her majesty.

Their enumeration was extremely curious. It amounted to a complete *omnium gatherum* of good things, *not excepting money*, which indeed, was the most general gift. The Archbishop of Canterbury gave 40l. the other bishops 30l. 20l. or 10l. The largest sum given by any of the temporal lords was 20l. Most of the peeresses gave rich gowns, petticoats, kirtles, doublets, or mantles, some embroidered with pearls and garnets; others gave bracelets, caskets studded with precious stones, or toys. Several of the peers made similar gifts. The *Queen's* physician presented her with a box of foreign sweetmeats; another with two pots, one of green ginger, one

of orange flowers. Her apothecary gave a box of lozenges and a pot of conserves: her master cook a "fayre marchepayne" (a sort of large macaroon) her sergeant of the pastry a "fayre pye oringed." The sum total of the money amounted to £827 4s. The other articles were not valued.

On the back of the roll was indorsed a list of the New Year's Gifts, presented by the *Queen* in return, the whole consisting of gilt plate:—The Earl of Leicester had 132 ounces. The Earl of Warwick 106. The other earls 30 or 20. The Duchess of Somerset, the only Duchess, 25 ounces; the other prelates, 35, 30, 20, or 15. The Baronesses had from 15 to 52 ounces. To Sir Christopher Hatton, then Vice Chamberlain, she gave 400 ounces; to all the maids of honour and the gentlemen of her household, from two to twenty ounces; to Mrs. Thompson, the dwarf, two ounces! to the physicians thirteen ounces each, the apothecary seven, the cook and serjeant of the pastry, five ounces each.

The same roll contains a list of gifts, made by the Queen at Christenings and Weddings. At the christening of the Earl of Cumberland's child, 140 ounces; of Mr. Southwell's child, 43 ounces; of Lord Talbot's, 27 oz. And at the marriage of Sir Henry Nevill's son with Mr. Henry Killigrew's daughter, she gave a gilt cup with a cover, weighing 26 oz.

#### FASHION AND FLATTERY.

Alexander the Great had an imperfection in his neck, that obliged him to carry it more of one side than the other; which, though an inconsiderable thing, was so exactly imitated by all his great officers, that his whole court could not shew a man without a wry neck. At least, so says Lipsius; and Montaigne, in his *Essays*, tells us that Dionysius's flatterers run one against another in his presence, stumbled at, and overturned whatever was under foot, to shew they were as blind as their sovereign. Henry the Eighth of England, in the year 1521, took it into his head to have his hair cut short, and all the courtiers followed in the same fashion, although for a long time previous it had been customary to wear the hair very long. The wife of James the First is said to have introduced the wearing of ruffs, from the circumstance of her adopting one to cover a wen in her neck.

## Subject of the Wignette.

## THE PIPER OF NITON.

"A STRANGE STORIE."

*For the Olio.*

"Here beginneth a litel storie, how ye Devyl did appeare intoe certaiue souldiers, and played manie strange pranks, as to ye chrystien reader shall bee fully shewen." OLD TITLE.

The night was dark and stormy, but the guests of mine host of the Green Dragon at Niton, in the Isle of Wight, recked not the war without whilst a good fire blazed before them, and plenty of good ale mantled in the black jack, which passed rapidly from hand to hand. The company consisted of a party of soldiers, belonging to a regiment sent to protect the island from the anticipated attack of the French, and had been stationed at this spot in case of emergency. Now there was among this party a soldier named Ralph Thunderly, a burly grim-visaged matchlockman who had served in the wars abroad, who drank and sung, and roared, and swore with true vehemence. He was an athletic and active fellow, and not one of his comrades could run, leap, wrestle, or pitch the bar like Ralph, who as far exceeded them in these exercises as he did in reprobate conduct. It was rather more than two hours after nightfall, when a knocking was heard at the door of the rude inn, and a shrill voice begged admittance for a poor wandering piper. Mine host opened the door, and a strange being entered. He was a little shrivelled, old man, scarce four feet high, whose wizzened visage, half concealed by a tattered hood, was lit up by a pair of sharp grey eyes which twinkled like stars under his singularly shaped brows. His bow legs were cased in hose of serge, and he wore shoes of an antique fashion with long pikes. Under his arm he carried a pair of pipes of a curious shape.

"Right welcome, master piper," roared Ralph Thunderly, presenting the visitor with a horn brim-full of ale. "We have a marvellous lack of sweet sounds here, for we have heard not the voice of maid, wife, or widow, these three days past."

"God keep all three out of thy path," cried one of his comrades; but Ralph heeded him not, and continued—

"By the mass, thou hast come in the nick of time, Goodman Piper. Marry,

I could handle the pipes myself at one time, and was light o'heel in pavise or galliard; but come, give us a tune, old air."

"Wait awhile, good gentleman," said the piper, "I am sore weary and my fingers are benumbed with the cold; I would fain warm myself ere I begin."

"Then do't a God's name," said Ralph; we'll ha' a merry night on't, by St. Botolph."

"The little old man drained his horn, and sat eyeing the company for some time, when Ralph again pressed him to play; whereat the piper took his pipes and played a most curious air, such as never was heard before. His hearers were delighted, but none more so than Ralph, who patted the old man on the back, and swore "his music was fit for the ear of the king's grace." Many times did the piper play, and at the conclusion of each, Ralph Thunderly plied him with the black jack, no doubt with the intention of making the musician drunk; but he might as well have poured the good liquor into a sieve, for the piper was none the worse for his repeated draughts, although his eyes twinkled with a lustre that some of the company thought savoured not of this world. Ralph, in the mean time, while endeavouring to intoxicate the old man, forgot that the fumes of the ale were fast mounting to his own head, and he roared and sung profane songs, and uttered ribald jests, and swore deep and bitter oaths, with even more than his accustomed vehemence. Midnight came, and Ralph, with a loud horse laugh, proposed that they should drink the health of the patron of martial men—the Devil—when his companions, though not the most scrupulous themselves, interfered; but Ralph in a rage, dashed down the empty black jack, and called loudly for a stoop of wine.

"Pshaw," said he, "let your roistering German Lanznecht, and your bullying Genoese, pray to *their* saints—I'll pledge *mine* in a cup of mine host's particular—Sathanas, our guardian and protector!"

The daring reprobate raised the liquor to his lip—But, mark! in an instant the vessel was dashed from his grasp, by an invisible hand, and a peal of unearthly laughter, in which the strange piper joined, sounded without.

"How now?" cried Ralph, furiously, "what means this, sir piper?"—but his cheek whitened, and his voice sud-

denly fell as he saw the eyes of the old musician dilate and glow like coals.

"What ails thee, valiant sir?" enquired the piper, in a jeering tone; but the terrified soldier answered not; and his comrades stared in speechless horror, while the host fell on his knees with a prayer to the saints. Suddenly the old man played an air, which caused Ralph Thunderly to bound and caper like one forsaken of his senses—the piper himself joined in this fantastical dance; and those who beheld it say that his steps were such as they had never seen before. Loud sounded the pipes, and round whirled the soldier and his strange companion, who laughed at his piteous signs of distress, and played still faster while Ralph, though convulsed in every limb, had not power to stop; when anon the door flew open with a loud noise and the piper danced out, followed by his victim. A broad streak of flame now marked the track of the piper, who capered towards the sea, still followed by Ralph; when, as they reached the water, a dark vapour rose and suddenly obscured them both from sight. Loud yells and shouts of riotous laughter, and piercing shrieks of distress resounded along the shore, and a noise as if the sea were violently agitated succeeded, and then all was hushed, save the screaming of the startled sea birds; but the hellish musician and his miserable victim were seen no more!

ALPHA.

#### THE EPITAPH OF 1830.

HERE lie, although shorn of their rays,  
In the family-vault of old Time,  
Three hundred and sixty-five days  
Of folly, pride, glory, and crime.  
You may mourn o'er their miseries still,  
You may dance o'er their desolate bier;  
You may laugh, you may weep, as you will—  
Eighteen-Hundred-and-1 hirty, lies here!

It brought us some good on its wings,  
Much ill has it taken away;  
For it gave us the best of Sea-Kings,  
And darkened the Conqueror's day.  
It narrowed Corruption's dominion,  
And crushed Aristocracy's starch,  
Gave nerve to that giant, Opinion,  
And spurred up old Mind on his march.

It drew a new line for Court-morals,  
Laid hands on the Pensioner's treasure,  
And told us—we'll crown it with laurels—  
Reform is a Cabinet-measure,  
It brought, to the joy of each varlet,  
Both sides of a coat into play;  
For it stripped off the faded old Scarlet,  
And turned the court-livery Grey!

It set all the Sycophants sighing,  
And taught them to blush and look shy;  
It made, though unfitted for flying,  
*Proh pudor*, a Marchioness fly.  
How many it found looking big,  
Till it plucked out the feathers they wore!  
On the woolsack it placed such a Whig  
As had ne'er graced the woolsack before.

It brought Captain Swing in a flame,  
With his wild game of fright to our cost;  
While, skilled in a different game,  
Surgeon Long played a rubber—and lost.  
It gratified Hunt in his thirst  
To sit as a patriot member;  
And it brought us back April the First,  
When we thought it the Ninth of Novem-  
ber.

And oh! it made Freedom the Fashion  
In France—who can never have too much,  
And who put all the rest in a passion—  
The Russians, Poles, Belgians, and Dutch.  
Let this be the end of its story:  
May the Year that now breaks o'er its tomb,  
Have a gleam or two more of its glory,  
A shade or two less of its gloom!

Mon. Mag.

#### THE TINKER.

FOR THE OLIO.

Have you any work for the Tinker?

The bird called the Tinkerbudget may have derived its name from a travelling tinker, or the latter may have had the prior claim to the originality of constructing its kit. The bird's bulky domicile, differing from those of other birds, is very similar. It is, indeed, a decided budget, yet so small at the entrance, that its constructors can only creep into it. The tinker, like the bird, is limited in his means, and circumscribed in his rounds. He is sometimes, however, more discursive, being of the gipsy caste, with black eyes, olive skin, and raven hair. From the uncompromising independence which he preserves by dwelling in the outskirts of cities, towns, and villages; and by living in a tent with those of his tribe, he has not learned to be civil, nor cares for support beyond his daily wants, partly supplied by filching. He will, generally, keep a female to carry the charcoal pan and assist him in catering for business; and, if she can parm her plausible episodes by way of consulting young women's pockets in diving into them and futurity, so much the better. The gipsy tinker is an idle smutch; an artist with his fist, that would as easily pick a quarrel, as a lock; or break the hedge of a clover field, as he would your head. But the regular tinker is quite a different character. His cry is his freehold property. It is known as regularly as the 8 o'clock bell.

It comes in the wind down the street and winds his steps nearer till, 'tis palpably sure!' He is anxious, like a livery stable keeper, to get a job. Like a plumber, he can solder. He can rivet like Cupid, and botch like a tailor. His fire, like Hymen's, is increased by kindling; and if ribs, handles, legs, arms, or bottoms, are defective, like a surgeon he can set them. His dog, like himself, is a *tin-cur*, not frightened by a saucepan near his tail, like others of his species. He is a man of metal. Like a soldier, he knows not where he will be called upon to repair a breach in the tin fortress, or, like Captain Dalgerty, be obliged to erect a scone. He has brazen pretensions to armoury: Vulcan's powers in withstanding fire. His wife is not like Venus rising from the sea, but a fruitful Pomona—guarding the six-fold offspring of wedded love. Their smutty faces are healthy, and if away from the dingy occupation, would shew a bloom ladies of dissipation cannot wear. However the tinker may be wanted in society, to mend our manners and cobble our habits, he is not diverted from his 'smoky course,' but leads an inoffensive career through three or four districts. Well, it would be, were he, in the world, the only craftsman of decayed wares and accidental burners. But, alas! his profession is popular. Are there not senatorial tinkers? Tinkers in the law? Tinkers in physic? It is a misfortune that 'well' will not let *well alone*. We have a tinker traversing the country, pretending to improve the memory. Another, haranguing the people to improve their politics. Another, bolstering his schemes by stibble. There are ranting tinkers. Cricketers' tinkers. Floating tinkers. Booth tinkers. Tax assessor tinkers. Informing tinkers. Daubing tinkers; and literary tinkers. Sometimes a publican's tinker trifles with the beer. A baker's tinker kneads the flour. Go where we will, seek what we will, do what we will, the tinker's province is apparent. But for the produce of education, the well being of the state, the good of the professional community, the increase of knowledge, the advancement of the fine arts, the general advantage of literature, the happiness of society, we are aware of the superabundance of tinkers, and our duties are better performed by consulting those only who constitute the basis of our well being, and by whose ways and works we are mutually benefitted. Look not, then, down with contempt on the humble individual that as-

pires not beyond the power of making vessels 'fire and water proof;' that does not invade the slumbers of the fireside, but adds the means of protecting our peace by his patchwork pieces; and he, being a resinous fellow, is a practical curer of metal aneurisms. To him the cook, the wife, and washerwoman are indebted. He makes the kettle sing for joy! The pot cry 'hubble, bubble.' The tin cup and the saucepan unite in a simmering duet; the pot wallowers vote in his favour, and the furnace, sighing like a lover at his mistress's eyebrow, invites to a well-boiled repast with ignipotent fervour. P.

#### MOUNT ST. MICHEL.

Mount St. Michel, where the Prince de Polignac is to be confined, is at the southern extremity of the ancient province of Normandy. It lies in the midst of extensive sands, which are covered by the sea at spring tides. The approach to it from the continent being very dangerous, it is necessary to take guides at Ardevon.

Its most ancient name was Belenus, when it was inhabited by Druidesses. After the abolition of the Druids, it took the name of Mons Jovis, to which was substituted that of Tumba, when a monastery was erected upon it. In 708, Bishop Auber raised upon it a church, which he dedicated to St. Michel. Ethelred, the second king of England, had a particular veneration for Mount St. Michel.

Abbot Rogers had been almoner to William the Conqueror.

Henry II. of England made a pilgrimage to Mount St. Michel, where he met Louis VII., King of France, with a splendid suite.

In 1203, the fortification consisted only of wooden palisades. Being attacked by the Bretons, they set fire to them: the fire reached the church and abbey, which were completely destroyed.

The monastery was restored in 1326, by Abbot Adulph de Villedieu.

His successor, Richard Tustin, obtained from the Pope the most distinguished privileges.

In 1418, the English made a fruitless attack upon it.

In 1423, it was attempted again, with a very considerable force and powerful artillery, two pieces of which now remain at the gate: one has a stone ball in it of about fifteen inches diameter.

Among the distinguished English officers who perished at that siege, was a Chevalier M. Burdet.

In 1577, a Protestant chief (Detouchet) succeeded by stratagem in getting possession of it. After two days possession he was obliged to evacuate it.

In 1591, a similar attempt proved most destructive to the assailants.

In 1594, the spire, the bells, and the church, were considerably injured by lightning.

Mount St. Michel was visited in 1518 by Francis I. King of France.

In 1561, by Charles IX.

In 1576, by the Duchess de Bourbon.

In 1624, by the Duke de Nevers, who made a rich present to the Abbey.

In 1689, by Madame de Sevigne, who designated it *Le Mont fier et orgueilleux*.

In 1699, Philip, Duke of Orleans, brother to Louis XIV., was one of its visitors.

The most remarkable circumstance is the visit paid to it on the 10th of May, 1777, by the ex-King of France, the Count d'Artois, then twenty years old. In inspecting the state prison, a wooden cage was shewn to him. The Prince struck with horror at the sight of it, ordered it to be destroyed.

Shortly after, the young Princes of Orleans, among whom the present King Philip, accompanied by Madame de Silfery, stopped at Mount St. Michel. After having inspected the subterraneous passages and magazines, the wooden cage was shewn to them. They asked for workmen and axes, and giving the first blows themselves, this infernal machine was completely destroyed.

The original rock, which is of granite, was reduced to 188 feet, in order to obtain sufficient room for the building. The circumference of the rock at the base is a little above half a mile. The height, including the turret over the tower, is equal to that of St. Paul's.

It is surrounded on almost every side with lofty walls, flanked with towers. The north and west sides are nearly perpendicular. The south side is inhabited. The houses are, as it were, on the top of each other. The ascent to the abbey is by winding stairs. The abbey is strongly protected by towers and strong gateways.

Since the revolution it has been used as a department or prison for convicts, of which there are now from seven to eight hundred.

*Times Jour.*

## SELF TAUGHT POETS.

*Stephen Duck.*

Of the numerous tribe of self-taught verse-makers, especially, the great majority have been the merest imitators. A fair specimen of this race, the individuals of which, although they sometimes excite a temporary attention, generally drop very speedily into oblivion, we have in a writer named Stephen Duck, who flourished in the early part of the last century. Duck was born about the year 1700, at the village of Charlton, in Wiltshire. He was at school for a short time in his boyhood, when he learned a little reading, writing, and arithmetic. When about fourteen, however, he was sent to work as an agricultural labourer; and, being employed for several years in the lowest of rural occupations, without ever opening a book, he soon forgot what little learning he had ever possessed. Still, as he used afterwards to tell, even at this time his thoughts were often engaged on subjects very foreign to his daily employments. At last he began to read a little, and this gradually inspired him with a desire to recover his lost knowledge, scanty as it had been. At this time he was about twenty-four years of age, with a wife and family to support: and being engaged in hard work all day, he had but very little time for study. He was also without books, and had no money to buy any. Yet such was his ardour to obtain the means of instructing himself, that for some time, whenever he had an hour's release from his regular employment, he devoted it to extra work; and in this way he saved money enough to purchase, first, a treatise on vulgar fractions, then one on decimal fractions, and lastly, one on land-surveying. All these works he made himself master of, by studying them during the night, when every body about him was asleep. Soon after this, he became intimately acquainted with a person in the same condition of life as himself, but who had passed some years in service in London, whence he had brought down a few dozens of books with him to the country. Of these some were treatises on arithmetic; among the others were the Bible, *Paradise Lost*, the *Spectator*, *Seneca's Morals*, *Telemachus*, an *English Dictionary* and *Grammar*, *Ovid*, *Josephus*, seven plays by *Shakspeare*, and a few more by other writers; *Dryden's Virgil*, *Hudibras*, and the works of *Waller* and *Prior*. Duck had, it

seems, been always fond of poetry and music; though hitherto the best specimens of either which he had had an opportunity of enjoying, had been only a few rustic ballads. But his perusal of some of the above works inspired him with new enthusiasm, and in no long time he began to attempt writing verses himself. The first poetical work by which he was greatly struck, was *Paradise Lost*. Yet he read it through twice or thrice, with the aid of his dictionary before he understood it. The new beauties he was continually discovering, however, made all this labour delightful. He studied the book, we are told, as a student of Greek or Latin would do one of the ancient classics, and making all the while as much use of his dictionary and grammar as if it had been written in a foreign language. These literary labours were still generally pursued during the night. Sometimes, however, he used to take a book with him in his pocket when he went out to his daily work in the fields; and if by working with more activity than usual he could get through what he had to do in less than the usual time, he would devote the few precious moments he had gained to the perusal of his book.

Even while at work he often employed himself in composing verses. It was some time before he thought of committing any of his compositions to paper; but at last he was induced to address a letter in verse to a gentleman, who, having heard of his acquirements, had sought him out, and made his acquaintance; and this effusion having been shewn to several other persons, was generally regarded as a very surprising performance for one in his circumstances. Some clergymen, in particular, to whom it was submitted, were so much pleased with it, that they rewarded the author with a small gratuity. From this time his talents began to be generally talked of; and, encouraged by the praise he received, he did not suffer his poetical faculty to lie dormant. The consequence was, that in a short time he had accumulated a respectable store of verse. It seems to have been not long before the year 1720, that Duck attracted the notice of the Reverend Mr. Spence, already mentioned as the patron of Robert Hill, the learned tailor, and the blind poet Blacklock. Spence, who did himself great credit by the interest he took in these cases of indigent merit, immediately conceived the idea of bringing

the claims of his protege before the public in the most effective manner, through the press; and, accordingly, as many of his poems were collected as formed a quarto volume, which made its appearance in that year. Besides the general reputation which the author acquired by this publication, it procured for him the particular favour and patronage of Queen Caroline, who immediately settled upon him a pension of thirty pounds a year. In 1773 he was made one of the Yeomen of the Guard. He now applied himself to the study of the Latin language—in which, having made some progress, he was admitted into holy orders. On this the queen appointed him, in the first instance, keeper of her library at Richmond, and in a short time after he was preferred to the living of Byfleet, in Surrey. Meanwhile, a second edition of his poems had appeared in 1726, to which we find the names of the queen and other members of the royal family prefixed as subscribers. Duck became much beloved and respected by the people of Byfleet in his capacity of pastor, and lived there happily for many years. But the termination of his history is very melancholy. He at last fell into low spirits, and drowned himself in the Thames near Reading, in the year 1756. His poems have now long been forgotten. They had little merit, except considerable smoothness of versification, which even in those days the example of Pope had rendered a common quality.

#### WONDERFUL MEMORIES.

It is said of Joseph Scaliger, that he was but one-and-twenty days learning by heart the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer, although in the former alone there are several thousand verses.

Mithridates, King of Pontus, had so good a memory that Plutarch relates of him, that, though his dominions contained no less than twenty-two entire countries, yet he was qualified to answer every ambassador that approached him in the respective language of the country from whence he came, without the assistance of an interpreter.

Jerome of Prague was also famous for a great memory, of which Paguis, in his epistle to Leonardus Aretinus, gives the following specimen, viz—“that after he had been confined three hundred and forty days in a dark dungeon, without light either to see or read, yet,



when he was called to his trial, he quoted so many testimonies of the most sagacious and learned men in favour of his own principles, as if all the time of his severe imprisonment he had been immured in a well furnished library, with all the conveniences of study ;" which is a powerful example, if we consider his circumstances, and how much affliction weakens and impairs the memory.

### Sports and Pastimes.

#### ANCIENT PRACTICE OF BULL-BAITING AT GREAT GRIMSBY.

The amusement of bull-baiting is of such high antiquity in this country, that Fitz-Stephen, who lived in the reign of Hen. II. tells us it was, at that early period, the common entertainment of the young Londoners during the winter season ; and Claudian says of the English mastiffs,

*Magnaue taurorum fracturi colla Britani.*

The county of Lincoln is eulogized by Fuller as producing superior dogs for the sport ; and in Grimsby bull-baiting was pursued with such avidity, that, to increase its importance, and prevent the possibility of its falling into disuse, it was made the subject of an official regulation of the magistracy. It had been practised within the borough from time immemorial, but about the beginning of the reign of Henry VII. the butchers finding it both troublesome and inconvenient to provide animals for the public amusement, endeavoured to evade the requisition ; but it was made imperative upon them by the following edict of the Mayor and Burgesses, which was incorporated into a code of ordinances that were made and agreed to on the 22nd of October 1499, for the better government of the borough :

"Also that no Bocher flee or kill no Bull flesche within this Burgh, nor that none be brought to sell bot if the Bull be bayted openlye before the Mair and his burgesses, peon forfeit of ev' y default vjs. viijd. Also that the Bochers of this Francheis, and al others that kepe slaughter shopes and kill flesche in this Francheis, to sell, mak onys yerly befor the Mair and his burgesses one Bull-baying, at convenient Tyme of the yere, according to the custom of this Francheis before usyd, upon peyn of forfeit of vjs. viijd."

In the reign of Charles I. an instance

occurs of the violation of this ordinance ; and it is formally recorded in the Mayor's Court Book, that a fine was imposed by the chamberlains on Robert Camm, for "killing a bull, and not first baiting him, according to the custom of the corporation."

These sports were conducted with great cruelty. To make the animal furious, gunpowder was frequently flashed up his nose, and pepper blown into his nostrils ; and if this failed to *make him shew game*, his flesh was lacerated, and aquafortis poured into the wound. About sixty years ago, a bull was put to the stake at Grimsby ; but the animal proving too tame, one William Hall put a spike or brad into his stick, and goaded the poor creature until the blood flowed copiously from several parts of his body ; and at length, by continually irritating the lacerated parts, the bull became enraged, and roaring in the extremity of his torture, succeeded in tossing his assailant, to the infinite gratification of his cruel persecutors. It is recorded, to the credit of Mr. Alderman Hesleden, that during his Mayoralty in 1799, the annual exhibition was disallowed ; from which time the custom declined, although some instances of this inhuman pastime have subsequently occurred.

Strutt says, that in some of the market towns of England, the *Bull-rings* to which the unfortunate animals were fastened, are remaining to the present time. At Grimsby, the arena where this brutal ceremony was performed, is still distinguished by the name of the "Bull-ring." The ancient stone and ring were removed about thirty years since, but the chain is still in possession of the chamberlains, who pass it annually to their successors ; and it is sometimes applied to the purpose of fastening up a gate, when a distress is made on a field belonging to the corporation for rent ; but its primitive use is wholly superseded by the abolition of the amusement. *Gent's. Mag.*

#### THE MISER AND THE PRODIGAL.

The Miser keeps what he has ; the Prodigal borrows money of his acquaintance to treat his friends, never intending to repay it. Which is the most hateful of the two characters ? The subject has often been discussed, and the Miser been pronounced the most *heartless*, because the Prodigal may be said to act *without thought*,—be this as it may, the latter is, in society, the most dangerous character.

## Customs of Various Countries.

### TWELFTH DAY.

The name of this ancient holiday has been accounted for satisfactorily by many historians, more especially by Collier, who, in his Ecclesiastical History, informs us that "In the days of King Alfred a law was made with relation to holidays, by virtue of which the twelve days after the Nativity of our Saviour were made Festivals."

That our crowned heads were zealous in these pastimes, may be collected from innumerable instances upon record, and probably thence was derived the ceremony of choosing *King* and *Queen*, for our monarchs themselves went disguised to the houses of their courtiers; and their nobles in return frequently visited the palace in masquerade on the same occasion.

Hector Boethius relates that "King Arthur kept with his nobles at York a very prophane Christmas for *thirteen* days together, including Christmas-day, and that such jollity and feasting then had its original from him."

Fabian, in his Chronicle, relates the following facts which took place in the time of Henry IV. He says that "the Dukes of Aumarle, of Surrey, and of Exeter, with the Earles of Salesbury and Gloucester, with other of their affynyte made provysyon for a *dysguysynge*, or a *mummyng*, to be shewed to the Kinge upon *Twelfethe Night*, and the time was nere at hande, and all thynge redy for the same. Upon the sayd twelfethe day, came secretlye unto the Kinge, the Duke of Aumarle, and shewed to him that he wyth the other lordes aforenamed, were apointed to *ste hym* in the time of the foresayd dysguysynge, &c."

The old annalist, Stowe, has also preserved an account of a remarkable *mumery*, in 1377, made by the citizens for disport of the young Prince Richard, son to the Black Prince. One hundred and thirty citizens *disguised* and *well-horsed*, in a *mummary*, with sound of trumpets, sackbuts, cornets, shalmes, and other *minstrels*, and innumerable torch-lights of wax, rode to Kennington, near Lambeth, where the young Prince was, and contrived to lose to him at dice some jewels, rings, and gold.

On this day the Eastern Magi were led by the star to pay their devotions to our Saviour; being the twelfth day after the Nativity, it is called Twelfth Day.

There are various customs in various

places appropriated to this day. In the academies of Germany, one of the students is chosen king, and a magnificent entertainment provided for him. This is evidently borrowed from the Roman Saturnalia, when the masters gave entertainments to their servants, and waited upon them. This was formerly practised in our Universities, but is now laid aside. As Christmas is generally understood to terminate on this day, it is commonly celebrated with more festivity among those who are attached to Christmas cheer. In the calendars of the Romish church against this day you often find it written:—"Reges fabis creantur." In the twelfth-cake was a bean, and in the division of it, he whose portion the bean was, was saluted as king. Formerly each mistress of a family made the cake herself; it was necessary that it should be composed of flour, honey, ginger and pepper; whilst she was kneading it, she was to put a piece of money into it.—The cake was divided into as many parts as there were persons in the family; and whosoever found the money in his cake was saluted as king.

On this day in the evening, the following custom is still practised in some parts of Gloucestershire; the servants of each farmer assemble in one of the fields which has been sown with wheat. In some elevated part of this field they make twelve fires of straw; around one of these, made larger than the rest, they drink a cheerful glass to their master's health, and success to the future harvest, &c.—then returning home, they are feasted with cake and ale, and spend the night in every possible merriment.

J.

### Anecdotiana.

#### THE INVENTION OF SHORT HAND.

Brachygraphy, or the art of writing in characters, or short hand, was invented, says Dion, by Mecænas, others say by Aquila his freed man, and that Tertius, Persamius, and Philargius, improved the invention; but, after all, they had lights from Tullius Tito, a freed man of Cicero's, who made some progress in it; but it owes its perfection to Seneca.

#### IMPARTIAL ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.

Fuller in his "Holy State," says, that by a court trick, Sir Thomas Cooke, Lord Mayor of London, in the reign of Edward IV., being very rich, was ac-

cused of high treason, for lending money to the queen consort; and the king so far concerned himself in the contrivance, as to let Sir Edward Markham know, that if the law was too short to make him a traitor, he, as lord chief justice of England, upon his trial, must stretch it till it would reach his purpose. The confession of one Hawkins, who was racked in the tower, was the only proof against Sir Thomas Cooke, who pleaded in his own defence, that it was true that Hawkins did desire the loan of a thousand marks upon sufficient security; but he, understanding who the money was for, utterly refused to lend any.

The judge directing the jury, told them the proof did not amount to treason, and intimated to them, that they should be careful when life was concerned, and exercise good conscience; upon hearing which, the jury acquitted the prisoner. This action of the honest and fearless judge, disobliged the court: Sir Edward was displaced from his station of lord chief justice; upon which he retired to a private life, with this satisfaction, that, though the king could make him no judge, yet it was not in his power, to deprive him of an upright character.

## Diary and Chronology.

### Monday, December 27.

*St. John the Evangelist. High Water 11h 55m morn—Oh 0m After.*

This day is the Jewish festival of lighting the lamps, or the dedication of the Second Temple by the Maccabees, or its second profanation by Antiochus Epiphanes, and when the holy vessels were again set apart for its service. During this festival, the Jews return thanks for the victories obtained by their ancestors over the Greeks that invaded the Holy Land.

In the statistical account of Scotland, published at Edinburgh in 1793, mention is made that the common people of the parish of Duffus, County of Moray, still celebrate this day by assembling in large companies, to play at foot ball, and to dance and make merry.

### Tuesday, December 28.

*Childermas Day.*

Dugdale, in his *Origines Juridicales*, speaking of the Christmas festivities kept in Lincoln's Inn, cites an order dated 9th, Henry VIII. "that the king of the cockneys on Childermas-day, should sit and have due service; and that he and all his officers should use honest manner and good order without any waste or destruction making in wine, brawn, chely, or other vitails; as also that he, and his marshal, butler and constable marshal, should have their lawful and honest commandments by delivery of the officers of Christmas: and that the said king of the cockneys, no none of his officers myel neither in the buttry, nor in the Stuard of Christmas his office, upon pain of 40s. for every such medling; and lastly, that Jack Straw, and all his adherents, should be thenceforth utterly banisht and no more to be used in this house, upon pain to forfeit, for every time £5, to be levied on every fellow hapling to offend against this rule."

### Wednesday, December 29.

*St. Marcellus, abbot of the Acoemetes A. D. 485—Moon's 1st quar 22m after 10 afternoon.*

Dec. 29, 1594.—On this day, John Chastel, a fanatical youth, was put to death by torture for attempting to assassinate Henry IV. a crime he is supposed to have been instigated to commit by the Jesuits.

### Thursday, December 30.

*St. Maximus, Confessor, A. D. 662—High Water 15m after 2 Morn—39m after 2 Afternoon.*

Dec. 30, 1765—To-day, the Pretender expired at Rome; his son, usually styled the young Pretender, died in the same city, March 3, 1788: his obsequies were solemnized at his Cardinal brother's bishopric at Frascati, a few miles from Rome, where that prelate, known as Cardinal York, the only branch of the Stuart family officiated as principal mourner.

### Friday, December 31.

*St. Melania the younger, A. D. 439—New Year's Eve—Sun rises 5m af. 8—sets 55m after 3.*

Dec. 31, 1778—Anniversary of the death of Dr. Arne, the celebrated musical composer. Of near a hundred and fifty musical pieces that have been brought on the stage at our national theatres within these forty years, thirty of them at least were set by Dr. Arne. In the compositions of this admirable musician there is a natural ease and elegance, a flow of melody which steals upon the senses, and a fullness and variety which never fails to please, without surprising the auditor by any new, affected or extraneous modulation.

END OF VOL. VI.

*With the First Number of Vol. 7, will be published a Supplement, containing the usual Vignette, Title Page, Preface, and Index, to complete the present volume.*

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